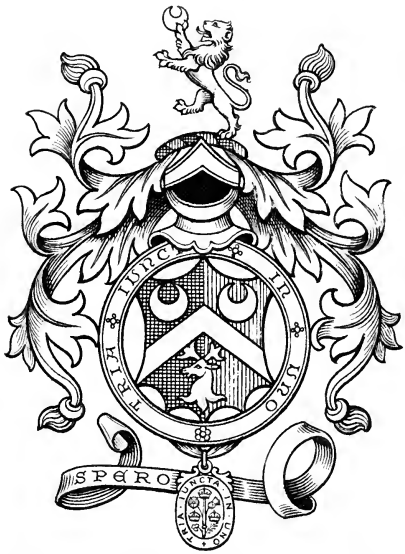
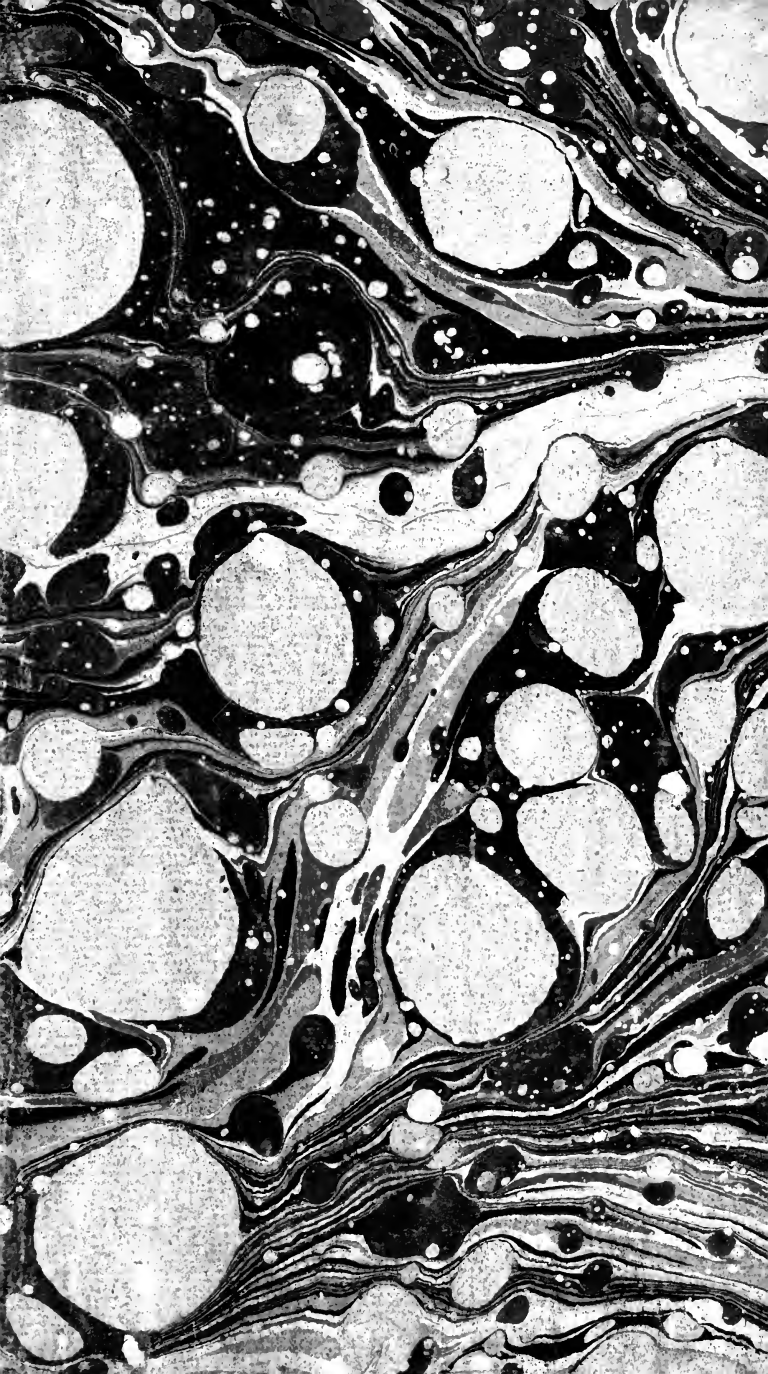


Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.



THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS;

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR BY DR. JOHNSON;
OBSERVATIONS ON HIS WRITINGS BY DR. LANGHORNE;
AND BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES,

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, A.B. OXON.

LONDON,

WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE;
D. A. TALBOYS, OXFORD.

M. DCCC. XXVII.

PREFACE.

I NOW offer to the admirers of Collins a volume, which it has been my aim to render far more complete and correct than any preceding edition of his works.

To Johnson's scanty narrative I have appended, as notes, all the additional particulars concerning our poet, which a diligent search over a wide field has enabled me to present; nor will the reader, I trust, reject as trivial or uninteresting, whatever contributes to illustrate the life and genius of such a gifted being. To Johnson's unfeeling criticism on his exquisite productions, a sufficient antidote is furnished in the remarks (scattered through the volume) of va-

rious writers, who, however inferior in other respects to the great moralist, were better fitted by nature to appreciate the lofty raptures of the lyric muse,—for the severity of Johnson's strictures must be ascribed to his want of relish for the poetry of imagination.

The various readings, obtained by a careful collation of editions, I have placed at the bottom of the page: on what authority [a] Dodsley and Langhorne deviated occasionally from the original text, they have not informed us; but doubtless the alterations which they introduced had been made by the author himself, in copies of his poems which had fallen into their hands. "I have seen," says T. Warton [b], "all his odes

[a] In different editions of his Collection of Poems.

[b] See p. 30.

already published in his own handwriting; they had the marks of repeated correction: he was perpetually changing his epithets."

The explanatory notes below the text are by Collins.

The commentary of Langhorne, which has accompanied so many editions of our author, is once more printed entire. It is the work of one who was himself, if not a poet, at least a writer of most pleasing verses; and it breathes throughout such fervid admiration for Collins and for poetry, that the reader is induced to overlook its occasional weakness.

The Various Notes, which conclude the volume, consist chiefly of citations of parallel passages: for a considerable number of them, (as well as for some

biographical notes,) I am indebted to the Rev. J. Mitford, the learned editor of Gray, who, in the most liberal and obliging manner, transmitted to me the memoranda which he had made for an intended edition of Collins.

ALEXANDER DYCE.

LONDON, *June*, 1827.

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THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

William Collins was born at Chichester[1], on the twenty-fifth of December, about 1720. His father was a hatter of good reputation. He was, in 1733, as Dr. Warton has kindly informed me, admitted scholar of Winchester college[2], where he was educated by Dr. Burton. His English exercises were better than his Latin.

He first courted the notice of the public by some verses 'to a Lady weeping,' published in the Gentleman's Magazine.

In 1740, he stood first in the list of the scholars to be received in succession at New college; but unhappily there was no vacancy. This was the original misfortune of his life.

He became a commoner of Queen's college[3], probably with a scanty maintenance; but was, in about half a year, elected a demy of Magdalen college, where he continued till he had taken a bachelor's degree, and then suddenly left the university; for what reason I know not that he told.

He now, about 1744, came to London[4] a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket. He designed many works; but his great fault was irresolution[5], or the frequent calls of immediate necessity broke his schemes, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose. A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation, or remote enquiries. He published proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning; and I have heard him speak with great kindness of Leo the tenth, and with keen resentment of his tasteless successor. But probably not a page of the history was ever written. He planned several tragedies[6], but he only planned them. He wrote, now and then, odes and other poems[7], and did something, however little.

About this time I fell into his company. His appearance was decent and manly[8]; his knowledge considerable, his views extensive, his conversation elegant, and his disposition cheerful[9]. By degrees I gained his confidence; and one day was admitted to him when he was immured by a bailiff, that was prowling in the street. On this occasion recourse was had to the booksellers, who, on the credit of a translation of Aristotle's Poetics, which he engaged to write with a large commentary, advanced as much money as enabled him to escape into the country. He showed me the guineas safe in his hand. Soon afterwards his uncle, Mr. Martin, a lieutenant-colonel[10], left him about two thousand pounds; a sum which Collins could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust. The guineas were then repaid, and the translation neglected.

But man is not born for happiness: Collins, who, while he *studied to live*, felt no evil but poverty, no sooner *lived to study* than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease and insanity.

Having formerly written his character[a], while

[a] In Fawkes' and Woty's Poetical Calendar, vol. xii. p. 110. D.

perhaps it was yet more distinctly impressed upon my memory, I shall insert it here.

"Mr. Collins was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction and subjects of fancy; and, by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens.

"This was, however, the character rather of his inclination than his genius; the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance, were always desired by him, but were not always attained. Yet, as diligence is never wholly lost, if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they likewise produced in happier moments sublimity and splen-

dour. This idea which he had formed of excellence, led him to oriental fictions and allegorical imagery; and, perhaps, while he was intent upon description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment. His poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurnished with knowledge either of books or life, but somewhat obstructed in its progress by deviation in quest of mistaken beauties.

"His morals were pure, and his opinions pious; in a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed; and long association with fortuitous companions, will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervour of sincerity. That this man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed always unentangled through the snares of life, it would be prejudice and temerity to affirm; but it may be said, that at least he preserved the source of action unpolluted, that his principles were never shaken, that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity or

design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure or casual temptation.

"The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and sadness. He languished some years under that depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right, without the power of pursuing it. These clouds which he perceived gathering on his intellects, he endeavoured to disperse by travel, and passed into France: but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned. He was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his sister in Chichester[11]; where death, in 1756[b], came to his relief[12].

"After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his sister, whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school: when his friend took it into his

[b] 1759. D.

hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but that is the best.'"

Such was the fate of Collins, with whom I once delighted to converse, and whom I yet remember with tenderness[13].

He was visited at Chichester, in his last illness, by his learned friends Dr. Warton and his brother; to whom he spoke with disapprobation of his Oriental Eclogues, as not sufficiently expressive of Asiatic manners, and called them his Irish Eclogues. He showed them, at the same time, an ode inscribed to Mr. John Hume[c], on the Superstitions of the Highlands; which they thought superior to his other works, but which no search has yet found[d].

His disorder was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness, a deficiency rather of his vital than intellectual powers. What he spoke wanted neither judgement nor spirit; but a few minutes exhausted him, so that he was forced to rest upon the couch, till a short cessation restored his powers, and he was again able to talk with his former vigour.

[c] Home. D.

[d] It is in the present edition. D.

The approaches of this dreadful malady he began to feel soon after his uncle's death; and with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief with which the table and the bottle flatter and seduce. But his health continually declined, and he grew more and more burthensome to himself.

To what I have formerly said of his writings may be added, that his diction was often harsh, unskilfully laboured, and injudiciously selected. He affected the obsolete when it was not worthy of revival; and he puts his words out of the common order, seeming to think, with some later candidates for fame, that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants. As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise, when it gives little pleasure[14].

NOTES

ON

DR. JOHNSON'S LIFE OF COLLINS.

NOTE 1, p. 1. *William Collins was born,* etc.

The following certificate of his baptism has been procured for the present work:

"1721, William, the son of William Collins, then mayor of this city, and Elizabeth his wife, was baptized 1st of January."

I certify that the above is a true extract from the register of baptisms belonging to the parish of St. Peter the Great, alias Subdeanery, Chichester.

J. DAVIES, curate.

August 31st, 1826.

Note 2, p. 1. *Admitted scholar of Winchester college.*

"His father," says Langhorne, "intended him for the service of the church; and with this view, in the year 1733, he was admitted a scholar of that illustrious seminary of genius and learning, Winchester college."

Note 3, p. 2. *He became a commoner of Queen's college.*

"Where," says Langhorne, "he continued till

July 1741, when he was elected a demy of Magdalen college. During his residence at Queen's, he was at once distinguished for genius and indolence; his exercises, when he could be prevailed upon to write, bearing the visible characteristics of both."

While at Magdalen college, in January 1742, Collins published his eclogues, under the title of *Persian Eclogues*, and in December of the following year, *Verses to sir Thomas Hanmer on his edition of Shakspeare.* Langhorne says that he wrote the eclogues during his residence at Magdalen, but he is mistaken. "Mr. Collins," observes Dr. Joseph Warton, "wrote his eclogues when he was about seventeen years old, at Winchester school, and, as I well remember, had been just reading that volume of Salmon's Modern History which described Persia; which determined him to lay the scene of these pieces [there] as being productive of new images and sentiments. In his maturer years he was accustomed to speak very contemptuously of them, calling them his Irish Eclogues, and saying they had not in them one spark of orientalism; and desiring me to erase a motto he had prefixed to them in a copy he gave me:

Quos primus equis oriens afflavit anhelis. VIRG.

He was greatly mortified that they found more readers and admirers than his odes."—Notes on Pope's Works, vol. i. p. 61.

Note 4, p. 2. *He now, about* 1744, *came to London.*

Langhorne says he removed to London in 1743.

Note 5, p. 2. *His great fault was irresolution.*

"Collins was, however, not idle, though without

application; for, when reproached with idleness by a friend, he showed instantly several sheets of his version of Aristotle, and many embryos of some lives he had engaged to compose for the Biographia Britanica: he never brought either to perfection. What then was this *irresolution*, but the vacillations of a mind broken and confounded? He had exercised too constantly the highest faculties of fiction, and he had precipitated himself into the dreariness of real life. None but a poet can conceive, for none but a poet can experience, the secret wounds inflicted on a mind made up of romantic fancy and tenderness of emotion, who has staked his happiness on his imagination, and who feels neglect, as ordinary men might the sensation of being let down into a sepulchre, and being buried alive. The mind of Tasso, a brother in fancy to Collins, became disordered by the opposition of the critics; but their perpetual neglect had not injured it less. The elegant Hope of the ancients was represented holding some flowers, the promise of the spring, or some spikes of corn, indicative of approaching harvest—but the Hope of Collins had scattered its seed, and they remained buried in the earth."—D'Israeli's Calamities of Authors, vol. ii. p. 201.

Note 6, p. 2. *He planned several tragedies.*

"In his Ode to Fear," says Mr. T. Campbell, "he hints at his dramatic ambition, and he planned several tragedies. Had he lived to enjoy and adorn existence, it is not easy to conceive his sensitive spirit and harmonious ear descending to mediocrity in any path of poetry; yet it may be doubted if his mind had not a passion for the visionary and remote

forms of imagination, too strong and exclusive for the general purposes of the drama. His genius loved to breathe rather in the preternatural and ideal element of poetry than in the atmosphere of imitation, which lies closest to real life; and his notions of poetical excellence, whatever vows he might address to the manners, were still tending to the vast, the undefinable, and the abstract."—Specimens, vol. v. p. 311.

Collins was an ardent admirer and student of the old English dramatists.—"I was informed," says Thomas Warton, "by the late Mr. Collins of Chichester, that Shakspeare's Tempest, for which no origin is yet assigned, was formed on this favourite romance, [Aurelio and Isabella.] But although this information has not proved true on examination, an useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakspeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at least that the story preceded Shakspeare. Mr. Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity than judgment and industry: but his memory failing in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another."—Hist. of Eng. Poet. vol. iii. p. 478.

That our poet admired Ben Jonson, we learn from Tom Davies, who, speaking of the epilogue to *Every man out of his Humour*, at the presentation before queen Elizabeth, observes, "Mr. Collins, the author of several justly esteemed poems, first pointed out to me the particular beauties of this occasional address."—Dram. Miscel. vol. ii. p. 77.

As we are now on the subject of our poet's studies, his fondness for black letter reading may be men-

tioned. "In the dispersed library of the late Mr. William Collins," says Thomas Warton, "I saw a thin folio of two sheets in black letter, containing a poem in the octave stanza, entitled *Fabyl's Ghoste*, printed by John Rastell in the year 1533."—Hist. of Eng. Poet. vol. iii. p. 81.

"Among the books," says the same writer, "of my friend, the late Mr. William Collins of Chichester, now dispersed, was a collection of short comic stories in prose, printed in the black letter under the year 1570, *sett forth by maister Richard Edwardes, mayster of her majesties revels.* Among these tales was that of the Induction of the tinker in Shakspeare's Taming of the Shrew," etc.—Hist. of Eng. Poet. vol. iii. p. 292.

Note 7, p. 2. *He wrote, now and then, odes and other poems.*

His *Odes on several descriptive and allegoric subjects*, appeared in December 1746, though the title-page bears the date 1747. Millar[a], an eminent bookseller in the Strand, "purchased the copy at a very handsome price for those times, and at his own expense and risk did all in his power to introduce Mr. Collins to the notice of the public." (Monthly

[a] In the memoir prefixed to Langhorne's first edition of Collins's poetical works, 1765, was the following passage concerning this well-known publisher: "Mr. Millar, a bookseller in the Strand, and a favourer of genius, *when once it has made its way to fame*, published them [the odes] on the author's account. He happened, indeed, to be right not to publish them on his own." Discovering, however, that he had unjustly charged Millar with illiberality towards our poet, Langhorne silently omitted this obnoxious passage in subsequent editions.

Review, vol. xxxii. p. 294.) But the efforts of the publisher were vain; the poems were above the taste of the age; the sale was most unsuccessful; and the indignant author burned with his own hands the copies that remained.

"In what strange torpor," says sir E. Brydges, "were the fancy, the feelings, and the taste of the nation buried, when they could receive with indifference the Ode on the Passions, and the Odes to Fear, and to Evening! But these perhaps are too abstract for the multitude, who cannot admire them till long established authority supersedes their own judgments. So it was even with Milton, whose early compositions, the Lycidas, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso, the very essence of poetry, were little noticed by his contemporaries, while the vile doggrel of such wretched rhymers as Cleveland, and Brome, and others of the same stamp, was universally praised and admired."—Censura Literaria, vol. iii. p. 340.

But these odes did not escape the notice of Gray, on whose opinion of them I shall offer no remarks. He thus writes to Mr. Wharton, Dec. 27, 1746. "Have you seen the works of two young authors, a Mr. Warton[b], and Mr. Collins, both writers of odes? It is odd enough, but each is the half of a considerable man, and one the counterpart of the other. The first has but little invention, very poetical choice of expression, and a good ear. The second, a fine fancy, modelled upon the antique, a bad ear, great variety of words and images, with no choice at all.

[b] Joseph Warton, who published a small volume of odes at the very time those of Collins appeared.

They both deserve to last some years, but will not." —Mitford's Gray, vol. ii. p. 169, 4to.

In June 1749 our poet published *An Ode occasioned by the death of Mr. Thomson.*

The following letter shows that Collins and Joseph Warton intended to publish a joint volume of their odes: Mr. Wooll, (in whose Memoirs of Dr. J. Warton it originally appeared, p. 14,) thinks that the work was really published, but he is undoubtedly mistaken:

"Dear Tom,—You will wonder to see my name in an advertisement next week, so I thought I would apprise you of it. The case was this. Collins met me in Surrey, at Guilford races, when I wrote out for him my odes, and he likewise communicated some of his to me; and being both in very high spirits, we took courage, resolved to join our forces, and to publish them immediately. I flatter myself that I shall lose no honour by this publication, because I believe these odes, as they now stand, are infinitely the best things I ever wrote. You will see a very pretty one of Collins's, on the death of Colonel Ross before Tournay. It is addressed to a lady who was Ross's intimate acquaintance, and who, by the way, is Miss Bett Goddard. Collins is not to publish the odes unless he gets ten guineas for them. I returned from Milford last night, where I left Collins with my mother and sister, and he sets out to-day for London. I must now tell you, that I have sent him your imitation of Horace's Blandusian Fountain, to be printed amongst ours, and which you shall own or not, as you think

proper. I would not have done this without your consent, but because I think it very poetically and correctly done, and will get you honour. You will let me know what the Oxford critics say.

"Adieu, dear Tom,

"I am your most affectionate brother,

"J. WARTON."

Without a date of time or place.

The following letter, (preserved in Seward's Supplement to the Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons, p. 123,) informs us, that an *Ode on the Music of the Grecian Theatre,* with which Collins seems as well satisfied as with *The Passions,* has been unfortunately lost to posterity:

"SIR,—Mr. Blackstone of Winchester some time since informed me of the honour you had done me at Oxford last summer; for which I return you my sincere thanks. I have another more perfect copy of the ode; which, had I known your obliging design, I would have communicated to you. Inform me by a line, if you should think one of my better judgment acceptable. In such case I could send you one written on a nobler subject; and which, though I have been persuaded to bring it forth in London, I think more calculated for an audience in the university. The subject is *the Music of the Grecian Theatre;* in which I have, I hope naturally, introduced the various characters with which the chorus was concerned, as Œdipus, Medea, Electra, Orestes, etc. etc. The composition too is probably more correct, as I have chosen the ancient tragedies for my mo-

dels, and only copied the most affecting passages in them.

"In the mean time, you would greatly oblige me by sending the score of the last. If you can get it written, I will readily answer the expense. If you send it with a copy or two of the ode (as printed at Oxford) to Mr. Clarke, at Winchester, he will forward it to me here. I am, sir,

"With great respect,

"Your obliged humble servant,

"WILLIAM COLLINS.

"Chichester, Sussex, November 8, 1750.

"P. S. Mr. Clarke past some days here while Mr. Worgan was with me; from whose friendship, I hope, he will receive some advantage.

"To Dr. William Hayes, professor of music, Oxford."

Note 8, p. 3. *His appearance was decent and manly.*

Langhorne thus describes him: "Mr. Collins was, in stature, somewhat above the middle size; of a brown complexion, keen, expressive eyes, and a fixed, sedate aspect, which, from intense thinking, had contracted an habitual frown."

Note 9, p. 3. *His disposition cheerful.*

"This great poet did not often wander into the gayer and lively scenes of his art. The following verses by him, on a quack doctor of Chichester, are still remembered in that city:

Seventh son of doctor John,
Physician and chirurgeon,
Who hath travell'd wide and far,
Man-midwife to a man of war,

In Chichester hath ta'en a house,
Hippocrates, Hippocratous.

Collins was extremely attached to a young lady, who was born the day before him, and who did not return his passion with equal ardour. He said, on that occasion, that he came into the world a day after the *fair*."—Seward's Suppl. to Anec. of Dist. Per. p. 125.

"We cannot," says Mr. D'Israeli, "decide of the temper of a man viewed only in a circle of friends, who listen to the ebullitions of wit or fancy; the social warmth for a moment throws into forgetfulness his secret sorrow. The most melancholy man is frequently the most delightful companion, and peculiarly endowed with the talent of satirical playfulness and vivacity of humour. But what was the true life of Collins, separated from its adventitious circumstances? It was a life of want, never chequered by hope, that was striving to elude its own observation by hurrying into some temporary dissipation. But the hours of melancholy and solitude were sure to return; these were marked on the dial of his life, and when they struck, the gay and lively Collins, like one of his own enchanted beings, as surely relapsed into his natural shape."—Calam. of Auth. vol. ii. p. 205.

Note 10, p. 3. *His uncle, Mr. Martin, a lieutenant-colonel.*

On the following line of Pope,

Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain, (Dunc. iv. 560.)

Dr. J. Warton thus remarks: "Colonel Martin Bladen was a man of some literature, and trans-

lated Cæsar's Commentaries. I never could learn that he had offended Pope. He was uncle to my dear and lamented friend Mr. William Collins the poet, to whom he left an estate, which he did not get possession of till his faculties were deranged and he could not enjoy it. I remember Collins told me, that Bladen had given to Voltaire all that account of Camoëns inserted in his Essay on the Epic Poets of all Nations, and that Voltaire seemed before entirely ignorant of the name and character of Camoëns." (Warton's Pope, vol. v. p. 284.) Sir E. Brydges, however, thinks that Dr. Warton must be wrong, as "Collins's uncle's name was Martin, not Bladen: colonel Bladen was the uncle of admiral lord Hawke."—Cens. Lit. vol. vii. p. 409; Sylv. Wand. p. 77.

Note 11, p. 6. *To the care of his sister in Chichester.*

She became the wife of the reverend Dr. Durnford, and died at Chichester, in November 1789.—See Gent. Mag. vol. lix. p. 1056.

Note 12, p. 6. *Where death, in* 1756, *came to his relief.*

Dr. Johnson was misinformed as to the year of our poet's death. The following certificate of his burial from the register of St. Andrew's church, Chichester, was obtained for the present work:

"Buried 1759,
"June 15, William Collins, gent."

"Sept. 2, 1826.

"Sir,—I have much pleasure in sending you the foregoing extract from the register of burials be-

longing to St. Andrew's parish. There is a monument to the memory of several of Collins's family in my church, but all that relates to the poet amounts to a very brief annal; it is simply the following: *William Collins died 12th June,* 1759. Believe me, sir, in haste,

" Your very obt. sert.
" W. HOLLAND.

" To the rev. A. Dyce."

In Chichester cathedral, an elegant monument, the work of Flaxman, has been erected by public subscription to the memory of Collins. It is thus described by Mr. Dallaway, in his History of Sussex, vol. i. p. 137: " Collins is represented as sitting in a reclining posture, during a lucid interval of the afflicting malady to which he was subject, with a calm and benign aspect, as if seeking refuge from his misfortunes in the consolations of the gospel, [*which appears open on a table before him,* D.] whilst his lyre and one of his best compositions lie neglected on the ground. Upon the pediment of the tablet are placed two female ideal figures in relief, representing love and pity, entwined each in the arms of the other; the proper emblems of the genius of his poetry." It bears the following epitaph from the pen of Hayley:

Ye who the merits of the dead revere,
Who hold misfortune's sacred genius dear,
Regard this tomb, where Collins, hapless name,
Solicits kindness with a double claim.
Tho' nature gave him, and tho' science taught
The fire of fancy, and the reach of thought,

Severely doom'd to penury's extreme,
He pass'd in madd'ning pain life's fev'rish dream,
While rays of genius only serv'd to show
The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe.
Ye walls that echo'd to his frantic moan,
Guard the due records of this grateful stone;
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
This fond memorial to his talents raise.
For this the ashes of a bard require,
Who touch'd the tend'rest notes of pity's lyre;
Who join'd pure faith to strong poetic powers;
Who, in reviving reason's lucid hours,
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deem'd the book of God the best.

I shall now present to the reader three very interesting letters concerning Collins.

Letter in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1781, vol. li. p. 11:

"Jan. 20, 1781.

"MR. URBAN,—William Collins, the poet, I was intimately acquainted with, from the time that he came to reside at Oxford. He was the son of a tradesman in the city of Chichester, I think an hatter; and being sent very young to Winchester school, was soon distinguished for his early proficiency, and his turn for elegant composition. About the year 1740, he came off from that seminary *first* upon roll[c], and was entered a commoner of Queen's college. There, no vacancy offering for New college,

[c] Mr. Joseph Warton, now Dr. Warton, head master of Winton school, was at the same time *second* upon roll; and Mr. Mulso, now prebendary of the church of Winton, *third* upon roll.

he remained a year or two, and then was chosen demy of Magdalen college; where, I think, he took a degree. As he brought with him, for so the whole turn of his conversation discovered, too high an opinion of his school acquisitions, and a sovereign contempt for all academic studies and discipline, he never looked with any complacency on his situation in the university, but was always complaining of the dulness of a college life. In short, he threw up his demyship, and, going to London, commenced a man of the town, spending his time in all the dissipation of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and the playhouses; and was romantic enough to suppose that his superior abilities would draw the attention of the great world, by means of whom he was to make his fortune.

"In this pleasurable way of life he soon wasted his little property, and a considerable legacy left him by a maternal uncle, a colonel in the army, to whom the nephew made a visit in Flanders during the war. While on this tour he wrote several entertaining letters to his Oxford friends, some of which I saw. In London I met him often, and remember he lodged in a little house with a Miss Bundy, at the corner of King's-square-court, Soho, now a warehouse, for a long time together. When poverty overtook him, poor man, he had too much sensibility of temper to bear with his misfortunes, and so fell into a most deplorable state of mind. How he got down to Oxford, I do not know, but I myself saw him under Merton wall, in a very affecting situation, struggling, and conveyed by force, in the arms of two or three men, towards the parish of St. Clement,

in which was a house that took in such unhappy objects; and I always understood, that not long after he died in confinement; but when, or where, or where he was buried, I never knew.

"Thus was lost to the world this unfortunate person, in the prime of life, without availing himself of fine abilities, which, properly improved, must have raised him to the top of any profession, and have rendered him a blessing to his friends, and an ornament to his country.

"Without books, or steadiness and resolution to consult them if he had been possessed of any, he was always planning schemes for elaborate publications, which were carried no further than the drawing up proposals for subscriptions, some of which were published; and in particular, as far as I remember, one for *a History of the Darker Ages.*

"He was passionately fond of music; good-natured and affable; warm in his friendships, and visionary in his pursuits; and, as long as I knew him, very temperate in his eating and drinking. He was of moderate stature, of a light and clear complexion, with grey eyes, so very weak at times as hardly to bear a candle in the room; and often raising within him apprehensions of blindness.

"With an anecdote respecting him, while he was at Magdalen college, I shall close my letter. It happened one afternoon, at a tea visit, that several intelligent friends were assembled at his rooms to enjoy each other's conversation, when in comes a member of a certain college [d], as remarkable at that

[d] The translator of Polybius. [Hampton. D.]

time for his brutal disposition, as for his good scholarship; who, though he met with a circle of the most peaceable people in the world, was determined to quarrel; and, though no man said a word, lifted up his foot and kicked the tea-table, and all its contents, to the other side of the room. Our poet, though of a warm temper, was so confounded at the unexpected downfall, and so astonished at the unmerited insult, that he took no notice of the aggressor, but getting up from his chair calmly, he began picking up the slices of bread and butter, and the fragments of his china, repeating very mildly,

Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.

"I am your very humble servant,

"V."

The next letter was found among the papers of Mr. William Hymers, of Queen's college, Oxford, who was preparing for publication a new edition of the works of our poet, when death prevented the completion of his design. It has appeared in the Reaper, from which it was copied into the Gleaner, in the Monthly Magazine for 1806, and (with shameful incorrectness) in sir E. Brydges's Sylvan Wanderer. I give it as it stands in the Monthly Magazine, vol. xxi. p. 494:

"Hill-street, Richmond in Surrey, July 1783.

"Sir,—Your favour of the 30th June I did not receive till yesterday. The person who has the care of my house in Bond-street, expecting me there every day, did not send it to Richmond, or I would have answered sooner. As you express a wish to

know every particular, however trifling, relating to Mr. William Collins, I will endeavour, so far as can be done by a letter, to satisfy you. There are many little anecdotes, which tell well enough in conversation, but would be tiresome for you to read, or me to write, so shall pass them over. I had formerly several scraps of his poetry, which were suddenly written on particular occasions. These I lent among our acquaintance, who were never civil enough to return them; and being then engaged in extensive business, I forgot to ask for them, and they are lost: all I have remaining of his are about twenty lines, which would require a little history to be understood, being written on trifling subjects. I have a few of his letters, the subjects of which are chiefly on business, but I think there are in them some flights, which strongly mark his character; for which reason I preserved them. There are so few of his intimates now living, that I believe I am the only one who can give a true account of his family and connections. The principal part of what I write is from my own knowledge, or what I have heard from his nearest relations.

"His father was not the manufacturer of hats, but the vender. He lived in a genteel style at Chichester; and, I think, filled the office of mayor more than once: he was pompous in his manner, but, at his death, he left his affairs rather embarrassed. Colonel Martyn, his wife's brother, greatly assisted his family, and supported Mr. William Collins at the university, where he stood for a fellowship, which, to his great mortification, he lost, and which was his reason for quitting that place, at least that

was his pretext. But he had other reasons: he was in arrears to his bookseller, his tailor, and other tradesmen. But, I believe, a desire to partake of the dissipation and gaiety of London was his principal motive. Colonel Martyn was at this time with his regiment; and Mr. Payne, a near relation, who had the management of the colonel's affairs, had likewise a commission to supply the Collins's with small sums of money. The colonel was the more sparing in this order, having suffered considerably by alderman Collins, who had formerly been his agent, and forgetting that his wife's brother's cash was not his own, had applied it to his own use. When Mr. William Collins came from the university, he called on his cousin Payne, gaily drest, and with a feather in his hat; at which his relation expressed surprise, and told him his appearance was by no means that of a young man who had not a single guinea he could call his own. This gave him great offence; but remembering his sole dependence for subsistence was in the power of Mr. Payne, he concealed his resentment; yet could not refrain from speaking freely behind his back, and saying 'he thought him a d——d dull fellow;' though, indeed, this was an epithet he was pleased to bestow on every one who did not think as he would have them. His frequent demands for a supply obliged Mr. Payne to tell him he must pursue some other line of life, for he was sure colonel Martyn would be displeased with him for having done so much. This resource being stopped, forced him to set about some work, of which his *History of the Revival of Learning* was the first; and for which he printed proposals, (one of which I

have,) and took the first subscription money from many of his particular friends: the work was begun, but soon stood still. Both Dr. Johnson and Mr. Langhorne are mistaken when they say, the *Translation of Aristotle* was never begun: I know the contrary, for some progress was made in both, but most in the latter. From the freedom subsisting between us, we took the liberty of saying any thing to each other. I one day reproached him with idleness; when, to convince me my censure was unjust, he showed me many sheets of his *Translation of Aristotle,* which he said he had so fully employed himself about, as to prevent him calling on many of his friends so frequently as he used to do. Soon after this, he engaged with Mr. Manby, a bookseller on Ludgate hill, to furnish him with some *Lives for the Biographia Britannica,* which Manby was then publishing. He showed me some of the lives in embryo; but I do not recollect that any of them came to perfection. To raise a present subsistence, he set about writing his odes; and having a general invitation to my house, he frequently passed whole days there, which he employed in writing them, and as frequently burning what he had written, after reading them to me: many of them, which pleased me I struggled to preserve, but without effect; for, pretending he would alter them, he got them from me, and thrust them into the fire. He was an acceptable companion everywhere; and among the gentlemen who loved him for a genius, I may reckon the doctors Armstrong, Barrowby, and Hill; Messrs. Quin, Garrick, and Foote, who frequently took his opinion on their pieces before they

were seen by the public. He was particularly noticed by the geniuses who frequented the Bedford and Slaughter's coffee houses. From his knowledge of Garrick, he had the liberty of the scenes and green-room, where he made diverting observations on the vanity and false consequence of that class of people; and his manner of relating them to his particular friends was extremely entertaining. In this manner he lived, with and upon his friends, until the death of colonel Martyn, who left what fortune he died possessed of unto him and his two sisters. I fear I cannot be certain as to dates, but believe he left the university in the year 43. Some circumstances I recollect, make me almost certain he was in London that year; but I will not be so certain of the time he died, which I did not hear of till long after it happened. When his health and faculties began to decline, he went to France, and after to Bath, in hope his health might be restored, but without success. I never saw him after his sister removed him from M'Donald's madhouse at Chelsea, to Chichester, where he soon sunk into a deplorable state of idiotism, which, when I was told, shocked me exceedingly; and even now the remembrance of a man for whom I had a particular friendship, and in whose company I have passed so many pleasant happy hours, gives me a severe shock. Since it is in consequence of your own request, sir, that I write this long farrago, I expect you will overlook all inaccuracies. I am, sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"JOHN RAGSDALE.

"Mr. William Hymers, Queen's college, Oxford."

The following communication by Thomas Warton, found among the papers of Mr. Hymers, appeared first in the Reaper [e], and has been copied from that work into the Gleaner. A few passages, chiefly concerning various readings, are now omitted, as they are given in other parts of this volume:

"I often saw Collins in London in 1750. This was before his illness. He then told me of his intended History of the Revival of Learning, and proposed a scheme of a review, to be called the Clarendon Review, and to be printed at the university press, under the conduct and authority of the university. About Easter, the next year, I was in London; when, being given over and supposed to be dying, he desired to see me, that he might take his last leave of me: but he grew better, and in the summer he sent me a letter on some private business, which I have now by me, dated Chichester, June 9, 1751, written in a fine hand, and without the least symptom of a disordered or debilitated understanding. In 1754 he came to Oxford for change of air and amusement, where he stayed a month; I saw him frequently, but he was so weak and low, that he could not bear conversation. Once he walked

[e] The Reaper, the greater part of which was written by the late Mr. Maude, of Wensley-dale in Yorkshire, was originally published in the York Chronicle, from January 1796 to June 1797, and was reprinted in an octavo volume, though never published, in 1798. My only acquaintance with this scarce work is from the specimens of it in Dr. Drake's Gleaner. Dr. Drake has politely informed me that nothing more concerning Collins than what he has extracted (and all of which is given in the present volume) was contained in either form of the work.

from his lodgings, opposite Christ church, to Trinity college, but supported by his servant. The same year, in September, I and my brother visited him at Chichester, where he lived in the cathedral cloisters, with his sister. The first day he was in high spirits at intervals, but exerted himself so much that he could not see us the second. Here he showed us an ode to Mr. John Home on his leaving England for Scotland, in the octave stanza, very long, and beginning,

Home, thou return'st from Thames.

I remember there was a beautiful description of the spectre of a man drowned in the night, or in the language of the old Scotch superstitions, seized by the angry spirit of the waters, appearing to his wife with pale blue cheek, etc. Mr. Home has no copy of it. He also showed us another ode, of two or three four-lined stanzas, called the Bell of Arragon; on a tradition that, anciently, just before a king of Spain died, the great bell of the cathedral of Sarragossa, in Arragon, tolled spontaneously. It began thus:

The bell of Arragon, they say,
Spontaneous speaks the fatal day.

Soon afterwards were these lines:

Whatever dark aerial power,
Commission'd, haunts the gloomy tower.

The last stanza consisted of a moral transition to his own death and knell, which he called 'some simpler bell.' I have seen all his odes already published in his own handwriting; they had the marks of re-

peated correction: he was perpetually changing his epithets. Dr. Warton, my brother, has a few fragments of some other odes, but too loose and imperfect for publication, yet containing traces of high imagery.

"In illustration of what Dr. Johnson has related, that during his last malady he was a great reader of the Bible, I am favoured with the following anecdote from the reverend Mr. Shenton, vicar of St. Andrew's, at Chichester, by whom Collins was buried: 'Walking in my vicarial garden one Sunday evening, during Collins's last illness, I heard a female (the servant, I suppose,) reading the Bible in his chamber. Mr. Collins had been accustomed to rave much, and make great moanings; but while she was reading, or rather attempting to read, he was not only silent but attentive likewise, correcting her mistakes, which indeed were very frequent, through the whole of the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis.' I have just been informed, from undoubted authority, that Collins had finished a Preliminary Dissertation to be prefixed to his History of the Restoration of Learning, and that it was written with great judgment, precision, and knowledge of the subject.

"T. W."

Note 13, p. 7. *Whom I yet remember with tenderness.*

How great a regard Johnson had for Collins, the following extracts from his letters to Joseph Warton sufficiently testify:

"March 8, 1754.

"But how little can we venture to exult in any intellectual powers or literary attainments, when we

consider the condition of poor Collins. I knew him a few years ago full of hopes and full of projects, versed in many languages, high in fancy, and strong in retention. This busy and forcible mind is now under the government of those who lately would not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of its designs. What do you hear of him? are there hopes of his recovery? or is he to pass the remainder of his life in misery and degradation? perhaps with complete consciousness of his calamity."

"December 24, 1754.

"Poor dear Collins! Let me know whether you think it would give him pleasure if I should write to him. I have often been near his state, and therefore have it in great commiseration."

"April 15, 1756.

"What becomes of poor dear Collins? I wrote him a letter which he never answered. I suppose writing is very troublesome to him. That man is no common loss. The moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune, and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is yet more dreadful to consider that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change, that understanding may make its appearance and depart, that it may blaze and expire."—Wooll's Memoirs of Dr. J. Warton, p. 219. 229. 239.

Note 14, p. 8. *The poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise, when it gives little pleasure.*

"The criticism of Johnson," says Mr. D'Israeli, "on the poetry of Collins, that *as men are often*

esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise, when it gives little pleasure, might almost have been furnished from the lumbering pen of old Dennis. But Collins, from the poetical, never *extorted* praise, for it is given *spontaneously;* he is much *more loved* than *esteemed,* for he does not give *little pleasure.* Johnson, too, describes *his lines as of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants.* Even this verbal criticism, though it appeals to the eye, and not to the ear, is false criticism; since Collins is certainly the most musical of poets. How could that lyrist be harsh in his diction, who almost draws tears from our eyes, while his melodious lines and picturing epithets are remembered by his readers? He is devoured with as much enthusiasm by one party, as he is imperfectly relished by the other."—Calam. of Auth. vol. ii. p. 215.

When Johnson's Lives of the Poets first appeared, Collins was an author so little known, that few readers were aware of the injustice of the doctor's criticism on his poetry. In a manuscript letter by Beattie, in my possession, written immediately after the publication of the Lives, mention is made of the severity with which Milton, Gray, and even Lyttelton, are handled by Johnson, but no notice is taken of the treatment of Collins. Till Cowper met with our poet's name in Johnson's work, he had never heard of him. "I have lately finished," says that amiable recluse, in a letter to Newton, March 19, 1784, "eight volumes of Johnson's Prefaces, or Lives of the Poets. In all that number I observe but one man, a poet of no great fame, of whom I did not

know that he existed till I found him there, whose mind seems to have had the slightest tincture of religion; and he was hardly in his senses. His name was Collins. He sunk into a state of melancholy, and died young. Not long before his death, he was found at his lodgings in Islington by his biographer, with the New Testament in his hand. He said to Johnson, 'I have but one book, but it is the best.' Of him, therefore, there are some hopes. But from the lives of all the rest there is but one inference to be drawn: that poets are a very worthless, wicked set of people."—Private Corresp. vol. i. p. 315.

Mr. T. Campbell has given us the following admirable remarks on Collins:

"Collins published his Oriental Eclogues while at college, and his lyrical poetry at the age of twenty-six. Those works will abide comparison with whatever Milton wrote under the age of thirty. If they have rather less exuberant wealth of genius, they exhibit more exquisite touches of pathos. Like Milton, he leads us into the haunted ground of imagination; like him, he has the rich economy of expression haloed with thought, which by single or few words often hints entire pictures to the imagination. * * * * * * A cloud of obscurity sometimes rests on his highest conceptions, arising from the fineness of his associations, and the daring sweep of his allusions; but the shadow is transitory, and interferes very little with the light of his imagery, or the warmth of his feelings."—Specimens, vol. v. p. 310.

"His characteristics," says Mrs. Barbauld, "are tenderness tinged with melancholy, beautiful imagery, a fondness for allegory and abstract ideas,

purity and chasteness of sentiment, and an exquisite ear for harmony. In his endeavours to embody the fleeting forms of mind, and clothe them with correspondent imagery, he is not unfrequently obscure; but even when obscure, the reader who possesses congenial feelings is not ill pleased to find his faculties put upon the stretch in the search of those sublime ideas which are apt, from their shadowy nature, to elude the grasp of the mind. * * * * * * * * Posterity has done him justice, and assigned him an honourable rank among those of our poets who are more distinguished by excellence than by bulk."—Essay. p. 6, 7. 49.

Mr. Hazlitt observes of Collins:

"He had that true *vivida vis*, that genuine inspiration, which alone can give birth to the highest efforts of poetry. He leaves stings in the minds of his readers, certain traces of thought and feelings which never wear out, because nature had left them in his own mind. He is the only one of the minor poets of whom, if he had lived, it cannot be said that he might not have done the greatest things. The germ is there. He is sometimes affected, unmeaning, and obscure; but he also catches rich glimpses of the bowers of paradise, and has lofty aspirations after the highest seats of the muses. With a great deal of tinsel and splendid patchwork, he has not been able to hide the solid sterling ore of genius. In his best works there is an attic simplicity, a pathos and fervour of imagination, which make us the more lament that the efforts of his mind were at first depressed by neglect and pecuniary embarrassments, and at length buried in the gloom of an uncon-

querable and fatal malady. * * * * * * I should conceive that Collins had a much greater poetical genius than Gray: he had more of that fine madness which is inseparable from it, of its turbid effervescence, of all that pushes it to the verge of agony or rapture."—Lectures on English Poets, p. 230. 234.

LIST OF THE CHIEF EDITIONS OF THE WORKS OF COLLINS.

1. *Persian Eclogues.* *London, Roberts,* 1742

2. *Verses humbly addressed to Sir Thomas Hanmer on his edition of Shakspeare's Works, by a gentleman of Oxford.* *London, folio, Cooper,* 1743

3. *Odes on several Descriptive and Allegoric Subjects, by William Collins.*

Ειην
Ευρησιεπης αναγει[f]
Προσφορος εν Μοισαν Διφρω
Τολμα δε και αμφιλαφης Δυναμις
Εσποιτο. Πινδαρ. Ολυμπ. Θ.

London, 8vo. *Millar,* 1747

Langhorne, and other biographers of Collins, state that the odes first appeared in 1746, and the statement is correct; for though the title-page of this edition bears the date 1747, it was published in the December of the preceding year. (See list of books published in December 1746 in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xvi. p. 672.) This edition contains the first twelve odes of the present volume. The Ode to a Lady on the death of Colonel Ross was ori-

[f] *αναγει*, a misprint for *αναγεισθαι*. D.

ginally printed (stanzas seventh and eighth being omitted) in Dodsley's Museum, vol. i. p. 215.

4. *An Ode occasioned by the death of Mr. Thomson, by William Collins.* *London, Manby,* 1749

5. *Oriental Eclogues, written originally for the Entertainment of the Ladies of Tauris, and now translated.*

Ubi primus equis oriens adflavit anhelis.—Virg. Georg. Lib. 1.

London, 4to. Payne, 1757

6. *The Poetical Works of Mr. William Collins, with Memoirs of the Author; and Observations on his genius and writings, by J. Langhorne.*

Son pure i nostri figli
Propagini celesti:
Non spegnera il suo seme.—Guar.

London, 12*mo. Becket and Dehondt,* 1765

7. *The same.* 1771

8. *The same.* *Evans,* 1781

9. *The Poetical Works of William Collins.*

Glasgow, folio, Foulis, 1787

10. *An Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland; considered as the subject of poetry. Inscribed to Mr. Home, author of Douglas. By Mr. William Collins, author of the Ode on the Passions, etc. Never before printed. Dedicated to the Wartons.*

"*Mr. Collins showed (the Wartons) in his last illness, an Ode, inscribed to Mr. John Home, on the Superstitions of the Highlands, which they thought superior to his other works, but which no search has yet found.*" *Dr. Johnson's Life of Collins.*

London, 4to. Bell, 1788

This ode originally appeared in the first volume

of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. For a further account of both editions, see the Various Notes.

11. *The Poetical Works of Mr. William Collins, with a Prefatory Essay by Mrs. Barbauld.*
London, 12*mo. Cadell and Davies,* 1797

12. *The Poetical Works of William Collins; enriched with elegant engravings, to which is prefixed a life of the author by Dr. Johnson.*
London, 12*mo. Harding,* 1798

13. *The Poetical Works of William Collins, enriched with elegant engravings, to which is prefixed a life of the author by Dr. Johnson; second edition. London,* 12*mo. Vernor and Hood, Harding, etc.* 1800

14. *The Poetical Works of William Collins; with the Commentary of Langhorne. To which is prefixed, some account of the Life of Collins, written by Dr. Johnson. Embellished with engravings, from the Designs of Richard Westall, Esq. R. A.*
London, 12*mo. Sharpe,* 1804

15. *The Poetical Works of William Collins; with the Life of the Author. London,* 12*mo. Sharpe,* 1811

This is merely Sharpe's edition of 1804, with a newly engraved title-page, and without the plates.

Poems by Collins appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, Dodsley's Museum, the different editions of Dodsley's Collection, Fawkes' and Woty's Poetical Calendar, Pearch's Collection, the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, etc.

His collected works have been printed in the British Poets of Johnson, Bell, Anderson, Cooke, Park, Chalmers, Aikin, Whittingham, etc.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

BY

THE REVEREND J. MITFORD.

He was, in 1733, *as Dr. Warton has kindly informed me, admitted scholar of Winchester college,* p. 1.—on February 23rd.

Where, says Langhorne, he continued till July 1741. p. 9.—till July 29th.

Collins published his eclogues under the title of Persian Eclogues, p. 10.

" The neglected author of the Persian Eclogues, which, however inaccurate, excell any in our language, is still alive: happy if, insensible of our neglect, not raging at our ingratitude."—Goldsmith's Enquiry into the State of Learning, p. 107.

She became the wife of the reverend Dr. Durnford, p. 19.

" The reverend Mr. Durnford, who resided at Chichester, and was the son of Dr. D. informed me in August 1795, that the sister of Collins loved money to excess, and evinced so outrageous an aversion to her brother, because he squandered or gave away to the boys in the cloisters whatever money he had, that she destroyed, in a paroxysm of resentment, all his papers, and whatever remained of his enthusiasm for poetry, as far as she could. Mr. Hayley told me, when I visited him at Eartham, that he had obtained

from her *a small drawing* by Collins; but it possessed no other value than as a memorial that the bard had attempted to handle the pencil as well as the pen."—M. S. note by T. Park, esq. in his copy of Collins's poems, now in the possession of Mr. Mitford.

William Collins died 12th June 1759. p. 20.

The house in Chichester where Collins lived, is now Mr. Mason's the bookseller: Collins is buried under the pew in the church, belonging to the house; a stone tablet on the wall above.

From the pen of Hayley, p. 20; and Sargent.

" The following ridiculous incident respecting this very great poet, [Collins,] happened some years ago to that elegant writer Dr. Langhorne, according to the ingenious author of the Juvenilia. Dr. Langhorne, hearing that Collins the poet was buried at Chichester, travelled thither on purpose to enjoy all the luxury of poetic sorrow, and to weep over his grave. On enquiry, he found that Mr. Collins was interred in a sort of garden, surrounded by the cloister of the cathedral, which is called 'the Paradise.' He was let into this place by the sexton, and after an hour's seclusion in it, came forth with all the solemn dignity of woe. On supping with an inhabitant of the town in the evening, and describing to him the spot sacred to his sorrows, he was told, that he had by no means been misapplying his tears, that he had been lamenting a very honest man, and a very useful member of society, *Mr. Collins the tailor!*"—Drossiana, Europ. Magazine, Oct. 1795. p. 236.

The translator of Polybius. [*Hampton. D.*] p. 23. note.

Of this eminent scholar, but little remembrance seems to have been preserved. Dr. Parr always esteemed his translation of Polybius as the *first* in rank in the English language, and Twining's Aristotle the second: Hampton lived and, I believe, died at Bishop's Waltham in Hants, where an old clergyman, a friend of mine, told me he often used to call on him. All his books were kept in an old chest.

The following communication by Thomas Warton, found among the papers of Mr. Hymers, etc. p. 29.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

"Sir,—Mr. Collins's beautiful ode on the superstitions of the Highlands, lately published in the literary class of the Transactions of the Royal Society at Edinburgh, appears to have been taken from a mutilated and incorrect copy. That a more complete and even a perfect copy once existed, may be proved from the following anecdotes:—About five years ago, Mr. John Hymers, a fellow of Queen's college, Oxford, circulated proposals for printing the works of Mr. Collins, with a life and notes. Mr. Warton gave Mr. Hymers some curious particulars relating to the life of Collins. I have seen Mr. Hymers's papers, who is since dead, from which I send you this short extract. 'In 1754, I and my brother Dr. Warton visited Collins at Chichester, where he lived in the cathedral cloisters with his sister. Here he showed us an ode to Mr. Home, on his return from England to Scotland in 1749, full of the most striking superstitious imagery. It was in his own hand-writing, without a single interpolation or hiatus, and had every appearance of the

author's last revisal, and of a copy carefully and completely finished for the press. I offered to take it with me to town,' etc. On the whole we may conclude that the Edinburgh copy is nothing more than a foul and early draught of this composition.

"I am, sir, yours, VERAX."

[The foregoing extract from Warton's papers is not to be found verbatim in what I have given (from the Reaper) as his communication to Hymers. D.]

List of the chief editions of the works of Collins, p. 36.

"In the Register of Books published in March 1734, Gentleman's Magazine, vol. iv. p. 167. is an irregular Ode on the Royal Nuptials, by Mr. Philips; and then follows a Poem on the same occasion, by William Collins, printed for J. Roberts, pr. 6d."—Park's M. S. note.

[For a copy of this poem I have sought in vain. As our poet in 1734 was only in his fourteenth year, I incline to believe that it must have been written by another William Collins: yet J. Roberts was the publisher of the first edition of his eclogues; and the following extract from the Europ. Mag. informs us that Collins wrote verses when he was but twelve years old. D.]

"A singular line of this great poet [Collins] in a juvenile poem, which he made when he was twelve years old, on a Battle of the School-books at Winchester, is remembered;

And every Gradus flapp'd his leathern wing.

Drossiana, Europ. Magazine, Decr. 1795. p. 377;" Park's M.S. note.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A valley near Bagdat.—TIME, The morning.

"YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are blest whom Fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell."

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd;
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

"Ye Persian dames," he said, "to you belong—
Well may they please—the morals of my song:
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn, that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow;
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair!
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray
Boast but the worth Bassora's[a] pearls display:
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light:
Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
That love shall blind, when once he fires, the swain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermine beautify the skin:
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender passion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

"Blest were the days when Wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain!

[a] The gulf of that name, famous for the pearl fishery.

With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters bless'd their love.
—O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away!
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

"Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen:
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all,—a wise suspicious maid,—
But man the most:—not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew;
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known;
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
Desponding Meekness, with her downcast eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
And Love the last: by these your hearts approve;
These are the virtues that must lead to love."

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, The desert.—TIME, Mid-day.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past:
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue;
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

" Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales, bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands, are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

" Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
—Ah! why was ruin so attractive made?
Or why fond man so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

" O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet !—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And, fearful ! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

" At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

" O hapless youth !—for she thy love hath won—
The tender Zara will be most undone !
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:
' Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain;
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain !

Yet, as thou go'st, may every blast arise
Weak and unfelt, as these rejected sighs!
Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.'
—O let me safely to the fair return,
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to lose it fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears."

He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A forest.—TIME, The evening.

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,
In distant view, along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain.
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the livelong hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made:
Gay-motley'd [b] pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there;
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

[b] That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia; see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chase away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought, the vales and echoing groves among;
At length he found, and woo'd, the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft, as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the simple pipe and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign!
Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!

Yet, 'midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead, inclin'd;
And, oft as spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook, all rural, in her hand:

Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.
Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns, and busy courts, no more.
Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!

Blest was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel?
The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne,
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
Oh happy days! the maids around her say;
O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER;

OR,

THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A mountain in Circassia.—TIME, Midnight.

In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance through the cloudless sky;
Sad, o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:
Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and valleys stole away:
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began.

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey!
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way!

And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already past with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried!
And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet, hapless, must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still, as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind:
'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.

Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale;
Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possest,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest!
No more the shepherds' whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!
But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,
To shield your harvests, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,

The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inured, and nurst in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted shepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moonlight hills renew'd their flight.

ODE TO PITY.

Ó THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's[c] bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun[d] too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

[c] Euripides, of whom Aristotle pronounces, on a comparison of him with Sophocles, that he was the greater master of the tender passions, *ἣν τραγικώτερος*. [*Καὶ ὁ Εὐριπίδης, εἰ καὶ τὰ ἄλλα μὴ εὖ οἰκονομεῖ, ἀλλα τραγικώτατός γε τῶν ποιητῶν φαίνεται.* Aristot. de Poet. p. 44. ed. Tyrwhitt, 1794. D.]

[d] The river Arun runs by the village in Sussex where Otway had his birth.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
  To him thy cell was shown;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
  Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
  Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat
  In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toils shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
  O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
  With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
  Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
  To hear a British shell!

ODE TO FEAR.

Thou, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes, is shown;
Who see'st, appall'd, th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start; like thee disorder'd fly.
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm;
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks, preside;
Whilst Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening[e] brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait:
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee!

[e] Alluding to the Κύνας ἄφυκτους of Sophocles. See the Electra.

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse addrest her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard[f] who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil, th' incestuous[g] queen
Sigh'd the sad call[h] her son and husband hear'd,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart:
Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line:
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine!

[f] Æschylus.

[g] Jocasta.

[h] —— οὐδ' ἔτ' ὠρώρει βοή,
Ἦν μὲν σιωπή· φθέγμα δ' ἐξαίφνης τινὸς
Θώϋξεν αὐτόν, ὥστε πάντας ὀρθίας
Στῆσαι φόβῳ δείσαντας ἐξαίφνης τρίχας.
See the Œdip. Colon. of Sophocles.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or, in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries, in tempests brought?
Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
Be mine to read the visions old
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice hallow'd eve, abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave;
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou whose spirit most possest
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke;
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;
Who first, on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song!

Thou, who, with hermit heart,
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall;
But com'st a decent maid,
In attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;
By her[1] whose lovelorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

[1] The ἀηδὼν, or nightingale, for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar fondness.

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep,
In warbled wanderings, round thy green retreat;
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureat band:
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne;
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The Passions own thy power;
Love, only Love her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine;
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius, bless
To some divine excess,

Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
  What each, what all supply,
  May court, may charm, our eye;
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

  Of these let others ask,
  To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
  Where oft my reed might sound
  To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE

ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once,—if, not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted bard,
—Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest elfin queen has blest;—
One, only one, unrivall'd[k] fair,
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn turney hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye;

—Lo! to each other nymph, in turn, applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel friend to virgin fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd side;
Happier hopeless Fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour,
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The cest of amplest power is given:
To few the godlike gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame!

[k] Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4th.

The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day,
When He, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And drest with springs and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, sat with her alone,
And plac'd her on his sapphire throne;
The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling,
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy subject life was born!
The dangerous passions kept aloof,
Far from the sainted growing woof:
But near it sat ecstatic Wonder,
Listening the deep applauding thunder;
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
By whose the tarsel's eyes were made;
All the shadowy tribes of mind,
In braided dance, their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers
Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flowers.
—Where is the bard whose soul can now
Its high presuming hopes avow?

Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd?

High on some cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the valleys deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies spread:
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh spher'd in heaven, its native strains could hear;
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung:
Thither oft, his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain—Such bliss to one alone,
Of all the sons of soul, was known;
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers;
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.

ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O THOU, who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd;
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom even our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.

I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to salvage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower;
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

WHO shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alcæus[1], fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,

[1] Alluding to that beautiful fragment of Alcæus:

Εν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,
Ωσπερ Αρμόδιος κ' Αριστογείτων,
Οτε τὸν τύραννον κτανέτην,
Ισονόμους τ' Αθήνας εποιησάτην.
Φιλταθ' Αρμόδι οὔ τι που τέθνηκας,
Νήσοις δ' ἐν μακάρων σε φασὶν εἶναι,
Ινα περ ποδώκης Αχιλεὺς,
Τυδείδην τε φασιν Διομήδεα.
Εν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,
Ωσπερ Αρμόδιος κ' Αριστογείτων,
Οτ' Αθηναίης ἐν θυσίαις
Ανδρα τύραννον Ιππαρχον ἐκαινέτην.
Αεὶ σφῶν κλέος ἔσσεται κατ' αἶαν,
Φίλταθ' Αρμόδιε, κ' Αριστόγειτων,
Οτι τόν τύραννον κτάνετον,
Ισονόμους τ' Αθήνας ἐποιήσατον.

At Wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power [m]
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

EPODE.

Yet, even where'er the least appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still 'midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form;

[m] Μὴ μὴ ταῦτα λέγωμις, ἃ ὐ̃άκρυον ἤγαγε Δηοῖ.
Callimach. Ὕμνος εἰς Δήμητρα.

How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul!
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
Till they[n], whom Science lov'd to name,
(O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino[o] joins the theme,
Tho' least, not last in thy esteem:
Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings
To those[p], whose merchant sons were kings;
To him[q], who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride;
Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's[r] bleeding state.
Ah no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
On wild Helvetia's[s] mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled:)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those to whom thy stork[t] is dear:

[n] The family of the Medici.
[o] The little republic of San Marino. [p] The Venetians.
[q] The doge of Venice. [r] Genoa. [s] Switzerland.
[t] The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept

Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whose crown a British queen [u] refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail, nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works, the wizzard Time has wrought!
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand [x],
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
He pass'd with unwet feet thro' all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they say,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;
Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild storm even nature's self confounding,
Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth surprise.

tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

[u] Queen Elizabeth.

[x] This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne.
And see, like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on ev'ry side,
Mona[y], once hid from those who search the main,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight who checks the westering tide,
For thee consenting heaven has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
'Midst the green navel of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing goddess, stood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:

[y] There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island, by covering it with a mist; so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
Yet still, if Truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light-embroider'd sky,
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model still remains.
There, happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by spring or Hebe drest,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.
How may the poet now unfold
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
Even now before his favour'd eyes,
In gothic pride, it seems to rise!
Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,
Majestic through the mix'd design:
The secret builder knew to choose
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues;
Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;

There on the walls the patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,
That near her inmost altar stand!
Now soothe her to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain;
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
Even Anger's bloodshot eyes in sleep;
Before whose breathing bosom's balm
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm:
Her let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore;
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around,
O how supremely art thou blest,
Thou, lady—thou shalt rule the west!

ODE

TO A LADY ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL ROSS,
IN THE ACTION OF FONTENOY.

Written in May 1745.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day:
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of cheerful May:

The thoughts which musing Pity pays,
And fond Remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend;
Still Fancy to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,

VARIATION.

Ver. 4 was originally written, says T. Warton, (Reaper, N°. 26,) thus:

While *sunk in grief* he strives to tear

Where'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

Blest youth, regardful of thy doom,
Aërial hands shall build thy tomb,
With shadowy trophies crown'd;
Whilst Honour bath'd in tears shall rove
To sigh thy name through every grove,
And call his heroes round.

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 19. In Dodsley's Museum, the fourth stanza is printed thus:

Ev'n now regardful of his doom
Applauding Honour haunts his tomb,
With shadowy trophies crown'd:
Whilst Freedom's form beside her roves,
Majestic thro' the twilight groves,
And calls her heroes round.

Dodsley (in his Collection of Poems) and Langhorne give it as follows:

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head;
And, fallen to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's aweful hand
Shall point his lonely bed.

Shall leave their sainted rest;
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest:

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurell'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight;
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish th' avenging fight.

But lo, where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod, which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground
Till notes of triumph bursting round
Proclaim her reign restor'd:
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
Present the sated sword.

VARIATION.

Ver. 31. T. Warton (Reaper, N°. 26,) says the original manuscript had,

Old Edward's sons, *untaught* to yield,

If, weak to soothe so soft an heart,
These pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy constant tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild War insulting near:

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep;
Even humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the sad-repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

VARIATION.

Ver. 49. Originally written, according to T. Warton, (Reaper, N°. 26,) thus:

If, drawn by all a lover's art,

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. The first edition, and Dodsley, in some editions of his Coll. of Poems, read;

If *ought* of oaten, etc.

I follow Langhorne, and Dodsley in other editions of his Coll.

Ver. 2. The first edition has;

May hope, *O pensive* Eve, to soothe *thine* ear,

I give the reading of Dodsley and Langhorne. Collins, no doubt, altered this line, because "*pensive* pleasures" occurred at ver. 27.

Ver. 3. Dodsley and Langhorne read;

Like thy own *solemn* springs,

Ver. 9. Dodsley, in some editions of his Coll. of Poems, has;

While air, etc.

Ver. 10. Dodsley reads;

With short shrill *shrieks*, etc.

Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 24. Dodsley reads;
Who slept in *flowers* the day.

Ver. 29. Instead of this stanza, Dodsley gives the following;

Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

VARIATIONS.

Then *lead, calm votress, where some sheety lake*
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile,
Or upland fallows grey,
Reflect its last cool gleam.

Ver. 33. Dodsley has;
But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid, etc.

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

VARIATION.

Ver. 49. This last stanza Dodsley gives thus;
So long, *sure-found beneath the Sylvan shed,*
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, *rose-lipp'd Health,*
Thy gentlest influence own,
And *hymn* thy favourite name!

ODE TO PEACE.

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies;
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn:
But thou who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind!
O rise! and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train;
The British Lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike Honour led;
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS,

AN ODE.

Farewell, for clearer ken design'd,
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind;
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My silent search in vain requir'd!
No more my sail that deep explores;
No more I search those magic shores;
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round such fairy field,
Some power impart the spear and shield,
At which the wizzard Passions fly;
By which the giant Follies die!

Farewell the porch whose roof is seen
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
Where Science, prank'd in tissu'd vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy, drest,
Comes, like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!

Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, Observance, more invite!

O thou who lov'st that ampler range,
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
And, with her mingling sons allied,
Throw'st the prattling page aside,
To me, in converse sweet, impart
To read in man the native heart;
To learn, where Science sure is found,
From nature as she lives around;
And, gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view!
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverse the lessons taught before;
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school:
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
Hast blest this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the charmful task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask;
Behold, before her musing eyes,
The countless Manners round her rise;
While, ever varying as they pass,
To some Contempt applies her glass;
With these the white-rob'd maids combine;
And those the laughing satyrs join!
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hues?

Thou by the Passions nurs'd, I greet
The comic sock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd isle alone:
Me too amidst thy band admit;
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to share;
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd, attends thy side!

By old Miletus[a], who so long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song;
By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern shades;
By him[b] whose knight's distinguish'd name
Refin'd a nation's lust of fame;
Whose tales ev'n now, with echoes sweet,
Castilia's Moorish hills repeat;
Or him[c] whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore;
Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her sire betray'd.

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;

[a] Alluding to the Milesian tales, some of the earliest romances.

[b] Cervantes.

[c] Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal!
Let some retreating cynic find
Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind:
The Sports and I this hour agree,
To rove thy scene-full world with thee!

THE PASSIONS,

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness rul'd the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still, through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had she sung;—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in thunder, down;

VARIATION.

Ver. 30. The first edition has;
What was thy *delightful* measure?
But I have followed the more poetical reading of Langhorne and others.

And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sate retir'd;
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
  Her bow across her shoulder flung,
  Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
  The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-ey'd Queen,
  Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen,
  Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear;
  And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
  First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
  Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best:
They would have thought who heard the strain
  They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
  Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
  Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
  Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
  And he, amidst his frolic play,
  As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!

Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
Ev'n all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

AN EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS.

SIR,

While, born to bring the Muse's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays,
While nurs'd by you she sees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb;
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell:
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And blushing hides her wreath at Shakspeare's name.
Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,
Unown'd by Science, and by years obscur'd:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. The poem originally opened thus;

While, own'd by you, with smiles the Muse surveys
Th' expected triumph of her sweetest lays:
While, stretch'd at ease, she boasts your guardian aid,
Secure, and happy in her sylvan shade:
Excuse her fears, who scarce a verse bestows,
In just remembrance of the debt she owes;
With conscious, etc.

Ver. 9. Instead of this passage, the original edition has the following lines:

Long slighted Fancy with a mother's care
Wept o'er his works, and felt the last despair:
Torn from her head, she saw the roses fall,
By all deserted, though admir'd by all:

Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd
A fixt despair in every tuneful breast.
Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade
Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.

Each rising art by just gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
Preserv'd through time, the speaking scenes impart
Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart;

VARIATION.

And "Oh!" she cried, "shall Science still resign
Whate'er is Nature's, and whate'er is mine?
Shall Taste and Art, but show a cold regard,
And scornful Pride reject th' unletter'd bard?
Ye myrtled nymphs, who own my gentle reign,
Tune the sweet lyre, and grace my airy train,
If, where ye rove, your searching eyes have known
One perfect mind, which judgment calls its own;
There every breast its fondest hopes must bend,
And every Muse with tears await her friend."
'Twas then fair Isis from her stream arose,
In kind compassion of her sister's woes.
'Twas then she promis'd to the mourning maid
Th' immortal honours, which thy hands have paid:
"My best-lov'd son," she said, "shall yet restore
Thy ruin'd sweets, and Fancy weep no more."
Each rising art by *slow* gradation moves;
Toil builds, etc.

Or paint the curse that mark'd the Theban's[d] reign,
A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,
The comic Sisters kept their native ease:
With jealous fear, declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almost excell'd;
But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain:
Ilissus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly soil.

As Arts expir'd, resistless Dulness rose;
Goths, priests, or Vandals,—all were Learning's foes.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 25. Originally,
Line after line our pitying eyes o'erflow.
Ver. 27. Originally,
To Rome remov'd, with *equal power* to please,
Ver. 35. Originally,
When Rome herself, her envied glories dead,
No more imperial, stoop'd her conquer'd head;
Luxuriant Florence chose a softer theme,
While all was peace, by Arno's silver stream,
With sweeter notes th' Etrurian vales complain'd,
And arts reviving told a Cosmo reign'd.
Their wanton lyres the bards of Provence strung,
Sweet flow'd the lays, but love was all *they* sung.
The gay, etc.

[d] The Œdipus of Sophocles.

Till Julius[e] first recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Cosmo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade:
Then, deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,
The soft Provençal pass'd to Arno's stream:
With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung;
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.
The gay description could not fail to move,
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But Heaven, still various in its works, decreed
The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
The beauteous union must appear at length,
Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength:
One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
And ev'n a Shakspeare to her fame be born!

Yet ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No second growth the western isle could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.
Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name;

VARIATION.

Ver. 45. Originally,
But Heaven, still *rising* in its works, decreed

[e] Julius the second, the immediate predecessor of Leo the tenth.

With pleas'd attention, 'midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought that warms the female mind;
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear;
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His every strain [f] the Smiles and Graces own;
But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
Th' unrivall'd picture of his early hand.

With [g] gradual steps and slow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance:
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and just in all she drew:
Till late Corneille, with Lucan's [h] spirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free strain, as Rome and he inspir'd:
And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 63. Originally,
His every strain the *Loves* and Graces own;
Ver. 71. Originally,
Till late Corneille *from epick Lucan brought*
The full expression, and the Roman thought:.

[f] Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.

[g] About the time of Shakspeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.

[h] The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad surprise,
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
And laurell'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die!
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
The time[1] shall come when Glo'ster's heart shall bleed,
In life's last hours, with horror of the deed;
When dreary visions shall at last present
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:
Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive spear!

Where'er we turn, by Fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dress'd by her hand, the woods and valleys smile,
And Spring diffusive decks th' enchanted isle.

[1] Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, etc. VIRG.

O, more than all in powerful genius blest,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
There native music dwells in all the lays.
O might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might rise from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a distant age!

Methinks ev'n now I view some free design,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 101. This passage originally stood thus;

O, blest in all that genius gives to charm,
Whose morals mend us, and whose passions warm!
Oft let my youth attend thy various page,
Where rich invention rules th' unbounded stage:
There every *scene* the poet's warmth may raise,
And melting music *find the softest* lays:
O might *the Muse* with *equal ease* persuade
Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid!
Some powerful Raphael should again appear,
And arts consenting fix their empire here.

Ver. 111. This passage originally stood thus;

Methinks ev'n now I view some *fair* design,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line;
Chaste and subdu'd, the modest *colours lie,*
In fair proportion to th' approving eye:
And see where Anthony *lamenting stands,*
In fixt distress, and spreads his pleading hands:
O'er the *pale* corse, etc.

Chaste and subdu'd the modest lights decay,
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
And see where Anthony[k], in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they press, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

But who[l] is he, whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel;
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall
(So heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain!

VARIATION.

Ver. 122. This passage originally stood thus;

A *rage* impatient, and a fiercer air?
Ev'n now his thoughts with eager vengeance doom
The last sad ruin of ungrateful Rome.
Till, slow advancing o'er the tented plain,
In sable weeds, appear the kindred train:
The frantic mother leads their wild despair,
Beats her swoln breast, and rends her silver hair;
And see, he yields! the tears unbidden start,
And conscious nature claims th' unwilling heart!
O'er all the man, etc.

[k] See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

[l] Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's Dialogue on the Odyssey.

Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection, in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise;
Rage grasps the sword, while Pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous Critic, as thy Bard inspires,
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires;
Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string:
Those sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careless kind,)
By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, just to Nature, own thy forming hand.

So spread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole unknown,
Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters cast on every shore:
When, rais'd by fate, some former Hanmer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundless mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

Oxford, Dec. 3,
1743.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 136. Originally,
Spread the fair tints, etc.
Ver. 146. Originally,
Each beauteous image of the *tuneful* mind;

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen;
  No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. The Gentleman's Magazine (see notes on this poem) reads;

To fair *Pastora's* grassy tomb

Ver. 7. The G. M. has;

But shepherd *swains* assemble here,

Ver. 12. In the G. M. thus;

And dress thy *bed* with pearly dew!

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
  For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
  And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 17. In the G. M. thus;
  When *chiding* winds, and beating rain,
    In *tempest* shake the sylvan cell;
  Or 'midst the *flocks*, etc.

Ver. 21. In the G. M. thus;
  Each *lovely* scene shall thee restore;

Ver. 23. Dodsley, in his Coll. of Poems, and Dr. Johnson, in his edition of Shakspeare, read;
  Belov'd till life *could* charm no more.

ODE

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

THE SCENE OF THE FOLLOWING STANZAS IS SUPPOSED TO LIE ON THE THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
  Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
  To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
  His airy harp[m] shall now be laid;
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds
  May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here;
  And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
  To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

VARIATION.

Ver. 1. Fawkes (in the Poetical Calendar) and Pearch (in his Collection of Poems) give;

In yonder *grove* a Druid lies,

Langhorne and all modern editors read *grave*, which is the right reading; for (as Mr. Mitford observes to me) the first line of this ode and the last are meant to be the same, and *grove* could not with any propriety stand in the last line.

[m] The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And, oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening[n] spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail!
Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near!
With him, sweet Bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

VARIATION.

Ver. 21. Langhorne and others read;
But thou who own'st that *earthly* bed.
I follow the reading of Fawkes and Pearch.

[n] Richmond church, in which Thomson was buried.

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
  Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
  Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

The genial meads°, assign'd to bless
  Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
  With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
  Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O! vales and wild woods, shall he say,
  In yonder grave your Druid lies!

° Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A PAPER WHICH CONTAINED A PIECE OF BRIDE-CAKE, GIVEN TO THE AUTHOR BY A LADY.

Ye curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By search profane shall find this hallow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
Nor dare a theft, for love and pity's sake!

This precious relic, form'd by magic power,
Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,
The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art;
Fears, sighs, and wishes of th' enamour'd breast,
And pains that please, are mixt in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cythera's isle;
And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,
The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth;
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God! hath sworn, while these remain,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And cheerful Hope, so oft invok'd in vain,
With fairy songs shall soothe his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to Friendship's gentle side,
And fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much entreated, leave this fatal place!

Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive day,
Consents at length to bring me short delight,
Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note usurp the night.

ODE

ON

THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND;

CONSIDERED AS THE SUBJECT OF POETRY;

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOHN HOME.

I.

HOME, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads long
Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,
'Mid those soft friends, whose hearts, some future day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song[p].
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth[q]
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's side;
Together let us wish him lasting truth,
And joy untainted with his destin'd bride.
Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name;
But think, far off, how, on the southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame!

[p] How truly did Collins predict Home's tragic powers!

[q] A gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;
Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

II.

There, must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet;
Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
There, each trim lass, that skims the milky store,
To the swart tribes their creamy bowls allots;
By night they sip it round the cottage door,
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain:
Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect;
Let thy sweet muse the rural faith sustain;
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding strain.

III.

Ev'n yet preserv'd, how often may'st thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father, to his listening son,
Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's ear.
At every pause, before thy mind possest,
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd:
Whether thou bid'st the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave!
Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel[r],
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny swarms,
And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's arms.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 44. Originally written,
Whether thou bid'st the well-taught hind *relate*

Ver. 51. In the Edinburgh edition,
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their *bony* swarms.

[r] A summer hut, built in the high part of the mountains, to tend their flocks in the warm season, when the pasture is fine.

IV.

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
Lodg'd in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear,
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells:
How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
With their own visions oft astonish'd droop,
When, o'er the watery strath, or quaggy moss,
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.
Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
Their destin'd glance some fated youth descry,
Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
For them the viewless forms of air obey;
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair:
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft like moody madness, stare
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

V.

To monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray,
Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow!
The seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 56. First written;
Or in the *gloom* of Uist's, etc.
Ver. 58. First written;
With their own visions oft *afflicted* droop,
Ver. 66. First written;
Their bidding *mark*, etc.

As Boreas threw his young Aurora[s] forth,
In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion slain!
And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,
Saw, at sad Falkirk, all their hopes near crown'd!
They rav'd! divining, through their second sight[t],
Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were drown'd!
Illustrious William[u]! Britain's guardian name!
One William sav'd us from a tyrant's stroke;
He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame,
But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast broke,
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke!

VI.

These, too, thou'lt sing! for well thy magic muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar;
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more!
Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er lose;

[s] By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715; at least it is most highly probable, from this peculiar circumstance, that no ancient writer whatever has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern, previous to the above period.

[t] Second sight is the term that is used for the divination of the highlanders.

[u] The late duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.

Let not dank Will[x] mislead you to the heath;
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake!
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer th' excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light;
For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unrustling reed,
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise.

VII.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest, indeed!
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then!
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed:
On him, enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return!

VARIATION.

Ver. 100. First written;

At those *sad* hours, etc.

[x] A fiery meteor, called by various names, such as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lantern, etc. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny places.

Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill, that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source!
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse!

VIII.

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate!
Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night
Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep,
With drooping willows drest, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:
Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 124. First written;
His babes shall linger at the *cottage* gate!
Ver. 127. In the Edinburgh edition;
With *dropping* willows drest, etc.
Ver. 130. First written;
Shall seem to press her *cold* and shuddering cheek,

And with his blue-swoln face before her stand,
And, shivering cold, these piteous accents speak:
" Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,
At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;
Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,
Drown'd by the Kelpie's[y] wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee more!"

IX.

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill
Thy muse may, like those feathery tribes which spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile[z] which still its ruins shows:
In whose small vaults a pigmy folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wondering, from the hallow'd ground!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 133. First written;
Proceed, dear wife, etc.
Ver. 135. In the Edinburgh edition;
Nor e'er of me one *hapless* thought renew,
Ver. 138. In the Edinburgh edition;
Unbounded is thy range; with varied *stile*

[y] The water fiend.

[z] One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pigmies; where it is reported, that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

Or thither[a], where, beneath the showery west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid;
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aërial council hold.

X.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!
Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintry main.
With sparing temperance, at the needful time,
They drain the scented spring; or, hunger-prest,
Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's[b] nest.

VARIATION.

Ver. 164. In the Edinburgh edition;
They drain the *sainted* spring, etc.

[a] Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

[b] An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

Thus, blest in primal innocence, they live
Suffic'd, and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

XI.

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possest;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd, in elder time, th' historic page.
There, Shakspeare's self, with every garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors drest the magic scene.
From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast!
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant pass'd.
Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colours bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

XII.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
Th' heroic muse employ'd her Tasso's art!

How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd!
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword!
How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung!
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows!
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,
And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 193. Originally written;

How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's *side*,
Like him I stalk'd, and all his passions felt;
When charm'd by Ismen, thro' the forest wide,
Bark'd in each plant a talking spirit dwelt!

Ver. 201. Originally written;

Hence, *sure to charm, his early numbers flow,*
Tho' strong, yet sweet ——
Tho' faithful, sweet; tho' strong, of simple kind.
Hence, with each theme, he bids the bosom glow,
While his warm lays an easy passage find,
Pour'd thro' each inmost nerve, and *lull* th' harmonious ear.

In the Edinburgh edition, ver. 204. is given thus;

Melting it flows, pure, *numerous,* strong and clear.

XIII.

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail!
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by smooth Annan[c] fill'd, or pastoral Tay[c],
Or Don's[c] romantic springs, at distance hail!
The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens[d], o'erhung with spreading broom;
Or, o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
Where Jonson[e] sat in Drummond's classic shade;
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,
And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid!
Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains[f], attend!—
Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my absent friend!

VARIATION.

Ver. 220. In the Edinburgh edition;
Where'er *he* dwell, on hill, or lowly *muir*.

[c] Three rivers in Scotland. [d] Valleys.

[e] Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the Scotch poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

[f] Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh university, which is in the county of Lothian.

TO MISS AURELIA C——R,

ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

Cease, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn,
  Lament not Hannah's happy state;
You may be happy in your turn,
  And seize the treasure you regret.
With Love united Hymen stands,
  And softly whispers to your charms,
" Meet but your lover in my bands,
  You'll find your sister in his arms."

SONNET.

When Phœbe form'd a wanton smile,
  My soul! it reach'd not here:
Strange, that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
  Before a rising tear!
From 'midst the drops, my love is born,
  That o'er those eyelids rove:
Thus issued from a teeming wave
  The fabled queen of love.

SONG,

THE SENTIMENTS BORROWED FROM SHAKSPEARE.

Young Damon of the vale is dead,
  Ye lowly hamlets, moan;
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
  And at his feet a stone.

His shroud, which Death's cold damps destroy,
  Of snow-white threads was made:
All mourn'd to see so sweet a boy
  In earth for ever laid.

Pale pansies o'er his corpse were plac'd,
  Which, pluck'd before their time,
Bestrew'd the boy, like him to waste
  And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
  Could tune the rural lay?
Ah, no! his bell of peace is rung,
  His lips are cold as clay.

VARIATION.

Ver. 2. Some copies read;
  Ye *lowland* hamlets moan;

They bore him out at twilight hour,
The youth who lov'd so well:
Ah, me! how many a true-love shower
Of kind remembrance fell!

Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief,
Her grief o'er all was tried;
Within his grave she dropp'd in grief,
And o'er her lov'd-one died.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE ORIENTAL ECLOGUES,

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

THE genius of the pastoral, as well as of every other respectable species of poetry, had its origin in the east, and from thence was transplanted by the muses of Greece; but whether from the continent of the Lesser Asia, or from Egypt, which, about the era of the Grecian pastoral, was the hospitable nurse of letters, it is not easy to determine. From the subjects, and the manner of Theocritus, one would incline to the latter opinion, while the history of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it should still remain a doubt through what channel the pastoral travelled westward, there is not the least shadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In those ages which, guided by sacred chronology, from a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, it appears, from the most authentic historians, that the chiefs of the people employed themselves in rural exercises, and that astronomers and legislators

were at the same time shepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that the history of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean shepherd.

From these circumstances it is evident, not only that such shepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted would be of the pastoral kind; would take its subjects from those scenes of rural simplicity in which they were conversant, and, as it was the offspring of harmony and nature, would employ the powers it derived from the former, to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the most ancient poems treat of agriculture, astronomy, and other objects within the rural and natural systems.

What constitutes the difference between the georgic and the pastoral, is love and the colloquial or dramatic form of composition peculiar to the latter: this form of composition is sometimes dispensed with, and love and rural imagery alone are thought sufficient to distinguish the pastoral. The tender passion, however, seems to be essential to this species of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from those pieces that were intended to come under this denomination: even in those eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whose only purport is a trial of skill between contending shepherds, love has its usual share, and the praises of their respective mistresses are the general subjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented, that scarce any oriental compositions of this kind have survived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time; we cannot doubt that many such have been extant, possibly as far down as

that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity perished in the ashes of the Alexandrian library.

Those ingenious Greeks, whom we call the parents of pastoral poetry, were, probably, no more than imitators, of imitators that derived their harmony from higher and remoter sources, and kindled their poetical fires at those then unextinguished lamps which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himself of those magnificent images and descriptions so frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Testament; and why may not Theocritus, Moschus, and Bion have found their archetypes in other eastern writers, whose names have perished with their works? yet, though it may not be illiberal to admit such a supposition, it would certainly be invidious to conclude, what the malignity of cavillers alone could suggest with regard to Homer, that they destroyed the sources from which they borrowed, and, as it is fabled of the young of the pelican, drained their supporters to death.

As the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament was performed at the request, and under the patronage, of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed some part of his pastoral imagery from the poetical passages of those books. I think it can hardly be doubted that the Sicilian poet had in his eye certain expressions of the prophet Isaiah, when he wrote the following lines:

Νῦν ἴα μὲν φορέοιτε βάτοι, φορέοιτε δ' ἄκανθαι.
Ἃ δὲ καλὰ Νάρκισσος ἐπ' ἀρκευθοισι κομάσαι·
Πάντα δ' ἔναλλα γένοιτο, καὶ ἃ πίτυς ὄχνας ἐνέικαι
——— καὶ τὼς κύνας ὤλαφος ἕλκοι.

Let vexing brambles the blue violet bear,
On the rude thorn Narcissus dress his hair,
All, all revers'd—The pine with pears be crown'd,
And the bold deer shall drag the trembling hound.

The cause, indeed, of these phenomena is very different in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet; the former employing them on the death, the latter on the birth, of an important person: but the marks of imitation are nevertheless obvious.

It might, however, be expected, that if Theocritus had borrowed at all from the sacred writers, the celebrated pastoral epithalamium of Solomon, so much within his own walk of poetry, would not certainly have escaped his notice. His epithalamium on the marriage of Helena, moreover, gave him an open field for imitation; therefore, if he has any obligations to the royal bard, we may expect to find them there. The very opening of the poem is in the spirit of the Hebrew song:

Οὕτω δὴ πρώϊζα κατέδραθες, ὦ φίλε γαμβρέ;

The colour of imitation is still stronger in the following passage:

Ἀὼς ἀντέλλοισα καλὸν διέφαινε πρόσωπον,
Πότνια νὺξ ἄτε, λευκὸν ἔαρ χειμῶνος ἀνέντος·
Ὣδε καὶ ἁ χρυσέα Ἑλένα διεφαίνετ' ἐν ἀμῖν,
Πιείρα[a], μεγάλα. ἴτ' ἀνέδραμεν ὄγμος ἀροίρᾳ,
Ἢ κάπῳ κυπάρισσος, ἢ ἅρματι Θεσσαλὸς ἵππος.

[a] Read, Πιείρᾳ μεγάλα ἴτ' ἀνέδραμε κόσμος ἀρούρᾳ.—D.

This description of Helen is infinitely above the style and figure of the Sicilian pastoral: "She is like the rising of the golden morning, when the night departeth, and when the winter is over and gone. She resembleth the cypress in the garden, the horse in the chariots of Thessaly." These figures plainly declare their origin; and others, equally imitative, might be pointed out in the same idyllium.

This beautiful and luxuriant marriage pastoral of Solomon, is the only perfect form of the oriental eclogue that has survived the ruins of time; a happiness for which it is, probably, more indebted to its sacred character than to its intrinsic merit. Not that it is by any means destitute of poetical excellence: like all the eastern poetry, it is bold, wild, and unconnected in its figures, allusions, and parts, and has all that graceful and magnificent daring which characterises its metaphorical and comparative imagery.

In consequence of these peculiarities, so ill adapted to the frigid genius of the north, Mr. Collins could make but little use of it as a precedent for his oriental eclogues; and even in his third eclogue, where the subject is of a similar nature, he has chosen rather to follow the mode of the Doric and the Latian pastoral.

The scenery and subjects then of the foregoing eclogues alone are oriental; the style and colouring are purely European; and, for this reason, the author's preface, in which he intimates that he had the originals from a merchant who traded to the east, is omitted, as being now altogether superfluous.

With regard to the merit of these eclogues, it may

justly be asserted, that in simplicity of description and expression, in delicacy and softness of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderness, they are not to be equalled by any thing of the pastoral kind in the English language.

ECLOGUE I.

This eclogue, which is entitled Selim, or the Shepherd's Moral, as there is nothing dramatic in the subject, may be thought the least entertaining of the four: but it is by no means the least valuable. The moral precepts which the intelligent shepherd delivers to his fellow-swains, and the virgins their companions, are such as would infallibly promote the happiness of the pastoral life.

In impersonating the private virtues, the poet has observed great propriety, and has formed their genealogy with the most perfect judgment, when he represents them as the daughters of truth and wisdom.

The characteristics of modesty and chastity are extremely happy and *peinturesque:*

> " Come thou, *whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,*
> To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear;
> With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
> Distrusting all, a wise, suspicious maid;
> Cold is her breast, *like flowers that drink the dew;*
> A silken veil conceals her from the view."

The two similes borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expressive. There is, notwithstanding, this defect

in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity of thought may as well be applied to chastity as to modesty; and from this instance, as well as from a thousand more, we may see the necessity of distinguishing, in characteristic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

It cannot be objected to this eclogue, that it wants both those essential criteria of the pastoral, love and the drama; for though it partakes not of the latter, the former still retains an interest in it, and that too very material, as it professedly consults the virtue and happiness of the lover, while it informs what are the qualities

—— that must lead to love.

ECLOGUE II.

All the advantages that any species of poetry can derive from the novelty of the subject and scenery, this eclogue possesses. The route of a camel-driver is a scene that scarce could exist in the imagination of an European, and of its attendant distresses he could have no idea.—These are very happily and minutely painted by our descriptive poet. What sublime simplicity of expression! what nervous plainness in the opening of the poem!

"In silent horror e'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past."

The magic pencil of the poet brings the whole scene before us at once, as it were by enchantment; and

in this single couplet we feel all the effect that arises from the terrible wildness of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verses that describe so minutely the camel-driver's little provisions, have a touching influence on the imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehensions of distress:

> "Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
> When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage!"

It is difficult to say whether his apostrophe to the "mute companions of his toils" is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tenderness and humanity of the sentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injustice if he concludes it to be destitute of sensibility:

> "Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
> In all my griefs a more than equal share!
> Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
> Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
> In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
> Which plains more blest, or verdant vales, bestow:
> Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
> And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around."

Yet in these beautiful lines there is a slight error, which writers of the greatest genius very frequently fall into.—It will be needless to observe to the accurate reader, that in the fifth and sixth verses there is a verbal pleonasm where the poet speaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* vales. There is an oversight of the same kind in the Manners, an Ode where the poet says,

"—— Seine's *blue* nymphs deplore
In *watchet* weeds ——."

This fault is indeed a common one, but to a reader of taste it is nevertheless disgustful; and it is mentioned here as the error of a man of genius and judgment, that men of genius and judgment may guard against it.

Mr. Collins speaks like a true poet, as well in sentiment as expression, when, with regard to the thirst of wealth, he says,

"Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?"

But however just these sentiments may appear to those who have not revolted from nature and simplicity, had the author proclaimed them in Lombard-street, or Cheapside, he would not have been complimented with the understanding of the bellman.—A striking proof, that our own particular ideas of happiness regulate our opinions concerning the sense and wisdom of others!

It is impossible to take leave of this most beautiful eclogue, without paying the tribute of admiration so justly due to the following nervous lines:

"What if the lion in his rage I meet!——
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:

Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey."

This, amongst many other passages to be met with in the writings of Collins, shows that his genius was perfectly capable of the grand and magnificent in description, notwithstanding what a learned writer has advanced to the contrary. Nothing, certainly, could be more greatly conceived, or more adequately expressed, than the image in the last couplet.

That deception, sometimes used in rhetoric and poetry, which presents us with an object or sentiment contrary to what we expected, is here introduced to the greatest advantage:

"Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet, as thou go'st, may every blast arise——
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!"

But this, perhaps, is rather an artificial prettiness, than a real or natural beauty.

ECLOGUE III.

That innocence, and native simplicity of manners, which, in the first eclogue, was allowed to constitute the happiness of love, is here beautifully described in its effects. The sultan of Persia marries a Georgian shepherdess, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can bestow. The most natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are those where the fair sultana refers with so much pleasure to her pastoral amusements,

and those scenes of happy innocence in which she had passed her early years; particularly when, upon her first departure,

> "Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
> And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu."

This picture of amiable simplicity reminds one of that passage where Proserpine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loss of the flowers she has been gathering:

> "Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis:
> Tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
> Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem."

ECLOGUE IV.

The beautiful but unfortunate country where the scene of this pathetic eclogue is laid, had been recently torn in pieces by the depredations of its savage neighbours, when Mr. Collins so affectingly described its misfortunes. This ingenious man had not only a pencil to portray, but a heart to feel for the miseries of mankind; and it is with the utmost tenderness and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circassia's ruin, while he realizes the scene, and brings the present drama before us. Of every circumstance that could possibly contribute to the tender effect this pastoral was designed to produce, the poet has availed himself with the utmost art and address. Thus he prepares the heart to pity the

distresses of Circassia, by representing it as the scene of the happiest love:

> "In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
> Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind."

To give the circumstance of the dialogue a more affecting solemnity, he makes the time midnight, and describes the two shepherds in the very act of flight from the destruction that swept over their country:

> "Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
> Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led."

There is a beauty and propriety in the epithet *wildering*, which strikes us more forcibly, the more we consider it.

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural, and unaffected; when one of the shepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had passed. This is certainly painting from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or destitute of refinement, are perfectly in character. But as the closest pursuit of nature is the surest way to excellence in general, and to sublimity in particular, in poetical description, so we find that this simple suggestion of the shepherd is not unattended with magnificence. There is a grandeur and variety in the landscape he describes:

> "And first review that long-extended plain,
> And yon wide groves, already past with pain!
> Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd!
> And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side!"

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expressing a slow and difficult movement by adding to the usual

number of pauses in a verse. This is observable in the line that describes the ascent of the mountain:

And last || this lofty mountain's || weary side ||.

Here we find the number of pauses, or musical bars, which, in an heroic verse, is commonly two, increased to three.

The liquid melody, and the numerous sweetness of expression, in the following descriptive lines is almost inimitably beautiful:

"Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by nymphs and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale."

Nevertheless, in this delightful landscape there is an obvious fault: there is no distinction between the plain of Zabran, and the vale of Aly: they are both *flowery*, and consequently undiversified. This could not proceed from the poet's want of judgment, but from inattention: it had not occurred to him that he had employed the epithet *flowery* twice within so short a compass; an oversight which those who are accustomed to poetical, or, indeed, to any other species of composition, know to be very possible.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expressed, than the shepherd's apprehensions for his fair country-women, exposed to the ravages of the invaders:

"In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:

In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief shall send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend."

There is certainly some very powerful charm in the liquid melody of sounds. The editor of these poems could never read or hear the following verse repeated, without a degree of pleasure otherwise entirely unaccountable:

"Their eyes' *blue languish*, and their *golden hair*."

Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the same kind of anxious pleasure we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ODES,

DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

THE genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the muse. Possessed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, susceptible of the finest feelings of tenderness and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthusiasm which gives to imagination its strongest colouring, he was at once capable of soothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the passions by the force of his pathos, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of description.

In consequence of these powers, but, more particularly, in consideration of the last, he chose such subjects for his lyric essays as were most favourable for the indulgence of description and allegory; where he could exercise his powers in moral and personal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring new attributes on images or objects already known, and described by a determinate number of characteristics; where he might give an uncommon éclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the society of impersonated beings.

Such, no doubt, were the privileges which the poet expected, and such were the advantages he derived from the descriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It seems to have been the whole industry of our author (and it is, at the same time, almost all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boast) to promote the influence of the social virtues, by painting them in the fairest and happiest lights.

"Melior fieri tuendo,"

would be no improper motto to his poems in general; but of his lyric poems it seems to be the whole moral tendency and effect. If, therefore, it should appear to some readers, that he has been more industrious to cultivate description than sentiment; it may be observed, that his descriptions themselves are sentimental, and answer the whole end of that species of writing, by embellishing every feature of virtue, and by conveying, through the effects of the pencil, the finest moral lessons to the mind.

Horace speaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but if the mind receives conviction, it is certainly of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the senses, it is conveyed. The impressions left on the imagination may possibly be thought less durable than the deposits of the memory, but it may very well admit of a question, whether a conclusion of reason, or an impression of imagination, will soonest make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is

most likely to gain upon the affections, it may not be difficult to determine.

This, however, must be allowed, that those works approach the nearest to perfection which unite these powers and advantages; which at once influence the imagination, and engage the memory; the former by the force of animated and striking description, the latter by a brief, but harmonious conveyance of precept: thus, while the heart is influenced through the operation of the passions or the fancy, the effect, which might otherwise have been transient, is secured by the co-operating power of the memory, which treasures up in a short aphorism the moral of the scene.

This is a good reason, and this, perhaps, is the only reason that can be given, why our dramatic performances should generally end with a chain of couplets. In these the moral of the whole piece is usually conveyed; and that assistance which the memory borrows from rhyme, as it was probably the original cause of it, gives it usefulness and propriety even there.

After these apologies for the descriptive turn of the following odes, something remains to be said on the origin and use of allegory in poetical composition.

By this we are not to understand the trope in the schools, which is defined *aliud verbis, aliud sensu ostendere;* and of which Quintilian says, *usus est, ut tristia dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rēi gratia quædam contrariis significemus,* etc. It is not the verbal, but the sentimental allegory, not allegorical expression, (which, indeed, might come under the

term of metaphor,) but allegorical imagery, that is here in question.

When we endeavour to trace this species of figurative sentiment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itself. It is generally agreed, that the most ancient productions are poetical; and it is certain that the most ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If, then, it be allowed that the first literary productions were poetical, we shall have little or no difficulty in discovering the origin of allegory.

At the birth of letters, in the transition from hieroglyphical to literal expression, it is not to be wondered if the custom of expressing ideas by personal images, which had so long prevailed, should still retain its influence on the mind, though the use of letters had rendered the practical application of it superfluous. Those who had been accustomed to express strength by the image of an elephant, swiftness by that of a panther, and courage by that of a lion, would make no scruple of substituting, in letters, the symbols for the ideas they had been used to represent.

Here we plainly see the origin of allegorical expression, that it arose from the ashes of hieroglyphics; and if to the same cause we should refer that figurative boldness of style and imagery which distinguish the oriental writings, we shall, perhaps, conclude more justly, than if we should impute it to the superior grandeur of eastern genius.

From the same source with the verbal, we are to derive the sentimental allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical or sym-

bolical expression of the several agents in an action, or the different objects in a scene.

The latter most peculiarly comes under the denomination of allegorical imagery; and in this species of allegory, we include the impersonation of passions, affections, virtues and vices, etc. on account of which, principally, the following odes were properly termed, by their author, allegorical.

With respect to the utility of this figurative writing, the same arguments that have been advanced in favour of descriptive poetry, will be of weight likewise here. It is, indeed, from impersonation, or, as it is commonly termed, personification, that poetical description borrows its chief powers and graces. Without the aid of this, moral and intellectual painting would be flat and unanimated, and even the scenery of material objects would be dull, without the introduction of fictitious life.

These observations will be most effectually illustrated by the sublime and beautiful odes that occasioned them; in those it will appear how happily this allegorical painting may be executed by the genuine powers of poetical genius, and they will not fail to prove its force and utility by passing through the imagination to the heart.

ODE TO PITY.

" By Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!"

THE propriety of invoking Pity through the mediation of Euripides is obvious.—That admirable poet had the keys of all the tender passions, and therefore could not but stand in the highest esteem with a writer of Mr. Collins's sensibility.—He did, indeed, admire him as much as Milton professedly did, and probably for the same reasons; but we do not find that he has copied him so closely as the last-mentioned poet has sometimes done, and particularly in the opening of Samson Agonistes, which is an evident imitation of the following passage in the Phœnissæ:

Ἡγοῦ πάροιθε, θύγατερ, ὡς τυφλῷ ποδὶ
Ὀφθαλμὸς εἶ σὺ, [a]ναυβαταισιν ἄστρον ὥς·
Δεῦρ' εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πέδον ἴχνος τιθεῖσ' ἐμὸν,
Πρόβαινε ——— Act III. Sc. I.

The " eyes of dewy light" is one of the happiest strokes of imagination, and may be ranked among those expressions which

" —give us back the image of the mind."

[a] Read, *ναυτίλοισιν*.—D.

"Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd with Pity's lute."
"There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head."

Sussex, in which county the Arun is a small river, had the honour of giving birth to Otway as well as to Collins: both these poets, unhappily, became the objects of that pity by which their writings are distinguished. There was a similitude in their genius and in their sufferings. There was a resemblance in the misfortunes and in the dissipation of their lives; and the circumstances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

The thought of painting in the temple of Pity the history of human misfortunes, and of drawing the scenes from the tragic muse, is very happy, and in every respect worthy the imagination of Collins.

ODE TO FEAR.

Mr. Collins, who had often determined to apply himself to dramatic poetry, seems here, with the same view, to have addressed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence she had given to the genius of Shakspeare:

"Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!"

In the construction of this nervous ode, the author

has shown equal power of judgment and imagination. Nothing can be more striking than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the measure in the fifth and sixth verses, when he feels the strong influence of the power he invokes:

> "Ah, Fear, ah, frantic Fear!
> I see, I see thee near."

The editor of these poems has met with nothing in the same species of poetry, either in his own, or in any other language, equal, in all respects, to the following description of Danger:

> "Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
> What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
> Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
> Howling amidst the midnight storm,
> Or throws him on the ridgy steep
> Of some loose hanging rock to sleep."

It is impossible to contemplate the image conveyed in the two last verses without those emotions of terror it was intended to excite. It has, moreover, the entire advantage of novelty to recommend it; for there is too much originality in all the circumstances, to suppose that the author had in his eye that description of the penal situation of Catiline in the ninth Æneid:

> "——— Te, Catilina, minaci
> Pendentem scopulo."

The archetype of the English poet's idea was in nature, and probably to her alone he was indebted for the thought. From her, likewise, he derived that magnificence of conception, that horrible grandeur of imagery, displayed in the following lines:

" And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance in the lurid air
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait."

That nutritive enthusiasm, which cherishes the seeds of poetry, and which is, indeed, the only soil wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A passion for whatever is greatly wild or magnificent in the works of nature, seduces the imagination to attend to all that is extravagant, however unnatural. Milton was notoriously fond of high romance and gothic *diableries;* and Collins, who in genius and enthusiasm bore no very distant resemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the same attachments.

" Be mine to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true."
" On that thrice hallow'd eve," etc.

There is an old traditionary superstition, that on St. Mark's eve, the forms of all such persons as shall die within the ensuing year, make their solemn entry into the churches of their respective parishes, as St. Patrick swam over the Channel, without their heads.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

THE measure of the ancient ballad seems to have been made choice of for this ode, on account of the subject; and it has, indeed, an air of simplicity not altogether unaffecting:

> " By all the honey'd store
> On Hybla's thymy shore,
> By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
> By her whose love-lorn woe,
> In evening musings slow,
> Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear."

This allegorical imagery of the honey'd store, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of Hybla, alluding to the sweetness and beauty of the Attic poetry, has the finest and the happiest effect: yet, possibly, it will bear a question, whether the ancient Greek tragedians had a general claim to simplicity in any thing more than the plans of their drama. Their language, at least, was infinitely metaphorical; yet it must be owned that they justly copied nature and the passions, and so far, certainly, they were entitled to the palm of true simplicity; the following most beautiful speech of Polynices will be a monument of this, so long as poetry shall last:

> ——— *πολύδακρυς δ' ἀφικόμην*
> *Χρόνιος ἰδὼν μέλαθρα, και βωμοὺς θεῶν,*
> *Γυμνάσιά θ' ὁσιν ἐνετράφην, Δίρκης θ' ὕδωρ,*
> *[a]Ὧν οὐ δικαίως ἀπελαθεὶς, ξένην πόλιν*
> *Ναίω, δι' ὅσσων [b]ὄμμ' ἔχων δακρυῤῥοῦν.*

[b] For ὄμμ', read νᾶμ'. D.

Ἀλλ' ἐκ γὰρ ἄλγους ἄλγος αὖ, σὲ δέρκομαι
Κάρα ξυρηκὲς, και πέπλους μελαγχίμους
Ἔχουσαν. Eurip. Phœniss. ver. 369.
"But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne."

The poet cuts off the prevalence of simplicity among the Romans with the reign of Augustus; and, indeed, it did not continue much longer, most of the compositions, after that date, giving into false and artificial ornament.

"No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power,
Love, only love, her forceless numbers mean."

In these lines the writings of the Provençal poets are principally alluded to, in which simplicity is generally sacrificed to the rhapsodies of romantic love.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul este profani!

This ode is so infinitely abstracted and replete with high enthusiasm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the spirit of it, or of relishing its beauties. There is a style of sentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as if the subject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the same account that abstracted poetry will never have many admirers.

The authors of such poems must be content with the approbation of those heaven-favoured geniuses,

who, by a similarity of taste and sentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high mysteries of inspired fancy, and to pursue the loftiest flights of enthusiastic imagination. Nevertheless, the praise of the distinguished few is certainly preferable to the applause of the undiscerning million; for all praise is valuable in proportion to the judgment of those who confer it.

As the subject of this ode is uncommon, so are the style and expression highly metaphorical and abstracted: thus the sun is called "the rich-hair'd youth of morn," the ideas are term'd "the shadowy tribes of mind," etc. We are struck with the propriety of this mode of expression here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy that subsists between language and sentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined than the creation of the cestus of Fancy in this ode: the allegorical imagery is rich and sublime: and the observation, that the dangerous passions kept aloof during the operation, is founded on the strictest philosophical truth: for poetical fancy can exist only in minds that are perfectly serene, and in some measure abstracted from the influences of sense.

The scene of Milton's "inspiring hour," is perfectly in character, and described with all those wild-wood-appearances of which the great poet was so enthusiastically fond:

> "I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
> By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
> Nigh spher'd in heaven, its native strains could hear."

ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

ODE TO MERCY.

THE Ode written in 1746, and the Ode to Mercy, seem to have been written on the same occasion, viz. the late rebellion; the former in memory of those heroes who fell in defence of their country, the latter to excite sentiments of compassion in favour of those unhappy and deluded wretches who became a sacrifice to public justice.

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the scene and figures described, in the strophe of the Ode to Mercy, are exquisitely striking, and would afford a painter one of the finest subjects in the world.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

THE ancient states of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of liberty ever existed, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem:

> "Who shall awake the Spartan fife,
> And call in solemn sounds to life,
> The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
> Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue."

There is something extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly supe-

rior to that description Jocasta gives us of the hair of Polynices:

> Βοστρύχων τε κυανόχρωτα χαίτας
> Πλόκαμον ——————.
> "What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,
> Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest," etc.

This alludes to a fragment of Alcæus still remaining, in which the poet celebrates Harmodius and Aristogiton, who slew the tyrant Hipparchus, and thereby restored the liberty of Athens.

The fall of Rome is here most nervously described in one line:

> "With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell."

The thought seems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the structure of the verse is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet considers the influence it has retained, or still retains, among the moderns; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention.—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on account of losing its liberty under those patrons of letters, the Medicean family; the *jealous* Pisa, justly so called in respect to its long impatience and regret under the same yoke; and the *small* Marino, which, however unrespectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has, at least, this distinction to boast, that it has preserved its liberty longer than any other state, ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its present mode of government near fourteen hundred years. Moreover the patron saint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deserves this poetical record, as he is, perhaps, the only saint that ever contributed to the establishment of freedom.

"Nor e'er her former pride relate
To sad Liguria's bleeding state."

In these lines the poet alludes to those ravages in the state of Genoa, occasioned by the unhappy divisions of the Guelphs and Gibelines.

"——When the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice."

For an account of the celebrated event referred to in these verses, see Voltaire's Epistle to the King of Prussia.

"Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!"

The Flemings were so dreadfully oppressed by this sanguinary general of Philip the second, that they offered their sovereignty to Elizabeth; but, happily for her subjects, she had policy and magnanimity enough to refuse it. Desormeaux, in his Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Espagne, thus describes the sufferings of the Flemings: *Le duc d'Albe achevoit de réduire les Flamands au désespoir. Après avoir inondè les echafauds du sang le plus noble et le plus précieux, il faisoit construire des citadelles en divers endroits, et vouloit établir l'Alcavala, ce tribute onéreux qui avoit été longtems en usage parmi les Espagnols.*—Abrég. Chron. tom. iv.

"———Mona,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide."

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Isle of Anglesey, anciently so famous for its Druids; but sometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Isle of Man. Both these isles still retain much of the ge-

nius of superstition, and are now the only places where there is the least chance of finding a fairy.

ODE

TO A LADY ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL ROSS, IN THE ACTION OF FONTENOY.

THE iambic kind of numbers in which this ode is conceived, seems as well calculated for tender and plaintive subjects, as for those where strength or rapidity is required.—This, perhaps, is owing to the repetition of the strain in the same stanza; for sorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needless to observe, that this ode is replete with harmony, spirit, and pathos; and there surely appears no reason why the seventh and eighth stanzas should be omitted in that copy printed in Dodsley's Collection of Poems.

ODE TO EVENING.

THE blank ode has for some time solicited admission into the English poetry; but its efforts, hitherto, seem to have been in vain, at least its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a question, then, whether there is not something in the nature of blank verse less adapted to the lyric

than to the heroic measure, since, though it has been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to discover this, we are to consider the different modes of these different species of poetry. That of the heroic is uniform; that of the lyric is various; and in these circumstances of uniformity and variety, probably lies the cause why blank verse has been successful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it presented itself only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear by custom; but where it was obliged to assume the different shapes of the lyric muse, it seemed still a stranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curiosity than pleasure, and entertained without that ease or satisfaction which acquaintance and familiarity produce.—Moreover, the heroic blank verse obtained a sanction of infinite importance to its general reception, when it was adopted by one of the greatest poets the world ever produced, and was made the vehicle of the noblest poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applause which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the versification soon found its imitators, and became more generally successful than even in those countries from whence it was imported. But lyric blank verse had met with no such advantages; for Mr. Collins, whose genius and judgment in harmony might have given it so powerful an effect, has left us but one specimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his measure he seems to have had in his eye Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the nearest resemblance to that mixed kind of the asclepiad and pherecratic verse; and that resem-

blance in some degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of those great masters of antiquity, whose works had no need of this whimsical jingle of sounds.

From the following passage one might be induced to think that the poet had it in view to render his subject and his versification suitable to each other on this occasion, and that, when he addressed himself to the sober power of Evening, he had thought proper to lay aside the foppery of rhyme:

> " Now teach me, maid compos'd,
> To breathe some soften'd strain,
> Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
> May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
> As, musing slow, I hail
> Thy genial lov'd return!"

But whatever were the numbers, or the versification of this ode, the imagery and enthusiasm it contains could not fail of rendering it delightful. No other of Mr. Collins's odes is more generally characteristic of his genius. In one place we discover his passion for visionary beings:

> " For when thy folding-star arising shows
> His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
> The fragrant hours and elves
> Who slept in buds the day,
>
> And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
> And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
> The pensive pleasures sweet
> Prepare thy shadowy car."

In another we behold his strong bias to melancholy:

> " Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
> Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,

Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams."

Then appears his taste for what is wildly grand and magnificent in nature; when, prevented by storms from enjoying his evening walk, he wishes for a situation,

" That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods;"

And through the whole, his invariable attachment to the expression of painting:

" —— and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil."

It might be a sufficient encomium on this beautiful ode to observe, that it has been particularly admired by a lady to whom nature has given the most perfect principles of taste. She has not even complained of the want of rhyme in it: a circumstance by no means unfavourable to the cause of lyric blank verse; for surely, if a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and chimes, the masculine genius may dispense with them.

THE MANNERS,

AN ODE.

From the subject and sentiments of this ode, it seems not improbable that the author wrote it about the time when he left the university; when, weary

with the pursuit of academical studies, he no longer confined himself to the search of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the scholar of humanity, to study nature in her works, and man in society.

The following farewell to Science exhibits a very just as well as striking picture: for however exalted in theory the Platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that Platonism and Pyrrhonism are nearly allied:

> "Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
> Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
> Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
> By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
> Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
> To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!"

When the mind goes in pursuit of visionary systems, it is not far from the regions of doubt; and the greater its capacity to think abstractedly, to reason and refine, the more it will be exposed to, and bewildered in, uncertainty.—From an enthusiastic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to persist in some favourite doctrine, or to adhere to some adopted system; but when that enthusiasm, which is founded on the vivacity of the passions, gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it supported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the inhospitable shore of doubt.—A striking proof of the necessity of some moral rule of wisdom and virtue, and some system of happiness established by unerring knowledge, and unlimited power.

In the poet's address to Humour in this ode, there is one image of singular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the hair of Wit are of such a nature,

and disposed in such a manner, as to be perfectly symbolical and characteristic:

> " Me too amidst thy band admit,
> There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
> (Whose jewels in his crisped hair
> Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
> Whom no delights from thee divide)
> In laughter loos'd, attends thy side."

Nothing could be more expressive of wit, which consists in a happy collision of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of light from the disposition of the jewels.

> " O Humour, thou whose name is known
> To Britain's favour'd isle alone."

The author could only mean to apply this to the time when he wrote, since other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himself acknowledges afterwards.

> " By old Miletus," etc.
> " By all you taught the Tuscan maids," etc.

The Milesian and Tuscan romances were by no means distinguished for humour; but as they were the models of that species of writing in which humour was afterwards employed, they are, probably for that reason only, mentioned here.

THE PASSIONS,

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

If the music which was composed for this ode had equal merit with the ode itself, it must have been the most excellent performance of the kind in which poetry and music have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the same nature have derived their greatest reputation from the perfection of the music that accompanied them, having in themselves little more merit than that of an ordinary ballad: but in this we have the whole soul and power of poetry—expression that, even without the aid of music, strikes to the heart; and imagery of power enough to transport the attention, without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds! what, then, must have been the effect of these united!

It is very observable, that though the measure is the same, in which the musical efforts of Fear, Anger, and Despair, are described, yet by the variation of the cadence, the character and operation of each is strongly expressed: thus particularly of Despair:

> "With woful measures wan Despair—
> Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
> A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
> 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild."

He must be a very unskilful composer who could not catch the power of imitative harmony from these lines!

The picture of Hope that follows this, is beautiful almost beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces that pleasure and fancy have appropriated to her:

Relegat, qui semel percurrit;
Qui nunquam legit, legat.

"But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."

In what an exalted light does the above stanza place this great master of poetical imagery and harmony! what varied sweetness of numbers! what delicacy of judgment and expression! how characteristically does Hope prolong her strain, repeat her soothing closes, call upon her associate Echo for the same purposes, and display every pleasing grace peculiar to her!

"And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."
Legat, qui nunquam legit;
Qui semel percurrit, relegat.

The descriptions of Joy, Jealousy, and Revenge, are excellent; though not equally so. Those of Melancholy and Cheerfulness are superior to every thing of the kind; and, upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in asserting, that this is the finest ode in the English language.

AN EPISTLE

TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS.

THIS poem was written by our author at the university, about the time when sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakspeare was printed at Oxford. If it has not so much merit as the rest of his poems, it has still more than the subject deserves. The versification is easy and genteel, and the allusions always poetical. The character of the poet Fletcher in particular is very justly drawn in this epistle.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

MR. COLLINS had *skill to complain.* Of that mournful melody, and those tender images, which are the distinguishing excellencies of such pieces as bewail departed friendship, or beauty, he was an almost unequalled master. He knew perfectly to exhibit such circumstances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity; and while, from his own great sensibility, he felt what he wrote, he naturally addressed himself to the feelings of others.

To read such lines as the following, all-beautiful and tender as they are, without corresponding emotions of pity, is surely impossible:

"The tender thought on thee shall dwell;
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead."

The Ode on the Death of Thomson seems to have been written in an excursion to Richmond by water. The rural scenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet, much of whose merit lay in descriptions of the same kind; and the appellations of "Druid," and "meek Nature's child," are happily characteristic. For the better understanding of this ode, it is necessary to remember, that Mr. Thomson lies buried in the church of Richmond.

VARIOUS NOTES,

BY THE EDITOR AND OTHERS.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

To the first and second editions of the Eclogues was prefixed the following

PREFACE.

It is with the writings of mankind, in some measure, as with their complexions or their dress; each nation hath a peculiarity in all these, to distinguish it from the rest of the world.

The gravity of the Spaniard, and the levity of the Frenchman, are as evident in all their productions, as in their persons themselves; and the style of my countrymen is as naturally strong and nervous, as that of an Arabian or Persian is rich and figurative.

There is an elegancy and wildness of thought which recommends all their compositions; and our geniuses are as much too cold for the entertainment of such sentiments, as our climate is for their fruits and spices. If any of these beauties are to be found in the following Eclogues, I hope my reader will consider them as an argument of their being original. I received them at the hands of a merchant, who had made it his business to enrich himself with the learning, as well as the silks and carpets, of the

Persians. The little information I could gather concerning their author was, that his name was Abdallah, and that he was a native of Tauris.

It was in that city that he died of a distemper fatal in those parts, whilst he was engaged in celebrating the victories of his favourite monarch, the great Abbas[a]. As to the Eclogues themselves, they give a very just view of the miseries and inconveniencies, as well as the felicities, that attend one of the finest countries in the east.

The time of writing them was probably in the beginning of Sha Sultan Hosseyn's reign, the successor of Sefi or Solyman the second.

Whatever defects, as, I doubt not, there will be many, fall under the reader's observation, I hope his candour will incline him to make the following reflexion:

That the works of orientals contain many peculiarities, and that, through defect of language, few European translators can do them justice.

[a] In the Persian tongue, Abbas signifieth "the father of the people."

ECLOGUE I.

Ver. 57. With thee be Chastity, of all afraid.

Perhaps the reader will not be displeased to find here the following lines by that unjustly neglected poet, Quarles;

O Chastity, the flower of the soul,
How is thy perfect fairness turn'd to foul!
How are thy blossoms blasted all to dust,
By sudden lightning of untamed lust!
How hast thou thus defil'd thy ivory feet!
Thy sweetness that was once, how far from sweet!
Where are thy maiden smiles, thy blushing cheek?
Thy lamb-like countenance, so fair, so meek?
Where is that spotless flower that while-ere
Within thy lily-bosom thou did'st wear?
Has wanton Cupid snatch'd it? hath his dart
Sent courtly tokens to thy simple heart?

2 Med. p. 105.

ECLOGUE II.

Ver. 5. A fan of painted feathers in his hand.

Mr. Mitford cites here Marlowe's Hero and Leander;

Her *painted fan* of curled *plumes* let fall.

Second Sestyad, v. 11.

Ver. 25. In vain ye hope the green delights to know.

Thomson has;

And all the *green delights* Ausonia pours[b].

Summer, ver. 945.

[b] So stands the line in the established text of the Seasons; but how much more simply was it given in the first edition of Summer!

And all the *green delights* of Italy.

But I find the expression *green delights* in Euripides;

ὡς νεβρὸς χλοεραῖς
ἐμπαίζουσα λείμακος ἡδοναῖς.
Bacchæ, 864. ed Elmsley.

Ver. 28. And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

Mr. T. Campbell observes, that in this line Collins does not merely seem to describe the sultry desert, but brings it home to the senses.—Spec. vol. v. p. 310.

Ver. 66. From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure.

So Pope;

The *lust of lucre, and* the *dread of death.*
Epistle to the earl of Oxford.

ECLOGUE III.

Mr. Mitford, in a note on Gray's Poems, (p. 36. 8vo. ed.) observes, "in the Free-thinker, No. 128, is a paper which Collins has versified in his third Eclogue, changing the name of Alibez into Abra, and Cha-Abbas into Abbas." How ill founded this charge of plagiarism is, the reader will, I think, be convinced by the following abridgement of the paper, or rather papers, in question; (see the Free-thinker, Nos. 128 and 129, vol. iii. ed. 1733.)

Cha-Abbas, wearied with the grandeur of a court, and desirous to see the simple life of shepherds, wandered into the country with a single attendant. He came to a beautiful meadow, where he found a youth, named Alibez, piping to his flocks. The king was

so pleased with his appearance and discourse, that he determined to rescue him from obscurity. He accordingly discovered himself to Alibez, who was taken to court, educated, and made keeper of the royal jewels. As his years increased, the shepherd became tired of honours and riches, and thought of his former condition with regret. Cha-Abbas died, and was succeeded by his son Cha-Sephi. The courtiers, envying Alibez, prejudiced the new monarch against him, and artfully endeavoured to ruin him; but his innocence was still triumphant. The king now "began to entertain a favourable opinion of Alibez; when casting his eye through a long gallery, full of rich furniture, he discovered, at the end of it, an iron door, strongly barred with three great locks. Thereupon the invidious courtiers, observing the curiosity of the king, whispered to him, it is there Alibez has treasured up all the riches of which he has defrauded you." The king, in great anger, commanded Alibez to open the door, and was deaf to his entreaties not to deprive him of the only treasure he had on earth. The strong place was burst open, and the sole wealth found in it "was a sheep-hook, a pipe, and a shepherd's habit, which Alibez had worn; all which he often took a pleasure in visiting privately, to remind him of his former condition." Alibez was now made prime vizier, and "when he died he left to his family no greater wealth than was sufficient to enable them to live at ease in the condition of shepherds; which, to the last, he esteemed the most desirable state of life."

Ver. 31. Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.

Cowley gives a similar picture of Abdolonymus;

Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went.
And oft he stopt, in his triumphant way,
And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
Not without sighs, Alas, I there forsake
A happier kingdom than I go to take!
The Country Life, lib. iv. Plantarum.
(Essays in Prose and Verse.)

Mr. Mitford quotes Marlowe's Hero and Leander;

Yet *as she went*, full *often look'd behind.*
Second Sestyad, v. 5.

ECLOGUE IV.

Ver. 28. Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame.

A Latinism. So Virgil;

Frigidus et *sylvis* aquilo decussit *honorem.*
Geor. 2. 404.

Ver. 56. Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair;

From Pope's Homer, where Ἀλίη τε βοῶπις (Iliad xviii. 40.) is rendered;

And the *blue languish* of soft Alia's *eye.*

Ver. 71. He said, when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd.

Virgil. Æn. ii. 705, is here cited by Mr. Mitford;

Dixerat ille: et jam per mœnia clarior ignis
Auditur, propiusque æstus incendia volvunt.

ODE TO PITY.

Ver. 12. And eyes of dewy light.

This enchanting line will abide comparison with any thing of the same kind in any language. The last of the following verses of Anacreon may be cited as somewhat parallel;

Τὸ δὲ βλέμμα νῦν ἀληθῶς
ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποίησον,
ἅμα γλαυκὸν, ὡς Ἀθήνης,
ἅμα δ' ὑγρον, ὡς Κυθήρης.

Ode xxviii.

Ver. 19. There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,

Was suggested by the following lines of Horace;

Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno,
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texere. Lib. III. Ode 4.

Ver. 25. Come, Pity, come, etc.

"In the Ode to Pity, the idea of a temple of Pity, of its situation, construction, and groupes of painting with which its walls were decorated, was borrowed from a poem, now lost, entitled the Temple of Pity, written by my brother, while he and Collins were school-fellows at Winchester college."

T. Warton (the Reaper, No. 26.)

Ver. 38. In dreams of passion melt away.

Pope has;

And *melts in visions* of eternal day.
Eloisa to Abelard.

ODE TO FEAR.

"It is difficult to keep entirely separate the active and passive qualities of allegorical personages: difficult to say whether such a being as Fear should be the agent in inspiring, or the victim agitated by the passion. In this ode the latter idea prevails, for Fear appears in the character of a nymph pursued, like Dryden's Honoria, by the ravening brood of Fate. She is distracted by the ghastly train conjured up by Danger, and hunted through the world without being suffered to take repose; yet this idea is somewhat departed from when the poet endeavours to *propitiate* Fear by offering her, as a suitable abode, *the cell where Rape and Murder dwell;* or a cave, whence she may hear *the cries of drowning seamen.* She then becomes the power who delights in inflicting fear. But perhaps the reader is an enemy to his own gratification, who investigates the attributes of these shadowy beings with too nice and curious an eye."—Barbauld's Essay, p. 20.

Ver. 22. Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait.

Potter, in a note on his translation of Æschylus, observes, that this line is "manifestly taken" from the

ἄδην ἔλειξεν αἵματος τυραννικοῦ, (ver. 801. ed Blomf.)

of the Agamemnon, but I cannot agree with him.

Ver. 59. In that thrice hallow'd eve abroad.

See, says Mr. Mitford, Scott's Minstrelsey, vol. ii. p. 196. The fernseed supposed to become visible only on St. John's eve, and at the very moment when the Baptist was born, is held by the vulgar to be under the special protection of the Queen of the Fairies. "And goblins haunt from fire," etc. alludes to the danger incurred by those who gather it from the attack of the evil spirits.

Ver. 60. When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave;
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

When Collins wrote these lines he had an eye to the following passage of Milton;

Some say, no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or *fire*, by *lake*, or moorish *fen*,
Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid *ghost*,
That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time,
No *goblin*, or swart faery of the *mine*,
Hath, etc. Comus, ver. 432.

Ver. 71. And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

Imitated from the concluding lines of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso;

Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

And,

And I with thee will choose to live.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

Ver. 18. Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear.

Milton, in his eighth sonnet, calls Euripides

Sad Electra's poet.

Collins (see his note, below the text) alludes to Sophocles.

Ver. 19. By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep,
In warbled wanderings, round thy green retreat;

Will call to the recollection of the classical reader a passage in one of the most beautiful of the choruses of Sophocles;

Οὐδ' ἄϋπνοι
Κρῆναι μινύθουσι
Κηφισοῦ νομάδες ῥέεθρων, κ. τ. λ.
Œdip. Col. 685. ed. Elmsley.

Ver. 37. No more, in hall or bower.

Milton's Comus, ver. 45, is here quoted by Mr. Mitford;

From old or modern bard, *in hall or bower.*

ODE

ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Ver. 8. The wish of each love-darting eye.

Mr. Mitford cites Milton's Comus, ver. 753;

Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn,

and Pope's Elegy, ver. 8;

And those *love-darting eyes* must roll no more.

Ver. 23. The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove, etc.

"It is difficult to reduce to any thing like a meaning this strange and by no means reverential fiction concerning the Divine Being. Probably the obscure idea that floated in the mind of the author was this, that true poetry being a representation of nature, must have its archetype in those ideas of the supreme mind, which originally gave birth to nature; and therefore, that no one should attempt it without being conversant with the fair and beautiful, the true and perfect, both in moral ideas, *the shadowy tribes of mind*, and the productions of the material world."—Barbauld's Essay, p. 24.

Ver. 26. Yon tented sky, this laughing earth.

Here Mr. Mitford quotes the following passages;

Not *Jove's* blue *tent* what time the sunny ray.
Sir John Davies's Orchestra, st. 8.

Tentoria cœli. Buchanan.

Earth laught to see her face so like the skie.
Chapman's Homer, Il. xix. 274.

Ver. 39. And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn.

Mr. Mitford quotes;

Our *rich-main'd* steeds have bounded
Over these plaines.
Heywood's Brit. Troy, p. 315.

and,

Thus turn'd she backe, and to the Howres her *rich-man'd* horse resign'd. Chapman's Homer, Il. viii. p. 113.

Ver. 46. By whose the tarsel's eyes were made.

Butler is quoted by Mr. Mitford for the use of this word;

Did fly his *tarsel* of a kite.
Hudibras, part ii. c. 3. ver. 414.

"The tarsol [or tarsel] is the *gyrhawk* or *falcon; tarsol* or *tiercelet* being an old term in falconry, used to express the males of that species of hawk."—Barbauld's Essay, p. 25.

Ver. 63. I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which, etc.

"In his Ode on the Poetical Character,

I view *that oak*, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd etherial dew,
Nigh spher'd in heaven, its native strains could hear,
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;

we are reminded of an Italian writer, Angelo di Costanzo, in one of those sonnets which the historian of their poetry has called the Ideal of good sonneting."—London Magazine for July 1821, vol. iv. p. 16.

In the work just quoted, a translation only of Costanzo's sonnet is given; I now subjoin the original:

SONETTO IV.

Quella cetra gentil che'n su la riva
Cantò di Mincio Dafni, e Melibeo,
Si che no so, se in Menalo, o'n Liceo
In quella, o in altra età simil s' udiva;

Poichè con voce più canora, e viva
Celebrato ebbe Pale, ed Aristeo,
E le grandi opre, che in esileo feo
Il gran figliuol d'Anchise, e della Diva;
Dal suo pastore in una quercia ombrosa
Sacrata pende, e se la move il vento,
Par che dica superba, e disdegnosa;
Non sia chi di toccarmi abbia ardimento,
Che se non spero aver man sì famosa,
Del gran Titiro mio sol mi contento.
Le Rime D'Angelo di Costanzo, Pad. 1723.

Ver. 64. By which, as Milton lay, his evening ear.

Mr. Mitford here adduces Dryden's expression;

evening wings.

Mr. Hazlitt says of this ode, "a rich-distilled perfume emanates from it, like the breath of genius; a golden cloud envelopes it; a honeyed paste of poetic diction encrusts it, like the candied coat of the auricula."—Lectures on the English Poets, p. 232.

ODE

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1746.

A true poet of the present day observes, that this ode is "almost unrivalled in the combination of poetry with painting, pathos with fancy, grandeur with simplicity, and romance with reality."—Introductory Essay, by J. Montgomery, to the Christian Psalmist, 1825.

Ver. 9. There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey, etc.

This stanza of Collins, says Mr. Mitford, is the subject of a most impudent plagiarism by Goldsmith in his Threnodia Augustalis, published 1772.—See Chalmers's Brit. Poets, xvi. 510.

There Faith shall come a pilgrim grey
To bless the tomb that wraps thy clay,
And calm Religion shall repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

He, like many other thieves, has spoiled the stolen goods in the hurry of taking them off, and in the anxiety of concealing them.

[I do not believe that Goldsmith meant his obligations to Collins to be concealed: in the advertisement to the Threnodia Augustalis we are told, "the following may more properly be termed a compilation than a poem." D.]

Ver. 12. To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Mr. Mitford quotes;

Let's leave the *hermit pity* with our mothers.
Shakspeare, Troil. and Cres. Act 5. Sc. 3.

ODE TO MERCY.

Compare with the picture in the strophe of this ode the following passage from P. Fletcher's Purple Island:

But see how, twixt her sister and her sire,
Soft hearted Mercy, sweetly interposing,
Settles her panting breast against his fire,
Pleading for grace, and chains of death unloosing:
Hark! from her lips the melting honey flows;
The striking Thunderer recalls his blows,
And every armed soldier down his weapon throws.
Canto vi. st. 16.

Ver. 5. Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear.

See, says Mr. Mitford, Anthologia Lat. vol. i. p. 46. [ed. Burman.]

Decidit, aut posita est devictis lancea palmis.

and Ovidii Fast. iii. 1.

Ver. 14. When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend, etc.

"In the Ode to Mercy again we might suspect him of having borrowed from the same writer, (Statius,) if the ornament were not carried with so much freedom by its wearer, as to take away all doubt of his having come honestly by it:

When he, whom e'en our joys provoke,
The fiend, etc.

——————— adhuc temone calenti
Fervidus, in lævum torquet Gradivus habenas.
Cum Venus ante ipsos nulla formidine gressum
Fixit equos; cessere retro, jam jamque rigentes
Suppliciter posuere jugo.—Theb. III. 265."

London Magazine for July 1821. vol. iv. p. 15.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

Ver. 3. The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths, etc.

"The *hyacinthine locks* were as old as Homer; and Milton, we know, has given them to Adam; but that with all their beauty they *shed the breath of fear,* when overshadowing the brow of the young Spartans, had been observed by Statius:

Simplexque *horrore decoro*
Crinis, et obsessæ nondum, primoque micantes
Flore genæ. Talem *Ledæo gurgite pubem*
Educat Eurotas.—Sylvæ, lib. 2."

London Magazine for July 1821. vol. iv. p. 15.

That the foregoing lines are rightly adduced as con-

taining an idea somewhat similar to that of Collins, and that here *horrore* does not mean *roughness,* is proved, I think, by the following passage from the Thebais:

> cui torva genis horrore decoro
> cassis.—II. 716.

Ver. 4. Like vernal hyacinths of sullen hue.

Mr. Mitford quotes;

> Atque gerunt similes hyacintho fronte capillos.
> Prisciani Periegesis, ver. 1014.

[See Wernsdorfii notam, Poet. Lat. Minores, vol. v. p. 411.] and;

> Et ferrugineo vernantes flore coronas—i. e. hyacinthis.
> Prudentii Carm. p. 492. ed. Delph.

See also, he adds, for this poetical image, Dionysii Geogr. v. 1112; Longi Pastor. ed. Schæfer. p. 123; Aristæneti Epist. lib. I. ep. 1; Burman ad Propertii Eleg. IV. vii. 33, and the note of Street on Manilius, Astr. lib. i. ver. 701.

Ver. 7. What new Alcæus, fancy-blest.

The noble Greek verses absurdly ascribed to Alcæus, are supposed to have been the production of Callistratus. In the original edition of Collins's Odes they are printed below the text in a mutilated state; but in the present work they are correctly given from the Anthologia Græca of Jacobs, vol. i. p. 88.

Ver. 18. How Rome before thy weeping face
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell.

This fine image, observes Mr. Mitford, is from Poggius de Varietate Fortunæ. See Gibbon's Roman History, vol. vi. p. 620. "The public and private

edifices [of Rome] that were founded for eternity, lie prostrate, broken, and naked, *like the limbs of a mighty giant,*" etc.

With heaviest sound.

Mr. Mitford cites;

Auditumque Medis
Hesperiæ sonitum ruinæ.
Hor. Od. II. i. 33; see Kidd's note.

and compares Petrarch, Canzon xi.

Orsi, lupi, leoni, aquile, e serpi
Ad una *gran marmorea Colonna*
Fanno noja sovente, ed a se danno.

Ver. 19. With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell.

Mrs. Barbauld conjectures that "the hint of the image was caught from that in Nebuchadnezzar's dream."—Essay, p. 28.

Ver. 64. Beyond the measure vast of thought.

In Paradise Lost, VII. 602, we read;

Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite
Thy power! what *thought* can *measure* thee, etc.

Ver. 69. He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.

Mr. Mitford quotes;

Passava Stige *con le piante asciutte.*
Dante, Inferno, ix. 81.

Ver. 72. Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding.

Mr. Mitford cites;

So ships he to the *wolfish* western isle.
Hall's Satires, ed. Singer, p. 104.

Ver. 76. This pillar'd earth so firm and wide;

Mr. Mitford quotes Milton's Comus, ver. 578;

The *pillar'd firmament* is rottenness.

Ver. 80. And see like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles, etc.

So Milton;

the sea-girt *isles*,
That, *like* to rich and various *gems*, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep.
Comus, ver. 21.

Mr. Mitford quotes;

Quid enumerem *insulas*, quas, *velut monilia*, plerumque prætexit mare.—Ambrosii Hexaem. lib. iii. c. 5. See also Senecæ Thyestes, ver. 373.

Ver. 90. Midst the green navel of our isle.

Drayton has;

Up tow'rds *the navel* then of England from her flank,
Which Lincolnshire, etc.
Polyolb. Song xxiii. ver. 147.

And Milton;

Within *the navel* of this hideous wood.
Comus, ver. 520.

Every classical reader will recollect that the Greek poets call Delphi γῆς ὀμφαλὸν, from an idea that it was the centre of the earth. See Sophocles, Œdipus Tyr. ver. 889. ed. Erfurdt; Euripides, Medea, ver. 651. ed. Elmsley, etc.

Ver. 103. Beyond yon braided clouds that lie
Paving the light-embroider'd sky.

Mr. Mitford quotes;

I'll *pave* my great hall with a floor of *clouds*.
Dekkar's Wonder of a Kingdom, Act 3. sc. 1.

Ver. 140. Play with the tangles of her hair.

So Milton;

> To *sport* with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or *with the tangles of* Neæra's *hair*.
>
> Lycidas, v. 68.

ODE

TO A LADY ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL ROSS.

"The lady to whom this ode is addressed was Miss Elizabeth Goddard, who then lived at or near Harting, in Sussex."

T. Warton (the Reaper, No. 26.)

It first appeared (without the seventh and eighth stanzas) in a work published by Dodsley, called the Museum, or the Literary and Historical Register,—No. 6. Saturday, June 7. 1746. vol. i. p. 215.

Ver. 31. Old Edward's sons, etc.

The whole of this stanza, says Mr. Mitford, is taken by Goldsmith, and inserted by an act of plagiarism almost unprecedented, in his Threnodia Augustalis, p. 511. ed. Chalmers. For the third line he has,

> To do thy memory right.

And his next line is,

> For thine, and Britain's wrongs they feel.

I believe this poetical larceny has been hitherto undetected: neither Mr. Chalmers who edited, nor Mr. Southey who noticed the poem of Goldsmith, have mentioned it.

Ver. 46. Till William seek the sad retreat.

William, duke of Cumberland.

ODE TO EVENING.

In this ode Collins has adopted the measure of Milton's translation of the fifth ode of the first book of Horace.

"In his address to Evening he has presented us with the first fortunate specimen of the blank ode. Nothing but his own ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland can exceed the fine enthusiasm of this piece; the very spirit of Poussin and Claude breathe throughout the whole, mingled indeed with a wilder and more visionary train of idea, yet subdued and chastened by the softest tones of melancholy."—Drake's Literary Hours, No. 23.

Dr. J. Warton observes that Collins "had a design of writing many more odes without rhyme."—Note on Milton's Minor Poems, p. 368. ed. 1785.—"Dr. J. Warton might have added," says his brother, in the same place, "that his own Ode to Evening was written before that of his friend Collins."

Ver. 1. If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song.

So Milton;

Or sound of *pastoral* reed with *oaten stops*.
Comus, v. 345.

Ver. 9. Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds, etc.

In Spenser we find;

The *lether-winged batt*, dayes' enimy.
Faerie Queene, B. 2. C. 12. St. 36.

And in Milton;

What time the gray-fly *winds* her sultry *horn*.
Lycidas, v. 28.

Compare too Macbeth, Act 3. Sc. 2;

Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal.

Ver. 21. For when thy folding-star arising shows.

Milton has;

The *star* that bids the shepherd *fold*.
Comus, v. 93.

And Shakspeare;

See, the *unfolding star* calls up the shepherd.
Measure for Measure, Act 4. Sc. 2.

Mr. Mitford quotes Chapman's Hymns of Homer, (to Pan,) p. 118.

And then
When Hesperus calls to *fold* the flocks of men.

Ver. 34. .....be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side, etc.

"In what short and simple terms," says Mr. T. Campbell, (Spec. vol. 5. p. 310.) "does Collins open a wide and majestic landscape to the mind, such as we might view from Benlomond or Snowden, when he speaks of the hut

That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds and swelling floods."

Ver. 50. (Variation.) Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipp'd Health.

Shakspeare has;

Patience, thou young and *rose-lipp'd* cherubin.
Othello, Act. 4. Sc. 2.

Ver. 1. O thou, who bad'st thy turtles bear.

Mr. Mitford cites;

And *turtle-footed Peace*
Dance like a fairy through his realms.
Ford's Sun's Darling, Act. 5. Sc. 1.

[But Ford copied Ben Jonson, who, in an exquisite passage, which we know Collins admired, (see page 12 of this volume,) has;

And *turtle-footed Peace* dance fairy rings
About her court.
Every Man out of his Humour. Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. ii. p. 212.—D.]

and;

Blest *Peace* once more *with turtle's wings* to soar.
Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenstein, Act 2. Sc. 1.

Ver. 5. To Britain bent his iron car.

Dryden, in his modernised (not, improved) version of the Knight's Tale, has;

The God of war
Was drawn triumphant on *his iron car.*
Book 1. v. 109.

Mr. Mitford quotes Thomson's Nuptial Song, written for the fourth Act of Sophonisba;

For long the furious God of war
Has crush'd us with *his iron car.*

THE MANNERS.

AN ODE.

Ver. 58. In laughter loos'd, attends thy side.

So Virgil;

risuque soluto. Georg. 2. ver. 386.

Ver. 68. In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore.

So Drayton, of Sabrine;

She, in a *watchet weed*, with many a curious wave.
Polyolb. Song 5. ver. 13.

Ver. 69. Who drew the sad Sicilian maid.

"Le Sage should not have been characterised by the story of Blanche, which, though beautiful, is not in his peculiar stile of excellence, and has more to do with the high passions than with *manners.*"—Barbauld's Essay, p. 36.

At the time this ode was written, the success of Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda, had probably made the story of Blanche (in Gil Blas) a favourite piece of reading.

THE PASSIONS.

"This Ode to the Passions may be considered as the happiest production of his pen. His art is the more to be admired, as he has not, like his predecessors, (Dryden and Pope,) taken advantage of a story for the basis of his piece; but has raised it

solely on an allegorical fiction of his own * * * * *. The reader may perhaps expect, from the frame of the piece, that an appropriate instrument should be found for every passion, as in the ingenious paper of Addison, in which characters are resembled to musical instruments. This, however, is not the case. To some of the Passions no particular instrument is assigned. Anger and Joy have two, and the horn, though with *an altered tone*, is common to Melancholy and Cheerfulness. The aim of the poet was rather to describe them by their manner of playing, than by a circumstance which, if extended to every one, might have given rather a formal air to the poem, and allied it more to wit than to fancy. In the order in which they are brought forward, the sole view seems to have been that they should relieve one another; Melancholy is followed by Cheerfulness; the song of Hope is broken off by Revenge; and *his* movements are contrasted by those of Pity * * * *. Love, all-powerful Love, is only mentioned incidentally: but surely, if he was mentioned at all, it should have been as a principal, and not introduced dancing like a Bacchanal in the train of Joy."—Barbauld's Essay, p. 36, 37, 38. 41.

T. Warton states, that a poem by his brother, [J. Warton,] entitled *The Assembly of the Passions*, was written before Collins's ode on that subject.—Note on Milton's Minor Poems, p. 369. ed. 1785.

Mr. Wooll is of opinion that the following sketch, by Joseph Warton, "laid out by him as a subject for verse, at eighteen," furnished Collins with the idea of writing an Ode on the Passions.

"The subjects of Reason having lately rebelled

against him, he summons them to his court, that they may pay their obedience to him; whilst he sits on his throne, attended by the Virtues, his handmaids. The first who made her appearance was *Fear*, with *Superstition*, a pale-faced, trembling virgin, who came from Gallia, and was ever present at earthquakes, fires, sieges, storms, and shuddered at every thing she saw. Not so *Anger*, whose harbinger was *Cruelty*, with dishevelled hair; and whose charioteer, *Revenge*, drove wheels reeking with blood. He himself stood upright, brandishing a sword, and bearing a shield, on which was engraven Achilles dragging the carcass of Hector, with Priam and Andromache lamenting on the walls; round his girdle he tied the head of an enemy just slaughtered, and his chariot was drawn by tigers. Next came *Joy*, chanting a song, crowned with vine leaves, waving a rod in his hand, at whose touch every thing smiled; he was attended by *Mirth* and *Pleasure*, two nymphs more light than Napæans: he was the institutor of feasts and dances amongst shepherds at a vintage, at marriages and triumphs. Then came *Sorrow*, with a dead babe in her arms: she was often seen in charnels and by graves, listening to knells, or walking in the dead of night, and lamenting aloud; nor was she absent from dungeons and galley slaves. After her *Courage*, a young man riding a lion, that chafed with indignation, yet was forced to submit—not a fiercer roars in Ægypt whilst the pyramids reecho to his voice: naked, like an Englishman, blowing an horn, he was seen to attend Regulus to Carthage, Henry the fifth to Agincourt, Molus, Charles of Sweden, Kouli Khan, etc. He led *Cowardice*

chained, who shuddered violently whenever he heard the horn, and would fain run away—so the beasts run when they hear the rattle-snake. Next came *Æmulation,* with harp and sword: he followed a phantom of *Fame,* that he might snatch the crown she wore: he was accompanied by a beautiful Amazon, called *Hope,* who, with one hand pointed to the heavens, and in the other held an optic, which beautified and magnified every object to which it was directed. *Pity* led her old father *Despair,* who tore his grey locks, and could scarce move along for extreme misery; she nursed him with her own milk, and supported his steps, whilst bats and owls flew round his head. She frequents fields of battle, protects the slain, and stanches their wounds with her veil and hair. Next came *Love,* supported on each side by *Friendship* and *Truth,* but not blind, as the poets feign. Behind came his enemies, *Jealousy,* who nursed a vulture to feed on his own heart. *Hatred* also, and *Doubt* shaking a dart behind *Love,* who, on his turning round, immediately vanished. *Honour,* twined round about with a snake, like Laocoon. Then *Ambition* in a chariot of gold, and white horses, whose trappings were adorned with jewels, led by *Esteem* and *Flattery. Envy* viewed him passing, and repined like a pard with a dart in his side. *Contempt* too, like a satyr, beheld, and pointed with his finger; but he too often reviled heaven, whence plagues, pestilences, wars, and famines. When these were all met, Reason, (sitting grander than Solomon,) on whom the man *Justice,* and the woman *Temperance,* attended, thus addressed them."—Wooll's Memoirs of Dr. J. Warton, p. 11.

Ver. 17. First Fear his hand, its skill to try, etc.

Sir E. Brydges (Brit. Bibliog. vol. i. p. 290.) thinks that when Collins wrote this stanza he had probably in his mind Sackville's description of Dread in the Induction in the Mirror for Magistrates, st. 34. but I cannot perceive any striking resemblance between the two passages.

Perhaps he had an eye to the following lines of sir Philip Sidney:

> A satyr once did run away for dread,
> With sound of horn, which he himself did blow;
> Fearing and fear'd, thus from himself he fled,
> Deeming strange evil in that he did not know.
> Certain sonnets at the end of the Arcadia.

Ver. 42. And with a withering look.

Dryden says;

> he cast a furious *look*,
> And *wither'd* all their strength before he strook.
> Theodore and Honoria, ver. 285.

Ver. 63. Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.

Mr. Mitford quotes;

> Ne *bubling rowndell* they behinde them sent.
> Spenser's Faerie Queene, B. 3. c. 4. St. 33.

Ver. 70. When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue.

Cheerfulness, says Mr. Mitford, cannot be ranked among the Passions.

Ver. 76. Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green.

Mr. Mitford cites;

> a *Satyr train*
> *Peep* o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.
> Parnell's Verses to Pope.

Mr. Mitford (notes on Gray's Poems, p. 36. ed. oct.)

observes that these lines "seem to have been suggested by a couplet in sir P. Sidney's Ourania, by N. Breton, (not paged,)

Satyrs and Sylvans at the harmonie
Sometime came darting from the darksome grove."

Ver. 78. Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear.

Collins was not the first poet who personified Exercise: see Parnell's very pleasing poem called *Health, an Eclogue.*

Ver. 89. While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings.

So Dryden, in his famous ode;

With *flying fingers* touch'd the lyre.

Ver. 93. As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

Compare Milton;

And all the while harmonious *airs* were heard
Of chiming strings, or *charming* pipes; and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian *odours* fann'd
From their soft *wings*. Par. Reg. ii. 362.

And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Par. Lost, v. 286.

And Fairfax;

And shook his wings with roarie may-dews wet.
Tasso, c. 1. st. 14.

And Pope;

And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes.
Abelard to Eloisa, 218.

AN EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ETC.

Ver. 25. (Var.) Line after line our pitying eyes o'erflow,

Is a verse of Pope, slightly altered:

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow.
Eloisa to Abelard.

Ver. 64. But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone.

Had our poet forgotten Miranda, Imogenno, Constance, Rosalind, Juliet, "the divine Desdemona," and many others? The editor of the variorum Shakspeare, (1821,) thinks "there cannot be a stronger proof that, even up to a late period, the powers of Shakspeare were imperfectly understood, than that such a man as Collins should have delivered this opinion."

Ver. 107. O might some verse with happiest skill persuade,
Expressive Picture, etc.

The plan of a gallery of paintings to illustrate Shakspeare, (as Mrs. Barbauld remarks, Essay, p. 9.) which has since been carried into execution by Mr. Boydel, is here first proposed.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

This poem was first printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for October 1749. (vol. xix. p. 466.) under the title of an *Elegiac Song*, and with the name *Pastora* in the first line, instead of Fidele.

"I remember," says sir John Hawkins, "that calling in on him [Cave] once, he gave me to read the beautiful poem of Collins, written for Shakspeare's Cymbeline, 'To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,'

which, though adapted to a particular circumstance in the play, Cave was for inserting in his magazine, without any reference to the subject: I told him it would lose of its beauty if it were so published: this he could not see: nor could he be convinced of the propriety of the name Fidele: he thought Pastora a better, and so printed it."—Life of Johnson, p. 48. sec. ed.

"For the obsequies of Fidele a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory."—Johnson's note on Cymbeline, Act iv. Sc. 2.

All succeeding editors of Shakspeare have followed his example in subjoining it to the tragedy.

Ver. 3. Each opening sweet of earliest bloom.

So in Shakspeare;

> With fairest flowers
> Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
> I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
> The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, etc.
> Cymb. Act 4. Sc. 2.

Goldsmith, says Mr. Mitford, has once more clothed himself in the spoils of the earlier poet;

> On the grave of Augusta the garland be plac'd,
> We'll rifle the spring of its earliest bloom.
> Thren. Aug. Chalmers' Br. Poets, xvi. 512.

Ver. 4. And rifle all the breathing spring.

So Beaumont and Fletcher, Lovers' Progress, Act 4;

> I'll gather all the pride of spring to deck him.

And Pope in his Messiah;

> With all the incense of *the breathing spring*.

Let us trace, says Mr. Mitford, this expression from the shores of Latium, through our own poets, to the time of Collins.

Maius Atlantiadæ natæ dignatus honore
Exspoliat pulchris *florea serta* rosis.
Catalecta Pithæi.

with rude
Hands, *riflest* the *flowers* which the virgins streude.
Pieces of Anc. Poetry, 4to. p. 5. Bristol, 1814.

She shall have power
To *rifle* and deflower
The rich and roseal *spring* of those rare sweets.
Crashaw's Verses on a Prayer-book
sent to Mrs. M. R.

Then as the empty bee, that lately bore
Into the common treasure all her store,
Flies 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
Deflowering the fresh virgins of the *spring;*
So will I *rifle* all the sweets that dwell
In my delicious Paradise, etc.
A rapture, by T. Carew.

From purple violets, and the teil they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and *rifle all the spring*.
Addison's Translation of Virgil's fourth Georgic.

Ver. 5. No wailing ghost shall dare appear.

In Shakspeare's own song, Aviragus says,

Ghost unlaid, forbear thee!—Cym. Act 4. Sc. 2.

Ver. 9. No wither'd witch shall here be seen.

From Shakspeare;

Nor no witchcraft charm thee!—Ibid.

Ver. 11. The female fays shall haunt the green.

From Shakspeare:

With female fairies will his tomb be haunted.—Ibid.

Ver. 13. The redbreast oft, at evening hours, etc.

From Shakspeare:

> the ruddock would,
> With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
> Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
> Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
> Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
> To winter-ground thy corse.—Ibid.

Ver. 24. And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

Headly (An. E. P. vol. ii. p. 154.) has noticed the resemblance which this line bears to the following one of Lovelace;

> When all but very Virtue's dead.
>
> Verses on the death of Mrs. Filmer.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

Ver. 1. In yonder grave a Druid lies.

"There is no propriety in calling Thomson a Druid or a pilgrim, characters totally foreign to his own. To the sanguinary and superstitious Druid it was peculiarly improper to compare a poet, whose religion was simple as truth, sublime as nature, and liberal as the spirit of philosophy."—Barbauld's Essay, p. 43.

A strange remark! The Druids passed their days amid rural scenes: such scenes Thomson delighted in, and exquisitely described,—hence he is called a Druid. Need I add, that "woodland pilgrim" is a beautiful poetical expression for "a wanderer among woodlands?"

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A PAPER WHICH CONTAINED A PIECE OF BRIDE-CAKE.

Ver. 19. Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent.

Collins here was thinking of Milton;

modest *pride*,
And sweet, *reluctant*, *amorous* delay.
Par. Lost, iv. ver. 310.

I believe this poem was first printed in Pearch's Collection; at least I cannot find it in any earlier publication.

ODE

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

In the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vol. i. p. 63 of papers of the literary class, Edinburgh, 1788. 4to. was first printed, "An Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, considered as the subject of Poetry. Written by the late Mr. William Collins: and communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, by Alexander Carlyle, D. D. F. R. S. Edin. minister of Inveresk, and chaplain in ordinary to his majesty."

The ode is preceded by the following introduction:

"At a meeting of the literary class of the Royal Society, held on Monday, 19th April, 1784, the reverend Dr. Carlyle read an ode, written by the late Mr. William Collins, and addressed to John Home, esqr. (author of Douglas, etc.) on his return to Scot-

land in 1749. The committee appointed to superintend the publication of the Society's Transactions, having judged this ode to be extremely deserving of a place in that collection, requested Mr. Alex. Fraser Tytler, one of their number, to procure from Dr. Carlyle every degree of information which he could give concerning it. This information, which forms a proper introduction to the poem itself, is contained in the two following letters.

"*Letter from Mr. Alex. Fraser Tytler, to Mr. John Robison, General Secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.*

"Dear Sir,—At the desire of the committee for publishing the Royal Society's Transactions, I wrote to Dr. Carlyle, requesting of him an account of all such particulars regarding Mr. Collins's poem as were known to him, and which were, in his opinion, proper to be communicated to the public. I received from him the inclosed answer; and he transmitted to me, at the same time, the original manuscript in Mr. Collins's handwriting. It is evidently the *prima cura* of the poem, as you will perceive from the alterations made in the manuscript, by deleting many lines and words, and substituting others, which are written above them. In particular, the greatest part of the twelfth stanza is new-modelled in that manner. These variations I have marked in notes on the copy which is inclosed, and I think they should be printed: for literary people are not indifferent to information of this kind, which shows the progressive improvement of a thought in the mind of a man of genius.

"This ode is, beyond all doubt, the poem alluded to in the life of Collins by Johnson, who, mentioning a visit made by Dr. Warton and his brother to the poet in his last illness, says, 'He showed them, at the same time, an ode, inscribed to Mr. John Home, on the superstitions of the highlands, which they thought superior to his other works, but which no search has yet found.' Collins himself, it appears from this passage, had kept a copy of the poem, which, considering the unhappy circumstances that attended his last illness, it is no wonder was mislaid or lost; and, but for that fortunate hint given by Johnson, it appears, from Dr. Carlyle's letter, that the original manuscript would, in all probability, have undergone the same fate. Struck with the singular beauty of this poem, of which, I believe, no man of taste will say that Dr. Warton and his brother have over-rated the merit, I could not help regretting the mutilated form in which it appeared; and, in talking on that subject to my friend Mr. Henry Mackenzie of the Exchequer, (a gentleman well known to the literary world by many ingenious productions,) I proposed to him the task of supplying the fifth stanza, and the half of the sixth, which were entirely lost. How well he has executed that task, the public will judge; who, unless warned by the inverted commas that distinguish the supplemental verses, would probably never have discovered the chasm. Several hemisticks, and words left blank by Mr. Collins, had before been very happily supplied by Dr. Carlyle. These are likewise marked by inverted commas. They are a proof that this poem, as Dr. Carlyle has remarked, was hastily com-

posed; but this circumstance evinces, at the same time, the vigour of the author's imagination, and the ready command he possessed of harmonious numbers.

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours," etc.

"*To Alex. Fraser Tytler, esqr.*

"SIR,—I send you inclosed the original manuscript of Mr. Collins's poem, that, by comparing with it the copy which I read to the society, you may be able to answer most of the queries put to me by the committee of the Royal Society.

"The manuscript is in Mr. Collins's handwriting, and fell into my hands among the papers of a friend of mine and Mr. John Home's, who died as long ago as the year 1754. Soon after I found the poem, I showed it to Mr. Home, who told me that it had been addressed to him by Mr. Collins, on his leaving London in the year 1749; that it was hastily composed and incorrect; but that he would one day find leisure to look it over with care. Mr. Collins and Mr. Home had been made acquainted by Mr. John Barrow, (the *cordial youth* mentioned in the first stanza,) who had been, for some time, at the university of Edinburgh; had been a volunteer, along with Mr. Home, in the year 1746; had been taken prisoner with him at the battle of Falkirk, and had escaped, together with him and five or six other gentlemen, from the castle of Down [b]. Mr. Barrow re-

[b] They escaped by cutting their bedclothes into ropes, and letting themselves down from the window of the room in which they were confined. Barrow broke his leg in the descent.—Mackenzie's Life of John Home, p. 5.—D.

sided in 1749 at Winchester, where Mr. Collins and Mr. Home were, for a week or two, together on a visit. Mr. Barrow was paymaster in America, in the war that commenced in 1756, and died in that country.

"I thought no more of the poem, till a few years ago, when on reading Dr. Johnson's life of Collins, I conjectured that it might be the very copy of verses which he mentions, which he says was much prized by some of his friends, and for the loss of which he expresses regret. I sought for it among my papers; and perceiving that a stanza and a half were wanting, I made the most diligent search I could for them, but in vain. Whether or not this great chasm was in the poem when it first came into my hands, is more than I can remember, at this distance of time. As a curious and valuable fragment, I thought it could not appear with more advantage than in the collection of the Royal Society.

"I am, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"ALEX. CARLYLE."

The above-mentioned volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh had not been long published, when there appeared in London, "An Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, considered as the subject of Poetry. Inscribed to Mr. Home, author of Douglas. By Mr. William Collins, author of the Ode on the Passions, etc. Never before printed. Dedicated to the Wartons, 4to. Bell, 1788."

This edition has the following preface, and dedication:

" *Preface by the Editor.*

" A gentleman who, for the present, chooses not to publish his name, discovered last summer the following admirable ode, among some old papers, in the concealed drawers of a bureau, left him, among other articles, by a relation. The title struck him: the perusal delighted him: he communicated his valuable discovery to some literary friends, who advised him to publish it the ensuing winter. Mr. Collins, it would appear, by his great intimacy with Mr. Home, and his well-known predilection for Spenser and Tasso, made himself a master in the marvellous that characterized the rude ages. No wonder, then, that he paints the superstitious notions of the north so picturesquely poetical! By the public prints we are informed, that a Scotch clergyman lately discovered Collins's rude draught of this poem. It is, however, said to be very imperfect. The fifth stanza, and the half of the sixth, say the prints, being deficient, has been supplied by Mr. Mackenzie. It has been published in some of these diurnal papers; and is here annexed, as a note, for the purpose of comparison, and to do justice to the elegant author of the *Man of Feeling*. It is undoubtedly pretty; but wants all the wild boldness of the original, which is certainly one of the most beautiful poems in the English language."

" *To the Wartons.*

" GENTLEMEN,—The following poem, being the long-lost treasure of your favourite Collins, is apology sufficient for dedicating it to you. Your mentioning it to Dr. Johnson, as it was the means that led to

the imperfect first draught, so it likewise was the happy means of bringing this *perfect* copy to light. If the smallest poetic gem be admired by you, how much must you exult, on being put in possession of the brightest jewel, according to your own opinions, of your dear departed friend? The world will, no doubt, in this, soon join issue with you both, whose talents do honour to your country.

"Gentlemen,
"I am, with great regard,
"Your literary admirer,
"The Editor."

The name of the editor being withheld from the public, doubts were, for some time, entertained as to the genuineness of the fifth stanza, and half of the sixth, which were wanting in the copy published by the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and now first appeared. But all doubts seem at last to have subsided; and late editors of Collins's works have printed the ode from the text of this edition[e]: I, on the present occasion, have followed their example.

Ver. 5. Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth.

The *cordial youth* was Mr. John Barrow. "It was,

[e] "It may be necessary," says Mr. A. Chalmers, in his Biographical Dictionary, (note on art. Collins,) "to guard the reader against a spurious edition of the Ode on the Superstitions, published in London in 1788. 4to. pretendedly for the first time, although the genuine ode had appeared in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh." When Mr. Chalmers wrote the foregoing sentence, was he aware that in his British Poets, he had followed verbatim the text of what he calls a spurious edition of the ode?

I think, in his first visit to London, he [Home] fell in with Collins the poet, perhaps introduced by Mr. Barrow, who, as you suppose, was his fellow-adventurer in the Castle of Doune, and continued through life his warm and affectionate friend, as I too experienced by Home's recommendation. Home's access to lord Bute procured Barrow the office of paymaster to the army during the American war, where [when] scores of millions passed through his hands, and left him returning to England, I believe, nearly as poor as he went."—Letter from Adam Ferguson to Henry Mackenzie, Mackenzie's Life of John Home, p. 126.

Ver. 70. To monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray,
Oft have they seen, etc.

This fifth stanza, and half of the sixth, being deficient in the copy printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, were thus supplied by Mr. Henry Mackenzie:

" Or on some bellying rock that shades the deep,
They view the lurid signs that cross the sky,
Where in the west, the brooding tempests lie;
And hear the first, faint, rustling pennons sweep.
Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark
The broad, unbroken billows heave and swell,
In horrid musings wrapt, they sit to mark
The labouring moon; or list the nightly yell
Of that dread spirit whose gigantic form
The seer's entranced eye can well survey,
Thro' the dim air who guides the driving storm,
And points the wretched bark its destin'd prey.
Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,
O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's waste,
Draws instant down whate'er devoted thing
The falling breeze within its reach hath plac'd—

The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling haste.
Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway,
Silent he broods o'er quicksand, bog, or fen,
Far from the sheltering roof and haunts of men,
When witched darkness shuts the eye of day,
And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the night;
Or, if the drifted snow perplex the way,
With treacherous gleam he lures the fated wight,
And leads him floundering on and quite astray."

Ver. 127. With drooping willows drest, his mournful sprite.

"The apparition of the pale and bloated corpse *with drooping willows drest*, standing before his wife, reminds us of a similar pathetic passage in Ceyx and Alcyone;

Luridus, exangui similis, sine vestibus ullis,
Conjugis ante torum miseræ stetit; uda videtur
Barba viri, madidisque gravis fluere unda capillis.
Metam. xi."—BARBAULD'S ESSAY, p. 48.

Ver. 171. Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there.

"A negative circumstance highly descriptive."—Barbauld's Essay, p. 47.

The following fine stanzas, by the late William Erskine, esq. advocate, are intended to commemorate some Scottish superstitions omitted by Collins: they were first published in the Edinburgh Magazine for April 1788. The poet is supposed to be still addressing Home:

Thy Muse may tell, how, when at evening's close,
To meet her love beneath the twilight shade,
O'er many a broom-clad brae and heathy glade,
In merry mood the village maiden goes;
There, on a streamlet's margin as she lies,
Chaunting some carol till her swain appears,
With visage deadly pale, in pensive guise,
Beneath a wither'd fir his form he rears!

Shrieking and sad, she bends her irie flight,
When, 'mid dire heaths, where flits the taper blue,
The whilst the moon sheds dim a sickly light,
The airy funeral meets her blasted view!
When, trembling, weak, she gains her cottage low,
Where magpies scatter notes of presage wide,
Some one shall tell, while tears in torrents flow,
That, just when twilight dimm'd the green hill's side,
Far in his lonely sheil her hapless shepherd died.

Let these sad strains to lighter sounds give place!
Bid thy brisk viol warble measures gay!
For see! recall'd by thy resistless lay,
Once more the Brownie shows his honest face.
Hail, from thy wanderings long, my much lov'd sprite,
Thou friend, thou lover of the lowly, hail!
Tell, in what realms thou sport'st thy merry night,
Trail'st the long mop, or whirl'st the mimic flail.
Where dost thou deck the much-disorder'd hall,
While the tir'd damsel in Elysium sleeps,
With early voice to drowsy workman call,
Or lull the dame while mirth his vigils keeps?
'Twas thus in Caledonia's domes, 'tis said,
Thou ply'dst the kindly task in years of yore:
At last, in luckless hour, some erring maid
Spread in thy nightly cell of viands store:
Ne'er was thy form beheld among their mountains more.

Then wake (for well thou can'st) that wondrous lay,
How, while around the thoughtless matrons sleep,
Soft o'er the floor the treacherous fairies creep,
And bear the smiling infant far away:
How starts the nurse, when, for her lovely child,
She sees at dawn a gaping idiot stare!
O snatch the innocent from demons vilde,
And save the parents fond from fell despair!
In a deep cave the trusty menials wait,
When from their hilly dens, at midnight's hour,
Forth rush the airy elves in mimic state,
And o'er the moon-light heath with swiftness scour:

In glittering arms the little horsemen shine;
Last, on a milk-white steed, with targe of gold,
A fay of might appears, whose arms entwine
The lost, lamented child! the shepherds bold
The unconscious infant tear from his unhallow'd hold.

TO MISS AURELIA C——R.

These verses, the earliest production of Collins, first appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1739, vol. ix. p. 41. They are there signed *Amasius.*

It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that at page 40 of the same volume of the G. M. are lines *by Amasius;* a signature which is again found attached to copies of verses in volumes 10, 11, and 13; but their mediocrity convinces me that they did not proceed from the pen of Collins.

SONNET.

These lines, written at Winchester college, were first printed, with the signature *Delicatulus,* in the Gentleman's Magazine for October 1739. vol. ix. p. 545. They were sent to that publication, in conjunction with two other poems, (printed in the same number,) *Sappho's Advice,* by J. Warton, and *Beauty and Innocence,* by Tomkyns: (Wool's Life of Dr. J. Warton, p. 107.) In the Gentleman's Magazine for November, vol. ix. p. 601. is an address to Mr. Urban, on the poetry which had appeared in the preceding number of that work, writ-

ten, Mr. Wool informs us, by Dr. Johnson: "We pass on," says the critic, "to three more of the lyric kind, which might do honour to any collection. There belongs to them an happy facility of versification; and the way to the scope, or striking part, is natural and well conducted. Whoever ventures to prefer one, must allow the other two worthy of the same hand: the least, [Collins's Sonnet,] which is a favourite of mine, carries a force mixed with tenderness, and an uncommon elevation."

SONG,

THE SENTIMENTS BORROWED FROM SHAKSPEARE.

When this song was written, or in what publication it originally appeared, I am unable to inform the reader. I find it among the works of Collins, in the collected poets of Anderson, Park, and Chalmers: Mr. Park (who inserted it on an additional leaf) observes to me, that he has now forgotten on what authority he gave it as the production of Collins, but that he must have been satisfied of its genuineness at the time he reprinted it, else he would not have done so.

THE END.

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