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THE
WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTY-THIRD.

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D B Y R . B L Y T H ,

FOR J. BUCKLAND, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. PAYNE
AND SON, L. DAVIS, E. WHITE AND SON, T. LONGMAN,
B. LAW, J. PODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. ROBSON, C. DILLY,
T. CADELL, J. NICHOLS, J. JOHNSON, G. G. J. AND J.
ROBINSON, R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, P. ELMSLY,
T. EVANS, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEY, J. BEW,
N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, J. SEWELL, W. GOLDSMITH,
W. RICHARDSON, T. VERNOR, W. LOWNDES, W. BENT,
W. OTRIDGE, T. AND J. EGERTON, S. HAYES, R. FAUL-
DER, J. EDWARDS, G. AND T. WILKIE, W. NICOLL,
OGILVY AND SPEARE, SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER,
W. FOX, C. STALKER, E. NEWBERY. 1790:

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THE

SIXTY-THIRD VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
M A L L E T,
A N D
PART OF A K E N S I D E.

VOL. LXIII.

2

THE
P O E M S
OF
DAVID MALLET, Esq.

T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM, LORD MANSFIELD,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

JANUARY 1, 1759.

NO man, in ancient Rome, my Lord, would have been surprized, I believe, to see a poet inscribe his works, either to Cicero, or the younger Pliny; not to mention any more amongst her most celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magistrates of the first distinction, and had applied themselves severely to the study of the laws; in which both eminently excelled. They were, at the same time, illustrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the service of their clients and their country. But, as they had both embellished their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has spread, we see, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions; no species of polite literature could be foreign to their taste or patronage. And, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the best poets their respective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviously to every eye, that I am induced

to place your name at the head of this collection, such as it is, of the different things I have written.

“ Nec Phœbo gratior ulla

“ Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.”

And were I as sure, my Lord, that it is deserving of your regard, as I am that these verses were not applied with more propriety at first than they are now; the publick would universally justify my ambition in presenting it to you. But, of that, the public only must and will judge, in the last appeal. There is but one thing, to bespeak their favour and your friendship, that I dare be positive in: without which, you are the last person in Britain to whom I should have thought of addressing it. And this any man may affirm of himself, without vanity; because it is equally in every man's power. Of all that I have written, on any occasion, there is not a line, which I am afraid to own, either as an honest man, a good subject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my Lord, dedicated some few moments, the first day of this new year, to send you, according to good old custom, a present. An humble one, I confess it is; and that can have little other value but what arises from the disposition of the sender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable; for it is indeed an offering rather of the heart than the head; an effusion of those sentiments, which great merit, employed to the best purposes, naturally creates.

May

May you enjoy, my Lord, through the whole course of this and many more years, that sound health of mind and body, which your important labours for the publick so much want, and so justly merit! And may you soon have the satisfaction to see, what I know you so ardently wish, this destructive war, however necessary on our part, concluded by a safe and lasting peace! Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no less useful than ornamental to human life, and that now languish, may again flourish, under the eye and encouragement of those few, who think and feel as you do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain. I am, with the sincerest attachment,

M Y L O R D,

Your most faithful

humble servant.

OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS.

AS the design of the following poem is to rally the abuse of Verbal Criticism, the author could not, without manifest partiality, overlook the Editor of Milton, and the Restorer of Shakespeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample specimens with which that Scholiast has already obliged the publick: and of these, and these only, he pretends to give his opinion. But, whatever he may think of the Critic, not bearing the least ill-will to the Man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the subscription for a new edition of Shakespeare was closed.

He begs leave to add likewise, that this poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the Gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only as it is a public testimony of his inviolable esteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wishes, it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances, with which the town is almost daily pestered.

A MONG the numerous fools, by fate design'd
Oft to disturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The Reading Coxcomb is of special note,
By rule a Poet, and a Judge by rote:
Grave son of idle Industry and Pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.

O fam'd for judging, as for writing well,
That rarest science, where so few excel;

Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends thy lays,
 For wit supreme is but thy second praise : 10
 'Tis thine, O Pope, who chuse the better part,
 To tell how false, how vain, the Scholiast's art,
 Which nor to taste, nor genius has pretence,
 And, if 'tis learning, is not common sense.

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud, 15
 For trifles eager, positive, and proud ;
 Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
 With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,
 What every dunce from every dunghill drew
 Of literary offals, old or new, 20
 Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,
 Of points and letters, chaff and straws, to write :
 Sagely resolv'd to swell each bulky piece
 With venerable toys, from Rome and Greece ;
 How oft, in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair ; 25
 If Aristotle's cap were round or square ;
 If in the cave, where Dido first was sped,
 To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.

Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
 That store a Bentley's and a Burman's brain : 30
 Hence, Plato quoted, or the Stagyrice,
 To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white :
 Hence, much hard study, without sense or breeding,
 And all the grave impertinence of reading.
 If Shakespeare says, the noon-day sun is bright, 35
 His Scholiast will remark, it then was light ;
 Turn Caxton, Winkin, each old Goth and Hun,
 To rectify the reading of a pun.

Thus

Thus, nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool! 40

But is there then no honour due to age?
No reverence to great Shakespeare's noble page?
And he, who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to restore,
Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays, 45
Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Would-be pays?

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who first created, and yet rules, the stage,
Bold to design, all-powerful to express,
Shakespeare each passion drew in every dress: 50
Great above rule, and imitating none;
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own.
Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay:
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.
Now, eagle-wing'd, his heavenward flight he takes;
The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes: 56
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps;
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.

Such was the Poet: next the Scholiast view;
Faint through the colouring, yet the features true. 60

Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He, with low industry, goes gleaning on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none:
His brother book-worm so, in shelf or stall,
Will feed alike on Woolston and on Paul.
By living clients hopeless now of bread,
He pettyfogs a scrap from authors dead:

See him on Shakespeare pore, intent to steal
 Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal. 70
 Such that grave bird in northern seas is found,
 Whose name a Dutchman only knows to found.
 Where-e'er the king of fish moves on before,
 This humble friend attends from shore to shore;
 With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd, 75
 He picks up what his patron drops behind;
 With those choice cates his palate to regale,
 And is the careful Tibbald of a whale.

Blest genius! who bestows his oil and pains
 On each dull passage, each dull book contains; 80
 The toil more grateful, as the task more low:
 So carrion is the quarry of a crow.
 Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,
 There, most exact the reading to restore;
 By dint of plodding, and by sweat of face, 85
 A bull to change, a blunder to replace:
 Whate'er is refuse critically gleaning,
 And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.

V. 78. This remarkable bird is called the Strundt-Jager. Here you see how he purchases his food: and the same author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. You may see him, adds the Dutchman, frequently pursuing a sort of sea-mew, called Kulge-Gehef, whom he torments incessantly to make him void an excrement; which being liquid, serves him, I imagine, for drink. See a Collection of Voyages to the North.

For this, dread Dennis (* and who can forbear,
 Duncce or not Duncce, relating it, to stare ?) 90
 His head though jealous, and his years fourscore,
 Ev'n Dennis praises, who ne'er prais'd before!
 For this, the Scholiast claims his share of fame,
 And, modest, prints his own with Shakespeare's name ;
 How justly, Pope, in this short story view ; 95
 Which may be dull, and therefore should be true.

A Prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
 Who sense with sound, and truth with rhetoric mixt,
 Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
 Inspir'd himself, his happy hearers charm'd. 100
 The sermon o'er, the croud remain'd behind,
 And freely, man or woman, spoke their mind :
 All said they lik'd the lecture from their soul,
 And each, remembering something, prais'd the whole.
 At last an honest sexton join'd the throng 105
 (For as the theme was large, their talk was long) ;
 Neighbours, he cry'd, my conscience bids me tell,
 Though 'twas the Doctor preach'd—I toll'd the bell.

In this the Critic's folly most is shown :
 Is there a Genius all-unlike his own, 110
 With learning elegant, with wit well bred,
 And, as in books, in men and manners read ;
 Himself with poring erudition blind,
 Unknowing, as unknown of human kind ;

V. 89. ——— * “ Quis talia fando
 Myrmidonum, Do'opumve,” &c. ——— VIRG.

V. 92. See the Dedication of his Remarks on the Dunciad to
 Mr. Lewis Theobald.

That Writer he selects, with aukward aim 115
 His sense, at once, to mimic and to maim.
 So Florio is a fop, with half a nose:
 So fat West Indian Planters dress at Beaux.
 Thus, gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,
 And Horace, strange to say, tun'd Bentley's voice. 120

Horace, whom all the Graces taught to please,
 Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease;
 His genius social, as his judgement clear;
 When frolic, prudent; smiling when severe;
 Secure, each temper, and each taste to hit, 125
 His was the curious happiness of wit.
 Skill'd in that noblest Science, How to live;
 Which Learning may direct, but Heaven must give;
 Grave with Agrippa, with Mæcenas gay;
 Among the Fair, but just as wise as they: 130
 First in the friendships of the Great enroll'd,
 The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lyttletons, of old.

While Bentley, long to wrangling schools confin'd,
 And, but by books, acquainted with mankind,
 Dares, in the fulness of the pedant's pride, 135
 Rhyme, though no genius; though no judge, decide.
 Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
 Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part:
 Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's head;
 Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead. 140
 To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
 He makes them write what never Poet writ:

The Roman Muse arraigns his mangling pen;
 And Paradise, by him, is lost again.
 Such was his doom impos'd by Heaven's decree, 145
 With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see,
 The low to swell, to level the sublime,
 To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.
 Great eldest-born of Dullness, blind and bold!
 Tyrant! more cruel than Procrustes old; 150
 Who, to his iron-bed, by torture, fits,
 Their nobler part, the souls of suffering Wits.

Such is the Man, who heaps his head with bays,
 And calls on human kind to sound his praise,
 For points transfac'd with curious want of skill, 155
 For flatten'd sounds, and sense amended ill.
 So wise Caligula, in days of yore,
 His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore,
 Swore he had rifled ocean's rich spoils,
 And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils. 160

Yet be his merits, with his faults, confess:
 Fair-dealing, as the plainest, is the best.

V. 144. This sagacious Scholiast is pleas'd to create an imaginary editor of Milton; who, he says, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, lost Paradise a second time. This is a postulatum which surely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him; because otherwise he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Milton himself, in the person of this phantom, fool, ignorant, idiot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully bestows on him. But, though he had no taste in poetry, he was otherwise a man of very considerable abilities, and of great erudition.

Long lay the Critic's work, with trifles stor'd,
 Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.
 Men, so well read, who confidently wrote, 165
 Their readers could have sworn, were men of note :
 To pass upon the croud for great or rare,
 Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare.
 For these blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,
 Writ English notes—and mankind undeceiv'd : 170
 In such clear light the serious folly plac'd,
 Ev'n thou, Browne Willis, thou may'st see the jest.

But what can cure our vanity of mind,
 Deaf to reproof, and to discovery blind ?
 Let Crooke, a Brother-Sholiast Shakespeare call, 175
 Tibbald, to Hesiod-Cooke returns the ball.
 So runs the circle still : in this, we see
 The lackies of the Great and Learn'd agree.
 If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
 Whence Europe, in suspense, attends her fate ; 180
 In mimic session their grave footmen meet,
 Reduce an army, or equip a fleet :
 And, rivaling the critic's lofty stile,
 Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyll.

Yet those, whom pride and dulness join to blind, 185
 To narrow cares in narrow space confin'd,
 Though with big titles each his fellow greets,
 Are but to wits, as scavenger's to streets :
 The humble black-guards of a Pope or Gay,
 To brush off dust, and wipe their spots away. 190

Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art ;
 Fume to the head, or poison to the heart.

Where

Where ancient Authors hint at things obscene,
 The Scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean.
 Disclosing each dark vice, well lost to fame, 195
 And adding fuel to redundant flame,
 He, sober pimp to lechery, explains
 What Capreæ's Isle, or V* 's Alcove contains :
 Why Paulus, for his fordid temper known,
 Was lavish, to his father's wife alone : 200
 Why those fond female visits duly paid
 To tuneful Incuba ; and what her trade :
 How modern love has made so many martyrs,
 And which keeps ofteneft, Lady C*, or Chartres.
 But who their various follies can explain ? 205
 'The tale is infinite, the task were vain.
 'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought ;
 To sum the libels Pryn or Withers wrote ;
 To guefs, ere one epistle saw the light,
 How many dunces met, and club'd their mite ; 210
 To vouch for truth what Welsted prints of Pope,
 Or from the brother-boobies steal a trope.
 'That be the part of persevering Waffe,
 With pen of lead ; or, Arnall, thine of brafs ;

V. 209. * See a Poem published some time ago under that title, said to be the production of several ingenious and prolific heads ; one contributing a simile, another a character, and a certain gentleman four shrewd lines wholly made up of asterisks.

V. 213. See the Preface to his edition of Sallust ; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of sixteen annotators by him collected, besides his own.

A text for Henley, or a gloss for Hearne, 215
 Who loves to teach, what no man cares to learn.

How little, knowledge reaps from toils like these!
 Too doubtful to direct, too poor to please.
 Yet, Critics, would your tribe deserve a name,
 And, fairly useful, rise to honest fame; 220
 First, from the head, a load of lumber move,
 And, from the volume, all yourselves approve:
 For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us sense,
 Or learning, clear from learn'd impertinence,
 Where moral meaning, or where taste presides, 225
 And wit enlivens but what reason guides:
 Great without swelling, without meanness plain;
 Serious, not silly; sportive, but not vain;
 On trifles slight, on things of use profound,
 In quoting sober, and in judging sound.

V E R S E S

PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, ON HIS
 VISITING OXFORD,
 IN THE YEAR M,DCC,XXXIV.

RECEIVE, lov'd prince, the tribute of our praise,
 This hasty welcome, in unfinish'd lays.
 At best, the pomp of song, the paint of art,
 Display the genius, but not speak the heart;
 And oft, as ornament must truth supply,
 Are but the splendid colouring of a lie.
 These need not here; for to a soul like thine,
 Truth, plain and simple, will more lovely shine.

The

The truly good but wish the verse sincere :

They court no flattery, who no censure fear.

Such Nassau is, the fairest, gentlest mind,
 In blooming youth the Titus of mankind,
 Crouds, who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,
 Forgot the prince, to praise and love the man.
 Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with ease!
 Our nobler youth will learn of thee to please :
 Thy bright example shall our world adorn,
 And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.

Nor deem this verse from venal art proceeds,
 That vice of courts, the soil for baneful weeds.
 Here candor dwells ; here honest truths are taught,
 To guide and govern, not disguise, the thought.
 See these enlighten'd Sages, who preside
 O'er learning's empire ; see the youth they guide :
 Behold, all faces are in transport dress !
 But those most wonder, who discern thee best.
 At sight of thee, each free-born heart receives
 A joy, the sight of princes rarely gives ;
 From tyrants sprung, and oft themselves design'd,
 By Fate, the future Neroes of their kind :
 But though thy blood, we know, transmitted springs
 From laurel'd heroes, and from warrior-kings,
 Through that high series, we, delighted, trace
 The friends of liberty, and human race !

Oh, born to glad and animate our Isle !
 For thee, our heavens look pleas'd, our seasons smile :
 For thee, late object of our tender fears,
 When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,

All-cheering Health, the goddess rosy-fair,
 Attended by soft funs, and vernal air,
 Sought those* fam'd springs, where, each afflictive hour,
 Disease, and age, and pain, invoke her power:
 She came; and, while to thee the current flows,
 Pour'd all herself, and in thy cup arose.
 Hence, to thy cheek, that instant bloom deriv'd:
 Hence, with thy health, the weeping world reviv'd!

Proceed to emulate thy race divine:

A life of action, and of praise, be thine.
 Assert the titles genuine to thy blood,
 By Nature, daring; but by reason, good.
 So great, so glorious thy forefathers shone,
 No son of theirs must hope to live unknown:
 Their deeds will place thy virtue full in sight;
 Thy vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light.
 If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,
 Think what the world may claim, and thou must do:
 The honours, that already grace thy name,
 Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame.
 Ev'n she, bright Anna, whom thy worth has won,
 Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun:
 Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted fair
 Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care.
 O, be your nuptials crown'd with glad increase
 Of sons, in war renown'd, and great in peace;
 Of daughters, fair and faithful, to supply
 The patriot-race, till Nature's self shall die!

* Bath.

VERSES

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY DR. FRAZER'S REBUILDING
PART OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

IN times long past, ere Wealth was Learning's foe,
And dar'd despise the worth he would not know;
Ere mitred pride, which arts alone had rais'd,
Those very arts, in others saw, unprais'd;
Friend to mankind, * a prelate, good and great,
The Muses courted to this safe retreat:
Fix'd each fair virgin, decent, in her cell,
With learned leisure, and with peace to dwell.
The fabric finish'd, to the † sovereign's fame,
His own neglecting, he transferr'd his claim.
Here, by successive worthies, well was taught
Whate'er enlightens, or exalts the thought.
With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
The various tree of knowledge flourish'd fair:
Soft and serene the kindly seasons roll'd,
And Science long enjoy'd her age of gold.

Now, dire reverse! impair'd by lapse of years,
A falling waste the Muses' seat appears.
O'er her gray roofs, with baneful ivy bound,
Time, sure destroyer, walks his hostile round:
Silent, and slow, and ceaseless in his toil,
He mines each wall, he moulders every pile!

* Bishop Elphinston.

† Calling it King's College, in compliment to James II.

Ruin hangs hovering o'er the fated place :
 And dumb Oblivion comes with mended pace.

Sad Learning's genius, with a father's fear,
 Beheld the total desolation near :
 Beheld the Muses stretch the wing to fly ;
 And fix'd on heaven his sorrow-streaming eye !

From heaven, in that dark hour, commission'd came
 Mild Charity, ev'n there the foremost name.

Swift Pity flew before her, softly bright ;
 At whose felt influence, Nature smil'd with light.

“ Hear, and rejoice !—the gracious Power begun—
 “ Already, fir'd by me thy favourite son,
 “ This ruin'd scene remarks with filial eyes ;
 “ And, from its fall, bids fairer fabrics rise.
 “ Ev'n now, behold ! where crumbling fragments grey,
 “ In dust deep-bury'd, lost to memory lay,
 “ The column swells, the well-knit arches bend,
 “ The round dome widens, and the roofs ascend !
 “ Nor ends the bounty thus : by him bestow'd,
 “ Here, Science shall her richest stores unload.
 “ Whate'er, long-hid, Philosophy has found ;
 “ Or the Muse sung, with living lawrel crown'd ;
 “ Or History descry'd, far-looking sage,
 “ In the dark doubtfulness of distant age ;
 “ These, thy best wealth, with curious choice combin'd,
 “ Now treasur'd here, shall form the studious mind :
 “ To wits unborn the wanted succours give,
 “ And fire the Bard, whom Genius means to live.

“ But, teach thy sons the gentle laws of peace ;
 “ Let low Self-love and pedant-Discord cease :

“ Their

" Their object Truth, Utility their aim,
 " One social spirit reign, in all the same.
 " Thus aided arts shall with fresh vigour shoot ;
 " Their cultur'd blossoms ripen into fruit ;
 " Thy faded star dispense a brighter ray,
 " And each glad Muse renew her noblest lay,"

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

S I E G E O F D A M A S C U S.

S P O K E N B Y L O R D S A N D W I C H.

WHEN arts and arms, beneath Eliza's smile,
 Spread wide their influence o'er this happy isle ;
 A golden reign, uncurst with party rage,
 That foe to taste, and tyrant of our age ;
 Ere all our learning in a libel lay,
 And all our talk, in politics, or play :
 The statesman oft would soothe his toils with wit,
 What Spenser sung, and Nature's Shakespeare writ ;
 Or to the laurel'd grove, at times, retire,
 There, woo the Muse, and wake the moving lyre.

As fair examples, like ascending morn,
 The world at once enlighten and adorns ;
 From them diffus'd, the gentle arts of peace
 Shot brightening o'er the land, with swift increase :

Rough nature soften'd into grace and ease ;
Sense grew polite, and science fought to please.

Reliev'd from yon rude scene of party-din,
Where open Baseness vies with secret Sin,
And safe embower'd in * Woburn's airy groves,
Let us recall the times our taste approves ;
Awaken to our aid the mourning Muse ;
Through every bosom tender thought infuse ;
Melt angry Faction into moral sense,
And to his guests a Bedford's soul dispense.

And now, while Spring extends her smiling reign,
Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain ;
While genial Nature breathes, from hill and dale,
Health, fragrance, gladness, in the living gale ;
The various softness, stealing through the heart,
Impressions sweetly social, will impart.
When sad Eudocia pours her hopeless woe,
The tear of pity will unbidden flow !
When erring Phocyas, whom wild passions blind,
Holds up himself, a mirror for mankind ;
An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn :
And, conscious, Nature is in all the same,
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame !

* The Siege of Damascus was acted at Woburn, by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Sandwich, and some other persons of distinction, in the month of May, 1743.

E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

B R O T H E R S,

A T R A G E D Y, B Y D R. Y O U N G.

TO woman, sure, the most severe affliction
 Is, from these fellows, point-blank contradiction.
 Our Bard, without—I wish he would appear—
 Ud! I would give it him—but you shall hear—

Good Sir! quoth I—and curtsy'd as I spoke—
 Our pit, you know, expects and loves a joke—
 'Twere fit to humour them: for, right or wrong,
 True Britons never like the same thing long.
 To-day is fair—they strut, huff, swear, harangue:—
 To-morrow's foul—they sneak aside, and hang.
 Is there a war—peace! peace! is all their cry:
 The peace is made—then, blood! they'll fight and die.

Gallants, in talking thus, I meant no treason:
 I would have brought, you see, the man to reason.
 But with some folks, 'tis labour lost to strive:
 A reasoning mule will neither lead nor drive,
 He hum'd, and haw'd; then, waking from his dream,
 Cry'd, I must preach to you his moral scheme.

A scheme, forsooth ! to benefit the nation !
 Some queer, odd whim of pious propagation ! *
 Lord ! talk so, here—the man must be a widgeon :—
 Drury may propagate—but not Religion.

Yet, after all, to give the Devil his due,
 Our Author's scheme, though strange, is wholly new :
 Well, shall the novelty then recommend it ?
 If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
 For drums and routs, make him a while your passion,
 A little while let Virtue be the fashion :
 And, spite of real or imagin'd blunders,
 Ev'n let him live, nine days, like other wonders.

P R O L O G U E

T O

MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON. †

WHEN this decisive night, at length, appears,
 The night of every author's hopes and fears,
 What shifts to bribe applause, poor poets try !
 In all the forms of wit they court and lye :
 These meanly beg it, as an alms ; and those,
 By boastful bluster dazzle and impose.

* The profits arising from this play were intended to be given, by the Author, to the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge.

† See the Prologue to Sophonisba, a joint production of Pope and Mallet's, in the forty-sixth Volume of this Collection.

Nor

Nor poorly fearful, nor securely vain,
 Ours would, by honest ways, that grace obtain;
 Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly try'd :
 And then—let candor, fairly too, decide.
 He courts no friend, who blindly comes to praise ;
 He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raise.

Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own,
 He aims to please, by noble means alone ;
 By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,
 Inspiring nature, and directing art ;
 By scenes, so wrought, as may applause command
 More from the judging head, than thundering hand.

Important is the moral we would teach—
 Oh may this island practise what we preach—
 Vice in its first approach with care to shun ;
 The wretch, who once engages, is undone.
 Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so straight,
 What first was accident, at last is fate :
 Guilt's hapless servant sinks into a slave ;
 And Virtue's last sad strugglings cannot save.

“ As such our fair attempt, we hope to see
 “ Our judges,—here at least—from influence free :
 “ One place,—unbias'd yet by party-rage,—
 “ Where only honour votes—the British stage.
 “ We ask for justice, for indulgence sue :
 “ Our last best licence must proceed from you.”

I M P R O M P T U,

ON A LADY, WHO HAD PASSED SOME TIME IN
PLAYING WITH A VERY YOUNG CHILD.

WH Y, on this least of little Misses,
Did Celia waste so many kisses?
Quoth Love, who stood behind and smil'd,
She kiss'd the father in the child.

E P I G R A M,

ON SEEING TWO PERSONS PASS BY IN VERY
DIFFERENT EQUIPAGES.

IN modern, as in ancient days,
See what the Muses have to brag on:
The Player in his own post-chaise;
The Poet in a carrier's waggon!

E P I G R A M,

ON A CERTAIN LORD'S PASSION FOR A SINGER.

NERINA's angel-voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights:
How whimsical her Strephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be she cruel, be she kind,
Love! strike her dumb, or make him blind.

A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

APPLIED TO THE SAME PERSON.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
 Thy head into a tin-man's shop?
 There, Thomas, didst thou never see—
 'Tis but by way of simile—
 A squirrel spend its little rage,
 In jumping round a rolling cage?
 Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
 The foolish creature thinks it climbs;
 But here or there, turn wood or wire,
 It never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with this little Peer,
 So busy and so buffling here;
 For ever flirting up and down,
 And frisking round his cage, the town.
 A world of nothing in his chat,
 Of who said this, and who did that:
 With families, that never hit;
 Vivacity, that has no wit;
 Schemes laid this hour, the next forsaken;
 Advice oft ask'd, but never taken:
 Still whirl'd, by every rising whim,
 From that to this, from her to him;
 And when he hath his circle run,
 He ends—just where he first begun.

ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

STILL hovering round the fair at sixty-four,
 Unfit to love, unable to give o'er ;
 A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
 Awake to buz, but not alive to sting ;
 Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can ;
 The teasing ghost of the departed man.

ON I. H. ESQ.

THE youth had wit himself, and could afford
 A witty neighbour his good word.
 Though scandal was his joy, he would not swear :
 An oath had made the ladies stare,
 At them he duly dress'd, but without passion :
 His only mistress was the fashion.
 Her verse with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint ;
 His prose, with sense, correctly quaint.
 Trifles he lov'd ; he tasted arts :
 At once a fribble, and a man of parts.

A F R A G M E N T.

* * *

FAIR morn ascends : soft zephyr's wing
 O'er hill and vale renews the spring :
 Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,
 Of balmy smell, of healing power,

Their

Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
 And breathe fresh life in every gale.
 Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,
 Where, sweetly pensive, Silence reigns ;
 And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
 A mountain fades into the sky ;
 While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
 A river rolls with sounding sweep.
 Of human art no traces near,
 I seem alone with Nature here !

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health !
 The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth ;
 The seasoning of all good below !
 The sovereign friend in joy or woe !
 O thou, most courted, most despis'd,
 And but in absence duly priz'd !
 Power of the soft and rosy face !
 The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
 The spirits when they gayest shine,
 Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine !
 O sun of life ! whose heavenly ray
 Lights up, and cheers, our various day,
 The turbulence of hopes and fears,
 The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
 Till Nature, with thy parting light,
 Reposes late in Death's calm night :
 Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
 Abodes of splendid pain and hate ;
 Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
 Hot riot would his anguish steep,

But

But tosses through the midnight-shade,
 Of death, of life, alike afraid ;
 For ever fled to shady cell,
 Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell ;
 Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
 Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn :
 Or on the brow of mountain high,
 In silence feasting ear and eye,
 With song and prospect, which abound
 From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noontide ray,
 Flames forth intolerable day ;
 While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
 With Thirst and Languor in his train ;
 All nature sickening in the blaze :
 Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
 That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
 Impendent from the neighbouring steep,
 Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
 Where breathing coolness has her seat.

There, plung'd amid the shadows brown,
 Imagination lays him down ;
 Attentive, in his airy mood,
 To every murmur of the wood :
 The bee in yonder flowery nook ;
 The chidings of the headlong brook ;
 The green leaf shivering in the gale ;
 The warbling hill, the lowing vale ;
 The distant woodman's echoing stroke ;
 The thunder of the falling oak,

From thought to thought in vision led,
 He holds high converse with the dead ;
 Sages, or Poets. See they rise !
 And shadowy skim before his eyes.
 Hark ! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
 That softens savages to men :
 Lo ! Socrates, the sent of heaven,
 To whom its moral will was given.
 Fathers and friends of human kind,
 They form'd the nations, or refin'd ;
 With all that mends the head and heart,
 Enlightening truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,
 At once the founding breeze was laid :
 And Nature, by the unknown law,
 Shook deep with reverential awe.
 Dumb silence grew upon the hour ;
 A browner night involv'd the bower :
 When, issuing from the inmost wood,
 Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.
 O Freedom ! sovereign boon of heaven ;
 Great charter, with our being given ;
 For which the patriot, and the sage,
 Have plann'd, have bled through every age !
 High privilege of human race,
 Beyond a mortal monarch's grace :
 Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
 What but from God immediate came !

* * * *

CUPID

C U P I D A N D H Y M E N :

O R T H E

W E D D I N G - D A Y .

TH E rising morn, serenely still,
 Had brightening spread o'er vale and hill,
 Not those loose beams that wanton play,
 To light the mirth of giddy May ;
 Nor such red heats as burn the plain, 5
 In ardent Summer's feverish reign :
 But rays, all equal; soft and sober,
 To suit the second of October ;
 To suit the pair, whose wedding-day
 This sun now gilds with annual ray. 10

Just then, where our good-natur'd Thames is
 Some four short miles above St. James's,
 And deigns, with silver-streaming wave,
 Th' abodes of earth-born pride to lave,
 Aloft in air two gods were soaring ; 15
 While Putney-cits beneath lay snoring,
 Plung'd deep in dreams of ten per cent,
 On fums to their dear country lent :
 Two gods of no inferior fame,
 Whom ancient wits with reverence name ; 20
 Though wiser moderns much disparage—
 I mean the Gods of Love and Marriage.

But

But Cupid first, his wit to shew,
 Assuming a mere modern beau,
 Whose utmost aim is idle mirth, 25
 Look'd—just as coxcombs look on earth :
 Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
 To grace this common-place chit-chat ;
 How! on the wing, by break of dawn!
 Dear brother—there he forc'd a yawn— 30
 To tell men, sunk in sleep profound,
 They must, ere night, be gag'd and bound !
 Who, having once put on thy chain,
 'Tis odds, may ne'er sleep sound again.
 So say the wits : but wiser folks 35
 Still marry, and contemn their jokes :
 They know, each better blifs is thine,
 Pure nectar, genuine from the vine !
 And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
 Which never fails, nor ever fours ; 40
 Well, be it so : yet there are fools,
 Who dare demur to former rules ;
 Who laugh profanely at their betters,
 And find no freedom plac'd in fetters ;
 But, well or ill, jog on through life 45
 Without that sovereign blifs, a wife.
 Leave these at least, these sad dogs free,
 To stroll with Bacchus and with me ;
 And sup, in Middlesex, or Surrey,
 On coarse cold beef, and Fanny Murray. 50

Thus Cupid—and with such a leer,
 You would have sworn 'twas Ligonier.

While Hymen soberly reply'd,
 Yet with an air of conscious pride:-
 Just come from yonder wretched scene, 55
 Where all is venal, false, and mean,
 (Looking on London as he spoke)
 I marvel not at thy dull joke;
 Nor, in such cant, to hear thee vapour,
 Thy quiver lin'd with South-sea paper; 60
 Thine arrows feather'd, at the tail,
 With India-bonds, for hearts on sale;
 Their other ends too, as is meet,
 Tipp'd with gold points from Lombard-street.
 But could'st thou for a moment quit 65
 These airs of fashionable wit,
 And re-assume thy nobler name—
 Look that way, where I turn my flame—
 He said, and held his torch inclin'd,
 Which, pointed so, still brighter shin'd— 70
 Behold yon couple, arm in arm,
 Whom I, eight years, have known to charm;
 And, while they wear my willing chains,
 A god dares swear that neither feigns.
 This morn that bound their mutual vow, 75
 That blest them first, and blesses now,
 They grateful hail! and, from the soul,
 With thousands o'er both heads may roll;
 Till, from life's banquet, either guest,
 Embracing, may retire to rest. 80
 Come then, all raillery laid aside,
 Let this their day serenely glide:

With

With mine thy ferious aim unite,
 And both some proper gueſts invite ;
 That not one minute's running ſand
 85
 May find their pleaſures at a ſtand.

At this ſevere and ſad rebuke,
 Enough to make a coxcomb puke ;
 Poor Cupid, bluſhing, ſhrug'd and winc'd,
 Not yet conſenting, though convinc'd :
 90
 For 'tis your witling's greateſt terror,
 Ev'n when he feels, to own, his error.

Yet, with a look of arch grimace,
 He took his penitential face :
 Said, 'twas, perhaps, the ſurer play,
 95
 To give your grave good ſouls their way :
 That, as true humour was grown ſcarce,
 He choſe to ſee a ſober farce ;
 For, of all cattle and all fowl,
 Your ſolemn-looking aſs and owl
 100
 Rais'd much more mirth, he durſt aver it,
 Than thoſe jack-puddings, pug and parrot.

He ſaid, and eaſtward ſpread his wing,
 From London ſome few friends to bring.
 His brother too, with ſober cheer,
 105
 For the ſame end did weſtward ſteer :
 But firſt, a penſive love forlorn,
 Who three long weeping years has borne
 His torch revers'd, and all around,
 Where once it flam'd, with cypreſs bound,
 110
 Sent off, to call a neighbouring friend,
 On whom the mournful train attend :

And bid him, this one day, at least,
 For such a pair, at such a feast,
 Strip off the fable veil, and wear 115
 His once-gay look and happier air.

But Hymen, speeding forward still,
 Observ'd * a man on Richmond-hill,
 Who now first tries a country life ;
 Perhaps, to fit him for a wife. 120

But, though not much on this he reckon'd,
 The passing god look'd in and beckon'd :
 He knows him rich in social merit,
 With independent taste and spirit ;
 Though he will laugh with men of whim, 125
 For fear such men should laugh at him.

But lo, already on his way,
 In due observance of the day,
 A friend and favourite of the Nine,
 Who can, but seldom cares to shine, 130
 And one sole virtue would arrive at—
 To keep his many virtues private.
 Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by stealth,
 His lov'd companions ease and health :
 Or in his garden, barring out 135
 The noise of every neighbouring rout,
 At penfive hour of eve and prime,
 Marks how the various hand of time
 Now feeds and rears, now starves and slaughters,
 His vegetable sons and daughters. 140

* A. Mitchell, Esq. Minister at the Court of Prussia.

While these are on their way, behold!

Dan Cupid, from his London-fold,
First seeks and sends his new Lord Warden *

Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden :

Brave as the sword he wears in fight ; 145

Sincere, and briefly in the right ;

Whom never minister or king

Saw meanly cringing in their ring.

A second see ! of special note,

Plump Comus † in a colonel's coat ; 150

Whom we, this day, expect from far,

A jolly first-rate man of war ;

On whom we boldly dare repose.

To meet our friends, or meet our foes.

Or comes a brother in his stead ? 155

Strong-body'd too, and strong of head :

Who, in whatever path he goes,

Still looks right on before his nose ;

And holds it little less than treason,

To baulk his stomach or his reason. 160

'True to his mistress and his meat,

He eats to love, and loves to eat.

* The late General Skelton. He had just then purchased a House in Henrietta-street.

† The late Col. Caroline Scott ; who, though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active ; and who, to much skill, spirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greatest gentleness of manners as a companion and friend. He died a sacrifice to the public, in the service of the East-India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.

Last comes a virgin—pray admire her!
 Cupid himself attends, to squire her:
 A welcome guest! we much had miss her; 165
 For 'tis our Kitty, or his sister.
 But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
 Snap up this lamb, to shear her wool;
 No teague of that unblushing band,
 Just landed, or about to land; 170
 Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurse,
 To steal an heiress or a purse.
 No scraping, saving, faucy cit,
 Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit;
 No half-form'd insect of a Peer, 175
 With neither land nor conscience clear;
 Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,
 Just spell the motto on his landau.
 From all, from each of these defend her;
 But thou and Hymen both befriend her, 180
 With truth, taste, honour, in a mate,
 And much good sense, and some estate.
 But now, suppose th' assembly met,
 And round the table cordial set;
 While in fair order, to their wish, 185
 Plain neatness sends up every dish,
 And Pleasure at the side-board stands,
 A nectar'd goblet in his hands,
 To pour libations, in due measure,
 As Reason wills when join'd with Pleasure— 190
 Let these white moments all be gay,
 Without one cloud of dim allay:

In every face let joy be seen,
 As truth sincere, as hope serene :
 Let Friendship, Love, and Wit combine, 195
 To flavour both the meat and wine,
 With that rich relish to each sense,
 Which they, and they alone, dispense ;
 Let Music too their mirth prolong,
 With warbled air and festive song : 200
 Then, when at eve, the star of love
 Glows with soft radiance from above,
 And each companionable guest
 Withdraws, replenish'd, not oppress,
 Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting say— 205
 My life be such a wedding-day !

E P I G R A M :

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS, M,DCC,LX.

WHEN Churchill led his legions on,
 Success still follow'd where he shone.
 And are those triumphs, with the dead,
 All from his house, for ever fled ?
 Not so : by softer surer arms,
 They yet survive in beauty's charms ;
 For, look on blooming Pembroke's face,
 Even now he triumphs in his race.

A N O D E

I N T H E

M A S Q U E O F A L F R E D :

SUNG BY A SHEPHERDESS WHO HAS LOST HER
LOVER IN THE WARS.

A Youth, adorn'd with every art,
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine posselt.
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straightest grows,
His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale,
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy Nature taught to please,
Whom Honour made sincere.

At morn he left me—fought—and fell!
'The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed:
Tears that must ever, ever fall;
For ah! no sighs the past recall,
No cries awake the dead!

T H E

T H E

E X C U R S I O N:

A

P O E M.

I N

T W O C A N T O S.

C O N T E N T S.

C A N T O I.

INVOCATION, addressed to Fancy. Subject proposed; a short excursive survey of the Earth and Heavens. The poem opens with a description of the face of Nature in the different scenes of morning, sun-rise, noon, with a thunder-storm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceased.

With the return of morning Fancy continues her excursion, first northward—A view of the arctic continent and the deserts of Tartary—From thence southward: a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the mid-land part of Europe, suppose Italy. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an earthquake: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the same time and from the same causes, likewise described.

C A N T O II.

Contains, on the same plan, a survey of the solar system, and of the fixed stars.

This poem is among the author's earliest performances. Whether the writing may, in some degree, atone for the irregularity of the composition, which he confesses, and does not even attempt to excuse, is submitted entirely to the candour of the reader.

THE
E X C U R S I O N.

C A N T O I.

COMPANION of the Muse, creative power,
Imagination! at whose great command
Arise unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring: thou, who can'st at will
People with air-born shapes the silent wood,
And solitary vale, thy own domain,
Where Contemplation haunts; Oh come, invoc'd,
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing,
O'er Earth's extended space: and thence, on high,
Spread to superior Worlds thy bolder flight,
Excursive, unconfin'd. Hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man—

To yon expanse of plains, where Truth delights,
Simple of heart; and, hand in hand with her,
Where blameless Virtue walks. Now parting Spring,
Parent of beauty and of song, has left
His mantle, flower-embroider'd on the ground.
While Summer laughing comes, and bids the Months
Crown his prime season with their choicest stores;
Fresh roses opening to the solar ray,
And fruits slow-swelling on the loaded bough.

Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,

Heard

Heard from the distant village in the vale,
Crows chearly out, far-sounding through the gloom.
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-sky,
She rules the fable hour : and calls her train
Of visionary fears; the shrouded ghost,
The dream distressful, and th' encumbent hag,
That rise to Fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While Reason slumbering lies. At once they fly,
As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.

And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of heaven,
From east to north in doubtful twilight seen,
A whitening lustre shoots its tender beam ;
While shade and silence yet involve the ball.
Now sacred Morn, ascending, smiles serene
A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world.
Gay daughter of the air, for ever young,
For ever pleasing ! lo, she onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure loose-array'd,
Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues. At her approach,
The western grey of yonder breaking clouds
Slow-reddens into flame : the rising mists,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling spires ; and open all his woods,
High waving in the sky : th' uncolour'd stream,
Beneath her glowing ray, translucent shines.
Glad Nature feels her through her boundless realms
Of life and sense : and calls forth all her sweets,
Fragrance and song. From each unfolding flower
Transpires the balm of life, that Zephyr wafts,
Delicious, on his rosy wing : each bird,

Or high in air, or secret in the shade,
 Rejoicing warbles wild his morn'ning hymn.
 While beasts of chase, by secret instinct mov'd,
 Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging into night,
 In brake, or cavern, slumber out the day.

Invited by the cheerful morn'ning abroad,
 See, from his humble roof, the good Man comes
 To taste her freshness, and improve her rise
 In holy musing. Rapture in his eye,
 And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul,
 With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise!

Now Industry is up. The village pours
 Her useful sons abroad to various toil:
 The labourer here, with every instrument
 Of future plenty arm'd; and there the swain,
 A rural king amid his subject-flocks,
 Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.
 The traveller, too, pursues his early road,
 Among the dews of morn'. Aurora calls:
 And all the living landscape moves around.

But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense
 With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
 O'er heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume
 Their gayest liveries; these with silvery beams
 Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid gold:
 And speak their sovereign's state. He comes, behold!
 Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
 The King of Glory! round his head divine,
 Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow,
 As o'er the Indian wave up-rising fair

He looks abroad on Nature, and invests,
 Where-e'er his universal eye surveys,
 Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea, and sky,
 In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.

From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain,
 Half-way up heaven ambitious, brown with woods
 Of broadest shade, and terraced round with walks,
 Winding and wild, that deep embowering rise,
 Maze above maze, through all its shelter'd height;
 From hence, th' aërial concave without cloud,
 Translucent, and in purest azure drest;
 The boundless scene beneath, hill, dale, and plain;
 The precipice abrupt; the distant deep,
 Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge;
 'The nearest forest in wide circuit spread,
 Solemn recess, whose solitary walks,
 Fair Truth and Wisdom love; the bordering lawn,
 With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daisy'd vale;
 The river's crystal, and the meadows green —
 Grateful diversity! allure the eye
 Abroad, to rove amid ten thousand charms.

These scenes, where every Virtue, every Muse
 Delighted range, serene the soul, and lift,
 Borne on devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
 To highest heaven her thought; to Nature's God,
 First source of all things lovely, all things good,
 Eternal, infinite! before whose throne
 Sits sovereign Bounty, and through heaven and earth
 Careless diffuses plenitude of bliss,

Him

Him all things own: he speaks, and it is day.
Obedient to his nod, alternate night
Obscures the world. The seasons at his call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around.

While reason thus and rapture fill the heart;
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infusing, lend;
And in still whispers, soft as Zephyr's breath
When scarce the green leaf trembles, through her powers
Inspire new vigour, purer light supply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celestial intercourse! superior bliss,
Which vice ne'er knew! health of th' enliven'd soul,
And heaven on earth begun! Thus ever fix'd
In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,
Deceive mankind, and steal through life along,
As slides the foot of Time, unmark'd, unknown!

Exalted to his noon the fervent sun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now th' embowering maze
Of vale sequester'd, or the fir-crown'd side
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse
Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step
Of musing poet, and secures repose
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppressive brightness deluging the world,
Sick Nature pants: and from the cleaving earth
Light vapours, undulating through the air,
Contagious fly, engendering dire disease,

Red plague, and fever; or, in fogs aloft
 Condensing, shew a ruffling tempest nigh.

And see, exhaling from th' atlantic surge,
 Wild world of waters, distant clouds ascend
 In vapoury confluence, deepening cloud on cloud:
 Then rolling dusk along to east and north,
 As the blast bears them on his humid wing,
 Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon!
 Lo, bird and beast, impress'd by Nature's hand
 In homeward warnings through each feeling nerve,
 Haste from the hour of terror and of storm.

The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy shrine,
 Amid conflicting elements, where Dread
 And Death attend, the servants of his nod,
 First, in deaf murmurs, sounds the deep alarm,
 Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
 Dumb sadness fills this nether world: the gloom
 With double blackness lours; the tempest swells,
 And expectation shakes the heart of man.

Where yonder clouds in dusky depth extend
 Broad o'er the south; fermenting in their womb,
 Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,
 Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd
 From mine or unctuous soil: and lo, at once,
 Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy flash,
 Quick-glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day.
 Again it flames expansive; sheets the sky,
 Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
 On all sides burning; now the face of things
 Disclosing; swallowed now in tenfold night.

Again the thunder's voice, with pealing roar,
 From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
 Amazing bursts! Air, sea, and shore resound.
 Horror sits shuddering in the felon-breast,
 And feels the deathful flash before it flies:
 Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view;
 And all is storm within. The Murderer, pale
 With conscious guilt, though hid in deepest shade,
 Hears and flies wild, pursued by all his fears:
 And sees the bleeding shadow of the Slain
 Rise hideous, glaring on him through the gloom!

Hark! through th' ærial vault, the storm inflam'd
 Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,
 Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst:
 Torn from its base, as if the general frame
 Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
 With whirlwind-wing, in red diffusion flash'd.
 Destruction marks its path. Yon riven oak
 Is hid in smouldering fires: surpriz'd beneath,
 The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,
 A livid corse. Yon cottage flames to heaven:
 And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,
 All-horrible, had sped their steps, behold!
 The parent breathless lies; her orphan-babes
 Shuddering and speechless round—O Power divine!
 Whose will, unerring, points the bolt of fate!
 Thy hand, though terrible, shall man decide
 If punishment, or mercy, dealt the blow?

Appeas'd at last, the tumult of the skies
 Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd:

At once the clouds fly scattering, and the sun
Breaks out with boundless splendor o'er the world.
Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life restores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists
Fast-rising to his ray; till every flower
Lift up its head, and Nature smiles reviv'd.

At first 'tis awful silence over all,
From sense of late-felt danger; till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beast and bird
Rejoice aloud to heaven: on either hand,
'The woodlands warble, and the valleys low.
So pass the songful hours: and now the sun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the western main,
Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red
'The space of many seas beneath his eye,
Heaves in soft swellings murmuring to the shore,
A circling glory glows around his disk
Of milder beams: part, streaming o'er the sky,
Inflame the distant azure: part below
In level lines shoot through the waving wood,
Clad half in light, and half in pleasing shade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening clouds,
Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes
Of visionary beauty, antique towers
With shadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd;
Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink
As sportful Fancy lists: till late, the sun

From

From human eye, behind earth's shading orb
Total withdrawn, th' aërial landscape fades.

Distinction fails: and in the darkening west,
The last light, quivering, dimly dies away.
And now th' illusive flame, oft seen at eve,
Up-borne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn, betokening Night's approach:
Arising awful o'er the eastern sky,
Onward she comes with silent step and flow,
In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
The still, the mild, the melancholy hour,
And Meditation, with his eye on heaven.

Musing, in sober mood, of Time and Life,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,
Eternity! through desert ways I walk;
Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shun'd
By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs low,
And the boughs rustle round me where I stand,
With fancy all-arous'd.—Far on the left,
Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,
The raven's haunt: and down its woody steep
A dashing flood in headlong torrent hurls
His founding waters; white on every cliff
Hangs the light foam, and sparkles through the gloom.

Behind me rises huge a reverend pile
Sole on his blasted heath, a place of tombs,
Waste, desolate, where Ruin dreary dwells.
Brooding o'er sightless sculls, and crumbling bones,
Ghastful he sits, and eyes with steadfast glare.

(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines
 Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
 The time-shook arch, the column grey with moss,
 The leaning wall, the sculptur'd stone defac'd,
 Whole monumental flattery, mix'd with dust,
 Now hides the name it vainly meant to raise.
 All is dread silence here, and undisturb'd,
 Save what the wind sighs, and the wailing owl
 Screams solitary to the mournful moon,
 Glimmering her western ray through yonder isle,
 Where the sad spirit walks with shadowy foot
 His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.

Hail, midnight-shades! hail, venerable dome!
 By age more venerable; sacred shore,
 Beyond Time's troubled sea, where never wave,
 Where never wind of passion, or of guilt,
 Of suffering or of sorrow, shall invade
 The calm sound night of those who rest below.
 The weary are at peace: the small and great,
 Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here.
 Here sleeps the prisoner safe, nor feels his chain,
 Nor hears th' oppressor's voice. The poor and old,
 With all the sons of mourning, fearless now
 Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repose.
 Proud greatness, too, the tyranny of power,
 The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
 And name and place, are here—for ever lost!

But, at near distance, on the mouldering wall
 Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd,
 And fair inscription: where with head declin'd,

And

And folded arms, the Virtues weeping round
 Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.
 Thyrsis—'tis he! the wisest and the best!
 Lamented shade! whom every gift of heaven
 Profusely blest: all learning was his own.
 Pleasing his speech, by Nature taught to flow,
 Persuasive sense and strong, sincere and clear.
 His manners greatly plain; a noble grace,
 Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic Art,
 Adorn'd him: his calm temper winning mild;
 Nor Pity softer, nor was Truth more bright.
 Constant in doing well, he neither sought
 Nor shunn'd applause. No bashful merit sigh'd
 Near him neglected: sympathizing he
 Wip'd off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
 With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile.

'Tis morning: and the sun, his welcome light.
 Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient stream,
 Casts through the air, renewing Nature's face
 With heaven-born beauty. O'er her ample breast,
 O'er sea and shore, light Fancy speeds along,
 Quick as the darted beam, from pole to pole,
 Excursive traveller. Now beneath the north,
 Alone with Winter in his inmost realm,
 Region of horrors! Here, amid the roar
 Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
 Of hail-mix'd snows, resides th' ungenial Power,
 For ever silent, shivering, and forlorn!
 From Zembla's cliffs on to the straits surmiz'd
 Of Anian eastward, where both worlds oppose

Their shores contiguous, lies the polar sea,
 One glittering waste of ice, and on the morn
 Casts cold a cheerless light. Lo, hills of snow,
 Hill behind hill, and alp on alp, ascend,
 Pil'd up from eldest age, and to the sun
 Impenetrable; rising from afar
 In misty prospect dim, as if on air
 Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds.
 Yet here, ev'n here, in this disastrous clime,
 Horrid and harbourless, where all life dies,
 Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirst of gain,
 Through floating isles of ice and fighting storms,
 Roam the wild waves, in search of doubtful shores,
 By West or East; a path yet unexplor'd.

Hence eastward to the 'Tartar's cruel coast,
 By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave
 The blue sky leans her breast, diffus'd immense
 In solitary length the Desert lies,
 Where Desolation keeps his empty court.
 No bloom of spring, o'er all the thirsty vast,
 Nor spiry grass is found; but sands instead
 In sterile hills, and rough rocks rising grey.

A land of fears! where visionary forms,
 Of grisly spectres from air, flood, and fire,
 Swarm: and before them speechless horror stalks!
 Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,
 The secret hag and forcerer unblest
 Their sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,
 Spoils of the violated grave: and now,
 Late, at the hour that severs night from morn,

When

When sleep has silenc'd every thought of man,
 They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
 And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
 To the four winds of heavens with haggard gaze;
 Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,
 Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
 To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,
 Heard in low murmurs through the lowering sky.

From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of death,
 With devious wing, to fairer climes remote
 Southward I stray; where Caucasus in view,
 Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence
 Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
 On from the Caspian to the Euxine stretch'd,
 Pale-glittering with eternal snows to heaven.
 From this chill steep, which midnight's highest shades
 Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring woods,
 Imagination travels with quick eye
 Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views
 Her rolling seas and intermingled isles;
 Her mighty continents out-stretch'd immense,
 Where Europe, Asia, Africa, of old fame,
 Their regions numberless extend: and where
 To farthest point of west, Columbus late,
 Through untry'd oceans borne to shores unknown,
 Moor'd his first keel adventurous, and beheld
 A new, a fair, a fertile world arise!
 But nearer scenes of happy rural view,
 Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
 The Muse's walk, on which the sun's bright eye

Propitious looks, invite her willing step.
 Here see, around me smiling, myrtle groves,
 And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
 Of vegetable gold, with vales amidst,
 Lavish of flowers and fragrance; where soft Spring,
 Lord of the year, indulges to each field
 The fanning breeze, live spring, and sheltering grove.

In these blest plains, a spacious city spreads
 Its round extent magnificent, and seems
 The seat of empire. Dazzling in the sky,
 With far-seen blaze her towery structures shine,
 Elaborate works of art! each opening gate
 Sends forth its thousands: Peace and Plenty round
 Environ her. In each frequented school
 Learning exalts his head: and Commerce pours
 Into her arms a thousand foreign realms.
 How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
 Of lasting bliss secure! Yet all must fail,
 O'erturn'd and lost—nor shall their place be found.

A fallen calm unusual, dark and dead,
 Arises inauspicious o'er the heavens.
 'The beamless sun looks wan; a sighing cold
 Winters the shadow'd air; the birds on high,
 Shrieking, give sign of fearful change at hand:
 And now, within the bosom of the globe,
 Where sulphur stor'd, and nitre peaceful slept,
 For ages, in their subterranean bed,
 Ferments th' approaching tempest. Vapoury streams,
 Inflammable, perhaps by winds sublim'd,
 Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled mass,

Mine

Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundless rage,
With horror unconceiv'd, disploded bursts
Its central prison—Shook from shore to shore,
Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, forests, cities. The lone desert quakes:
Her savage sons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare: while from beneath,
Deaf distant roarings, through the wide profound,
Rueful are heard, as when Despair complains.

Gather'd in air, o'er that proud Capital,
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Casting dun night and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand,
Sad-gazing on the mournful skies around;
A moment's dreadful silence! Then loud screams
And eager supplications rend the skies.
Lo, crowds on crowds, in hurry'd stream along,
From street to street, from gate to gate roll'd on,
This, that way burst in waves, by horror wing'd
To distant hill or cave: while half the globe,
Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with second agony. Upheav'd
In surges, her vext surface rolls a sea.
Ruin ensues: towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof
Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total—In that universal groan,
Sounding to heaven, expir'd a thousand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck!

Sight

Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn,
 The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
 Flashing pale flames--down through the gulphs profound,
 Screaming, whole crouds of every age and rank,
 With hands to heaven rais'd high imploring aid,
 Prone to th' abyfs descend; and o'er their heads
 Earth shuts her ponderous jaws. Part lost in night
 Return no more: part on the wafting wave,
 Borne through the darknes of th' infernal world,
 Far distant rise, emerging with the flood;
 Pale as ascending ghosts cast back to day,
 A shuddering band! Distraction in each eye
 Stares wildly motionless: they pant, they catch
 A gulp of air, and grasp with dying aim
 The wreck that drives along, to gain from fate,
 Short interval! a moment's doubtful life.
 For now earth's solid sphere asunder rent
 With final dissolution, the huge mass
 Fails undermin'd--down, down th' extensive feat
 Of this fair city, down her buildings sink!
 Sinks the full pride her ample walls enclos'd,
 In one wild havock crash'd, with burst beyond
 Heaven's loudest thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!
 Image of Nature's general frame destroy'd!

How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
 The purposes of heaven! At once o'erthrown,
 White age and youth, the guilty and the just,
 O, seemingly severe! promiscuous fall.
 Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores
 The fearful providence, confus'd, subdued

To silence and amazement, with due praise
 Acknowledges th' Almighty, and adores
 His will unerring, wisest, justest, best!

The country mourns around with alter'd look.
 Fields, where but late the many-colour'd Spring
 Sat gaily drest, amid the vernal breath
 Of roses, and the song of nightingales,
 Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die.
 Rivers engulph'd their ample channels leave
 A sandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
 In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plain
 With rough incumbrance; or through depths of earth
 Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.

Sulphureous damps of dark and deadly power,
 Steam'd from th' abyfs, fly secret over-head,
 Wounding the healthful air; whence foul disease,
 Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks:
 In man fore sickness, and the lamp of life
 Dimm'd and diminish'd; or more fatal ill
 Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd.
 Here into madness work'd, and boiling o'er
 Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea
 Foaming out mud and filth: here downward sunk
 To folly, and in idle musing wrapt;
 Now chacing with fond aim the flying cloud;
 Now numbering up the drops of falling rain.

A while the fiery Spirit in its cell
 Insidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,
 Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof
 Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collusion down

Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark
 That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
 Wide through her entrails torn. To all sides flash'd,
 The flames bear downward on the central deep,
 Immeasurable source, whence ocean fills
 His numerous seas, and pours them round the globe.
 The liquid orb, through all its dark expanse,
 In dire commotion boils; and bursting way
 Up through th' unfounded bottoms of the main,
 Where never tempest ruffled, lifts the deeps,
 At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,
 With raving violence. And now their shores,
 Rebelling to the surge, they swallow fierce,
 O'er swelling mound and cliff: now swift and strange,
 With reflux wave retreating, leave the beach
 A naked waste of sands—Meantime, behold!

Yon neighbouring Mountain rising bleak and bare,
 Its double top in sterile ashes hid,
 But green around its base with oil and wine,
 Gives sign of storm and desolation near:
 Storehouse of fate! from whose infernal womb,
 With fiery minerals and metallic ore
 Pernicious freight, ascends eternal smoke:
 Now wavering loose in air; now borne on high,
 A dusky column heightening to the sun!
 Imagination's eye looks down dismay'd
 The steepy gulph, pale-flaming and profound,
 With hourly tumult vex'd, but now incens'd
 To sevenfold fury. First, discordant sounds,
 As of a clamouring multitude enrag'd,

The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds
Through wintery woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Rise from the distant depth where uproar reigns.
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws,
A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,
In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Rolls surging forth, extinguishing the day;
With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of stones and cinders rattling up the air.
Instant, in one broad burst, a stream of fire,
Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around.
Nor pause, nor rest; again the mountain groans.
Amazing, from its inmost cavern shook:
Again, with loudening rage, intensely fierce,
Disgorges pyramids of quivering flame,
Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the sky.

But see, in second pangs, the roaring hill
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,
Gradual and vast, in one ascending trunk
Of length immense, heav'd by the force of fire,
On its own base direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight.
Still as it swells, through all the dark extent,
With wonder seen! ten thousand lightnings play
In flash'd vibrations; and from height to height
Incessant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by the explosive breath below,
At once the shadowy summit breaks away
To all sides round, in billows broad and black,

As of a turbid ocean stirr'd by winds,
A vapoury deluge hiding earth and heaven.

Thus all day long : and now the beamless sun
Sets as in blood. A dreadful pause ensues ;
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer storm.
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd shades,
Falls back and boundless o'er the scene. Suspense
And terror rule the hour. Behold, from far,
Imploring heaven with supplicating hands
And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled City stands ; each sadden'd face
Turn'd toward the hill of fears : and hark ! once more
The rising tempest shakes its sounding vaults,
Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and seas ; or engines big with death,
That, planted by the murderous hand of War
To shake the round of some proud capital,
At once disploded, in one bursting peal
Their mortal thunders mix. Along the sky,
From east to south, a ruddy hill of smoke
Extends its ridge, with dismal light inflam'd.
Meanwhile, the fluid Lake that works below,
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron-scum,
Heaves up its boiling tide. The labouring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer through the night, to yonder plain.
Divided there, a hundred torrent-streams,

Each

Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
 Resiftless. Villages, and woods, and rocks,
 Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
 Where myrtle walks and groves of golden fruit
 Rose fair, where harvest wav'd in all its pride,
 And where the vineyard spread her purple store,
 Maturing into nectar, now despoil'd
 Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end
 Lies buried under fire, a glowing sea!

Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
 From scene to scene excursive, I behold
 In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
 Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
 The sovereign Maker, first, supreme, and best,
 Who actuates the whole: at whose command,
 Obedient fire and flood tremendous rise,
 His ministers of vengeance, to reprove,
 And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways,
 His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
 Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfi'd.

THE EXCURSION.

CANTO II.

ENDLESS the wonders of creating power,
 On earth, but chief on high through heaven
 display'd.

There shines the full magnificence unveil'd

Of Majesty divine: refulgent there
 Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his train
 Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
 And equal rule of one eternal Lord.
 To those bright climes, awakening all her powers,
 And spreading her unbounded wing, the Muse
 Ascending soars, on through the fluid space,
 'The buoyant atmosphere; whose vivid breath,
 Soul of all sublunary life, pervades
 The realms of Nature, to her inmost depths
 Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now still,
 From pole to pole th' ærial ocean sleeps,
 One limpid vacancy: now rous'd to rage
 By blustering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud
 With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows rise,
 And shake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
 A path the vulture's eye hath not observ'd,
 Nor foot of eagle trod, th' ethereal sphere
 Receding flies approach; its circling arch
 Alike remote, translucent, and serene.
 Glorious expansion! by th' Almighty spread,
 Whose limits who hath seen! or who with him
 Hath walk'd the sun-pav'd circuit from old time,
 And visited the host of heaven around!

Gleaming a borrow'd light, whence how small
 The speck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd!
 Mutable region, vex'd with hourly change.

But here, unruffled calm her even reign
 Maintains external: here the lord of day.

The neighbouring sun, shines out in all his strength,

Noon

Noon without night. Attracted by his beam,
I thither bend my flight, tracing the source
Where morning springs; whence her innumerable streams
Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackless ways
Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain-ORB,
Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immense,
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What power is that, which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame! in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and, bursting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible? to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell
That radiance beyond measure, on the sun
Pour'd out transcendent! those keen-flashing rays
Thrown round his state, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy!
Such Virtue He, the Majesty of Heaven,
Brightness original, all-bounteous king,
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike
Resplendent: in these liquid regions pure,
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots,
And dim the day. Whence that malignant light,
When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year
With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise

In shady circles, like the moon beheld
 From earth, when she her unenlighten'd face
 Turns thitherward opaque: a space they brood
 In congregated clouds; then breaking float
 To all sides round. Dilated some and dense,
 Broad as earth's surface each, by slow degrees
 Spread from the confines of the light along,
 Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure
 On to its adverse coast; till there they set,
 Or vanish scatter'd: measuring thus the time,
 That round its axle whirls the radiant orb.

Fairest of beings! first-created light!
 Prime cause of beauty! for from thee alone,
 The sparkling gem, the vegetable race,
 The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their charms,
 The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
 From thy unfailing source of splendor draw!
 In thy pure shine, with transport I survey
 This firmament, and these her rolling worlds,
 Their magnitudes, and motions: those how vast!
 How rapid these! with swiftness unconceiv'd,
 From west to east in solemn pomp revolv'd,
 Unerring, undisturb'd; the sun's bright train,
 Progressive through the sky's light fluent borne
 Around their centre. Mercury the first,
 Near bordering on the day, with speedy wheel
 Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes,
 With sevenfold splendor, all his azure road.

Next Venus to the westward of the sun,
 Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,

Circles

Circles her larger round. Fair morning-star!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The seat of man, hung in the heavens remote,
Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees
The sun arise; as through the zodiac roll'd,
Full in the middle path oblique she winds
Her annual orb: and by her side the Moon,
Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe supply
A softer day-light; whose attractive power
Swells all her seas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores,
 Beyond the sphere of Mars, in distant skies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly state, the rival of the sun.
About him round, four planetary moons,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
These, in th' horizon, slow-ascending climb
The steep of heaven, and, mingling in soft flow
Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.
Those opposite roll downward from their noon
To where the shade of Jove, outstretch'd in length
A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky
Through many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,
Fading their lustre; till they sink involv'd
In total night, and disappear eclips'd.
By this, the Sage, who, studious of the skies,
Heedful explores these late-discover'd worlds,

By this observ'd, the rapid progress finds
Of light itself: how swift the headlong ray
Shoots from the sun's height through unbounded space,
At once enlightening air, and earth, and heaven.

Last, outmost Saturn walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds; with his pale moons,
Faint-glimmering thro' the darkness night has thrown,
Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn:
An endless desert, where extreme of cold
Eternal sits, as in his native seat,
On wintery hills of never-thawing ice!
Such Saturn's earth; and yet ev'n here the sight,
Amid these doleful scenes, new matter finds
Of wonder and delight! a mighty ring,
On each side rising from th' horizon's verge,
Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round
Encompasseth his orb. As night comes on,
Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,
Climbs slowly to its height: and at th' approach
Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace
Draws westward off; till through the lucid round,
In distant view th' illumin'd skies are seen.

Beauteous appearance! by th' Almighty's hand
Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine these noble works,
Great, universal Ruler! earth and heaven
Are thine, spontaneous offspring of thy will,
Seen with transcendent ravishment sublime,
That lifts the soul to thee! a holy joy,
By reason prompted, and by reason swell'd
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite!

Thy

Thy virtual energy the frame of things
 Pervading actuates: as at first thy hand
 Diffus'd through endless space this limpid sky,
 Vast ocean without storm, where these huge globes
 Sail undisturb'd, a rounding voyage each;
 Observant all of one unchanging law.

Simplicity divine! by this sole rule,
 'The Maker's great establishment, these worlds
 Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
 With mutual love, and to their central sun
 All gravitating: now with quicken'd pace
 Descending tow'rd the primal orb, and now
 Receding slow, excursive from his bounds.

This spring of motion. this hid power infus'd
 Through universal nature, first was known
 To thee, great Newton! Britain's justest pride,
 The boast of human race; whose towering thought,
 In her amazing progress unconfin'd,
 From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height
 Of science, whither mankind from afar
 Gaze up astonish'd. Now beyond that height,
 By death from frail mortality set free,
 A pure intelligence he wings his way
 Through wondrous scenes, new-open'd in the world
 Invisible, amid the general quire
 Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
 Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes the soul!
 His mind's clear vision from all darkness purg'd,
 For God himself shines forth immediate there,
 'Through those eternal climes, the frame of things.

In its ideal harmony, to him
Stands all reveal'd.—

But how shall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of heaven,
Unfathomable, endless of extent!
Where unknown suns to unknown systems rise,
Whose numbers who shall tell? stupendous host!
In flaming millions through the vacant hung,
Sun beyond sun, and world to world unseen,
Measureless distance, unconceiv'd by thought!
Awful their order; each the central fire
Of his surrounding stars, whose whirling speed,
Solemn and silent, through the pathless void,
Nor change, nor error knows. But, their ways,
By reason, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,
Instructed can declare! What search shall find
Their times and seasons! their appointed laws,
Peculiar! their inhabitants of life,
And of intelligence, from scale to scale
Harmonious rising and in fix'd degree;
Numberless orders, each resembling each,
Yet all diverse!—Tremendous depth and height
Of wisdom and of power, that this great whole
Fram'd inexpressible, and still preserves,
An infinite of wonders!—Thou, supreme,
First, Independent Cause, whose presence fills
Nature's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves,
Father of human kind! the Muse's wing
Sustaining guide, while to the heights of heaven,
Roaming th' interminable vast of space,

She rises, tracing thy almighty hand
In its dread operations. Where is now
The feat of mankind, earth? where her great scenes
Of wars and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,
Assyrian, Roman? or of later name,
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
Beyond the wide Atlantic, late disclos'd?
Where is their place?—Let proud Ambition pause,
And sicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds—With earth, those nearer orbs,
Surrounding planets, late so glorious seen,
And each a world, are now for sight too small;
Are almost lost to thought. The sun himself,
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimmering star amid the train of night!
While in these deep abysses of the sky,
Spaces incomprehensible, new suns,
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illustrious shine;
Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,
Amid the northern host: nor with less state,
At sumless distance, huge Orion's orbs,
Each in his sphere refulgent, and the noon
Of Sirius, burning through the south of heaven.

Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
The Milky Way, whose stream of vivid light,
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
Flows trembling, wave on wave, from sun to sun,
And whitens the long path to heaven's extreme:
Distinguish'd tract! But as with upward flight,
Soaring, I gain th' immensurable steep,

Contiguous stars, in bright profusion sown
 Through these wide fields, all broaden into suns,
 Amazing, sever'd each by gulphs of air,
 In circuit ample as the solar heavens.

From this dread eminence, where endless day,
 Day without cloud abides, alone and fill'd
 With holy horror, trembling I survey
 Now downward through the universal sphere
 Already past; now up to the heights untry'd,
 And of th' enlarging prospect find no bound!
 About me on each hand new wonders rise
 In long succession; here pure scenes of light,
 Dazzling the view; here nameless worlds afar,
 Yet undiscover'd: there a dying sun,
 Grown dim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,
 Incredible to tell! thick, vapoury mists,
 From every shore exhaling, mix obscure
 Innumerable clouds, disspreading slow,
 And deepening shade on shade; till the faint globe,
 Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams.
 Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
 With horror see, from distant spheres around,
 The source of day expire, and all his worlds
 At once involv'd in everlasting night!

Such this dread revolution: heaven itself,
 Subject to change, so feels the waste of years.
 So this cerulian round, the work divine
 Of God's own hand, shall fade; and empty night
 Reign solitary, where these stars now roll
 From west to east their periods: where the train

Of comets wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excursion, through th' immense
Of æther, traversing from sky to sky
Ten thousand regions in their winding road,
Whose length to trace imagination fails!
Various their paths; without resistance all
Through these free spaces borne: of various face;
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from its orb in sanguine showers:
'That, through the shade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,
Embody'd mists and vapours, whose fir'd mass
Keen vibrates, streaming a red length of air.
While distant orbs, with wonder and amaze,
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd
Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe
Whose march is ever fatal; in whose train
Famine, and war, and desolating plague,
Each on his pale horse rides; the ministers
Of angry heaven, to scourge offending worlds!

But lo! where one, from some far world return'd,
Shines out with sudden glare through yonder sky,
Region of darkness, where a sun's lost globe,
Deep overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies.
By some hid power attracted from his path,
Fearful commotion! into that dusk tract,
The devious comet, steep descending, falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
Th' exhausted orb: and swift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffusive through the gloom, and spreads

In orient streams to his fair train afar
 Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
 And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.

In still amazement lost, th' awaken'd mind
 Contemplates this great view, a sun restor'd
 With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight
 Ranges these untrac'd scenes, progressive borne
 Far through æthereal ground, the boundless walk
 Of spirits, daily travellers from heaven;
 Who pass the mystic gulph to journey here,
 Searching th' Almighty Maker in his works
 From worlds to worlds, and, in triumphant quire
 Of voice and harp, extolling his high praise.

Immortal natures! cloath'd with brightness round,
 Empyreal, from the source of light effus'd,
 More orient than the noon-day's stainless beam.
 Their will unerring; their affections pure,
 And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
 Whose object God alone: for all things else,
 Created beauty, and created good,
 Illusive all, can charm the soul no more.
 Sublime their intellect, and without spot,
 Enlarg'd to draw Truth's endless prospect in,
 Ineffable, eternity and time;
 The train of beings, all by gradual scale
 Descending, sumless orders and degrees;
 Th' unfounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
 Of God's perfections; how these heavens first sprung
 From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd

In number, weight, and measure; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.

Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of heaven fulfil: some his fierce wrath
Bear through the nations, pestilence and war:
His copious goodness some, life, light, and bliss,
To thousands. Some the fate of empires rule,
Commission'd, sheltering with their guardian wings
The pious monarch, and the legal throne.

Nor is the sovereign, nor th' illustrious great,
Alone their care. To every lessening rank
Of worth propitious, these blest minds embrace
With universal love the just and good,
Wherever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Deprest by fortune, and with hate pursued,
Or insult from the proud oppressor's brow.
Yet dear to heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,
At morn or eve, when Nature's fairest face,
Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake
The sin-born vanities, and low pursuits,
That busy human kind; to view their ways
With pity; to repay, for numerous wrongs,
Meekness and charity. Or, rais'd aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal ardour, to survey
The circuit of creation, all these suns
With all their worlds: and still from height to height,
By things created rising, last ascend

To

To that First Cause, who made, who governs all,
Fountain of being, self-existent power,
All-wise, all-good, who from eternal age
Endures, and fills th' immensity of space ;
That infinite diffusion, where the mind
Conceives no limits ; undistinguish'd void,
Invariable, where no land-marks are,
No paths to guide Imagination's flight.

A M Y N T O R

AND

T H E O D O R A :

OR,

T H E H E R M I T.

ADDRESSED TO

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

P R E F A C E.

THE following poem was originally intended for the stage, and planned out, several years ago, into a regular tragedy. But the author found it necessary to change his first design, and to give his work the form it now appears in; for reasons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public: though, to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, those reasons were invincibly strong.

As the scene of the piece is laid in the most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or western isles that surround one part of Great-Britain; it may not be improper to inform the reader, that he will find a particular account of it, in a little treatise published near half a century ago, under the title of a Voyage to St. Kilda. The Author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes at length the situation, extent, and produce of that solitary island; sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transmigrate thither annually, and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the inhabitants: a race of people then the most uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the least unhappy in their lives, of any, perhaps, on the face of the whole earth. To whom might have been applied what an ancient historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours: “plus valuit apud Hos
“ ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia
“ philosophorum præcepta.”

They

They live together, as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold; but barter among themselves for the few necessaries they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor; for whose relief each family in the island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius to poetry; and compose not only songs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those islanders, having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North-Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for such he reckoned the larger isles, by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock; but insisted that, in his native country of St. Kilda, there were others still higher. However the caverns formed in it, so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised, were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had
been

been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to shew their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw then for the first time, as in his own island there grows not a shrub, equally surprized and delighted him: but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he passed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters; and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber, which he fancied was to be his last, he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world: for, said he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among such sort of men it was that Aurelius sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles the second: when those who governed Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country desperate; and then plundered, imprisoned, or butchered them, for the natural effects of such despair. The best and worthiest men were oft the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or seditious, they affected to herd, and of course persecuted, whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, signed by King Charles himself, for military execution upon them without process or conviction: and I know that the original is still kept in the secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary

to say, that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the second canto, as drawn from the wantonness of imagination, when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

What reception this poem may meet with, the author cannot foresee: and, in his humble, but happy retirement, he needs not be over anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and consistent whole; to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expressing them. If he has succeeded in these points, but above all in effectually touching the passions, which, as it is the genuine province, so is it the great triumph, of poetry; the candor of his more discerning readers will readily overlook mistakes or failures in things of less importance.

T O M R S. M A L L E T.

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own,
 Whose pain, or pleasure, springs from thine alone;
 Thou, true as honour, as compassion kind,
 That, in sweet union, harmonize thy mind:
 Here, while thy eyes, for sad Amyntor's woe,
 And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
 O may thy friend's warm wish to heaven prefer'd
 For thee, for him, by gracious heaven be heard!
 So her fair hour of fortune shall be thine,
 Unmix'd; and all Amyntor's fondness mine.
 So, through long vernal life, with blended ray,
 Shall Love light up, and Friendship close our day:
 Till, summon'd late this lower heaven to leave,
 One sigh shall end us, and one earth receive.

A M Y N.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA:

O R,

T H E H E R M I T.

C A N T O I.

FAR in the watery waste, where his broad wave
 From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls,
 On from the piny shores of Labrador
 To frozen Thulé east, her airy height
 Aloft to heaven remotest Kilda lifts; 5
 Last of the sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
 In filial train, Britannia's parent-coast.
 Thrice happy land! though freezing on the verge
 Of arctic skies; yet, blameless still of arts
 That polish to deprave, each softer clime, 10
 With simple nature, simple virtue blest!
 Beyond Ambition's walk: where never War
 Uprear'd his sanguine standard; nor unsheath'd,
 For wealth or power, the desolating sword.
 Where Luxury, soft syren, who around 15
 To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup
 Of pleasing bane, that soothes at once and kills,
 Is yet a name unknown. But calm content

G 2

That

That lives to reason ; ancient Faith that binds
 The plain community of guileless hearts 20
 In love and union ; Innocence of ill
 Their guardian genius : these, the powers that rule
 This little world, to all its sons secure
 Man's happiest life ; the soul serene and sound
 From passion's rage, the body from disease. 25
 Red on each cheek behold the rose of health ;
 Firm in each sinew Vigor's pliant spring,
 By temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
 Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
 Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount, 30
 For food or pastime. These light up their morn,
 And close their eye in slumbers sweetly deep,
 Beneath the north, within the circling swell
 Of ocean's raging sound. But last and best,
 What Avarice, what Ambition shall not know, 35
 True liberty is theirs, the heaven-sent guest,
 Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
 With Independence dwells ; and Peace of mind,
 In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.

Daughter of heaven and nature, deign thy aid, 40
 Spontaneous Muse ! O whether from the depth
 Of evening-forest, brown with broadest shade ;
 Or from the brow sublime of vernal alp
 As morning dawns ; or from the vale at noon,
 By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot 45
 Through bowery groves, where Inspiration sits
 And listens to thy lore, auspicious come !

O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,

Thy

Thy wing high-hovering spread ; and to the gale,
 The boreal spirit breathing liberal round 50
 From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
 With answering cadence free, as best beseems
 The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.

Here, good Aurelius—and a scene more wild
 The world around, or deeper solitude, 55
 Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
 By fate unequal and the crime of war
 Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
 That saw him blest, now wretched and unknown,
 Wore out the slow remains of setting life 60
 In bitterness of thought : and with the surge,
 And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd moan,
 Would often mix—Oft as remembrance sad
 Th' unhappy past recall'd ; a faithful wife,
 Whom Love first chose, whom Reason long endear'd, 65
 His soul's companion and his softer friend ;
 With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,
 Her dawn of opening charms, defenceless left
 Within a tyrant's grasp ! his foe profess'd,
 By civil madness, by intemperate zeal 70
 For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
 And cruelty remorseless !—Thus he liv'd :
 If this was life, to load the blast with sighs ;
 Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears,
 At midnight hour : for midnight frequent heard 75
 The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,
 Pour all the husband, all the father forth
 In unavailing anguish ; stretch'd along

The naked beach; or shivering on the cliff,
 Smote with the wintery pole in bitter storm, 80
 Hail, snow, and shower, dark-drifting round his head.

Such were his hours; till Time, the wretch's friend,
 Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
 Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
 And from the brain, with baleful vapours black, 85
 Each fullen spectre chace, his balm at length,
 Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulse
 With gentlest hand infus'd, A pensive calm
 Arose, but unassur'd: as, after winds
 Of ruffling wing, the sea subsiding slow 90
 Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first,
 Her throne resum'g, bid Devotion raise
 To heaven his eye; and through the turbid mist,
 By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,
 Sole arbiter of fate, one Cause supreme,
 All-just, all-wise, who bids what still is best, 95
 In cloud or sun-shine; whose severest hand
 Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.

Thus, in his bosom, every weak excess,
 The rage of grief, the fellness of revenge, 100
 To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
 By Virtue's hand; and in her brightening beam
 Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
 Before th' ascending sun; through faith he lives
 Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks 105
 Of Sin and Death. Anticipating heaven
 In pious hope, he seems already there,
 Safe on her sacred shore; and sees beyond,

In radiant view, the world of light and love,
 Where Peace delights to dwell; where one fair morn
 Still orient smiles, and one diffusive spring,
 That fears no storm and shall no winter know,
 Th' immortal year empurples. If a sigh
 Yet murmurs from his breast; 'tis for the pangs
 Those dearest names, a wife, a child must feel, 115
 Still suffering in his fate: 'tis for a foe,
 Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of heaven
 That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.

The sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,
 O'er every southern clime had pour'd profuse 120
 The rosy year; and in each pleasing hue,
 That greens the leaf, or through the blossom glows
 With florid light, his fairest month array'd:
 While Zephyre, while the silver-footed dews,
 Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove 125
 Fesh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm.
 Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
 Of winter's waste dominion, is unfelt
 The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise
 Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill, 130
 With wild-thyme flowering, betony, and balm,
 Blue lavender and carmel's spicy root,
 Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze,

Line 132. The root of this plant, otherwise named "argatilis
 "sylvaticus," is aromatic; and by the natives reckoned cordial
 to the stomach. See Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 180.

But, high above, the season full exerts
 Its vernal force in yonder peopled rocks, 135
 To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,
 The birds of passage transmigrating come,
 Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
 At Nature's summons their aëreal state
 Annual to found; and in bold voyage steer, 140
 O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathless sky,
 One certain flight to one appointed shore:
 By heaven's directive spirit, here to raise
 Their temporary realm; and form secure,
 Where food awaits them copious from the wave, 145
 And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues:
 Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
 To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
 Their helpless infants, piously intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step, 150
 And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
 Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye
 Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
 With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
 Wide o'er the moving wilderiness of waves, 155
 From pole to pole through boundless space diffus'd,
 Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,
 Leviathan, with each inferior name
 Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
 Finds endless range for pasture and for sport, 160
 Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
 The hand Almighty, who its channel'd bed
 Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,

Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere ;
 With every wind to waft large commerce on, 165
 Join pole to pole, confociate sever'd worlds,
 And link in bonds of intercourfe and love
 Earth univerfal family. Now rofe
 Sweet evening's folemn hour. The fun declin'd
 Hung golden o'er this nether firmament ; 170
 Whofe broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
 Gave back his beamy vifage to the fky
 With fplendor undiminifh'd ; and each cloud,
 White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
 In fair aëreal landscape. Here, alone 175
 On earth's remotefl verge, Aurelius breath'd
 The healthful gale, and felt the fmiling fcene
 With awe-mix'd pleafure, mufing as he hung
 In filence o'er the billows hufh'd beneath.
 When lo ! a found, amid the wave-worn rocks, 180
 Deaf-murmuring rofe, and plaintive roll'd along
 From cliff to cavern : as the breath of winds,
 At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
 Through wintry pines, high-waving o'er the fteep
 Of fky-crown'd Apenine. The Sea-pye ceas'd 185
 At once to warble. Screaming, from his neft
 The Fulmar foar'd, and shot a weftward flight
 From fhore to fea. On came, before her hour,
 Invading night, and hung the troubled fky
 With fearful blacknefs round*. Sad ocean's face 190
 A curling undulation fhivery fwept
 From wave to wave : and now impetuous rofe,

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

Thick cloud and storm and ruin on his wing,
 The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
 Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast. 195
 Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff,
 Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
 Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd :
 His stunn'd ear smote with all the thundering main !
 His eye with mountains surging to the stars ! 200
 Commotion infinite. Where you last wave
 Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view
 Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds :
 Yet distant seen and dim, till, onward borne
 Before the blast, each growing sail expands, 205
 Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame
 Bounds on his eye distinct. With sharpen'd ken
 Its course he watches, and in awful thought
 That power invokes, whose voice the wild winds hear,
 Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from heaven, 210
 And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
 In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
 With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
 But O, ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads !
 For death bestrides the billow, nor your own, 215
 Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
 Of instant fate. And, lo ! his secret seat,
 Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
 A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
 The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes : 220
 And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
 Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,

Turbid

Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
 Its blackest pinion, pour its loudening blasts
 In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth 225
 Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
 The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,
 Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
 Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall;
 And each rent sail flies loose in distant air. 230
 Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull,
 Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
 Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends—
 Ah! save them, heaven! it bursts in deluge down
 With boundless undulation. Shore and sky 235
 Rebellow to the roar. At once engulf'd,
 Vessel and crew beneath its torrent sweep
 Are sunk, to rise no more. Aurelius wept:
 The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
 He turn'd his step; he fled the fatal scene, 240
 And brooding, in sad silence, o'er the fight
 To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart
 Pour'd out to heaven in sighs: 'Thy will be done,
 Not mine, supreme Disposer of Events!
 But death demands a tear, and man must feel 245
 For human woes: the rest submission checks.
 Not distant far, where this receding bay*
 Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
 Expands its self-pois'd concave; as the gate,
 Ample, and broad, and pillar'd massy-proof, 250

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.

Of some unfolding temple. On its height
 Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
 That, o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant food
 Untended crop. As through this cavern'd path,
 Involv'd in pensive thought Aurelius past, 255
 Struck with sad echoes from the founding vault
 Remurmur'd shrill, he stopt, he rais'd his head;
 And saw th' assembled natives in a ring,
 With wonder and with pity bending o'er
 A shipwreck'd man. All-motionless on earth 260
 He lay. 'The living lustre from his eye,
 The vermil hue extinguish'd from his cheek:
 And in their place, on each chill feature spread,
 The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
 With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon, 265
 So faintly wan, through hovering mists at eve,
 Grey autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
 The briny wave: and close within his grasp
 Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
 Had stem'd the flood with agonizing breast, 270
 And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
 He seem'd, and built by Nature's noblest hand;
 Where bold proportion, and where softening grace,
 Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.
 Aurelius, from the breathless clay, his eye 275
 To heaven imploring rais'd: then, for he knew
 That life, within her central cell retir'd,
 May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,
 He bid transport it speedy through the vale,
 To his poor cell that lonely stood and low, 280
 Safe

Safe from the north beneath a sloping hill :

An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd

On columns rude ; its roof with reverend moss

Light-shaded o'er ; its front in ivy hid,

That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand 285

They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd

The vapoury air with aromatic smells :

Then, drops of sovereign efficacy, drawn

From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.

Slow, from the mortal trance, as men from dreams 290

Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes :

While life, to scarce-felt motion, faintly lifts

His fluttering pulse, and gradual o'er his cheek

The rosy current wins its refluent way.

Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd 295

Severe on heaven, on the surrounding hills

With twilight dim, and on the croud unknown

Dissolv'd in tears around : then clos'd again,

As loathing light and life. At length, in sounds

Broken and eager, from his heaving breast 300

Distraction spoke—Down, down with every sail.

Mercy, sweet heaven!—Ha! now whole ocean sweeps

In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope!

We will not part—Help help! yon wave, behold!

That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight. 305

O, for a sun to light this black abyss!

Gone—lost— for ever lost! He ceas'd. Amaze

And trembling on the pale assistants fell :

Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,

Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensued, 310

Mute,

Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face
 Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard :
 Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,
 Attentive seiz'd ; now eager to begin
 Consoling speech ; now doubtful to invade 315
 The sacred silence due to grief supreme.
 Then thus at last : O from devouring seas,
 By miracle escap'd ! if, with thy life,
 Thy sense return'd, can yet discern the Hand
 All-wonderful, that through yon raging sea, 320
 Yon whirling west of tempest, led thee safe ;
 That Hand divine with grateful awe confess,
 With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas !
 Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
 Th' unfathom'd gulph ; when human hope was fled, 325
 And human help in vain — th' Almighty Voice,
 Then bade destruction spare, and bade the deep
 Yield up its prey : that, by his mercy sav'd,
 That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
 A monument of wonder as of love, 330
 May justify ; to all the sons of men,
 Thy brethren, ever present in their need.
 Such praise delights him most —

He hears me not.

Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe, 335
 Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
 Through the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter stream !

Yet, speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art !
 For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
 Myself most wretched and in sorrow's ways

340
Severely

Severely train'd, to share in every pang
 The wretched feel; to soothe the sad of heart;
 To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
 With every son and daughter of distress.

Speak then, and give thy labouring bosom vent: 345
 My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine;
 To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
 Through reason's paths, to happiness and heaven.

The hermit thus: and, after some sad pause
 Of musing wonder, thus the Man unknown. 350

What have I heard?—On this untravel'd shore,
 Nature's last limit, hem'd with oceans round
 Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith
 A comforter to find! whose language wears
 The garb of civil life; a friend, whose breast 355
 The gracious meltings of sweet pity move!

Amazement all! my grief to silence charm'd
 Is lost in wonder—But, thou good unknown,
 If woes, for ever wedded to despair,

That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me 360
 A meet companion; one whom earth and heaven

Combine to curse; whom never future morn
 Shall light to joy, nor evening with repose
 Descending shade—O, son of this wild world!

From social converse though for ever barr'd, 365
 Though chill'd with endless winter from the pole,

Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense
 Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
 By fairer suns attemper'd, courtly boast;

O say, did e'er thy breast, in youthful life, 370

'Touch'd by a beam from Beauty all-divine,
 Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,
 In pleasing tumult pour'd through every vein,
 And panting at the heart, when first our eye
 Receives impressiion! Then, as passion grew, 375
 Did heaven consenting to thy wish indulge
 That bliss no wealth can bribe, no power bestow,
 That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?
 Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow
 Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth— 380
 If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
 My joys conceiving, image my despair,
 How total! how extreme! For this, all this,
 Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
 Lies lost and bury'd there—O, awful heaven! 385
 Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
 Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
 Can'st tell what I have lost—O, ill-starr'd maid!
 O, most undone Amyntor!—Sighs and tears,
 And heart-heav'd groans, at this, his voice suppress'd :
 The rest was agony and dumb despair.

Now o'er their heads damp night her stormy gloom
 Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
 With huge and heavy horror closing round
 In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene, 395
 The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt :
 And thus reply'd, as one in Nature skill'd,
 With soft assenting sorrow in his look,
 And words to soothe, not combat hopeless love.

Amyntor

Amyntor, by that heaven who sees thy tears! 400
 By faith and friendship's sympathy divine!
 Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
 This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
 Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just?
 How long in silent anguish to descend, 405
 When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb
 Are fellow-mourners? He, who can resign,
 Has never lov'd: and wert thou to the sense,
 The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
 Cold and insensible, thy breast were then 410
 No mansion for humanity, or thought
 Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
 And tender pity; whose kind tear adorns
 The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
 'They soften, not subdue. We both will mix, 415
 For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
 Our social sighs: and still, as morn unveils
 The brightening hill, or evening's misty shade
 Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
 Her mind all-lovely, each enobling each, 420
 Shall be our frequent theme. Then shalt thou hear
 From me, in sad return, a tale of woes,
 So terrible—Amyntor, thy pain'd heart
 Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
 That mine has bled with—But behold! the dark 425
 And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk.
 Here break we off: and thou, sad mourner, try
 Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
 With timely sleep. Each gracious wing from heaven

Of those that minister to erring man, 430
 Near-hovering, hush thy passion into calm ;
 Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
 Of brightest visions ; whisper to thy heart
 That holy peace which goodness ever shares :
 And to us both be friendly as we need. 435

C A N T O II.

NOW midnight rose, and o'er the general scene,
 Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
 Vapour and cloud. Around th' unsleeping isle,
 Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd ;
 And, in mix'd horror, to Amyntor's ear 5
 Borne through the gloom, his shrieking sense appall'd.
 Shook by each blast, and swept by every wave,
 Again pale memory labours in the storm :
 Again from her is torn, whom more than life
 His fondness lov'd. And now, another shower 10
 Of sorrow, o'er the dear unhappy maid,
 Effusive stream'd ; till late, through every power
 The soul subdued sunk sad to slow repose :
 And all her darkening scenes, by dim degrees,
 Were quench'd in total night. A pause from pain 15
 Not long to last : for Fancy, oft awake
 While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell
 Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,
 Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
 To mock with mimic shews. And lo ! the deeps 20
 In

In airy tumult swell. Beneath a hill
 Amyntor heaves of overwhelming seas ;
 Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
 The billow's back. Anon, the shadowy world
 Shifts to some boundless continent unknown, 25
 Where solitary, o'er the starless void,
 Dumb silence broods. Through heaths of dreary length,
 Slow on he drags his staggering step infirm
 With breathless toil ; hears torrent floods afar
 Roar through the wild ; and, plung'd in central caves,
 Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
 Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
 And brightening with their glow the brown abyfs,
 Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
 Sat, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul, 35
 That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide.
 A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round
 Their walk embower'd ; while nightingales beneath
 Sung spoufals, as along th' enamel'd turf
 They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls, 40
 Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
 The Fair encircled : thrice she fled his grasp,
 And fading into darkness mix'd with air—
 O, turn ! O, stay thy flight !—so loud he cry'd,
 Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled. 45
 He groan'd, he gaz'd around : his inward sense
 Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
 Still, on his eye, the hovering shadow blaz'd ;
 Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear ;
 Grateful deception ! till returning thought 50

Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
 Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
 His grief inflam'd throb fresh in every vein.
 To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
 The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd, 55
 Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound :
 Then, scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
 He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood
 Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor reason's voice,
 Nor ow'd submission to the will of heaven, 60
 Restrains him; but, as passion whirls his thought,
 Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
 Though passing all belief, the frailer skiff,
 To which himself had borne th' unhappy Fair,
 May yet be seen. Around, o'er sea and shore, 65
 He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
 On land or wave within his ken appears,
 Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
 The last sad tear, and lay the covering mold!

And now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours 70
 Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
 Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
 Lifts high o'er earth and sea : while, all-unveil'd,
 The vast horizon on Amyntor's eye
 Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great, 75
 Magnificently various. From this steep,
 Diffus'd immense in rolling prospect lay
 The northern deep. Amidst, from space to space,
 Her numerous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
 As slow th' ascending mists disperse in air, 80

Shoot

Shoot gradual from her bosom: and beyond,
 Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
 Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills.
 A thousand landscapes! barren some and bare,
 Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heaven, 85
 Of horrid grandeur: some with founding ash,
 Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
 Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
 More lovely in the sun's adorning beam;
 Who now, fair-rising o'er yon eastern cliff, 90
 The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,
 Repose that Temperance sheds in timely dews
 On all who live to her, his mournful guest
 Came forth to hail, as hospitable rites 95
 And Virtue's rule enjoin: but first to him,
 Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
 With kindly sense to glow, his matin-song,
 Superior duty, thus the sage address:

Fountain of light! from whom yon orient sun 100
 First drew his splendor; Source of life and love!
 Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
 The boundless blush of spring; O, First and Best!
 Thy essence, though from human sight and search,
 Though from the climb of all created thought, 105
 Ineffably remov'd; yet man himself,
 Thy lowest child of reason, man may read
 Unbounded power, intelligence, supreme,
 The Maker's hand, on all his works impress,
 In characters coëval with the sun, 110

And with the sun to last ; from world to world,
 From age to age, in every clime, disclos'd,
 Sole revelation through all time the same.
 Hail, universal Goodness ! with full stream
 For ever flowing from beneath the throne 115
 Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life :
 From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
 The great community of Nature's sons,
 To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend !
 And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice 120
 Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
 Nor lowest ; with intelligence inform'd,
 To know thee, and adore ; with free-will crown'd,
 Where Virtue leads, to follow and be blest.
 O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd 125
 To days of future life ; or whether now
 The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
 Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on
 Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
 Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer. 130
 All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
 With-hold or grant : and let that will be done.

This from the soul in silence breath'd sincere,
 The hill's steep side with firm elastic step
 He lightly scal'd : such health the frugal board, 135
 The morn's fresh breath that exercise respire
 In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,
 Our life's best cordial, can through age prolong.
 There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay
 The man unknown ; nor heard approach his host, 140
 Nor

Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius mov'd
 By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
 Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
 From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
 Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began. 145

O fight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
 Ev'n in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
 A feeling tear; Whom yesterday beheld
 By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess
 That Fancy, tranc'd in fairest vision, dreams; 150
 Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,
 Each bliss that cheers; there, on the damp earth spread,
 Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
 And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
 The proud, be taught, what now the wretched feel, 155
 The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
 Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
 To this sad scene, to fights that but inflame
 Its tender anguish—

Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd 160

The frantic mourner, could that anguish rise
 To madness and to mortal agony,
 I yet would bless my fate; by one kind pang,
 From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
 For ever freed. To me the sun is lost: 165
 To me the future flight of days and years
 Is darkness, is despair—But who complains
 Forgets that he can die. O, fainted maid!
 For such in heaven thou art, if from thy seat
 Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies, 170

If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
 A lover and a friend, if yet these names
 Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
 'To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
 Thy lifeless limbs : that I—O grief supreme ! 175
 O fate remorseless ! was thy lover fav'd
 For such a task ?—that I those dear remains,
 With maiden-rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
 Beneath the hallow'd vault ; and, weeping there
 O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close 180
 These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine !

Such, and so dire, reply'd the cordial friend
 In pity's look and language, such, alas !
 Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human heart
 Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,
 Have all been mine, and with alternate war 185
 'This bosom ravag'd. Hearken then, good youth ;
 My story mark, and from another's fate,
 Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
 Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear. 190

In me, a man behold, whose morn serene,
 Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,
 In virtuous purpose, or in honest act,
 Drew fair distinction on my public name,
 From those among mankind, the nobler few, 195
 Whose praise is fame : but there, in that true source
 Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
 In home found peace and love, supremely blest !
 Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
 By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd 200

Our

Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven the same!
 At last, Amyntor, in my failing age,
 Fallen from such height, and with the felon-herd,
 Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that still
 Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with shame!
 Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone should fear,
 The hand of public vengeance: arm'd by rage,
 Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
 To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
 And all, O fovereign Reason! all deriv'd

210

From Power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
 A right divine to violate unblam'd
 Each law, each rule, that, by himself observ'd,
 The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend!

O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd, 215
 Whole hopeless years, th' oppressor's hand to know
 How hateful and how hard; thyself reliev'd,
 Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
 Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
 Of want and woe, of danger and despair, 220
 As heaven has thine, to pity their distress!

Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
 Be far th' unhallow'd licence of abuse;
 Be far th' bitterness of faintly zeal,
 That impious hid behind the patriot's name 225
 Masks hate and malice to the legal throne,
 In justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,
 The prince to guard—but guard the people too:
 Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
 Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss, 230

Fair

Fair Freedom, birthright of all thinking kinds,
Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

But if, disclaiming this his heaven-own'd right, 235
This first best tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
'The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject-flock,
'To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
Wide-waiting where he reigns—to such a prince, 240
Allegiance kept were treason to mankind;
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.

For say, Amyntor, does just heaven enjoin
That we should homage hell? or bend the knee
'To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage, 245
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundless grave
Engulph their thousands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep 250
Of wintry hill, or waste untravel'd heath,
Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven: the arm of power
Extended fatal, but to crush the head
It ought to screen, or with a parent's love 255
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.

In this wide ruin were my fortune sunk:
Myself, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the social life renounc'd, 260
Un-

Unsummon'd, unimpleaded was to death,
 To shameful death adjudg'd ; against my head
 The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
 Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds.
 And this blind fury of commission'd rage, 265
 Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
 Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direst name,
 Was given in charge : a foe, whom blood-stain'd zeal
 For what—O hear it not, all-righteous heaven !
 Lest thy rous'd thunder burst—for what was deem'd
 Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute,
 More deadly fell than hunger ever stung
 To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
 Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt
 Familiar, and in each dire art of death 275
 Train'd ruthless up. As tigers on their prey,
 On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
 Devouring fell : nor that sequester'd shade,
 That sweet recess, where Love and Virtue long
 In happy league had dwelt, which war itself 280
 Beheld with reverence, could their fury scape ;
 Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in wasteful flames :
 For flame and rapine their consuming march,
 From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
 So, borne by winds along, in baneful cloud, 285
 Embodiy'd locusts from the wing descend
 On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year :
 While, waste behind, destruction on their track
 And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child
 He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O heaven ! do I, 290

A man,

A man, survive to tell it? At the hour
 Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
 Of all who saw and curs'd his coward-rage,
 He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
 By menace, or by torture, from their fears 295
 My last retreat to learn; and still detains
 Beneath his roof accurst, that best of wives!
 Emelia, and our only pledge of love,
 My blooming Theodora!—Manhood there,
 And nature bleed—Ah! let not busy thought 300
 Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast:
 Discovery, there, once more my peace of mind
 Might wreck; once more to desperation sink
 My hopes in heaven. He said: but O sad Muse!
 Can all thy moving energy, of power 305
 To shake the heart, to freeze th' arrested blood,
 With words that weep, and strains that agonize;
 Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
 Tell what Amyntor feels? O heaven! art thou—
 What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he?— 310
 Confusion! horror!—that most wrong'd of men!
 And, O most wretched too! alas! no more,
 No more a father—On that fatal flood,
 Thy Theodora—At these words he fell.
 A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins: 315
 And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
 For ever to forsake. As on his way
 The traveller, from heaven by lightning struck,
 Is fix'd at once immoveable; his eye
 With terror glaring wild; his stiffening limbs 320
 In

In sudden marble bound : so stood, so look'd
 The heart-frore parent at this tale of death,
 Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sign to rise,
 No tear had force to flow ; his senses all,
 Through all their powers, suspended, and subdued 325
 To chill amazement. Silence for a space—
 Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
 Ere first the thunder breaks—on either side
 Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,
 As from some vision that to frenzy fires 330
 The sleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
 A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
 Drew furious forth—Me, me, he cry'd, on me
 Let all thy wrongs be visited ; and thus
 My horrors end—then madly would have plung'd 335
 The weapon's hostile point.—His lifted arm,
 Aurelius, though with deep dismay and dread
 And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
 Collecting, and resum'g all himself,
 Seiz'd sudden : then perusing with strict eye, 340
 And beating heart, Amyntor's blooming form ;
 Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
 To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke.

O dire attempt ! Whoe'er thou art, yet stay
 Thy hand self-violent ; nor thus to guilt, 345
 If guilt is thine, accumulating add
 A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which
 Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge !
 Shall man first violate the law divine,
 That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod, 350

Re-

Resign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
 Of fair dismissal hence ; shall man do this,
 Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,
 Red with the sin, and recent from the stain,
 Of unrepented blood ? Call home thy sense ; 355
 Know what thou art, and own his hand most just,
 Rewarding or afflicting—But say on.

My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
 Recalls thy words, recalls their dire import :
 They urge me on ; they bid me ask no more— 360
 What would I ask ? My Theodora's fate,
 Ah me ! is known too plain. Have I then sinn'd,
 Good heaven ! beyond all grace—But shall I blame
 His rage of grief, and in myself admit
 Its wild excess ? Heaven gave her to my wish ; 365
 That gift Heaven has resum'd : righteous in both,
 For both his providence be ever blest !

By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,
 Amyntor, slow recovering into thought,
 Submissive on his knee, the good man's hand 370
 Grasp'd close, and bore with ardour to his lips.
 His eye, where fear, confusion, reverence spoke,
 Through swelling tears, what language cannot tell,
 Now rose to meet, now shunn'd the Hermit's glance,
 Shot awful at him : till, the various swell 375
 Of passion ebbing, thus he faltering spoke :

What hast thou done ? why sav'd a wretch unknown ?
 Whom knowing ev'n thy goodness must abhor.
 Mistaken man ! the honour of thy name,
 Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes. 380

I am

I am—Aurelius! turn that look aside,
 That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
 Abhorrent say, he is—Forgive me, heaven!
 Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce
 Whom nature bids me reverence—by her bond, 385
 Rolando's son: by your more sacred ties,
 As to his crimes, an alien to his blood;
 For crimes like his—

Rolando's son? Just heaven!
 Ha! here? and in my power? A war of thoughts, 390
 All terrible arising, shakes my frame
 With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
 The father's heart, though seas are spread between,
 Were great revenge!—Away: revenge? on whom?
 Alas! on my own soul; by rage betray'd 395
 Ev'n to the crime my reason most condemns
 In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he spoke;
 And his own poniard o'er the prostrate youth
 Suspended held. But, as the welcome blow,
 With arms display'd, Amyntor seem'd to court, 400
 Behold, in sudden confluence gathering round
 The natives stood; whom kindness hither drew,
 The man unknown, with each relieving aid
 Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
 To succour and to serve. Before them came 405
 Montano, venerable sage, whose head
 The hand of time with twenty winters' snow
 Had shower'd; and to whose intellectual eye
 Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
 Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause, 410
Aurelius

Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
 Amyntor plac'd; to lodge him and secure;
 To save him from himself, as one, with grief
 Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep.
 This done, nor waiting for reply, alone 415
 He fought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

C A N T O III.

WHERE Kilda's southern hills their summit lift
 With triple fork to heaven, the mounted sun
 Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream
 His noon-tide ray. And now, in lowing train,
 Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale 5
 The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
 And nodding as they move; their oozy meal,
 The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
 Around its rocks to graze: * for, strange to tell!
 The hour of ebb, though ever varying found, 10
 As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
 Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
 Intelligent of times; by heaven's own hand,

* The cows often feed on the alga marina: and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood; though, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 156.

To all its creatures equal in its care,
 Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide 15
 To labour and repose a simple race,
 These native signs to due repast at noon,
 Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate isle:
 All but Aurelius. He, unhappy man,
 By Nature's voice solicited in vain, 20
 Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
 The child no more! the mother's fate untold!
 Both in black prospect rising to his eye—
 'Twas anguish there; 'twas here distracting doubt!
 Yet, after long and painful conflict borne, 25
 Where nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale
 Inclined alternate, summoning each aid
 That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
 Superior rising, in the might of Him,
 Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light, 30
 Omnipotent can draw; again resign'd,
 Again he sacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
 Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast;
 The sigh soft memory prompts; the tender tear,
 That, streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost, 35
 With mournful tragic tortures and delights,
 Relieves us, while its sweet oppression loads,
 And, by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.

As reason thus the mental storm seren'd,
 And through the darkness shot her sun-bright ray 40
 That strengthens while it cheers; behold from far
 Amyntor slow-approaching! on his front,
 O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd

Attraction, sweetly sad. His noble port,
 Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd ; 45
 And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
 With social softness, Strait, before the door
 Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down
 In counterview: and thus the youth began.

With patient ear, with calm attention, mark 50
 Amyntor's story: then, as justice sees,
 On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
 Absolve him, or condemn—But oh, may I,
 A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,
 Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every son 55
 By heaven made sacred; and by Nature's hand,
 With Honour, Duty, Love, her triple pale,
 Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach
 Of each irreverent thought.—These eyes, alas!
 The curs'd effects of sanguinary zeal 60
 Too near beheld: its madness how extreme;
 How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,
 Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
 Train'd on to holy mischief. Scene abhorr'd!
 Fell Cruelty let loose in Mercy's name: 65
 Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
 Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron scourge
 Severest hung, yet daring to appeal
 That Power whose law is meekness; and, for deeds
 That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command. 70

Flexile of will, misjudging, though sincere,
 Rolandó caught the spread infection, plung'd
 Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd

His

His course unjust to violence and rage.
 Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine 75
 Of Beauty, nor the Matron's sacred age,
 Secure from wrongs could innocence secure,
 Found reverence or distinction. Yet sustain'd
 By conscious worth within, the matchless pair
 Their threatening fate, imprisonment and scorn 80
 And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdued
 To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
 With patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
 Nor built on pride, nor counting vain applause;
 But calmly constant, without effort great, 85
 What reason dictates, and what heaven approves.

But how proceed, Aurelius? in what sounds
 Of gracious cadence, of assuasive power,
 My further story clothe? O could I steal
 From Harmony her softest-warbled strain 90
 Of melting air! or Zephyre's vernal voice!
 Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
 To liquid blandishment his evening-lay,
 All nature smiling round! then might I speak;
 'Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell, 95
 How unperceiv'd and secret through his breast,
 As morning rises o'er the midnight-shade,
 What first was ow'd humanity to *both*,
 Assisting piety and tender thought,
 Grew swift and silent into love for *one*: 100
 My sole offence—if love can then offend,
 When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.

O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
 That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
 Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye, 105
 Unmov'd could see? that dignity of ease,
 That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
 For all in thee was native; from within
 Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
 From its unfailing source! and then too seen 110
 In milder lights; by sorrow's shading hand
 Touch'd into power more exquisitely soft,
 By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
 O sweetness without name! when Love looks on
 With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul 115
 Endears, ennobles her, whom fate afflicts,
 Or fortune leaves unhappy! Passion then
 Refines to Virtue: then a purer train
 Of heaven-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
 By self-regard, or thought of due return, 120
 The breast expanding, all its powers exalt
 To emulate what reason best conceives
 Of love celestial; whose prevenient aid
 Forbids approaching ill; or gracious draws,
 When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds, 125
 From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe!
 By this plain courtship of the honest heart
 To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
 The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
 Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown 130
 With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
 In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd

To mutual love. O fortune's fairest hour!
 O seen, but not enjoy'd, just hail'd and lost
 Is flattering brightness! Theodora's form, 135
 Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye:
 And Love, if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
 By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
 Profanes not, Love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
 To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks back,
 Reluctant to proceed: and filial awe,
 With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
 The veil of silence and oblivious night
 Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
 Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip severe 145
 Dash'd with indignant scorn; each harbour'd thought
 Of soft emotion or of social sense,
 Love, Pity, Kindness, alien to a soul
 That Bigot-rage embosoms, fled at once:
 And all the savage reassum'd his breast. 150
 'Tis just, he cry'd: who thus invites disdain,
 Deserves repulse; he who, by slave-like arts,
 Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
 And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
 When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare, 155
 Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,
 Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal scorn
 Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to both,
 To one prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
 The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame 160
 Had prey'd unseen, now deep through all her powers
 Its poison spread, and kill'd their vital growth.

Sickening, she sunk beneath this double weight
 Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?
 Aurelius, O most injur'd of mankind! 165
 Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
 To woe, new anguish? and to grief, despair—
 She is no more—

O Providence severe!

Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cry'd; 170
 But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice
 Of froward grief: and to the Will supreme,
 In justice awful, lowly bending his,
 Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
 By all the war of nature though assail'd, 175
 Escap'd his lips. What! shall we from heaven's grace
 With life receiving happiness, our share
 Of ill refuse? And are afflictions aught
 But mercies in disguise? th' alternate cup,
 Medicinal though bitter, and prepar'd 180
 By Love's own hand for salutary ends.
 But were they ills indeed; can fond Complaint
 Arrest the wing of Time? Can Grief command
 This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb
 Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again 185
 The hours of yesterday? or from the womb
 Of that unfounded deep the bury'd corse
 To light and life restore? Blest pair, farewell!
 Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,
 Of human fondness fighting in the breast, 190
 And sorrow is no more. Now, gentle youth,
 And let me call thee son (for O that name

Thy

Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
 Of pains for me, too sadly have deserv'd)
 On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts, 195
 To hearken and adore. The patient man
 Thus spoke: Amyntor thus his story clos'd.

As dumb with anguish round the bed of death
 Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd
 Her closing eyes; then fixing, in cold gaze, 200
 On Theodora's face—O save my child!
 She said; and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
 Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
 I saw her shrouded; bade eternal peace
 Her shade receive, and, with the truest tears, 205
 Affection ever wept, her dust bedew'd.

What then remain'd for honour or for love?
 What, but that scene of violence to fly,
 With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,
 Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour, 210
 When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
 With drowsiest influence reign, the waning moon
 Ascending mournful in the midnight sphere;
 On that drear spot, within whose cavern'd womb
 Emilia sleeps, and by the turf that veils 215
 Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
 I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
 With sacred terror, which the time, the place,
 Pour'd on us, sadly-solemn, I too bent
 My trembling knee; and lock'd in her's my hand 220
 Across her parent's grave. By this dread scene!
 By night's pale regent! By yon glorious train

Of ever-moving fires that round her burn !
 By death's dark empire ! by the sheeted dust
 That once was man, now mouldering here below ! 225
 But chief by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb,
 Reverent we kneel ! and by her nobler part,
 Th' unbody'd spirit hovering near, perhaps,
 As witness to our vows ! nor time, nor chance,
 Nor aught but death's inevitable hand, 230
 Shall e'er divide our loves.—I led her thence :
 To where, safe-station'd in a secret bay,
 Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines
 That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
 We sail'd—But, O my father ; can I speak 235
 What yet remains ? yon ocean black with storm !
 Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine !
 The speechless crew aghast ! and that lost fair !
 Still, still I see her ! feel her heart pant thick !
 And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven 240
 For me alone prefer'd ; as on my arm,
 Expiring, sinking with her fears she hung !
 I kiss'd her pale cold cheek ! with tears adjur'd,
 And won at last, with sums of proffer'd gold,
 The boldest mariners, this precious charge 245
 Instant to save ; and, in the skiff secur'd,
 Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
 With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
 To follow her—That moment, from the deck,
 A sea swell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulph. 250
 Nor me alone : its broad and billowing sweep
 Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious heaven !

My fatal love on her devoted head
 Drew down—it must be so! the judgment due
 To me and mine: or was Amyntor fav'd 255
 For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
 For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
 And years of death to come?—Nor further voice,
 Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supply'd:
 With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze 260
 To heaven uplifted, motionless and mute
 He stood, the mournful semblance of despair.

The lamp of day, though from mid-noon declin'd,
 Still flaming with full ardor, shot on earth
 Oppressive brightness round; till in soft steam 265
 From ocean's bosom his light vapour's drawn,
 With grateful intervention o'er the sky
 Their veil diffusive spread; the scene abroad
 Soft-shadowing, vale and plain, and dazzling hill.
 Aurelius, with his guest, the western cliff 270
 Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,
 From whence in double stream a lucid source
 Roll'd sounding forth, and, where with dewy wing
 Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
 Till cooler hours arise. The subject isle 275
 Her village-capital, where health and peace
 Are tutelary gods; her small domain
 Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
 That branching bear refreshful moisture on
 To field and mead; her straw-roof'd temple rude, 280
 Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels,

Lay full in view. From scene to scene around
Aurelius gaz'd; and, sighing, thus began.

Not we alone; alas! in every clime,
The human race are sons of sorrow born. 285

Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,
Of pain and grief, from sire to son deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all must bear
Th' impos'd condition of their mortal state,
Vicissitude of suffering. Cast thine eye 290

Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primrose-lap,
From hence due east. Amyntor look'd, and saw,
Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
Where thrice three females, earnest each and arm'd 295
With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd

For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,
To turn the mold and break th' adhesive clods,
Employ'd assiduous. Those, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, strew'd its fresh lap white 300
With fruitful Ceres: while, in train behind,
Three more th' encumbent harrow heavy on
O'er-labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.

Behold! Aurelius thus his speech renew'd,
From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd 305
For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
What yet necessity demands severe.

Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy summits drawn th' alternate veil 310
Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,

The

The husbands of those widow'd mates, who now
 For both must labour, launch'd, in quest of food,
 Their island-skiff adventurous on the deep.
 Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung'd 315
 The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals
 Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
 As annual on from shore to shore they move
 In watery caravan; them, thus intent,
 Dark from the south a gust of furious wing, 320
 Up-springing, drove to sea: and left in tears,
 This little world of brothers and of friends!
 But when, at evening hour, disjointed planks,
 Borne on the surging-tide, and broken oars,
 To fight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd 325
 The wreck before surmiz'd; one general groan,
 To heaven ascending, spoke the general breast
 With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless plaint,
 Through these hoarse rocks, on this resounding shore,
 At morn was heard: at midnight too were seen, 330
 Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height,
 The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
 With eager gaze—till from yon lesser isle,
 Yon round of moss-clad hills, Borera nam'd—
 Full north, behold! above the soaring lark, 335
 Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
 With curling mists—at last from yon hoar hills,
 Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze,
 And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
 Like meteors waving in a moonless sky, 340
 Our

Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
 Successive kindled, and from night to night
 Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
 Took her gay turn to reign; and Nature now
 From rapture wept: yet ever and anon 345
 By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
 How from yon rocky prison to release
 Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
 Destroy'd) and whom th' inevitable siege
 Of hunger must assault. But hope sustains 350
 The human heart: and now their faithful wives,
 With love-taught skill and vigour not their own,
 On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare*.
 Amyntor, who the tale distressful heard
 With sympathizing sorrow, on himself, 355
 On his severer fate, now pondering deep,
 Wrapt by sad thought the hill unheeding left;
 And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand.
 Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
 Or sailing level on the polar gale 360
 That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,
 The summer-nations of these pregnant cliffs,
 Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
 Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
 His parent-beam that animates and cheers 365
 All living kinds. He, glorious from amidst

* The author who relates this story adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland, p. 286.

A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
 Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
 Wav'd one unbounded blush : a scene to strike
 Both ear and eye with wonder and delight ! 370
 But, lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd
 Regardless on, through other walks convey'd
 Of baleful prospect ; which pale Fancy rais'd
 Incessant to herself, and sabled o'er
 With darkest night, meet region for despair ! 375
 Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base
 Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
 Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,
 At distance saw, descending on the shore,
 Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown 380
 A double band, who by their gestures strange
 There fix'd with wondering : for at once they knelt
 With hands upheld ; at once, to heaven, as seem'd,
 One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise.
 Then, slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps : 385
 Slow as they mov'd, behold ! amid the train,
 On either side supported, onward came
 Pale and of piteous look, a pensive maid ;
 As one by wasting sickness fore assail'd,
 Or plung'd in grief profound—Oh, all ye powers ! 390
 Amyntor starting, cry'd, and shot his soul
 In rapid glance before him on her face.
 Illusion ! no—it cannot be. My blood
 Runs chill : my feet are rooted here—and see !
 To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form. 395
 The spirits who this ocean waste and wild

Still

Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
 Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange
 The dead or absent, have on yon shape adorn'd,
 So like my love, of unsubstantial air, 400
 Embodiy'd featur'd it with all her charms—
 And lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
 With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!
 He ran, he flew: his clasping arms receiv'd
 Her sinking weight—O earth, and air, and sea! 405
 'Tis she! 'tis Theodora! Power divine,
 Whose goodness knows no bounds, thy hand is here,
 Omnipotent in mercy! As he spoke,
 Adown his cheek, through shivering joy and doubt,
 The tear fast-falling stream'd. My love! my life! 410
 Soul of my wishes! fav'd beyond all faith!
 Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
 Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring
 The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul
 Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs, 415
 My Theodora, yet awake: 'tis I,
 'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee! At that name,
 That potent name, her spirit from the verge
 Of death recall'd, she trembling rais'd her eyes;
 Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd, 420
 And murmur'd out his name: then sunk again;
 Then swoon'd upon his bosom, through excess
 Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
 The rose-bud thus, that to the beam serene
 Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms, 425
 Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

Moments

Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!
 For now, while on her face these men unknown
 'The stream, with cool aspersion, busy cast,
 His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze, 430
 Beheld in them—his friends! th' adventurous few,
 Who bore her to the skiff! whose daring skill
 Had sav'd her from the deep! As, o'er her cheek,
 Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
 In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd, 435
 How to yon isle, yon round of moss-clad hills,
 Borea nam'd, before the tempest borne,
 These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,
 (So heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
 With toil invincible, from shelve and rock 440
 Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
 Its prow directed safe—He heard no more:
 The rest already known, his every sense,
 His full collected soul, on her alone
 Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds, 445
 This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
 My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?
 Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed
 Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep! 450
 Ye shores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
 Dare I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis he!
 'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart,
 Confess their living lord! What shall I say?
 How vent the boundless transport that expands 455
 My labouring thought? th' unutterable bliss,
 Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death

The breast they charm?—Amyntor, O support
 'This swimming brain: I would not now be torn
 Again from life and thee; nor cause thy heart 460
 A second pang. At this, dilated high
 The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
 Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
 Now found, and broke in tender dews away
 Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge, 465
 With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
 The guardian-genius hovers, so the youth,
 On her lov'd face, assiduous and alarm'd,
 In silent fondness dwelt: while all his soul,
 With trembling tenderness of hope and fear 470
 Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
 The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
 Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit
 For further joy her soft impressible frame.

O happy! though as yet thou know'st not half 475
 The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentle mind,
 Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,
 For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast
 With that best temperance, which from fond excess,
 When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers, 480
 Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
 On wonder wait—safe refug'd in this isle,
 Thy god-like father lives! and lo—but curb,
 Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
 'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps 485
 The mountain's side descend!—Abrupt from his
 Her hand she drew; and, as on wings upborne,
 Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,

Asto-

Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,
 His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd 490
 The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom prefs'd.
 My father! — O my child! at once they cry'd:
 Nor more. The rest ecstatic silence spoke,
 And Nature from her inmost seat of sense
 Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this blest scene, 495
 Where emulous in either bosom strove
 Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
 Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile;
 And heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.
 Nor theirs alone this blissful hour: the joy, 500
 With instant flow, from shore to shore along
 Diffusive ran; and all th' exulting isle
 About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
 To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd!
 In each plain bosom Love and Nature wept: 505
 While each a sire, a husband, or a friend,
 Embracing held and kiss'd.

Now, while the song,

The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
 What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts, 510
 Best harmony, they grateful souls effus'd
 Aloud to heaven; Montano, reverend Seer,
 (Whose eye prophetic far through time's abyss
 Could shoot its beam, and there the births of fate,
 Yet immature and in their causes hid, 515
 Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood:
 His frame with shivery horror stirr'd, his eyes
 From outward vision held, and all the man

Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding scene,
 On fluid air, as in a mirror seen, 520
 And glowing radiant, to his mental sight.

They fly! he cry'd, they melt in air away,
 The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'ercaft!
 With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd
 Her drooping plains: while dawning rosy round 525
 A purer morning lights up all her skies!

He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
 Immortal William, borne triumphant on,
 From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
 White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet, 530

A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!
 See! with spread wings Britannia's genius flies,
 Before his prow; commands the speeding gales
 To waft him on; and, o'er the hero's head,
 Inwreath'd with olive bears the lawrel-crown, 535
 Blest emblem, peace with liberty restor'd!

And hark! from either strand, which nations hide,
 To welcome-in true freedom's day renew'd
 What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius, man
 By heaven belov'd, thou too that sacred sun 540
 Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shine!

I see thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
 Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race
 From this blest pair to spring: whom equal faith,
 And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold 545
 From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours
 Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn;
 'Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown.

TO THE
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH*.

YOUR Grace has given leave, that these few Poems should appear in the world under the patronage of your name. But this leave would have been refused, I know, had you expected to find your own praises, however just, in any part of the present address, I do not say it, my Lord, in the stile of compliment. Genuine modesty, the companion and the grace of true merit, may be surely distinguished from the affectation of it: as surely as the native glowing of a fine complexion from that artificial colouring, which is used, in vain, to supply what Nature had denied, or has resumed.

Yet, permit me just to hint, my Lord, while I restrain my pen from all enlargement, that if the fairest public character must be raised upon private virtue, as surely it must, your Grace has laid already the securest foundation of the former, in the latter. The eyes of mankind are therefore turned upon you: and, from what you are known to have done, in one way, they reasonably look for whatever can be expected from a great and good man, in the other.

The Author of these lighter amusements hopes soon to present your Grace with something more solid, more deserving your attention, in the life of the first Duke of Marlborough†.

* This dedication was prefixed by the author to a small collection of his poems, published in 1762. N.

† A work which has not yet appeared. N.

You will then see, that superior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negotiation: and that the same extensive capacity, which could guide all the tumultuous scenes of the camp, knew how to direct, with equal skill, the calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

In the mean while, that you may live to adorn the celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may be, like him, the defender of your country in days of public danger; and in times of peace, what is perhaps less frequently found, the friend and patron of those useful and ornamental arts, by which human nature is exalted, and human society rendered more happy: this, my Lord, is respectfully the wish of

YOUR GRACE'S

most obedient

humble servant.

TRUTH

T R U T H

I N

R H Y M E :

ADDRESSED TO

A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.

“ It has no faults, or I no faults can spy :
“ It is all beauty, or in blindness I.”

Imprimatur,

meo periculo,

CHESTERFIELD

T R U T H I N R H Y M E .

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

THE following extract from his Majesty's Speech to both Houses of Parliament, which, by every man in his dominions, would be thought the noblest introduction to a Poem of the first merit, is peculiarly suitable to introduce this. However unequal these verses may be to the subject they attempt to adorn, this singular advantage will be readily allowed them. It will, at the same time, be the fullest and best explanation of the Author's meaning, on a theme so interesting and uncommon. The words are these :

MARCH 3, 1761.

* * * In consequence of the act passed in the reign of my late glorious predecessor, King William the Third, for settling the succession to the Crown in my Family, the commissions of the Judges have been made during their good behaviour. But notwithstanding that wise provision, their offices have determined upon the demise of the Crown, or at the expiration of six months afterwards, in every instance of that nature which has happened.

I look upon the independency and uprightnes of the Judges of the land as essential to the impartial administration

nistration of Justice; as one of the best securities of the rights and liberties of my loving subjects; and as most conducive to the honour of the Crown. And I come now to recommend this interesting object to the consideration of Parliament; in order that such farther provision, as shall be most expedient, may be made, *for securing the Judges in the enjoyment of their offices, during their good behaviour, notwithstanding any such demise.*

ASTREA, eldest born of Jove,
 Whom all the gods revere and love,
 Was sent, while man deserv'd their care,
 On earth to dwell, and govern there:
 Till finding earth by heaven unaw'd,
 Till sick of violence and fraud,
 Abandoning the guilty crew,
 Back to her native sky she flew.
 There, station'd in the Virgin-sign,
 She long has ceas'd on earth to shine;
 Or if, at times, she deigns a smile,
 'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd isle.

For there—her eye with wonder fix'd!
 That wonder too with pleasure mix'd!
 She now beheld, in blooming youth,
 The Patron of all worth and truth;
 Not where the virtues most resort,
 On peaceful plains, but in a court!
 Not in a cottage, all-unknown;
 She found him seated on a throne!

What

What fables paint, what poets sing,
She found in fact—a Patriot-king!

But as a sight, so nobly new,
Deserv'd, she thought, a nearer view;
To where, by silver-streaming Thames,
Ascends the palace of St. James,
Swift through surrounding shades of night,
The goddesses shot her beamy flight.
She stopp'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her favourite, where he lay,
In sweet repose: o'er all his face,
Repose shed softer bloom and grace!
But fearful lest her sun-bright glare
Too soon might wake him into care,
(For splendid toils and weary state
Are every monarch's envy'd fate)
The stream of circling rays to shroud,
She drew an interposing cloud.

In all the silence of surprize,
She gaz'd him o'er! She saw arise,
For gods can read the human breast,
Her own ideas there impress!
And that his plan, to bless mankind,
'The plan now brightening in his mind,
May story's whitest page adorn,
May shine through nations yet unborn,
She calls Urbana to her aid.

At once the fair ethereal maid,
Daughter of Memory and Jove,
Descending quits her laurel'd grove:

Loose to the gale her azure robe ;
 Borne, in her left, a starry globe,
 Where each superior sou of fame
 Will find inscribed his deathless name,
 Her right sustains th' immortal lyre,
 To praise due merit, or inspire.

Behold—Aftrea thus began—
 'The friend of virtue and of man!
 Calm reason see, in early youth!
 See, in a prince, the soul of truth!
 With love of justice, tender sense
 For suffering worth and innocence!
 Who means to build his happy reign
 On this blest maxim, wise and plain—
 'Though plain, how seldom understood!
 'That, to be great, he must be good.
 His breast is open to your eye ;
 Approach, Urania, mark, and try.
 This bosom needs no thought to hide :
 'This virtue dares our search abide.

The sacred fountains to secure
 Of justice, undisturb'd and pure
 From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
 To ruffle or to stain their course ;
 That these may flow serene and free,
 The law must independent be :
 Her ministers, as in my sight,
 And mine alone, dispensing right ;
 Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,
 As honour, just, as truth, sincere.

With

With temper, firm, with spirit, sage,
The Mansfields of each future age.

And this prime blessing is to spring
From youth in purple! from a king!
Who, true to his imperial trust,
His greatness founds in being just;
Prepares, like yon ascending sun,
His glorious race with joy to run,
And, where his gracious eye appears,
To bless the world he lights and cheers!

Such worth with equal voice to sing,
Urania, strike thy boldest string;
And truth, whose voice alone is praise,
That here inspires, shall guide the lays.
Begin! awake his gentle ear
With sounds that monarchs rarely hear.
He merits, let him know our love,
And you record, what I approve.

She ended: and the heaven-born maid,
With soft surprize, his form survey'd.
She saw what chastity of thought,
Within his stainless bosom wrought;
Then fix'd on earth her sober eye,
And, pausing, offer'd this reply.

Nor pomp of song, nor paint of art,
Such truths should to the world impart.
My task is but, in simple verse,
These promis'd wonders to rehearse:
And when on these our verse we raise,
The plainest is the noblest praise.

Yet more; a virtuous doubt remains:
Would such a prince permit my strains?
Deserving, but still shunning fame,
The homage due he might disclaim.
A prince, who rules, to save, mankind,
His praise would, in their virtue, find;
Would deem their strict regard to laws,
Their faith and worth, his best applause.
Then, Britons, your just tribute bring,
In deeds, to emulate your king;
In virtues, to redeem your age
From venal views and party-rage.
On his example safely rest;
He calls, he courts you to be blest;
As friends, as brethren, to unite
In one firm league of just and right.

My part is last; if Britain yet
A lover boasts of truth and wit,
To him these grateful lays to send,
The Monarch's and the Muse's friend;
And whose fair name, in sacred rhymes,
My voice may give to latest times.

She said; and, after thinking o'er
The men in place near half a score,
To strike at once all scandal mute,
The goddess found, and fix'd on BUTE.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

BY S. J. ESQUIRE.

WELL—now, I think, we shall be wiser,
 Cries Grub, who reads the Advertiser,
 Here's Truth in Rhyme—a glorious treat!
 It surely must abuse the great;
 Perhaps the king; — without dispute
 'Twill fall most devilish hard on Bute.

Thrice he reviews his parting shilling,
 At last resolves, though much unwilling,
 To break all rules imbib'd in youth,
 And give it up for Rhyme and Truth:
 He reads—he frowns—Why, what's the matter?
 Damn it—here's neither sense, nor fatyr—
 Here, take it, boy, there's nothing in't:
 Such fellows! — to pretend to print!

Blame not, good cit, the poet's rhymes,
 The fault's not his, but in the times:
 The times, in which a monarch reigns,
 Form'd to make happy Britain's plains;
 To stop in their destructive course,
 Domestic frenzy, foreign force,
 To bid war, faction, party cease,
 And bless the weary'd world with peace.

The

The times in which is seen, strange sight !
 A court both virtuous and polite,
 Where merit best can recommend
 And science finds a constant friend.

How then should fatyr dare to sport,
 With such a king, and such a court,
 While Truth looks on with rigid eye,
 And tells her, every line 's a lye ?

THE DISCOVERY:

UPON READING SOME VERSES, WRITTEN BY A
 YOUNG LADY AT A BOARDING-SCHOOL,

SEPTEMBER, M,DCC,LX.

APOLLO lately sent to know,
 If he had any sons below :
 For, by the trash he long had seen
 In male and female Magazine,
 A hundred quires not worth a groat,
 The race must be extinct, -he thought.

His messenger to court repairs ;
 Walks softly with the croud up stairs :
 But when he had his errand told,
 The courtiers sneer'd, both young and old.
 Augustus knit his royal brow,

And bade him let Apollo know it,
 That from his infancy till now,
 He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.

His

His next adventure was the Park,
 When it grew fashionably dark :
 There beauties, boobies, strumpets, rakes,
 Talk much of commerce, whist, and stakes ;
 Who tips the wink, who drops the card :
 But not one word of Verse or Bard.

The stage, Apollo's old domain,
 Where his true sons were wont to reign,
 His courier now past frowning by :
 Ye modern Durseys, tell us why.

Slow, to the city last he went :
 There, all was prose, of cent per cent.
 There, alley-omnium, script, and bonus,
 (Latin, for which a Muse would stone us,
 Yet honest Gideon's classic stile)
 Made our poor Nuncio stare and smile.

And now the clock had struck eleven :
 The messenger must back to heaven ;
 But, just as he his wings had ty'd,
 Look'd up Queen-Square, the North-east side.
 A blooming creature there he found,
 With pen and ink, and books-around,
 Alone, and writing by a taper :
 He read unseen, then stole her paper.
 It much amus'd him on his way ;
 And reaching heaven by break of day,
 He shew'd Apollo what he stole.
 The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole :
 Then, calling for his pocket-book,
 Some right celestial vellum took ;

And

And what he with a sun-beam there
Writ down, the Muse thus copies fair:

“ If I no men my sons must call,

“ Here’s one fair daughter worth them all:

“ Mark then the sacred words that follow,

“ Sophia’s mine” — so sign’d

APOLLO.

V E R S E S,

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO, A
BEGGAR.

O M E R C Y, heaven’s first attribute,
Whose care embraces man and brute!

Behold me, where I shivering stand;

Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand

To want and age, disease and pain,

That all in one sad object reign.

Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,

Existence is to me a curse:

Yet, how to close this weary eye?

By my own hand I dare not die:

And death, the friend of human woes,

Who brings the last and sound repose;

Death does at dreadful distance keep,

And leaves one wretch to wake and weep!

T H E
R E W A R D :

O R,

APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
TO CHARLES STANHOPE.

W R I T T E N I N M . D C C . L V I I .

A POLLO, from the southern sky,
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye.
Just such a glance our courtiers throw
At suitors whom they shun to know :
Or have you mark'd the averted mien,
The chest erect, the freezing look,
Of Bumbo, when a bard is seen
Charg'd with his dedication-book ?

But gods are never in the wrong :
What then displeas'd the power of song ?

The case was this : Where noble arts
Once flourish'd, as our fathers tell us,
He now can find, for men of parts,
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows ;
Since drums and dice and dissipation
Have chac'd all taste from all the nation.
For is there, now, one table spread,
Where sense and science may be fed ?
Where, with a smile on every face,
Invited Merit takes his place ?

These thoughts put Phœbus in the spleen,
 (For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)
 And left him on the point to shroud
 His head in one eternal cloud ;
 When, lo ! his all-discerning eye
 Chanc'd one remaining friend to spy,
 Just crept abroad, as is his way,
 To bask him in the noon-tide ray.

This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
 To every interposing cloud ;
 And bade their gather'd mists ascend,
 That he might warm his good old friend :
 Then, as his chariot roll'd along,
 Tun'd to his lyre this grateful song.

“ With talents, such as God has given
 To common mortals, six in seven ;
 Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,
 And govern whom they should obey ;
 With no more frailties than are found
 In thousand others, count them round ;
 With much good-will, instead of parts,
 Express'd for artists and for arts ;
 Who smiles, if you have smartly spoke ;
 Or nods applause to his own joke ;
 This bearded child, this grey-hair'd boy,
 Still plays with life, as with a toy ;
 Still keeps amusement full in view :
 Wife ? Now and then—but oftener new ;
 His coach, this hour, at Watson's door ;
 The next, in waiting on a whore.

When-

Whene'er the welcome tidings ran
 Of monster strange, or stranger man,
 A Selkirke from his desert-isle,
 Or Alligator from the Nile;
 He saw the monster in its shrine,
 And had the man, next day, to dine.
 Or was it an hermaphrodite?
 You found him in a two-fold hurry;
 Neglecting, for this he-she-fight,
 The single charms of Fanny Murray.
 Gathering, from suburb and from city,
 Who were, who would be, wise or witty;
 The full-wigg'd sons of pills and potions;
 The bags, of maggot and new notions;
 The sage, of microscopic eye,
 Who reads him lectures on a fly;
 Grave Antiquaries, with their flams;
 And Poets, squirting epigrams:
 With some few Lords—of those that think,
 And dip, at times, their pen in ink:
 Nay, Ladies too, of diverse fame,
 Who are, and are not, of the game.
 For he has look'd the world around,
 And pleasure, in each quarter, found.
 Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,
 He sinks from life by soft decay;
 And sees at hand, without affright,
 Th' inevitable hour of night."

But here, some pillar of the state,
 Whose life is one long dull debate;

Some pedant of the fable gown,
 Who spares no failings, but his own,
 Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow :
 Is this a subject for Apollo !
 What ! can the God of wit and verse
 Such trifles in our ears rehearse ?

“ Know, puppies, this man's easy life,
 Serene from cares, unvex'd with strife,
 Was oft employ'd in doing good ;
 A science you ne'er understood :
 And Charity, ye sons of Pride,
 A multitude of faults will hide.
 I, at his board, more sense have found,
 Than at a hundred dinners round.
 Taste, learning, mirth, my western eye
 Could often, there, collected spy :
 And I have gone well-pleas'd to bed,
 Revolving what was sung or said.

“ And he, who entertain'd them all
 With much good liquor, strong and small ;
 With food in plenty, and a welcome,
 Which would become my Lord of Melcombe *,
 Whose soups and sauces duly season'd,
 Whose wit well tim'd, and sense well reason'd,
 Give Burgundy a brighter stain,
 And add new flavour to Champagne—
 Shall this man to the grave descend,
 Unown'd, unhonour'd as my friend ?

* This Poem was certainly written in 1757 ; but the reader has only to remember, that Apollo is the God of Prophecy as well as of Poetry. MALLETT.

No: by my deity I swear,
Nor shall the vow be lost in air;
While you, and millions such as you,
Are sunk for ever from my view,
And lost in kindred-darkness lye,
This good old man shall never die:
No matter where I place his name,
His love of learning shall be fame.

T Y B U R N :
 TO THE
 M A R I N E S O C I E T Y .

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

THE design of the Marine Society is in itself so laudable, and has been pursued so successfully for the public good, that I thought it merited a public acknowledgment. But, to take off from the flatness of a direct compliment, I have through the whole poem loaded their institution with such reproaches as will show, I hope, in the most striking manner, its real utility.

By authentic accounts, it appears, that from the first rise of this Society to the present year 1762, they have collected, clothed, and fitted out for the sea-service, 5452 grown men, 4511 boys : in all 9963 persons : whom they have thus not only saved, in all probability, from perdition and infamy, but rendered them useful members of the community ; at a time too when their country stood most in need of their assistance.

IT has been, all examples show it,
 The privilege of every poet,
 From ancient down through modern time,
 To bid dead matter live in rhyme ;

With

With wit enliven senseless rocks ;
 Draw repartee from wooden blocks ;
 Make buzzards senators of note,
 And rooks harangue, that geese may vote,

These moral fictions, first design'd
 To mend and mortify mankind,
 Old Æsop, as our children know,
 Taught twice ten hundred years ago.
 His fly, upon the chariot-wheel,
 Could all a statesman's merit feel ;
 And, to its own importance just,
 Exclaim, with Bufo, What a dust !
 His horse-dung, when the flood ran high,
 In Colon's air and accent cry,
 While tumbling down the turbid stream,
 Lord love us, how we apples swim !

But farther instances to cite,
 Would tire the hearers patience quite.
 No : what their numbers and their worth,
 How these admire, while those hold forth,
 From Hyde-Park on to Clerkenwell,
 Let clubs, let coffee-houses tell ;
 Where England, through the world renown'd,
 In all its wisdom may be found :
 While I, for ornament and use,
 An orator of wood produce.

Why should the gentle reader stare ?
 Are wooden orators so rare ?
 Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,
 That hears them in the pleader bawl,

That bears them in the patriot thunder,
 Can tell if such things are a wonder.
 So can Saint Dunstan's in the West,
 When good Romaine harangues his best,
 And tells his staring congregation,
 That sober sense is sure damnation ;
 That Newton's guilt was worse than treason,
 For using, what God gave him, reason.

A pox of all this prefacing !
 Smart Balbus cries : come, name the thing :
 That such there are we all agree :
 What is this wood ? Why—Tyburn-tree.

Hear then this reverend oak harangue ;
 Who makes men do so, ere they hang.

Patibulum loquitur.

“ Each thing whatever, when aggriev'd,
 Of right complains, to be reliev'd.
 When rogues so rais'd the price of wheat,
 That few folks could afford to eat,
 (Just as, when doctors' fees run high,
 Few patients can afford to die)
 The poor durst into murmurs break ;
 For losers must have leave to speak :
 Then, from reproaching, fell to mawling
 Each neighbour-rogue they found forestalling.
 As these again, their knaves and feters,
 Durst vent complaints against their betters ;
 Whose only crime was in defeating
 Their scheme of growing rich by cheating :

So,

So, shall not I my wrongs relate,
 An injur'd Minister of state ?
 The finisher of care and pain
 May, sure, with better grace complain,
 For reasons no less strong and true,
 Marine Society, of you !
 Of you, as every carman knows,
 My latest and most fatal foes.

My property you basely steal,
 Which ev'n a British oak can feel ;
 Feel and resent ! what wonder then
 It should be felt by British men,
 When France, insulting, durst invade
 Their clearest property of trade ?
 For which both nations, at the bar
 Of that supreme tribunal, war,
 To show their reasons have agreed,
 And lawyers, by ten thousands, fee'd ;
 Who now, for legal quirks and puns,
 Plead with the rhetoric of great guns ;
 And each his client's cause maintains,
 By knocking out th' opponent's brains :
 While Europe all—but we adjourn
 This wise digression, and return.

Your rules and statutes have undone me :
 My surest cards begin to shun me.
 My native subjects dare rebel,
 Those who were born for me and hell :
 And, but for you, the scoundrel-line
 Had, every mother's son, di'd mine.

A race unnumber'd as unknown,
Whom town or suburb calls her own ;
Of vagrant love the various spawn,
From rags and filth, from lace and lawn,
Sons of Fleet-ditch, of bulks, of benches,
Where peer and porter meet their wenches,
For neither health nor shame can wean us,
From mixing with the midnight Venus.

Nor let my cits be here forgot :
They know to sin, as well as sot.
When Night demure walks forth, array'd
In her thin negligée of shade.
Late risen from their long regale
Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,
Abroad the common-council sally,
To poach for game in lane or alley ;
This gets a son, whose first essay
Will filch his father's till away ;
A daughter that, who may retire,
Some few years hence, with her own fire :
And, while his hand is in her placket,
The filial virtue picks his pocket.
Change-alley, too, is grown so nice,
A broker dares refine on vice :
With lord-like scorn of marriage-vows,
In her own arms he cuckold's spouse ;
For young and fresh while he would wish her,
His loose thought glows with Kitty Fisher ;
Or, after nobler quarry running,
Profanely paints her out a Gunning.

Now

Now these, of each degree and sort,
 At Wapping dropp'd, perhaps at Court,
 Bred up for me, to swear and lie,
 To laugh at hell, and heaven defy ;
 These, Tyburn's regimental train,
 Who risk their necks to spread my reign,
 From age to age, by right divine,
 Hereditary rogues, were mine :
 And each, by discipline severe,
 Improv'd beyond all shame and fear,
 From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
 My constant friend the good Old-Bailey
 To me made over, late or soon ;
 I think, at latest, once a noon :
 But, by your interloping care,
 Not one in ten shall be my share.

Ere 'tis too late your error see,
 You foes to Britain, and to me.
 To me : agreed—But to the nation ;
 I prove it thus by demonstration.

First, that there is much good in ill,
 My great apostle Mandevile
 Has made most clear. Read, if you please,
 His moral fable of the bees.
 Our reverend clergy next will own,
 Were all men good, their trade were gone ;
 That were it not for useful vice,
 Their learned pains would bear no price :
 Nay, we should quickly bid defiance
 To their demonstrated alliance.

Next, kingdoms are compos'd, we know,
 Of individuals, Jack and Joe.
 Now these, our sovereign lords the rabble,
 For ever prone to growl and squabble,
 The monstrous many-headed beast,
 Whom we must not offend, but feast,
 Like Cerberus, should have their sop :
 And what is that, but trussing up ?
 How happy were their hearts, and gay,
 At each return of hanging-day ?
 To see * Page swinging they admire,
 Beyond ev'n * Madox on his wire !
 No baiting of a bull or bear,
 To * Perry dangling in the air !
 And then, the being drunk a week,
 For joy, some * Sheppard would not squeak !
 But now that those good times are o'er,
 How will they mutiny and roar !
 Your scheme absurd of sober rules
 Will sink the race of men to mules ;
 For ever drudging, sweating, broiling,
 For ever for the public toiling :
 Hard masters ! who, just when they need 'em,
 With a few thistles deign to feed 'em.
 Yet more—for it is seldom known
 That fault or folly stands alone—

* * * * As these are all persons of note, and well known to
 our readers, we think any more particular mention of them
 unnecessary. MALLETT.

You

You next debauch their infant-mind
 With fumes of honourable wind;
 Which must beget, in heads untry'd,
 That worst of human vices, pride.
 All who my humble paths forsake,
 Will reckon, each, to be a Blake;
 There, on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,
 Already struts the future Bembow;
 By you bred up to take delight in
 No earthly thing but oaths and fighting.
 These sturdy fons of blood and blows,
 By pulling Monsieur by the nose,
 By making kicks and cuffs the fashion,
 Will put all Europe in a passion.
 The grand alliance, now quadruple,
 Will pay us home, "jusqu' au centuple:"
 So the French king was heard to cry—
 And can a king of Frenchmen lie?

These, and more mischiefs I foresee
 From fondling brats of base degree.
 As mushrooms that on dunghills rise,
 The kindred-weeds beneath despise;
 So these their fellows will contemn,
 Who, in revenge, will rage at them:
 For, through each rank, what more offends,
 Than to behold the rise of friends?
 Still when our equals grow too great,
 We may applaud, but we must hate.
 Then, will it be endur'd, when John
 Has put my hempen ribbon on,

To see his ancient mefs-mate Cloud,
 By you made turbulent and proud,
 And early taught my tree to bilk,
 Pafs in another all of filk ?

Yet, one more mournful cafe to put :
 A hundred mouths at once you fhut !
 Half Grub-ftreet, silenc'd in an hour,
 Muft curfe your interpoſing power !
 If my loſt ſons no longer ſteal,
 What ſon of hers can earn a meal ?
 You ruin many a gentle bard,
 Who liv'd by heroes that die hard !
 Their brother-hawkers too ! that ſung
 How great from world to world they ſwung ;
 And by ſad ſonnets, quaver'd loud,
 Drew tears and half-pence from the crowd !

Blind Fielding too—a miſchief on him !
 I wiſh my ſons would meet and ſtone him !
 Sends his black ſquadrons up and down,
 Who drive my beſt boys back to town.
 They find that travelling now abroad,
 To eaſe rich rafcals on the road,
 Is grown a calling much unſafe ;
 That there are ſurer ways by half,
 To which they have their equal claim,
 Of earning daily food and fame :
 So down, at home, they ſit, and think
 How beſt to rob, with pen and ink.

Hence, red-hot letters and eſſays,
 By the John Lilburn of theſe days ;

Who

Who guards his want of shame and sense,
 With shield of sevenfold impudence.
 Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
 With much abuse and little wit.
 Hence libels against Hardwicke penn'd,
 That only hurt when they commend :
 Hence oft ascrib'd to Fox, at least
 All that defames his name-fake beast.
 Hence Cloacina hourly views
 Unnumber'd labours of the Muse,
 That sink, where myriads went before,
 And sleep within the chaos hoar :
 While her brown daughters, under ground,
 Are fed with politics profound.
 Each eager hand a fragment snaps,
 More excrement than what it wraps.

These, singly, contributions raise,
 Of casual pudding and of praise.
 Others again, who form a gang,
 Yet take due measures not to hang,
 In magazines their forces join,
 By legal methods to purloin :
 Whose weekly, or whose monthly, feat is
 First to decry, then steal, your treatise.
 So rogues in France perform their job ;
 Assassinating, ere they rob.

But, this long narrative to close :
 They who would grievances expose,
 In all good policy, no less,
 Should shew the methods to redress.

If commerce, sinking in one scale,
By fraud or hazard comes to fail;
The task is next, all statesmen know it,
'To find another where to throw it,
That, rising there in due degree,
The public may no loser be.
Thus having heard how you invade,
And, in one way, destroy my trade;
That we at last may part good friends,
Hear how you still may make amends.

O search this sinful town with care:
What numbers, duly mine, are there!
'The full-fed herd of money-jobbers,
Jews, Christians, rogues alike and robbers!
Who riot on the poor man's toils,
And fatten by a nation's spoils!
'The crowd of little knaves in place,
Our age's envy and disgrace.
Secret and snug, by daily stealth,
The busy vermin pick up wealth;
'Then, without birth, control the great!
Then, without talents, rule the state!

Some ladies too—for some there are,
With shame and decency at war;
Who, on a ground of pale threescore,
Still spread the rose of twenty-four,
And bid a nut-brown bosom glow
With purer white than lilies know:
Who into vice intrepid rush;
Put modest whoring to the blush;

And

And with more front engage a trooper
 Than Jenny Jones, or Lucy Cooper.
 Send me each mischief-making nibbler;
 'Tis equal, senator or scribbler:
 Who, on the self-same spot of ground,
 The self-same hearers staring round,
 Abjure and join with, praise and blame,
 Both men and measures, still the same.
 Or serve our foes with all their might,
 By proving Britons dare not fight:
 Slim, flimsy, fiddling, futile elves,
 They paint the nation from themselves;
 Less aiming to be wise than witty,
 And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.

Send me each string—save green and blue—
 These, brother Tower-hill, wait for you.
 But, Lollius, be not in the spleen;
 'Tis only Arthur's Knights I mean—
 Not those of old renown'd in fable,
 Nor of the round, but gaming table;
 Who, every night, the waiters say,
 Break every law they make by day;
 Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
 Attendant upon drink and dice,
 And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
 Devour each other's goods and chattels;
 While from the mouth of magic box,
 With curses dire and dreadful knocks,
 They fling whole tenements away,
 Fling time, health, fame—yet call it play!

Till, by advice of special friends,
The titled dupe a sharper ends :
Or, if some drop of noble blood
Remains, not quite defil'd to mud,
The wretch, unpity'd and alone,
Leaps headlong to the world unknown !

ZEPHIR:

Z E P H I R ;

O R,

T H E S T R A T A G E M.

“ Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,
 “ Una dola Divûm si Foemina victa duorum est.”

VIRG.

A R G U M E N T.

A certain young lady was surprized, on horseback, by a violent storm of wind and rain from the South-west; which made her dismount, somewhat precipitately.

TH E god, in whose gay train appear
 Those gales that wake the purple year;
 Who lights up health and bloom and grace
 In Nature's, and in Mira's face;
 To speak more plain, the western wind,
 Had seen this brightest of her kind:
 Had seen her oft with fresh surprize!
 And ever with desiring eyes!
 Much, by her shape, her look, her air,
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar fair;
 More, by the meaning soul that shines
 Through all her charms, and all refines.

Born to command, yet turn'd to please,
 Her form is dignity, with ease :
 Then--such a hand, and such an arm,
 As age or impotence might warm !
 Just such a leg too, Zephir knows,
 The Medicéan Venus shows !

So far he sees ; so far admires.
 Each charm is fuel to his fires :
 But other charms, and those of price,
 That form the bounds of Paradise,
 Can those an equal praise command ;
 All turn'd by Nature's finest hand ?
 Is all the consecrated ground
 With plumpness, firm, with smoothness, round ?

The world, but once, one Zeuxis saw,
 A faultless form who dar'd to draw :
 And then, that all might perfect be,
 All rounded off in due degree,
 To furnish out the matchless piece,
 Were rifled half the toasts of Greece.
 'Twas Pitt's white neck, 'twas Delia's thigh ;
 'Twas Waldegrave's sweetly-brilliant eye ;
 'Twas gentle Pembroke's ease and grace,
 And Hervey lent her maiden-face.
 But dares he hope, on British ground,
 That these may all, in one, be found ?
 These chiefly that still shun his eye ?
 He knows not ; but he means to try.

Aurora rising, fresh and gay,
 Gave promise of a golden day.

Up, with her sister, Mira rose,
Four hours before our London beaux;
For these are still asleep and dead,
Save Arthur's sons—not yet in bed.
A rose, impearl'd with orient dew,
Had caught the passing fair-one's view;
To pluck the bud he saw her stoop,
And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop:
Then, while across the daisy'd lawn
She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,
Due westward as her steps she bore,
Would swell her petticoat, before;
Would subtly steal his face between,
To see—what never yet was seen!
“ And sure, to fan it with his wing,
“ No nine-month symptom e'er can bring:
“ His aim is but the nymph to please,
“ Who daily courts his cooling breeze.”

But listen, fond believing Maid!
When Love, soft traitor, would persuade,
With all the moving skill and grace
Of practis'd passion in his face,
Dread his approach, distrust your power—
For oh! there is one shepherd's hour:
And though he long, his aim to cover,
May, with the friend, disguise the lover,
The sense, or nonsense, of his wooing
Will but adore you into ruin.
But, for those butterflies, the beaux,
Who buz around in tinsel-rows,

Shake, shake them off, with quick disdain:
Where insects fettle, they will stain.

Thus, Zephir oft the nymph assail'd.
As oft his little arts had fail'd:
The folds of silk, the ribs of whale,
Resisted still his feeble gale.
With these repulses vex'd at heart,
Poor Zephir has recourse to art:
And his own weakness to supply,
Calls in a Brother of the sky,
The rude South-West; whose mildest play
Is war, mere war, the Russian way:
A tempest-maker by his trade,
Who knows to ravish, not persuade.

The terms of their aërial league,
How first to harrass and fatigue,
Then, found on some remoter plain,
To ply her close with wind and rain;
These terms, writ fair and seal'd and sign'd,
Should Webb or Stukely wish to find,
Wife antiquaries, who explore
All that has ever pass'd — and more;
Though here too tedious to be told,
Are yonder in some cloud enroll'd,
Those floating registers in air:
So let them mount, and lead them there.

The grand alliance thus agreed,
To instant action they proceed;
For 'tis in war a maxim known,
As Prussia's monarch well has shown,

To break, at once, upon your foe,
 And strike the first preventive blow.
 With Toro's lungs, in Toro's form,
 Whose very how d' ye is a storm,
 The dread South-West his part begun,
 Thick clouds, extinguishing the sun,
 At his command, from pole to pole
 Dark spreading, o'er the fair-one roll;
 Who, pressing now her favourite steed,
 Adorn'd the pomp she deigns to lead.

O Mira! to the future blind,
 Th' insidious foe is close behind:
 Guard, guard your treasure, while you can;
 Unless this God should be the Man.
 For lo! the clouds, at his known call,
 Are closing round—they burst! they fall!
 While at the charmer all-aghast,
 He pours whole winter in a blast:
 Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,
 If natives founder on the flood;
 If Britain's coast be left as bare*
 As he resolves to leave the Fair.
 Here, Gods resemble human breed;
 The world be damn'd—so they succeed.

Pale, trembling, from her steed she fled,
 With silk, lawn, linen, round her head;
 And, to the fawns who fed above,
 Unveil'd the last recess of love.

* The very day on which the fleet under Admiral Hawke was
 blown into Torbay.

Each wondering fawn was seen to bound*,
 Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,
 A fight of that sequester'd glade,
 In all its light, in all its shade,
 Which rises there for wisest ends,
 To deck the temple it defends.

Lo! gentle tenants of the grove,
 For what a thousand Heroes strove,
 When Europe, Asia, both in arms,
 Disputed one fair Lady's charms.
 The war pretended Helen's eyes†;
 But this, believe it, was the prize.
 This rous'd Achilles' mortal ire,
 'Tis strung his Homer's epic lyre;
 Gave to the world La Mancha's Knight,
 And still makes bulls and heroes fight.

Yet, though the distant conscious Muse
 This airy rape delighted views;
 Yet she, for honour guides her lays,
 Enjoying yet, disdains to praise.
 If Frenchmen always fight with odds,
 Are they a pattern for the Gods?
 Can Russia, can th' Hungarian vampire‡,
 With whom cast in the Swedes and Empire,
 Can four such powers, who one assail,
 Deserve our praise, should they prevail?

* "Immemor herbarum quos est mirata Juvenca." VIRG.

† "Et fuit ante Hælanam," &c. HOR.

‡ A certain mischievous demon that delghts much in human blood; of whom there are many stories told in Hungary.

O mighty triumph! high renown!
 Two gods have brought one mortal down;
 Have club'd their forces in a storm,
 To strip one helpless female form!
 Strip her stark naked; yet confess,
 Such charms are Beauty's fairest dress!

But, all-insensible to blame,
 The sky-born ravishers on flame
 Enchanted at the prospect stood,
 And kiss'd with rapture what they view'd.
 Sleek S * * r too had done no less;
 Would parsons here the truth confess:
 Nay, one brisk peer, yet all-alive,
 Would do the same, at eighty-five*.

But how, in colours softly-bright,
 Where strength and harmony unite,
 To paint the limbs, that fairer show
 Than Massalina's borrow'd snow;
 To paint the rose, that, through its shade,
 With theirs, one human eye survey'd;
 Would gracious Phœbus tell me how,
 Would he the genuine draught avow,
 The Muse, a second Titian then,
 To Fame might consecrate her pen!

That Titian, Nature gave of old
 The Queen of Beauty to behold,

* We believe there is a mistake in this reading; for the person best informed and most concerned assures, that it should be only seventy-five. MALLETT.

Like Mira unadorn'd by dress,
But all compleat in nakedness :
Then bade his emulating art
Those wonders to the world impart.
Around the ready Graces stand,
Each heightening stroke, each happy line,
Awakes to life the form divine ;
Till, rais'd and rounded every charm,
And all with youth immortal warm,
He sees, scarce crediting his eyes,
He sees a brighter Venus rise !
But, to the gentle Reader's cost,
His pencil, with his life, was lost :
And Mira must contented be,
To live by Ramsay and by me.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

- “ Mark it, Cefario, it is true and plain.
 “ The fpinfters and the knitters in the fun,
 “ And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
 “ Do ufe to chant it. It is filly footh,
 “ And dallies with the innocence of love,
 “ Like the old age.” SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

I.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Faft by a fheltering wood,
 The fafe retreat of health and peace,
 An humble cottage flood,

II.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
 Beneath a mother's eye;
 Whofe only wifh on earth was now
 To fee her bleft, and die.

III.

The foftest blufh that Nature fpreads
 Gave colour to her cheek :
 -Such orient colour fmiles through heaven,
 When vernal mornings break.

IV.

Nor let the pride of great-ones fcorn
 This charmer of the plains :
 That fun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
 To paint our lily deigns.

V.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair;
 And though by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair.

VI.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
 A soul devoid of art;
 And from whose eye, serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
 Was quickly too reveal'd:
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
 That virtue keeps conceal'd.

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
 Did love on both bestow!
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.

IX.

His Sister, who, like Envy form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.

X.

The Father too, a sordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
 From whence his riches grew.

XI. Long

XI.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd :
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

XII.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove :
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

XIII.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept,

XIV.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintery waste,
Beneath the moon-light shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight-mourner stray'd.

XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast :
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed ;
And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

XVII. 'Tis

XVII.

'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let these dim eyes once more behold,
 What they must ever love!

XVIII.

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
 And bath'd with many a tear:
 Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
 So morning dews appear.

XIX.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
 A cruel sister she!
 Forbade what Emma came to say;
 "My Edwin, live for me!"

XX.

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
 The church-yard path along,
 The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
 Her lover's funeral song.

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
 Her startling fancy found
 In every bush his hovering shade,
 His groan in every sound.

XXII.

Alone, apall'd, thus had she pass'd
 The visionary vale—
 When lo! the death-bell smote her ear.
 Sad founding in the gale!

XXII. Just

XXIII.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door—
 He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
 That angel-face no more,

XXIV.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
 Beat high against my side—
 From her white arm down sunk her head;
 She shivering sigh'd, and dy'd.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE CURATE OF
 BOWES, IN YORKSHIRE, ON THE SUBJECT OF
 THE PRECEDING POEM.

To Mr. COPPERTHWAIT, at MARRICK.

Worthy Sir,

* * As to the affair mentioned in yours, it happened long before my time. I have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows;

THE family-name of the young man was Wrightson; of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the same age; that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity: but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably.

But

But as "amor vincit omnia," his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt. For they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, "that blood was " nothing without groats."

The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove-Tuesday, and died the Sunday sevennight after.

On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mistress. She was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late. But her daughter Hannah lay at his back; to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after.

The then curate of Bowes * inserted it in his register, that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15; 1714. I am,

DEAR SIR,

Yours, &c.

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where in former times the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people, Stanemore; which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout. CAMD. BRIT.

O N T H E
D E A T H
O F
L A D Y A N S O N.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER, 1761.

O Crown'd with honour, blest with length of days,
 Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise;
 Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd,
 And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—
 Though still the fairest from heaven's bounty flow;
 For good and great no monarch can bestow:
 Yet thus, of health, of fame, of friends posses't,
 No fortune, Hardwicke, is sincerely blest.
 All human-kind are sons of sorrow born:
 The great must suffer, and the good must mourn.
 For say, can Wisdom's self, what late was thine,
 Can fortitude, without a sigh, resign?
 Ah, no! when Love, when Reason, hand in hand,
 O'er the cold urn consenting Mourners stand,
 The firmest heart dissolves to soften here:
 And Piety applauds the falling tear.
 Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,
 Adorn the living, while they grace the dead:
 From tender thought their source unblam'd they draw,
 By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.

When his lov'd Child the Roman could not save,
 Immortal Tully, from an early grave *,
 No common forms his home-felt passion kept :
 The sage, the patriot, in the parent, wept.
 And O by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,
 The same thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.
 She whom the Muses, whom the Loves deplore,
 Ev'n she, thy pride and pleasure, is no more :
 In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
 Lost to thy hopes, and silent in the tomb.

O season mark'd by mourning and despair,
 Thy blasts, how fatal to the Young and Fair ?
 For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
 Thy tainted winds come pregnant with disease :
 Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,
 That scatter'd fever, agony, and death !
 What funerals has thy cruel ravage spread !
 What eyes have flow'd ! what noble bosoms bled !

Here let Reflection fix her sober view :
 O think, who suffer, and who sigh with you.
 See, rudely snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
 Bright Granby from a youthful husband's arms !
 In climes far distant, see that husband mourn ;
 His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn !
 Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
 In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall !

* Tullia died about the age of two and thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety ; and for having added, to the usual graces of her sex, the more solid accomplishments of knowledge and polite letters. MALLETT.

See her lov'd Lord with speechless anguish bend!
 And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend,
 Thy Pelham turn on heaven his streaming eye:
 Again in her, he sees a brother die!

And he, who long, unshaken and serene,
 Had death, in each dire form of terror, seen,
 Through worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans tost,
 By love subdued, now weeps a comfort lost:
 Now, sunk to fondness, all the man appears,
 His front dejected, and his soul in tears!

Yet more: nor thou the Muse's voice disdain,
 Who fondly tries to soothe a father's pain—
 Let thy calm eye survey the suffering ball:
 See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall!
 What spring had promis'd and what autumn yields,
 The bread of thousands, ravish'd from their fields!
 See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,
 Swept to one grave, in one promiscuous fate!
 Hear Europe groan! hear all her nations mourn!
 And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too: and reason will confirm the thought:
 Thy cares, for her, are to their period brought.
 Yes, she, fair pattern to a failing age,
 With wit, chastis'd, with sprightly temper, sage:
 Whom each endearing name could recommend,
 Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend,
 Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unstain'd,
 'The prize of virtue has, for ever, gain'd!
 From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore
 Where sin and pain and error are no more,

She now no change, nor you no fear can feel :
 Death, to her fame, has fix'd th' eternal seal !

A FUNERAL HYMN.

I.

YE midnight shades, o'er Nature spread !
 Dumb silence of the dreary hour !
 In honour of th' approaching dead,
 Around your awful terrors pour.
 Yes, pour around,
 On this pale ground,
 Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
 The sober thought,
 The tear untaught,
 Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

II.

Lo ! as the surplic'd train draw near
 To this last mansion of mankind,
 The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
 In holy musings wrap the mind !
 And while their beam,
 With trembling stream,
 Attending tapers faintly dart ;
 Each mouldering bone,
 Each sculptor'd stone,
 Strikes mute instruction to the heart !

III. Now,

III.

Now, let the sacred organ blow,
 With solemn pause, and sounding flow :
 Now, let the voice due measure keep,
 In strains that sigh, and words that weep ;
 Till all the vocal current blended roll,
 Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul.

IV.

To lift it in the Maker's praise,
 Who first inform'd our frame with breath :
 And, after some few stormy days,
 Now, gracious, gives us o'er to Death.
 No King of Fears,
 In him appears,
 Who shuts the scene of human woes :
 Beneath his shade
 Securely laid,
 The dead alone find true repose.

V.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
 To One, supremely good and wise,
 Raise hallelujahs ! God is just,
 And man most happy, when he dies !
 His winter past,
 Fair spring at last
 Receives him on her flowery shore ;
 Where Pleasure's rose
 Immortal blows,
 And sin and sorrow are no more !

T O M I R A.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

AT this late hour, the world lies hush'd below,
 Nor is one breath of air awake to blow.
 Now walks mute Midnight, darkling o'er the plain,
 Rest, and soft-footed Silence, in his train,
 To bless the cottage, and renew the swain,
 These all-asleep, me all-awake they find ;
 Nor rest, nor silence, charm the lover's mind.
 Already, I, a thousand torments prove,
 The thousand torments of divided love :
 The rolling thought, impatient in the breast ;
 The fluttering wish on wing, that will not rest ;
 Desire, whose kindled flames, undying, glow ;
 Knowledge of distant bliss, and present woe ;
 Unhush'd, unsleeping all, with me they dwell,
 Children of absence, and of loving well !
 These pale the cheek, and cloud the cheerless eye,
 Swell the swift tear, and heave the frequent sigh :
 These reach the heart, and bid the health decline ;
 And these, O Mira ! these are truly mine.

She, whose sweet smile would gladden all the grove,
 Whose mind is music, and whose looks are love ;
 She, gentle power ! victorious softness !—She,
 Mira, is far from hence, from love, and me ;
 Yet, in my every thought, her form I find,
 Her looks, her words—her world of charms combin'd !

Sweetness

Sweetness is her's, and unaffected ease ;
 'The native wit, that was not taught to please.
 Whatever softly animates the face,
 The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,
 Th' unstudy'd smile, the blush that nature warms,
 And all the graceful negligence of charms !
 Ha ! while I gaze, a thousand ardours rise ;
 And my fir'd bosom flashes from my eyes,
 Oh ! melting mildness ! miracle of charms !
 Receive my soul within those folding arms !
 On that dear bosom let my wishes rest—
 Oh ! softer than the turtle's downy breast !
 And see ! where Love himself is waiting near !
 Here let me ever dwell—for heaven is here !

A W I N T E R ' S D A Y .

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

NOW, gloomy soul ! look out—now comes thy turn ;
 With thee, behold all ravag'd nature mourn.
 Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,
 That spreads, flow-shadowing, o'er the vanquish'd light.
 Look out, with joy ; the Ruler of the day,
 Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray :
 Already exil'd to the utmost sky,
 Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
 Lo ! from the limits of the wintery pole,
 Mountainous clouds, in rude confusion, roll :

In dismal pomp, now, hovering on their way,
 To a sick twilight, they reduce the day.
 And hark ! imprison'd winds, broke loose, arise,
 And roar their haughty triumph through the skies.
 While the driven clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods of rain,
 And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain.
 Now see sad earth—like thine, her alter'd state,
 Like thee, she mourns her sad reverse of fate !
 Her smile, her wanton looks—where are they now ?
 Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow !

No more, th' ungrateful verdure of the plain ;
 No more, the wealth-crown'd labours of the swain ;
 'These scenes of bliss, no more upbraid my fate,
 Torture my pining thought, and rouse my hate.
 The leaf-clad forest, and the tufted grove,
 Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,
 Stript of their honours, naked, now appear ;
 This is—my soul ! the winter of their year !
 The little, noisy songsters of the wing,
 All, shivering on the bough, forget to sing.
 Hail ! reverend Silence ! with thy awful brow !
 Be Music's voice, for ever mute—as now :
 Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
 Disturb :—no pleasure disconcert my woes.

In this moss-cover'd cavern, hopeless laid,
 On the cold cliff, I'll lean my aching head ;
 And, pleas'd with Winter's waste, unpitying, see
 All nature in an agony with me !
 Rough, rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd towers,
 Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and rushy moors,
 Dead

Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes—
(Now I can smile!)—in wild disorder rise :
And now, the various dreadfulnefs combin'd,
Black melancholy comes, to doze my mind.

See ! Night's wish'd shades rise, spreading through
the air,

And the lone, hollow gloom, for me prepare !

Hail ! solitary ruler of the grave !

Parent of terrors ! from thy dreary cave !

Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,

And spread a welcome horror wide around.—

But hark ! a sudden howl invades my ear !

The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near.

Shadows, from each dark cavern, now combine,

And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine.

Stop, flying Time ! repose thy restless wing ;

Fix here—nor hasten to restore the spring :

Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let winter be—

Let never wanton season laugh at me !

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

M A S Q U E O F B R I T A N N I A,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, * 1755, IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR, FUDDLED AND TALKING TO HIMSELF.

He enters, singing,

“ How pleasant a failor’s life passés—”

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow !
 A failor, half seas o’er—’s a pretty fellow !
 What cheer ho ? * Do I carry too much sail ?

** to the pit.*

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale *—

** he staggers forward, then stops.*

But softly though—the vessel seems to heel :
 Steady ! my boy—she must not shew her keel.
 And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer ?
 Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer ?
 Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue—
 Dost love ’em, boy ?—By this right hand, I do !
 A well-rigg’d girl is surely most inviting :
 There’s nothing better, faith—save flip and fighting :
 For shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
 Or lower our flag to slavery and soup ?
 What ! shall these parly-vous make such a racket,
 And we not lend a hand, to lace their jacket ?
 Still shall Old England be your Frenchman’s butt ?
 Whene’er he shuffles, we should always cut.

* Some of the lines too were written by him.

I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show ?

** Pulls out a play-bill.*

From this same paper we shall understand
What work's to-night—I'll read your printed hand !
But, first refresh a bit—for faith I need it—
I'll take one fugar-plum *—and then I'll read it,

** Takes some tobacco.*

*He reads the play-bill of Zara,
which was acted that evening.*

At the The-atre Royal—Drury-Lane—
will be presen-ta-ted a Tragedy called—

S A R A H.

I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sall may see
Her namefake's Tragedy : and as for me,
I'll sleep as found, as if I were at sea.

To which will be added—a new Masque.
Zounds ! why a Masque ? We sailors hate grimaces :
Above-board all, we scorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, so very large and plain ?
Bri-ta-nia—oh Britania !—good again—
Huzza, boys ! by the Royal George I swear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, shall strait be there.
All free-born souls must take Bri-ta-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart !

going off, he stops.

I wish you landmen, though, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics :
And, like us, honest tars, drink, fight, and sing !
True to yourselves, your country, and your king !

I N.

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

WITH no one talent that deserves applause ;
 With no one awkwardness that laughter draws ;
 Who thinks not, but just echoes what we say ;
 A clock, at morn, wound up, to run a day :
 His larum goes in one smooth, simple strain ;
 He stops : and then, we wind him up again.
 Still hovering round the fair at fifty-four,
 Unfit to love, unable to give o'er ;
 A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
 Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting ;
 Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can ;
 The teasing ghost of the departed man.

S O N G.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, MARY SCOT.

I.

WHERE Thames, along the daisy'd meads,
 His wave, in lucid mazes, leads,
 Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
 Wealth on either shore bestowing :
 There, in a safe, though small retreat,
 Content and Love have fix'd their feat :
 Love, that counts his duty, pleasure ;
 Content that knows and hugs his treasure.

II.

From art, from jealousy secure ;
 As faith unblam'd, as friendship pure ;
 Vain opinion nobly scorning,
 Virtue aiding, life adorning.

Fair

Fair Thames, along thy flowery side,
 May those whom truth and reason guide,
 All their tender hours improving,
 Live like us, belov'd and loving!

T O M R. T H O M S O N.

ON HIS PUBLISHING THE SECOND EDITION OF
 HIS POEM, CALLED WINTER.

CHARM'D, and instructed, by thy powerful song,
 I have, unjust, with-held my thanks too long :
 This debt of gratitude, at length, receive,
 Warmly sincere, 'tis all thy friend can give.

Thy worth new lights the Poet's darken'd name,
 And shews it, blazing, in the brightest fame.
 Through all thy various Winter, full are found
 Magnificence of thought, and pomp of sound,
 Clear depth of sense, expression's heightening grace,
 And goodness, eminent in power, and place!
 For this, the wise, the knowing few, commend
 With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend :
 Ev'n age, and truth severe, in reading thee,
 That heaven inspires the Muse, convinc'd, agree.

Thus I dare sing of merit, faintly known,
 Friendless—supported by its self alone :
 For those, whose aided will could lift thee high,
 In fortune, see not with Discernment's eye.
 Nor place, nor power, bestows the sight refin'd ;
 And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.

How could'st thou think of such, and write so well?
 Or hope reward, by daring to excell?
 Unskilful of the age! untaught to gain
 Those favours, which the fawning base obtain!
 A thousand shameful arts, to thee unknown,
 Falsehood, and Flattery, must be first thy own.
 If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breast,
 Thou must drive out th' unprofitable guest:
 Extinguish each bright aim, that kindles there,
 And centre in thyself thy every care.

But hence that vileness—pleas'd to charm mankind,
 Cast each low thought of interest far behind:
 Neglected into noble scorn—away
 From that worn path, where vulgar Poets stray:
 Inglorious herd! profuse of venal lays!
 And by the pride despis'd, they stoop to praise!
 Thou, careless of the statesman's smile or frown,
 Tread that strait way, that leads to fair renown.
 By Virtue guided, and by Glory fir'd,
 And, by reluctant Envy, slow admir'd,
 Dare to do well, and in thy boundless mind,
 Embrace the general welfare of thy kind:
 Enrich them with the treasures of thy thought,
 What Heaven approves, and what the Muse has taught.
 Where thy power fails, unable to go on,
 Ambitious, greatly will the good undone.
 So shall thy name, through ages, brightening shine,
 And distant praise, from worth unborn, be thine;
 So shalt thou, happy! merit heaven's regard,
 And find a glorious, though a late reward.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

I.

'T WAS at the silent, solemn hour,
 When night and morning meet ;
 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April-morn,
 Clad in a wintery cloud ;
 And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
 That held her sable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
 When youth and years are flown :
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,
 When death has rest their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
 That sips the silver dew ;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just opening to the view.

V.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early prime :
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
 She dy'd before her time.

VI. Awake !

VI.

Awake! she cry'd, thy true-love calls,
 Come from her midnight-grave;
 Now let thy pity hear the maid,
 Thy love refus'd to save.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
 When injur'd ghosts complain;
 When yawning graves give up their dead,
 To haunt the faithless swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
 Thy pledge and broken oath!
 And give me back my maiden-vow,
 And give me back my troth.

IX.

Why did you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep?
 Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those eyes to weep?

X.

How could you say my face was fair,
 And yet that face forsake?
 How could you win my virgin-heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break?

XI.

Why did you say, my lip was sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale?
 And why did I, young witlefs maid!
 Believe the flattering tale?

XII. That

XII.

That face, alas! no more is fair,
 Those lips no longer red :
 Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
 And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my sister is ;
 This winding-sheet I wear :
 And cold and weary lasts our night,
 Till that last morn appear.

XIV.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence ;
 A long and late adieu !
 Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
 Who dy'd for love of you.

XV.

The lark sung loud ; the morning smil'd,
 With beams of rosy red :
 Pale William quak'd in every limb,
 And raving left his bed.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where Margaret's body lay ;
 And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,
 That wrap'd her breathless clay.

O

XVII. And

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
 And thrice he wept full fore ;
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more !

N. B. In a comedy of Fletcher, called "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," old Merry-Thought enters repeating the following verses :

When it was grown to dark midnight,
 And all were fast asleep,
 In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

This was probably the beginning of some ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote ; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy : and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem ; which was written many years ago. MALLETT.

An elegant Latin imitation of this ballad is printed in the works of Vincent Bourne. N.

E P I T A P H,

ON MR. AIKMAN, AND HIS ONLY SON; WHO WERE
BOTH INTERRED IN THE SAME GRAVE.

DEAR to the wife and good, disprais'd by none,
Here sleep in peace the father and the son :
By virtue, as by nature, close ally'd,
The painter's genius, but without the pride ;
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and Friendship's warmth divine.
The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date ;
But oh, how more severe the parent's fate !
He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept and dy'd !

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave though no proud structures
 grace,
Yet Truth and Goodness sanctify the place :
Yet blameless Virtue that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid ! now weeps upon thy tomb.
O scap'd from life ! O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more !
What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
Regard and Pity, wait sincere on thee :
Lo ! soft Remembrance drops a pious tear ;
And holy Friendship stands a mourner here.

S O N G.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE.

THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing :
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them improve the hour that flies ;
 And, in soft raptures, waste the day,
 Among the shades of Endermay.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear :
 At this, thy living bloom must fade ;
 As that will strip the verdant shade.
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er ;
 The feather'd songsters love no more :
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the shades of Endermay !

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END OF MALLET'S POEMS.

THE

P O E M S

O F

A K E N S I D E.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

T O T H E

F I R S T E D I T I O N , 1772.

THIS Volume contains a complete Collection of the Poems of the late Dr. Akenfide, either reprinted from the original Editions, or faithfully published from Copies which had been prepared by himself for publication.

That the principal Poem should appear in so disadvantageous a state, may require some explanation. The first publication of it was at a very early part of the Author's life. That it wanted Revision and Correction, he was sufficiently sensible; but so quick was the demand for several successive republications, that in any of the intervals to have completed the whole of his Corrections was utterly impossible; and yet to have gone on from time to time making farther Improvements in every new Edition would (he thought) have had the appearance at least of abusing the favor of the Public. He chose therefore to continue for some time reprinting it without alteration, and to forbear publishing any Corrections or Improvements until he should be able at once to give them to the Public complete.

And

And with this view he went on for several years to review and correct the Poem at his leisure; till at length he found the task grow so much upon his hands, that, despairing of ever being able to execute it sufficiently to his own satisfaction, he abandoned the purpose of correcting, and resolved to write the Poem over a new upon a somewhat different and an enlarged Plan. . And in the execution of this Design he had made a considerable Progress. What reason there may be to regret that he did not live to execute the whole of it, will best appear from the perusal of the Plan itself, as stated in the General Argument, and of the parts which he had executed, and which are here published. For the person *, to whom he intrusted the Disposal of his Papers, would have thought himself wanting as well to the Service of the Public, as to the Fame of his Friend, if he had not produced as much of the Work as appeared to have been prepared for publication. In this light he considered the intire first and second Books, of which a few Copies had been printed for the use only of the Author and certain Friends: also a very considerable part of the third Book, which had been transcribed in order to its being printed in the same manner: and to these is added the Introduction to a subsequent Book, which in the Manuscript is called the Fourth, and which appears to have been composed at the time when the Author in-

[* The Right Hon. JEREMIAH DYSON; by whom this advertisement was written.]

tended to comprize the whole in Four Books; but which, as he had afterwards determined to distribute the Poem into more books, might perhaps more properly be called the Last Book. And this is all that is executed of the new work, which, although it appeared to the Editor too valuable, even in its imperfect State, to be withholden from the public, yet (he conceives) takes in by much too small a part of the original Poem to supply its place, and to supersede the re-publication of it. For which reason both the Poems are inserted in this collection.

Of Odes the Author had designed to make up Two Books, consisting of twenty Odes each, including the several Odes which he had before published at different times.

The Hymn to the Naiads is reprinted from the sixth Volume of Doddsley's Miscellanies, with a few Corrections and the addition of some Notes. To the Inscriptions taken from the same Volume three new Inscriptions are added; the last of which is the only instance wherein liberty has been taken of inserting any thing in this Collection, which did not appear to have been intended by the Author for publication*; among whose papers no Copy of this was found, but it is

[* In the present Edition, a few pieces are added, which are known to be genuine, and which certainly are no discredit to their Author. But these are all placed at the end of the volume.]

printed from a Copy which he had many years since given to the Editor.

The Author of these Poems was born at Newcastle upon Tyne, on the 9th Day of November 1721. He was educated at the Grammar School at Newcastle and at the Universities of Edinburgh and Leyden, at the latter of which he took his Degree of Doctor in Physic. He was afterwards admitted by Mandamus to the Degree of Doctor in Physic in the University of Cambridge: elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and one of the Physicians of St. Thomas's Hospital: and upon the Establishment of the Queen's Household, appointed one of the Physicians to Her Majesty. He died of a putrid Fever, on the 23d Day of June 1770, and is buried in the Parish Church of St. James's Westminster.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N.
A
P O E M.
I N T H R E E B O O K S.

Ἄσεβῆσμέν ἐστιν ἀνθρώπων τὰς παρὰ τῷ θεῷ χάριτας ἀτιμάζειν.
EPICT. apud Arrian. II. 23.

Published in the Year M,DCC,XLIV.

T H E D E S I G N .

TH E R E are certain powers in human nature which seem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily sense and the faculties of moral perception: They have been called by a very general name, *The Powers of Imagination*. Like the external senses, they relate to matter and motion; and at the same time, give the mind ideas analogous to those of moral approbation and dislike. As they are the inlets of some of the most exquisite pleasures with which we are acquainted, it has naturally happened that men of warm and sensible tempers have sought means to recall the delightful perceptions which they afford, independent of the object which originally produced them. This gave rise to the imitative or designing arts; some of which, as painting and sculpture, directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature; others, as music and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by signs universally established and understood.

But these arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were of course led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers: especially poetry, which, making use of language as the instrument by which it imitates, it consequently becomes an unlimited representative of every species
and

and mode of being, Yet, as their intention was only to express the objects of imagination, and as they still abound chiefly in ideas of that class, they of course retain their original character; and all the different pleasures which they excite, are termed, in general, *Pleasures of Imagination*.

The design of the following poem is to give a view of *these* in the largest acceptation of the term; so that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with either in poetry, painting, music, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of those principles in the constitution of the human mind, which are here established and explained.

In executing this general plan, it was necessary first of all to distinguish the Imagination from our other faculties; and in the next place to characterize those original forms or properties of being, about which it is conversant, and which are by nature adapted to it as light is to the eyes, or truth to the understanding. These properties Mr. Addison had reduced to the three general classes of greatness, novelty, and beauty; and into these we may analyse every object, however complex, which, properly speaking, is delightful to the imagination. But such an object may also include many other sources of pleasure; and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a stronger impression by reason of this concurrence. Besides which, the imitative arts, especially poetry, owe much of their effect to a *similar* exhibition of properties quite *foreign* to the
 imagi-

imagination, infomuch that in every line of the most applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external senses, or truths discovered to the understanding, or illustrations of contrivance and final causes, or, above all the rest, with circumstances proper to awaken and engage the passions. It was therefore necessary to enumerate and exemplify these different species of pleasure; especially that from the passions, which, as it is supreme in the noblest work of human genius, so being in some particulars not a little surprizing, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing an allegory to account for the appearance.

After these parts of the subject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and interest the mind, a pleasure of a very different nature, that which arises from ridicule, came next to be considered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illustration, and to distinguish the general sources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of stile became necessary; such a one as might yet be consistent, if possible, with the general taste of composition in the serious parts of the subject: nor is it an easy task to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expressions of the mock heroic, or the familiar and poetical raillery of professed satire; neither of which would have been proper here.

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illustrate some particular pleasures, which arise either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itself. Of the first kind is that various and complicated resemblance existing between several parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it seems in a great measure to depend on the early association of our ideas, and as this habit of associating is the source of many pleasures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great share in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here and its effects described. Then follows a general account of the production of these elegant arts, and of the secondary pleasure, as it is called, arising from the resemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature. After which, the work concludes with some reflections on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral usefulness in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of composition which prevails in this piece, little can be said with propriety by the author. He had two models; that ancient and simple one of the first Grecian poets, as it is refined by Virgil in the Georgics, and the familiar epistolary way of Horace. This latter has several advantages. It admits of a greater variety of style; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of conversation; and, especially with the
 assistance

assistance of rhyme, leads to a closer and more concise expression. Add to this the example of the most perfect of modern poets, who has so happily applied this manner to the noblest parts of philosophy, that the public taste is in a great measure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the subject before us, tending almost constantly to admiration and enthusiasm, seemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured stile. This too appeared more natural, as the author's aim was not so much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as, by exhibiting the most engaging prospects of nature, to enlarge and harmonize the imagination, and by that means insensibly dispose the minds of men to a similar taste and habit of thinking in religion, morals, and civil life. It is on this account that he is so careful to point out the benevolent intention of the Author of nature in every principle of the human constitution here insisted on; and also to unite the moral excellencies of life in the same point of view with the meer external objects of good taste; thus recommending them in common to our natural propensity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The same views have also led him to introduce some sentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the subject; but, since they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of Virgil, the faultless model of didactic poetry, will best support him in this particular. For the sentiments themselves, he makes no apology.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N.
B O O K T H E F I R S T.

THE subject proposed. Difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the divine mind; the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination. The natural variety of constitution in the minds of men; with its final cause. The idea of a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures which it affords. All the primary pleasures of the imagination result from the perception of greatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty in objects. The pleasure from greatness, with its final cause. Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause. Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause. The connection of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the study of moral philosophy. The different degrees of beauty in different species of objects: colour; shape; natural concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind. The sublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connection of the imagination and the moral faculty. Conclusion.

WITH

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
 Of nature touches the consenting hearts
 Of mortal men ; and what the pleasing stores
 Which beauteous imitation thence derives
 To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil ; 5
 My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
 Of musical delight ! and while I sing
 Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
 Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
 Indulgent Fancy ! from the fruitful banks 10
 Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
 Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
 Where Shakespeare lies, be present : and with thee
 Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
 Wafting ten thousand colours through the air, 15
 Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
 She blends and shifts at will, through countless forms,
 Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
 Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
 Wilt thou, eternal Harmony ! descend 20
 And join this festive train ? for with thee comes
 The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
 Majestic Truth ; and where Truth deigns to come,
 Her sister liberty will not be far.
 Be present all ye Genii, who conduct 25
 The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,
 New to your springs and shades : who touch his ear
 With finer sounds : who heighten to his eye

The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things. 30

Oft have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic-verse employ'd ; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, though importing most
A Poet's name : for fruitless is the attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil 35

Obscure to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius ; nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar 40

High as the summit ; there to breathe at large
Ætherial air ; with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes,
To this neglected labour court my song ;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task 45

To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion. But the love
Of Nature and the Muses bids explore,
Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man, 50

The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before. 55

From heaven my strains begin ; from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy

And

And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
 Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night 60
 The moon suspended her serener lamp ;
 Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorn'd the globe,
 Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore ;
 Then liv'd the almighty One : then, deep retir'd
 In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms, 65
 The forms eternal of created things ;
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
 The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
 And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
 Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd, 70
 His admiration : till in time compleat,
 What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
 Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
 Of life informing each organic frame,
 Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves ; 75
 Hence light and shade alternate ; warmth and cold ;
 And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
 And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
 Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims 80
 Of social life, to different labours urge
 The active powers of man ! with wise intent
 The hand of nature on peculiar minds
 Imprints a different bias, and to each
 Decrees its province in the common toil. 85
 To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
 The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
 The golden zones of heaven ; to some she gave

To weigh the moment of eternal things,
 Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain, 90
 And will's quick impulse : others by the hand
 She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
 What healing virtue swells the tender veins
 Of herbs and flowers ; or what the beams of morn
 Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind 95
 In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
 Were destin'd ; some within a finer mould
 She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
 To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
 'The world's harmonious volume, there to read 100
 The transcript of himself. On every part
 They trace the bright impressions of his hand :
 In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
 'The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
 Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd 105
 That uncreated beauty, which delights
 'The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
 Enamour'd ; they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
 By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch 110
 Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
 Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
 Unbidden strains ; even so did nature's hand
 To certain species of external things,
 Attune the finer organs of the mind : 115
 So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
 Or of sweet sounds, or fair proportion'd form,
 'The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,

Thrills

Thrills through imagination's tender frame,
 From nerve to nerve : all naked and alive 120
 They catch the spreading rays ; till now the soul
 At length discloses every tuneful spring,
 To that harmonious movement from without
 Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
 Diffuses its enchantment : fancy dreams 125
 Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
 And vales of blifs : the intellectual power
 Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
 And smiles : the passions, gently sooth'd away,
 Sink to divine repose, and love and joy 130
 Alone are waking ; love and joy, serene
 As airs that fan the summer. O ! attend,
 Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
 Whose candid bosom the refining love
 Of nature warms, O ! listen to my song ; 135
 And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
 And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
 Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms 140
 With love and admiration thus inflame
 The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
 To three illustrious orders have referr'd ;
 Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
 The poet's tongue, confesses ; the sublime, 145
 The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn !
 I see the radiant visions, where they rise,

More

More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring. 150

x Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
 Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
 But that the omnipotent might send him forth 155
 In fight of mortal and immortal powers,
 As on a boundless theatre, to run

The great career of justice; to exalt
 His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
 To chase each partial purpose from his breast: 160

And through the mists of passion and of sense,
 And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
 To hold his course unflinching, while the voice
 Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
 Of nature, calls him to his high reward, 165

The applauding smile of heaven? Else wherefore burns
 In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
 And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
 With such resistless ardour to embrace 170

Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
 Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
 Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
 Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
 To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view, 175

Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
 Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
 Shoots

Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
 Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
 Through mountains, plains, through empires black with
 shade 180

And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
 To mark the windings of a scanty rill
 That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
 Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
 Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth 185

And this diurnal scene, the springs aloft
 Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
 Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
 Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
 Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars 190

The blue profound, and hovering round the sun
 Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
 Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
 Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
 The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd 195

She darts her swiftnefs up the long career
 Of devious comets; through its burning signs
 Exulting measures the perennial wheel
 Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
 Whose blended light, as with a milky zone, 200
 Invest the orient. Now amaz'd she views

The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
 Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
 Has travel'd the profound six thousand years, 205
 Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.

Even

Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
 She meditates the eternal depth below ;
 Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
 She plunges ; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up 210
 In that immense of being. There her hopes
 Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
 Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
 That not in humble nor in brief delight,
 Not in the fading echoes of renown, 215
 Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
 The soul should find enjoyment : but from these
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,
 'Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
 Till every bound at length should disappear, 220
 And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
 Lie folded up in man ; how far beyond
 The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
 Of nature to perfection half divine, 225
 Expand the blooming soul ? What pity then
 Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
 Her tender blossom ; choak the streams of life,
 And blast her spring ! Far otherwise design'd
 Almighty wisdom ; nature's happy cares 230
 The obedient heart far otherwise incline.
 Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
 Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
 To brisker measures : ~~witness the neglect~~
 Of all familiar prospects, though beheld 235
 With transport once ; the fond attentive gaze

Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
 Of age, commenting on prodigious things,
 For such the bounteous providence of heaven,
 In every breast implanting this desire. 240
 Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
 With unremitted labour to pursue
 Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
 In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
 To paint its power? For this the daring youth 245
 Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
 In foreign climes to rove: the pensive sage,
 Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
 Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
 The virgin follows, with enchanted step, 250
 The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
 From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
 Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
 The wishes of the youth, when every maid
 With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night 255
 The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
 Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
 Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
 And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
 Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd 260
 The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
 Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
 Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
 At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
 The torch of hell around the murderer's bed, 265
 At every solemn pause the croud recoil

Gazing

Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
 With shivering sighs: till eager for the event,
 Around the Beldame all erect they hang,
 Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd. 270

But lo! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
 Where beauty onward moving claims the verse
 Her charms inspire: the freely-flowing verse
 In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
 Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty, thee 275
 The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
 The mossy roofs adore: thou, better sun!
 For ever beamest on the enchanted heart
 Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
 Poetic. Brightest progeny of heaven! 280

How shall I trace thy features? where select
 'The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom?
 Hasten then, my song, through nature's wide expanse,
 Hasten then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
 Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains, 285
 Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
 To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
 With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,
 And range with him the Hesperian field, and see
 Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove, 290
 The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
 Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
 With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
 As with the blushes of an evening sky?
 Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume, 295
 Where gliding through his daughter's honour'd shades,

The

The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
 Reflects purpleal Tempe's pleasant scene?
 Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan powers,
 Of Nymphs and Fauns; where in the golden age 300
 They play'd in secret on the shady brink
 With ancient Pan: while round their choral steps
 Young Hours and genial Gales with constant hand
 Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial dews,
 And spring's Elysian bloom. Her flowery store 305
 To thee nor Tempe shall refuse; nor watch
 Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
 From thy free spoil. O bear then, unprov'd,
 Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
 Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs 310
 Intice her forth to lend her angel-form
 For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
 Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
 Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
 Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn; 315
 And may the fanning breezes waft aside
 Thy radiant locks: disclosing, as it bends
 With airy softness from the marble neck,
 The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip,
 Where winning smiles and pleasures sweet as love, 320
 With sanctity and wisdom, tempering blend
 Their soft allurements. Then the pleasing force
 Of nature, and her kind parental care
 Worthier I'd sing: then all the enamour'd youth,
 With each admiring virgin, to my lyre 325
 Should throng attentive, while I point on high

Where

Where beauty's living image, like the morn
 That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
 Moves onward ; or as Venus, when she stood
 Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd, 330
 Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
 To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
 And each cœrulean sister of the flood
 With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
 To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band 335
 Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
 Of young desire with rival-steps pursue
 This charm of beauty ; if the pleasing toil
 Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
 Your favourable ear, and trust my words. 340
 I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
 Of superstition dress'd in Wisdom's garb,
 To damp your tender hopes ; I do not mean
 'To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
 Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth 345
 To fright you from your joys : my chearful song
 With better omens calls you to the field,
 Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chace,
 And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
 Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health 350
 And active use are strangers ? Is her charm
 Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
 Are lame and fruitless ? Or did nature mean
 This pleasing call the herald of a lye ;
 To hide the shame of discord and disease, 355
 And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart

Of

Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
 The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
 Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
 By this illustrious image, in each kind 360
 Still most illustrious where the object holds
 Its native powers most perfect, she by this
 Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
 And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
 Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract 365
 Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
 The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
 And every charm of animated things,
 Are only pledges of a state sincere,
 The integrity and order of their frame, 370
 When all is well within, and every end
 Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heaven,
 The lovely mistresses of truth and good
 In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
 And beauty dwells in them, and they in her, 375
With like participation. Wherefore then,
 O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
 O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
 Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
 Of lavish fancy paints each flattering scene 380
 Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once enquire
 Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
 Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
 To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
 Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace, 385
 And with the glittering of an idiot's toy

Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
 Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,
 Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
 To learn the lore of undeceitful good, 390
 And truth eternal. Though the poisonous charms
 Of baleful superstition guide the feet
 Of servile numbers, through a dreary way
 To their abode, through deserts, thorns, and mire ;
 And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn 395
 To muse at last, amid the ghostly gloom
 Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells ;
 To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,
 And to the screaming owl's accursed song
 Attune the dreadful workings of his heart ; 400
 Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
 Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
 Where wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
 Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath
 Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay. 405
 Then should my powerful verse at once dispell
 Those monkish horrors : then in light divine
 Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps
 Of those whom nature charms, through blooming walks,
 Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams, 410
 Amid the train of Sages, Heroes, Bards,
 Led by their winged Genius and the choir
 Of laurel'd science, and harmonious art,
 Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine,
 Where Truth conspicuous with her sister-twins, 415
 The undivided partners of her sway,

With

With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
 Lull'd by luxurious pleasure's languid strain,
 Or crouching to the frowns of bigot-rage,
 O let us not a moment pause to join 420
 That god-like band. And if the gracious power
 Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
 Will to my invocation breathe anew
 The tuneful spirit; then through all our paths,
 Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre 425
 Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead,
 When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
 Of luxury's allurements; whether firm
 Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
 To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve, 430
 And wake the strong divinity of soul
 That conquers chance and fate; or whether struck
 For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
 Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
 To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise; 435
 To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
 And bless Heaven's image in the heart of man.

'Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
 Adventurous, to delineate nature's form;
 Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd, 440
 Or dress'd for pleasing wonder, or serene
 In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
 Through various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
 To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
 From their first twilight, shining forth at length 445
 To full meridian splendour. Of degree

The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth
 Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
 Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
 And variation of determin'd shape, 450
 Where Truth's eternal measures mark the bound
 Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
 Unites this varied symmetry of parts
 With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
 Shines in the concave of its azure bed, 455
 And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
 Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
 Through which the breath of nature has infus'd
 Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
 Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth, 460
 In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flowers
 Their purple honours with the spring resume;
 And such the stately tree with autumn bends
 With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
 Is nature's charm, where to the full consent 465
 Of complicated members to the bloom
 Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
 Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,
 And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
 So moves the bird of Juno; so the steed 470
 With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
 And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
 Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
 There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
 Where dawns the high expression of a mind: 475
 By steps conducting our inraptur'd search
 To

To that eternal origin, whose power,
 Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
 Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
 This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd. 480
 Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, earth and heaven!)
 The living fountains in itself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime : here hand in hand,
 Sit paramount the Graces ; here inthron'd,
 Cœlestial Venus, with divinest airs, 485
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
 Look then abroad through nature, to the range
 Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
 Wheeling unshaken through the void immense ;
 And speak, O man ! does this capacious scene 490
 With half that kindling majesty dilate
 Thy strong conception, ^{as} when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
 Amid the croud of patriots ; and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove 495
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country hail !
 For lo ! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free ! Is aught so fair 500
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair.
 As virtuous friendship ? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just ? 505
 The graceful tear that streams for others woes ?

Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate ; where honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings 510
 Of innocence and love protect the scene ?
 Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
 Where nature works in secret ; view the beds
 Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
 That bounds the hoary ocean ; trace the forms 515
 Of atoms moving with incessant change
 Their elemental round ; behold the seeds
 Of being, and the energy of life
 Kindling the mass with ever-active flame :
 Then to the secrets of the working mind 520
 Attentive turn ; from dim oblivion call
 Her fleet, ideal band ; and bid them, go !
 Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
 That saw the heavens created : then declare
 If aught were found in those external scenes 525
 To move thy wonder now. For what are all
 The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
 Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts ?
 Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
 The superficial impulse ; dull their charms, 530
 And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
 Not so the moral species, nor the powers
 Of genius and design ; the ambitious mind
 There sees herself : by these congenial forms
 Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act 535
 She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
 Her

Her features in the mirror. For of all
 The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
 Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye

To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame 540

The sacred laws of action and of will,

Discerning justice from unequal deeds,

And temperance from folly. But beyond

This energy of truth, whose dictates bind

Affenting reason, the benignant fire, 545

To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,

Has added bright imagination's rays:

Where virtue, rising from the awful depth

Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake

The unadorn'd condition of her birth; 550

And dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,

Assumes a various feature, to attract,

With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,

The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,

The ingenious youth, whom solitude inspires 555

With purest wishes, from the pensive shade

Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse

That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme

Of harmony and wonder: while among

The herd of servile minds her strenuous form 560

Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,

And through the rolls of memory appeals

To ancient honour, or, in act serene,

Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword

Of public power, from dark ambition's reach 565

To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
 Well-pleas'd I follow through the sacred paths
 Of nature and of science; nurse divine
 Of all heroic deeds and fair desires! 570
 O! let the breath of thy extended praise
 Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
 Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
 Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
 That soothes this vernal evening into smiles, 575
 I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
 Of strife and low ambition, to attend
 Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
 By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
 Descend, propitious! to my favour'd eye; 580
 Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
 As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
 With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
 To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;
 And at the lightning of thy lifted spear 585
 Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs.
 Thy smiling band of arts, thy god-like fires
 Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
 Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way 590
 Through fair Lycæum's walk, the green retreats
 Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
 Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds.
 Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
 In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store 595
 Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd

Transplant

Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
 My native clime: while far above the flight
 Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
 The springs of ancient wisdom! while I join 600
 Thy name, thrice honour'd! with the immortal praise
 Of nature, while to my compatriot youth
 I point the high example of thy sons,
 And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

T H E

T H E
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N.
B O O K T H E S E C O N D.

THE separation of the works of imagination from philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the moderns. Prospect of their re-union under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental pleasures, which increase the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleasures of sense. Particular circumstances of the mind. Discovery of truth. Perception of contrivance and design. Emotion of the passion. All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation; with the final cause of this constitution illustrated by an allegorical vision, and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

W H E N shall the laurel and the vocal string
 Resume their honours? When shall we behold
 The tuneful tongue, the Promethéan hand,
 Aspire to ancient praise? Alas! how faint,
 How slow, the dawn of beauty and of truth

5
Breaks

Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night
 Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
 Beneath the furies of rapacious force;
 Oft as the gloomy north, with iron-swarms
 Tempestuous pouring from her frozen-caves, 10
 Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works
 Of liberty and wisdom down the gulph
 Of all-devouring night. As long immur'd
 In noon-tide darkness by the glimmering lamp,
 Each Muse and each fair science pin'd away 15
 The fordid hours: while foul, barbarian hands
 Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,
 And chain'd the soaring pinion down to earth.
 At last the Muses rose, and spurn'd their bonds,
 And, wildly warbling, scatter'd, as they flew, 20
 Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's bowers
 To Arno's myrtle border and the shore
 Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
 Of dire ambition and gigantic power,
 From public aims and from the busy walk 25
 Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
 Of penetrating science to the cells,
 Where studious ease consumes the silent hour
 In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.
 Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts 30
 Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,
 To priestly domination and the lust
 Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
 For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
 In vain reluctant: and Torquato's tongue 35
 Was

Was tun'd for slavish pæans at the throne
 Of tinsel pomp : and Raphael's magic hand
 Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
 The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
 To blind belief ; while on their prostrate necks 40
 The fable tyrant plants his heel secure.
 But now, behold ! the radiant æra dawns,
 When freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
 For endless years on Albion's happy shore
 In full proportion, once more shall extend 45
 To all the kindred powers of social bliss
 A common mansion, a parental roof.
 There shall the Virtues, there shall Wisdom's train,
 Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of old,
 Embrace the smiling family of arts, 50
 The Muses and the Graces. 'Then no more
 Shall vice, distracting their delicious gifts
 To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste and scorn
 Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,
 The patriot-bosom ; then no more the paths 55
 Of public care or intellectual toil,
 Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
 In gloomy state be trod : the harmonious Muse
 And her persuasive sisters then shall plant
 Their sheltering laurels o'er the black ascent 60
 And scatter flowers along the rugged way.
 Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
 To pierce divine Philosophy's retreats,
 And teach the Muse her lore ; already strove
 Their long-divided honours to unite, 65

While tempering this deep argument we sang
 Of Truth and Beauty. Now the same glad task
 Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
 We hasten to recount the various springs
 Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin 70
 Their grateful influence to the prime effect
 Of objects grand or beauteous, and inlarge
 The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,
 Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
 To raise harmonious Fancy's native charm? 75
 So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,
 Glows not her blush the fairer? While we view
 Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
 Gush through the trickling herbage, to the thirst
 Of summer yielding the delicious draught 80
 Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy brink
 Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
 With sweeter music murmur as they flow?
 Nor this alone; the various lot of life
 Oft from external circumstance assumes 85
 A moment's disposition to rejoice
 In those delights which at a different hour
 Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring,
 When rural songs and odours wake the morn,
 To every eye; but how much more to his 90
 Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
 Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
 When first with fresh-born vigour he inhales
 The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun

Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life 95
 Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain!

Or shall I mention, where cœlestial Truth
 Her awful light discloses, to bestow
 A more majestic pomp on Beauty's frame?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of Truth 100
More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
 The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
 To me have shone so pleasing, as when first 105
 The hand of science pointed out the path
 In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west
 Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
 Involves the orient; and that trickling shower
 Piercing through every crystalline convex 110
 Of clustering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
 Recoil at length where concave all behind
 The internal surface on each glassy orb
 Repells their forward passage into air;
 That thence direct they seek the radiant goal 115
 From which their course began; and, as they strike
 In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
 Assume a different lustre, through the brede
 Of colours changing from the splendid rose
 To the pale violet's dejected hue. 120

Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,
 That springs to each fair object, while we trace
 Through all its fabric, wisdom's artful aim
 Disposing every part, and gaining still

By

By means proportion'd her benignant end? 125

Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps

The lamp of science through the jealous maze

Of nature guides, when haply you reveal

Her secret honours: whether in the sky,

The beauteous laws of light, the central powers 130

That wheel the pensile planets round the year;

Whether in wonders of the roling deep,

Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,

Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,

Ye scan the counsels of their author's hand. 135

What, when to raise the meditated scene,

The flame of passion through the struggling soul

Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze

The object of its rapture, vast of size,

With fiercer colours and a night of shade? 140

What? like a storm from their capacious bed

The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might

Of these eruptions, working from the depth

Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame

Even to the base; from every naked sense 145

Of pain or pleasure dissipating all

Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil

Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times

To hide the feeling heart? Then nature speaks

Her genuine language, and the words of men, 150

Big with the very motion of their souls,

Declare with what accumulated force,

The impetuous nerve of passion urges on

The native weight and energy of things.

Yet

Yet more : her honours where nor beauty claims 155
 Nor shews of good the thirsty sense allure,
 From passion's power alone our nature holds
 Essential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
 Rouzes the mind's whole fabric ; with supplies
 Of daily impulse keeps the elastic powers 160
 Intensely poiz'd, and polishes anew
 By that collision all the fine machine :
 Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees
 Incumbering, choak at last what heaven design'd
 For ceaseless motion and a round of toil. 165
 —But say, does every passion thus to man
 Administer delight ? That name indeed
 Becomes the rosy breath of love ; becomes
 The radiant smiles of joy, the applauding hand
 Of admiration : but the bitter shower 170
 That sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,
 But the dumb palsy of nocturnal fear,
 Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
 Of panting indignation, find we there
 To move delight ?—Then listen while my tongue 175
 The unalter'd will of heaven with faithful awe
 Reveals ; what old Harmodius, wont to teach
 My early age ; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
 Within his learned mind whate'er the schools
 Of Wisdom, or thy lonely-whispering voice, 180
 O faithful Nature ! dictate of the laws
 Which govern and support this mighty frame
 Of universal being. Oft the hours
 From morn to eve have stolen unmark'd away,

While

While mute attention hung upon his lips, 185
 As thus the sage his awful tale began.

'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
 When spotless youth with solitude resigns
 To sweet philosophy the studious day,
 What time pale autumn shades the silent eve, 190

Musing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
 And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd ;
 When starting full on Fancy's gushing eye
 The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
 That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd! 195

When blooming youth, nor gentlest wisdom's arts,
 Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
 Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears
 Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave ;
 Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell 200

Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul
 As with the hand of death. At once the shade
 More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
 With hoarser murmuring shook the branches. Dark
 As midnight storms, the scene of human things 205

Appear'd before me ; desarts, burning sands,
 Where the parch'd adder dies ; the frozen south,
 And desolation blasting all the west
 With rapine and with murder : tyrant power
 Here sits enthron'd with blood ; the baleful charms 210

Of superstition there infect the skies,
 And turn the sun to horror. Gracious heaven !
 What is the life of man ? Or cannot these,
 Not these portents thy awful will suffice ?

That, propagated thus beyond their scope, 215
 They rise to act their cruelties anew
 In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed
 The universal sensitive of pain,
 The wretched heirs of evils not its own!

Thus I impatient; when, at once effus'd, 220
 A flashing torrent of cœlestial day
 Burst through the shadowy void. With slow descent
 A purple cloud came floating through the sky,
 And pois'd at length within the circling trees,
 Hung obvious to my view; till opening wide 225
 Its lucid orb, a more than human form
 Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,
 And instant thunder shook the conscious grove.

Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
 Then all the shining vision stood reveal'd. 230

A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
 And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,
 Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist
 Collected with a radiant zone of gold
 Æthereal: there in mystic signs engrav'd, 235

I read his office high and sacred name,
 Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
 The godlike presence; for athwart his brow
 Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,
 Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words 240
 Like distant thunders broke the murmuring air.

Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!
 And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span
 Capacious of this universal frame?

Thy

Thy wisdom all-sufficient? Thou. alas! 245

Doſt thou aſpire to judge between the Lord
Of nature and his works? to liſt thy voice

Againſt the ſovereign order he decreed,

All good and lovely? to blaſpheme the bands
Of tenderneſs innate and ſocial love, 250

Holieſt of things! by which the general orb
Of being, as by adamantine links,

Was drawn to perfect union and ſuſtain'd
From everlaſting? Haſt thou felt the pangs

Of ſoftening ſorrow, of indignant zeal 255

So grievous to the ſoul, as thence to wiſh

The ties of nature broken from thy frame;

That ſo thy ſelfiſh, unrelenting heart

Might ceaſe to mourn its lot, no longer then.

The wretched heir of evils not its own? 260

O fair benevolence of generous minds!

O man by nature form'd for all mankind!

He ſpoke; abaſh'd and ſilent I remain'd,

As conſcious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd

Before his preſence, though my ſecret ſoul 265

Diſdain'd the imputation. On the ground

I fix'd my eyes; till from his airy couch

He ſtoop'd ſublime, and touching with his hand

My dazzling forehead, Raiſe thy ſight, he cry'd,

And let thy ſenſe convince thy erring tongue. 270

I look'd, and lo! the former ſcene was chang'd;

For verdant alleys and ſurrounding trees,

A ſolitary proſpect, wide and wild,

Ruſh'd on my ſenſes. 'Twas an horrid pile

Of hills with many a shaggy forest mix'd, 275
 With many a fable cliff and glittering stream.
 Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
 The brown woods wav'd ; while ever-trickling springs
 Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
 The crumbling soil ; and still at every fall 280
 Down the steep windings of the channel'd rock,
 Remurmuring rush'd the congregated floods
 With hoarser inundation ; till at last
 They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
 Of that high desert spread her verdant lap, 285
 And drank the gushing moisture, where confin'd
 In one smooth current, o'er the lili'd vale
 Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils
 Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,
 Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-incircling mound 290
 As in a sylvan theatre inclos'd
 That flowery level. On the river's brink
 I spy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
 Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
 Of osiers. Now the western sun reveal'd 295
 Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
 And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
 On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
 That cheer'd the solemn scene. My listening powers
 Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung, 300
 And wondering expectation. Then the voice
 Of that cœlestial power, the mystic show
 Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

Inhabitant

† Inhabitants of earth, to whom is given
 The gracious ways of providence to learn, 305
 Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear—
 Know then, the sovran spirit of the world,
 Though, self-collected from eternal time,
 Within his own deep essence he beheld
 The bounds of true felicity complete ; 310
 Yet by immense benignity inclin'd
 To spread around him that primæval joy
 Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm
 And founded through the hollow depth of space
 The strong, creative mandate. Strait arose 315
 These heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life
 Effusive kindled by his breath divine
 Through endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
 From him its portion of the vital flame,
 In measure such, that, from the wide complex 320
 Of co-existent orders, one might rise,
 One order, all-involving and intire.
 He too beholding in the sacred light
 Of his essential reason, all the shapes
 Of swift contingence, all successive ties 325
 Of action propagated through the sum
 Of possible existence, he at once,
 Down the long series of eventful time,
 So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd,
 To every living soul of every kind 330
 The field of motion and the hour of rest,
 That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
 To universal good : with full accord

Answering the mighty model he had chosen,

The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds

335

That lay from everlasting in the store

Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,

By one exertion of creative power

His goodness to reveal; through every age,

Through every moment up the tract of time

340

His parent-hand with ever-new increase

Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd

The vast harmonious frame: his parent hand,

From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,

To men, to angels, to cœlestial minds,

345

For ever leads the generations on

To higher scenes of being; while supply'd

From day to day with his enlivening breath,

Inferior orders in succession rise

To fill the void below. ✕As flame ascends,

350

As bodies to their proper centre move,

As the pois'd ocean to the attracting moon

Obedient swells, and every headlong stream

Devolves its winding waters to the main;

So all things which have life aspire to God,

355

The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,

Centre of souls! Nor does the faithful voice

Of nature cease to prompt their eager steps

Aright; nor is the care of heaven withheld

From granting to the task proportion'd aid;

360

That in their stations all may persevere

To climb the ascent of being, and approach

For ever nearer to the life divine.

That

That rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawn
 Fresh water'd from the mountains. Let the scene 365
 Paint in thy fancy the primæval feat
 Of man, and where the will supreme ordain'd
 His mansion, that pavilion fair diffus'd
 Along the shady brink ; in this recess
 To wear the appointed season of his youth, 370
 Till riper hours should open to his toil
 The high communion of superior minds,
 Of consecrated heroes and of gods.
 Nor did the Sire Omnipotent forget
 His tender bloom to cherish ; nor withheld 375
 Cœlestial footsteps from his green abode.
 Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
 He sent whom most he lov'd, the sovran fair,
 The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
 Before his eyes for ever to behold ; 380
 The goddess from whose inspiration flows
 The toil of patriots, the delight of friends ;
 Without whose work divine, in heaven or earth,
 Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to pass,
 Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour. Her the fire 385
 Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
 The folded powers to open, to direct
 The growth luxuriant of his young desires,
 And from the laws of this majestic world
 To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph 390
 Her daily care attended, by her side
 With constant steps her gay companions stay'd,
 The fair Euphrosyné, the gentle queen

Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights
 That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men 395
 And powers immortal. See the shining pair!
 Behold, where from his dwelling now disclos'd
 They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies.

I look'd, and on the flowery turf there stood
 Between two radiant forms a smiling youth 400
 Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flower
 Of beauty; sweetest innocence illum'd
 His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow
 Sate young simplicity. With fond regard
 He view'd the associates, as their steps they mov'd; 405
 The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
 With mild regret invoking her return.
 Bright as the star of evening she appear'd
 Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth
 O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd; 410
 And smiles eternal from her candid eyes
 Flow'd, like the dewy lustre of the morn
 Effusive trembling on the placid waves.
 The spring of heaven had shed its blushing spoils
 To bind her sable tresses: full diffus'd 415
 Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
 And in her hand she wav'd a living branch
 Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
 The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes,
 To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime 420
 The heavenly partner mov'd. The prime of age
 Compos'd her steps. The presence of a god,
 High on the circle of her brow inthron'd,

From

From each majestic motion darted awe,
 Devoted awe! till, cherish'd by her looks 425
 Benevolent and meek, confiding love
 To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.
 Free in her graceful hand she pois'd the sword
 Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown
 Display'd the old simplicity of pomp 430
 Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
 White as the sunshine streams through vernal clouds,
 Her stately form invested. Hand in hand
 The immortal pair forsook the enamel'd green,
 Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light 435
 Gleam'd round their path; cœlestial sounds were heard,
 And through the fragrant air æthereal dews
 Distill'd around them; till at once the clouds
 Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew
 Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse 440
 Of empyréan flame, where spent and drown'd,
 Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan
 What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
 Indur'd not. Bending down to earth I stood,
 With dumb attention. Soon a female voice, 445
 As watery murmurs sweet, or warbling shades,
 With sacred invocation thus began.

Father of gods and mortals! whose right arm
 With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
 Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well pleas'd 450
 I seek to finish thy divine decree.
 With frequent steps I visit yonder seat
 Of man, thy offspring; from the tender seeds

Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve
 The latent honours of his generous frame; 455
 Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot
 From earth's dim scene to these æthereal walks,
 The temple of thy glory. But not me,
 Not my directing voice, he oft requires,
 Or hears delighted: this enchanting maid, 460
 The associate thou hast given me, her alone
 He loves, O Father! absent, her he craves;
 And but for her glad presence ever join'd,
 Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes
 This thy benignant purpose to fulfil, 465
 I deem uncertain: and my daily cares
 Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee
 Still farther aided in the work divine.

She ceas'd; a voice more awful thus reply'd.
 O thou! in whom for ever I delight, 470
 Fairer than all the inhabitants of heaven,
 Best image of thy author! far from thee
 Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame;
 Who soon or late shall every work fulfil,
 And no resistance find. If man refuse 475
 To hearken to thy dictates; or, allur'd
 By meaner joys, to any other power
 Transfer the honours due to thee alone;
 That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste,
 That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold. 480
 Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil;
 Go then! but let not this thy smiling friend
 Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold!

With

With thee the fon of Nemefis I fend ;
 The fiend abhorr'd ! whofe vengeance takes account 485
 Of facred order's violated laws.

See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
 Fierce to exhaust the tempeft of his wrath
 On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
 Control his cruel phrenzy, and protect 490

Thy tender charge ; that when defpair fhall grafp
 His agonizing bofom, he may learn,
 Then he may learn to love the gracious hand
 Alone fufficient in the hour of ill,
 To fave his feeble fpirit ; then confefs 495

Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair !
 When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
 Of this avenging demon, all the ftorms
 Of night infernal, ferve but to difplay
 The energy of thy fuperior charms 500
 With mildeft awe triumphant o'er his rage,
 And fhining clearer in the horrid gloom.

Here ceas'd that awful voice, and foon I felt
 The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve

Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire 505
 Sheltering my eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd
 A vaft gigantic fpectre ftriding on

Through murmuring thunders and a wafte of clouds,
 With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
 Relentlefs frowns involv'd. His favage limbs 510

With fharp impatience violent he writh'd,
 As through convulfive anguifh ; and his hand,
 Arm'd with a fcorpion-lafh, full oft he rais'd

In madnefs to his bofom ; while his eyes
 Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he fhook 515
 'The void with horror. Silent by his fide
 The virgin came. No difcomposure ftirr'd
 Her features. From the glooms which hung around
 No ftain of darknefs mingled with the beam
 Of her divine effulgence. Now they ftoop 520
 Upon the river-bank ; and now to hail,
 His wonted guefts, with eager fteps advanc'd
 The unsuspecting inmate of the fhade.

As when a famifh'd wolf, that all night long
 Had rang'd the Alpine fnows, by chance at morn 525
 Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the fmoke
 Of fome lone village, a neglected kid
 That ftrays along the wild for herb or fpring ;
 Down from the winding ridge he fweeps amain,
 And thinks he tears him : fo with tenfold rage, 530
 The monfter fprung remorselefs on his prey.
 Amaz'd the ftripling flood : with panting breaft
 Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
 Of helpiefs confternation, ftruck at once,
 And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld 535
 His terror, and with looks of tendereft care
 Advanc'd to fave him. Soon the tyrant felt
 Her awful power. His keen, tempeftuous arm
 Hung nervelefs, nor defcended where his rage
 Had aim'd the deadly blow : then dumb retir'd 540
 With fullen rancour. Lo ! the foveran maid
 Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
 Till life re-kindles in his rofy cheek ;

Then

Then grasps his hands, and cheers him with her tongue.

O wake thee, rouse thy spirit! Shall the spite 545

Of yon tormentor thus appall thy heart,

While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand

To rescue and to heal? O let thy soul

Remember, what the will of heaven ordains

Is ever good for all; and if for all, 550

Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth

And soothing sunshine of delightful things,

Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft misled

By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views

Of reason wander through a fatal road, 555

Far from their native aim; as if to lye

Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait

The soft access of ever-circling joys,

Were all the end of being. Ask thyself,

This pleasing error did it never lull 560

Thy wishes? Has thy constant heart refus'd

The silken fetters of delicious ease?

Or when divine Euphrosyné appear'd

Within this dwelling, did not thy desires

Hang far below the measure of thy fate, 565

Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,

Impatient of my counsels, turn away

To drink the soft effusion of her smiles?

Know then, for this the everlasting fire

Deprives thee of her presence, and instead, 570

O wise and still benevolent! ordains

This horrid visage hither to pursue

My steps; that so thy nature may discern

Its real good, and what alone can save
 Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill. 575
 From folly and despair. O yet belov'd!
 Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
 Thy scatter'd powers; nor fatal deem the rage
 Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,
 While I am here to vindicate thy toil, 580
 Above the generous question of thy arm.
 Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakness strong,
 This hour he triumphs; but confront his might,
 And dare him to the combat, then with ease
 Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns. 585
 To bondage and to scorn: while thus inur'd
 By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,
 The immortal mind, superior to his fate,
 Amid the outrage of external things,
 Firm as the solid base of this great world, 590
 Rests on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds!
 Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempest on;
 Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
 Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
 Be loosen'd from their seats; yet still serene, 595
 The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck;
 And ever stronger as the storms advance,
 Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,
 Where nature calls him to the destin'd goal.
 So spake the goddess; while through all her frame
 Cœlestial raptures flow'd, in every word, 600
 In every motion kindling warmth divine
 To seize who listen'd. Vehement and swift

As lightning fires the aromatic shade
 In Æthiopian fields, the stripling felt 605
 Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,
 And starting from his languor thus exclaim'd :
 Then let the trial come ! and witness thou,
 If terror be upon me ; if I shrink
 To meet the storm, or falter in my strength 610
 When hardest it besets me. Do not think
 That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
 As late thy eyes beheld : for thou hast chang'd
 My nature ; thy commanding voice has wak'd
 My languid powers to bear me boldly on, 615
 Where'er the will divine my path ordains
 Through toil or peril : only do not thou
 Forsake me ; O be thou for ever near,
 That I may listen to thy sacred voice,
 And guide by thy decrees my constant feet. 620
 But say, for ever are my eyes bereft ?
 Say, shall the fair Euphrosyné not once
 Appear again to charm me ? Thou, in heaven !
 O thou eternal arbiter of things !
 Be thy great bidding done : for who am I, 625
 To question thy appointment ? Let the frowns
 Of this avenger every morn o'ercast
 The chearful dawn, and every evening damp
 With double night my dwelling ; I will learn
 To hail them both, and unrepining bear 630
 His hateful presence : but permit my tongue
 One glad request, and if my deeds may find
 Thy awful eye propitious, O restore

The

The rosy-featur'd maid, again to cheer
This lonely feat, and blefs me with her smiles. 635

He fpoke; when instant through the fable glooms
With which that furious prefence had involv'd
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
Swift as the lightning flafh; the melting clouds
Flew diverfe, and amid the blue ferene 640
Euphrosyné appear'd. With fprightly ftep
The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,
And to her wondering audience thus began.

Lo! I am here to anfwer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! I come 645
With joyful tidings; we fhall part no more—
Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the ftream
Repeats the accents; we fhall part no more.

O my delightful friends! well pleas'd on high 650
The father has beheld you, while the might
Of that ftern foe with bitter trial prov'd
Your equal doings; then for ever fpake
The high decree: that thou, cœleftial maid!
Howe'er that grifly phantom on thy fteps 655
May fometimes dare intrude, yet never more
Shalt thou, defcending to the abode of man,
Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyné behind.

She ended; and the whole romantic fcene 660
Immediate vanifh'd; rocks, and woods, and rills,
The mantling tent, and each myfterious form,
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,

When

When sun-shine fills the bed. A while I stood
 Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power 665
 Who bade the visionary landscape rise,
 As up to him I turn'd, with gentlest looks
 Preventing my enquiry, thus began.

There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint
 How blind! how impious! There behold the ways 670
 Of heaven's eternal destiny to man,
 For ever just, benevolent, and wise:
 That Virtue's awful steps, how'er pursued
 By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
 Should never be divided from her chaste, 675
 Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
 Thy tardy thought through all the various round
 Of this existence, that thy softening soul
 At length may learn what energy the hand
 Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide 680
 Of Passion swelling with Distress and Pain,
 To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
 Of cordial Pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
 So often fills his arms; so often draws 685
 His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
 O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
 That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise 690
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
 With Virtue's kindest looks his aking breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the croud

Which flies impatient from the village-walk
 To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below 695
 The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
 Some helpless bark ; while sacred pity melts
 The general eye, or terror's icy hand
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair ;
 While every mother closer to her breast 700
 Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
 Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
 As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
 As now another, dash'd against the rock, 705
 Drops lifeless down : O ! deemest thou indeed
 No kind endearment here by Nature given
 To mutual terror and Compassion's tears ?
 No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers 710
 To this their proper action and their end ?
 —Ask thy own heart ; when at the midnight hour,
 Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye
 Led by the glimmering taper moves around
 The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs 715
 Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
 For Grecian heroes, where the present power
 Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page,
 Even as a father blessing, while he reads
 The praises of his son. If then thy soul, 720
 Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
 Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame ;
 Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,

When

When rooted from the base, heroic states
 Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown 725
 Of curst ambition ; when the pious band
 Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires,
 Lie side by side in gore ; when ruffian pride
 Ufurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
 Of public power, the majesty of rule, 730
 The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
 To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
 A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
 Of such as bow the knee ; when honour'd urns
 Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust 735
 And storied arch, to glut the coward-age
 Of regal envy, strew the public way
 With hallow'd ruins ; when the Muse's haunt,
 The marble porch where Wisdom went to talk
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more, 740
 Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
 Or female superstition's midnight prayer ;
 When ruthless rapine from the hand of time
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
 To sweep the works of glory from their base ; 745
 Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
 Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
 Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
 Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
 That clasp the mouldering column ; thus defac'd, 750
 Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
 Start's from thine eye, and thy extended arm

In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow, 755
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress? Or would'st thou then exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd 760
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
 And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
 And says within himself, " I am a king,
 " And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
 " Intrude upon mine ear?—" The baleful dregs 765
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 Blest be the eternal ruler of the world!
 Defil'd to such a depth of fordid shame
 The native honours of the human soul, 770
 Nor so effac'd the image of its fire.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

THE

THE
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N.
B O O K T H E T H I R D.

PLEASURE in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or absurd. The origin of vice, from false representations of the fancy, producing false opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general sources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated. Final cause of the sense of ridicule. The resemblance of certain aspects of inanimate things to the sensations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, described. The secondary pleasure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illustrated in the arbitrary connexion of these pleasures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taste. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well-formed imagination.

WHAT wonder therefore, since the indearing ties
Of passion link the universal kind
Of man so close, what wonder if to search
This common nature through the various change

Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame 5
 Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
 With unresisted charms? The spacious west,
 And all the teeming regions of the south
 Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
 Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair, 10
 As man to man. Nor only where the smiles
 Of love invite; nor only where the applause
 Of cordial honour turns the attentive eye
 On Virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course
 Of things external acts in different ways 15
 On human apprehensions, as the hand
 Of nature temper'd to a different frame
 Peculiar minds; ~~So~~ haply where the powers
 Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge
 The images of things, but paint in all 20
 Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
 In nature; there opinion will be true,
 And action right. For action treads the path
 In which opinion says he follows good,
 Or flies from evil; and opinion gives 25
 Report of good or evil, as the scene
 Was drawn by Fancy, lovely or deform'd:
 Thus her report can never there be true
 Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
 With glaring colours and distorted lines. 30
 Is there a man, who at the sound of death
 Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up,
 And black before him; nought but death-bed groans
 And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink
 Of

Of light and being, down the gloomy air 35
 An unknown depth? Alas! in such a mind,
 If no bright forms of excellence attend
 The image of his country; nor the pomp
 Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice
 Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes 40
 The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame;
 Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
 Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
 Than to betray his country? And in act
 Will he not chuse to be a wretch and live? 45
 Here vice begins then. From the enchanting cup
 Which fancy holds to all, the unwary thirst
 Of youth oft swallows a Circæan draught,
 That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
 Of reason, till no longer he discerns, 50
 And only guides to err. Then revel forth
 A furious band that spurns him from the throne!
 And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
 The empire of the soul: thus pale revenge
 Unsheaths her murderous dagger; and the hands 55
 Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
 Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
 That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
 The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
 The Tragic Muse discloses, under shapes 60
 Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
 Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
 Those lying forms which Fancy in the brain
 Engenders, are the kindling passions driven,

To guilty deeds; nor reason bound in chains, 65
 That vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
 With solemn pageants, folly mounts the throne,
 And plays her idiot-anticks, like a queen.
 A thousand garbs she wears; a thousand ways
 She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far 70
 With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
 I sing of nature's charms, and touch well pleas'd
 A stricter note: now haply must my song
 Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
 In lighter strains, how folly's aukward arts 75
 Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
 'The sportive province of the Comic Muse.

See! in what crouds the uncouth forms advance:
 Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
 Our careful search, and offer to your gaze, 80
 Unask'd, his motley features. Wait a while,
 My curious friends! and let us first arrange
 In proper order your promiscuous throng.
 Behold the foremost band; of slender thought,
 And easy faith; whom flattering fancy sooths 85
 With lying spectres, in themselves to view
 Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
 That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
 They spread their spurious treasures to the sun,
 And bid the world admire! but chief the glance 90
 Of wishful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
 And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
 In numbers boundless as the blooms of spring,
 Behold their glaring idols, empty shades
 By Fancy gilded o'er, and then set up 95

For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
 With formal hand, and fable-cinctur'd gown,
 And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
 With martial splendor, steely pikes and swords
 Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes 100
 Inwrought with flowery gold, assume the port
 Of stately valour: listening by his side
 There stands a female form; to her, with looks
 Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
 He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms, 105
 And sulphurous mines, and ambush: then at once
 Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
 And asks some wondering question of her fears.
 Others of graver mien; behold, adorn'd
 With holy ensigns, how sublime they move, 110
 And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes
 Take homage of the simple-minded throng;
 Ambassadors of heaven! Nor much unlike
 Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
 That mantles every feature, hides a brood 115
 Of politic conceits; of whispers, nods,
 And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
 And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
 Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
 Pour dauntless in, and swell the boastful band. 120
 Then comes the second order, all who seek
 The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
 Darts through the thin pretence her squinting eye
 On some retir'd appearance which belies
 The boasted virtue, or annuls the applause 125
 That

That justice else would pay. Here side by side
 I see two leaders of the solemn train
 Approaching: one a female old and grey,
 With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
 Pale as the cheeks of death; yet still she stuns 130
 The sickening audience with a nauseous tale;
 How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
 How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
 Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart;
 Such is her terror at the risques of love, 135
 And man's seducing tongue! The other seems
 A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,
 And fordid all his habit; peevish want
 Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
 He stalks, resounding in magnificent phrase 140
 The vanity of riches, the contempt
 Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
 Ye grave associates! let the silent grace
 Of her who blushes at the fond regard
 Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold 145
 The praise of spotless honour: let the man
 Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
 And ample store, but as indulgent streams
 'To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits
 Of joy, let him by juster measures fix 150
 The price of riches and the end of power.
 †Another tribe succeeds; deluded long
 By Fancy's dazzling optics, these behold
 The images of some peculiar things
 With brighter hues resplendent, and portray'd 155
 With

With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
 Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
 Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms ;
 Hence oft obtrusive on the eye of scorn,
 Untimely zeal her witlefs pride betrays ! 160
 And serious manhood from the towering aim
 Of Wisdom, stoops to emulate the boast
 Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,
 Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds, and shells !
 Not with intenser view the Samian sage 165
 Bent his fixt eye on heaven's intenser fires,
 When first the order of that radiant scene
 Swell'd his exulting thought, than this surveys
 A muckworm's entrails or a spider's fang.
 Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd, 170
 Attends that virgin form, and blushing kneels,
 With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,
 To win her coy regard : adieu, for him,
 The dull engagements of the bustling world !
 Adieu the sick impertinence of praise ! 175
 And hope, and action ! for with her alone,
 By streams and shades, to steal these fighting hours,
 Is all he asks, and all that fate can give !
 Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
 Thee, dreaded censor, oft have I beheld 180
 Bewilder'd unawares : alas ! too long
 Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils
 Of sly derision ! till on every side
 Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
 Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves 185
 Of

Of folly. Thy once formidable name
 Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
 In scoffs and mockery bandied from the lips
 Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
 So oft the patient victims of thy scorn. 190

✕ But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent fate,
 Of all the Muse's empire hath assign'd
 The fields of folly, hither each advance
 Your sickles; here the teeming soil affords
 Its richest growth. A favourite brood appears; 195
 In whom the dæmon, with a mother's joy,
 Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
 At full repay'd. Ye most illustrious band!
 Who, scorning reason's tame, pedantic rules,
 And order's vulgar bondage, never meant 200
 For souls sublime as yours, with generous zeal
 Pay Vice the reverence Virtue long usurp'd,
 And yield deformity the fond applause
 Which beauty wont to claim; forgive my song,
 That for the blushing diffidence of youth, 205
 It shuns the unequal province of your praise.

✕ Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile
 Of bland imagination, folly's train
 Have dar'd our search: but now a dastard kind
 Advance reluctant, and with faltering feet 210
 Shrink from the gazer's eye: infeebled hearts
 Whom Fancy chills with visionary fears,
 Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
 Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
 Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave 215
 Who

Who droops abash'd when fullen pomp surveys
 His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch
 Unnerv'd and struck with terror's icy bolts,
 Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears,
 At every dream of danger: here subdued 220

By frontless laughter and the hardy scorn
 Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject soul,
 Who blushing half resigns the candid praise
 Of temperance and honour; half disowns
 A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride; 225

And hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth
 With foulest licence mock the patriot's name.
 Last of the motley bands on whom the power
 Of gay derision bends her hostile aim,
 Is that where shameful ignorance presides. 230

Beneath her sordid banners, lo! they march,
 Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
 Attempt, confusion straight appears behind,
 And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
 Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path, 235

O'erturning every purpose; then at last
 Sit down dismay'd, and leave the entangled scene
 For scorn to sport with. Such then is the abode
 Of folly in the mind; and such the shapes
 In which she governs her obsequious train. 240

Through every scene of ridicule in things
 To lead the tenour of my devious lay;
 Through every swift occasion, which the hand
 Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
 Distends her falling nerves and choaks her tongue; 245

What were it but to count each cryſtal drop
 Which Morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
 Of May diſtil? Suffice it to have ſaid,
 Where'er the power of ridicule diſplays
 Her quaint-ey'd viſage, ſome incongruous form, 250
 Some ſtubborn diſſonance of things combin'd,
 Strikes on the quick obſerver: whether Pomp,
 Or Praise, or Beauty, mix their partial claim
 Where ſordid faſhions, where ignoble deeds,
 Where foul deformity, are wont to dwell; 255
 Or whether theſe with violation loath'd,
 Invade reſplendent Pomp's imperious mien,
 The charms of Beauty, or the boaſt of Praise.
 Ask we for what fair end, the Almighty Sire
 In mortal boſoms wakes this gay contempt, 260
 Theſe grateful ſtings of laughter, from diſguſt
 Educing pleaſure? Wherefore, but to aid
 The tardy ſteps of reaſon, and at once
 By this prompt impulſe urge us to depreſs
 The giddy aims of folly? Though the light 265
 Of truth ſlow dawning on the inquiring mind,
 At length unfolds, through many a ſubtile tie,
 How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
 In public evil! yet benignant Heaven,
 Conſcious how dim the dawn of Truth appears 270
 To thouſands; conſcious what a ſcanty pauſe
 From labours and from care, the wider lot
 Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
 To ſcan the maze of nature; therefore ſtamp'd
 The glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn, 275
 As

As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown,
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

Such are the various aspects of the mind—

Some heavenly genius, whose unclouded thoughts
Attain that secret harmony which blends 280

The æthereal spirit with its mold of clay ;

O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm

That searchless nature o'er the sense of man

Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,

The inexpressive semblance of himself, 285

Of thought and passion. Mark the fable woods

'That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow ;

With what religious awe the solemn scene

Commands your steps! as if the reverend form

Of Minos or of Numa should forsake 290

The Elysian seats, and down the embowering glade

Move to your pausing eye! Behold the expanse

Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds

Flit o'er the heavens before the sprightly breeze :

Now their grey cincture skirts the doubtful sun ; 295

Now streams of splendor, through their opening veil

Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn

The aerial shadows; on the curling brook,

And on the shady margin's quivering leaves

With quickest lustre glancing; while you view 300

The prospect, say, within your chearful breast

Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth

With clouds and sun-shine chequer'd, while the round

Of social converse, to the inspiring tongue

Of some gay nymph amid her subject train, 305

Moves

Moves all obsequious? Whence is this effect,
 This kindred power of such discordant things?
 Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone
 To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers
 At first were strung? Or rather from the links 310
 Which artful custom twines around her frame?

For when the different images of things
 By chance combin'd, have struck the attentive soul
 With deeper impulse, or, connected long,
 Have drawn her frequent eye; how'er distinct 315
 The external scenes, yet oft the ideas gain
 From that conjunction an eternal tie,
 And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind
 Recall one partner of the various league,
 Immediate, lo! the firm confederates rise, 320
 And each his former station strait resumes:
 One movement governs the consenting throng,
 And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,
 Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.
 'Twas thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold, 325
 Two faithful needles, from the informing touch
 Of the same parent-stone, together drew
 Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
 With fatal impulse quivering to the pole:
 Then, though disjoin'd by kingdoms, though the main
 Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and different stars
 Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
 The former friendship, and remember'd still
 The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
 Which once possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet knew 335
 The

The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
 He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
 Such is the secret union, when we feel
 A song, a flower, a name, at once restore
 Those long-connected scenes where first they mov'd 340
 The attention : backward through her mazy walks
 Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,
 To temples, courts, or fields ; with all the band
 Of painted forms, of passions and designs
 Attendant : whence, if pleasing in itself, 345
 The prospect from that sweet accession gains
 Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind.
 †By these mysterious ties the busy power
 Of memory her ideal train preserves
 Intire ; or when they would elude her watch, 350
 Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
 Of dark oblivion ; thus collecting all
 The various forms of being to present,
 Before the curious aim of mimic art,
 Their largest choice : like spring's unfolded blooms 355
 Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
 May taste at will, from their selected spoils
 To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse
 Of living lakes in summer's noontide calm,
 Reflects the bordering shade, and sun-bright heavens 360
 With fairer semblance ; not the sculptur'd gold
 More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
 Than he whose birth the sister powers of art
 Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
 Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind ; 365

Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
 With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
 Begins to open. Lucid order dawns ;
 And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
 Of nature at the voice divine repair'd. 400
 Each to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd
 Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
 Sprung up the blue serene ; by swift degrees
 Thus disentangled, his intire design
 Emerges. Colours mingle, features join, 405
 And lines converge : the fainter parts retire ;
 The fairer eminent in light advance ;
 And every image on its neighbour smiles.
 Awhile he stands and with a father's joy
 Contemplates. Then with Promethéan art, 410
 Into its proper vehicle he breathes
 The fair conception ; which, imbodied thus,
 And permanent becomes to eyes or ears
 An object ascertain'd : while thus inform'd,
 The various organs of his mimic skill, 415
 The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,
 The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
 Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
 By that expressive semblance, while in sight
 Of nature's great original we scan 420
 The lively child of art ; while line by line,
 And feature after feature we refer
 To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
 Those animating charms. ' Thus beauty's palm
 Betwixt them wavering hangs : applauding love 425

Doubts where to chuse; and mortal man aspires
 To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
 Of gathering hail with limpid crusts of ice
 Inclos'd and obvious to the beaming sun,
 Collects his large effulgence; strait the heavens 430
 With equal flames present on either hand
 The radiant visage: Persia stands at gaze,
 Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
 The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,
 To which the fragrance of the south shall burn, 435
 To which his warbled orisons ascend.

Such various blifs the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
 Favour'd of heaven! while, plung'd in fordid cares,
 The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine:
 And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke 440
 Young love and smiling wonder shrink away
 Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns
 Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,
 Perhaps even now, some cold, fastidious judge
 Casts a disdainful eye; and calls my toil, 445
 And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
 The dream of folly. Thou, grave censor! say,
 Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
 Of dulness hang too heavy on thy sense,
 To let her shine upon thee? So the man 450
 Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of heaven,
 Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision tells
 Of the gay colour'd radiance flushing bright
 O'er all creation. From the wise be far
 Such gross unhallow'd pride; nor needs my song 455
 Descend

Descend so low ; but rather now unfold,
 If human thought could reach, or words unfold,
 By what mysterious fabric of the mind,
 The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound
 Result from airy motion ; and from shape 460
 The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.

By what fine ties hath God connected things
 When present in the mind, which in themselves
 Have no connection ? Sure the rising sun
 O'er the cœrulean convex of the sea, 465
 With equal brightness and with equal warmth
 Might rowl his fiery orb ; nor yet the soul
 Thus feel her frame expanded and her powers
 Exulting in the splendor she beholds ;

Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp 470
 Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
 Soft-murmuring streams and gales of gentlest breath
 Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain
 Attempter, could not man's discerning ear
 Through all its tones the sympathy pursue ; 475
 Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
 Steal through his veins and fan the awaken'd heart,
 Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the song.

But were not nature still endow'd at large
 With all which life requires, though unadorn'd 480
 With such enchantment : Wherefore then her form
 So exquisitely fair ? her breath perfum'd
 With such ætherial sweetness ? whence her voice
 Inform'd at will to raise or to depress
 The impassion'd soul ? and whence the robes of light 485

Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
 Than fancy can describe! Whence but from thee,
 O source divine of ever-flowing love,
 And thy unmeasur'd goodness? Not content
 With every food of life to nourish man, 490
 By kind illusions of the wondering sense
 Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
 Or music to his ear: well pleas'd he scans
 The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
 Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain; 495
 Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
 And living lamps that over-arch his head
 With more than regal splendor; bends his ears
 To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
 Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought, 500
 Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
 Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
 Than space, or motion, or eternal time;
 So sweet he feels their influence to attract
 The fixed soul; to brighten the dull glooms 505
 Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
 Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
 The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
 Beholds with glad surprize, by secret spells
 Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils, 510
 A visionar par dis disclos'd
 Amid the dubious wild: with streams, and shades,
 And airy fons, the enchanted landscapes smiles.
 Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.

What

What then is taste, but these internal powers 515
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
 In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold, 520
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
 But God alone when first his active hand
 Imprints the secret byas of the soul.
 He, mighty parent! wise and just in all,
 Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven, 525
 Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
 Who journey's homeward from a summer day's
 Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
 And due repose, he loiters to behold
 The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds, 530
 O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
 His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
 Beyond the power of language, will unfold
 The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
 How lovely! how commanding! But though heaven
 In every breast hath sown these early seeds 535
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
 Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
 Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope 540
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller's labour; or attend

His will, obsequious, whether to produce 545
 The olive or the laurel. Different minds
 Incline to different objects ~~Y~~one pursues
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
 Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires 550
 'The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
 And ocean, groaning from its lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below 555
 The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
 The elemental war. But Waller longs,
 All on the margin of some flowery stream
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool 560
 Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer
 The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
 Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day:
 Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
 Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves; 565
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
 Such and so various are the tastes of men.

Oh! blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the Syren! not the bribes
 Of fordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils 570
 Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of nature fair imagination culls
 To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not all
 Of

Of mortal offspring can attain the heights 575
 Of envied life; though only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state;
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state,
 Indows at large whatever happy man 580
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim 585
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold and blushes like the morn. 590
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him. †Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain 595
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade.
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her powers 600
 Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert

Within

Within herself this elegance of love, 605
 This fair inspir'd delight : her temper'd powers
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On nature's form, where, negligent of all 610
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind
 Exalts her daring eye ; then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms 615
 Of servile custom cramp her generous powers ?
 Would fordid policies, the barbarous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
 Lo ! she appeals to nature, to the winds 620
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons : all declare
 For what the eternal maker has ordain'd
 The powers of man : we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine : he tells the heart, 625
 He meant, he made us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being ; to be great like him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself 630
 Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan ;
 And form to his, the relish of their souls.

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD

NOTES

N O T E S

O N T H E

T H R E E B O O K S

O F T H E

P L E A S U R E S

O F

I M A G I N A T I O N.

NOTES ON BOOK I.

VER. 154. *Say, why was man, &c.*] In apologizing for the frequent negligences of the sublimest authors of Greece, “Those god-like geniuses,” says Longinus, “were well assured, that Nature had not intended man for a low-spirited or ignoble being: but bringing us into life and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in
“ emula-

“ emulation for the prize of glory ; she has therefore
 “ implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of
 “ every thing great and exalted, of every thing which
 “ appears divine beyond our comprehension. Whence
 “ it comes to pass, that even the whole world is not
 “ an object sufficient for the depth and rapidity of
 “ human imagination, which often sallies forth be-
 “ yond the limits of all that surrounds us. Let any
 “ man cast his eye through the whole circle of our ex-
 “ istence, and consider how especially it abounds in
 “ excellent and grand objects ; he will soon acknow-
 “ ledge for what enjoyments and pursuits we were
 “ destined. Thus by the very propensity of nature
 “ we are led to admire, not little springs or shallow
 “ rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile,
 “ the Rhine, the Danube, and, much more than all,
 “ the Ocean, &c.” Dionys. Longin. de Sublim.
 § xxiv.

Ver. 202. *The empyreal waste.*] “ Ne se peut-il
 “ point qu’il y a un grand espace au dela de la region
 “ des etoiles ? Que se soit le ciel empyrée, ou non, tou-
 “ jours cet espace immense qui environne toute cette
 “ region, pourra etre rempli de bonheur & de gloire.
 “ Il pourra etre concu comme l’ocean, où se rendent
 “ les flueves de toutes les creatures bienheureuses,
 “ quand elles seront venues à leur perfection dans le
 “ système des etoiles.” Leibnitz dans la Theodicée,
 part. i. § 19.

Ver. 204. *Whose unfading light, &c.*] It was a no-
 tion of the great Mr. Huygens, that there may be fixed
 stars

Stars at such a distance from our solar system, as that their light should not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

Ver. 234.

————— *the neglect*

Of all familiar prospects, &c.] It is here said, that in consequence of the love of novelty, objects which at first were highly delightful to the mind, lose that effect by repeated attention to them. But the instance of *habit* is opposed to this observation; for *there*, objects at first distasteful are in time rendered intirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this case will be removed, if we consider, that, when objects at first agreeable, lose that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly *passive* and the perception *involuntary*; but habit, on the other hand, generally supposes *choice* and *activity* accompanying it: so that the pleasure arises here not from the object, but from the mind's *conscious* determination of its own activity; and consequently increases in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will still be urged perhaps, that a familiarity with disagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even when there is no room for the mind to *resolve* or *act* at all. In this case, the appearance must be accounted for, one of these ways.

The pleasure from habit may be merely negative. The object at first gave uneasiness: this uneasiness gradually wears off as the object grows familiar: and the mind, finding it at last entirely removed, rec-

kons its situation really pleasurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

The dislike conceived of the object at first, might be owing to prejudice or want of attention. Consequently the mind, being necessitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own mistake, and be reconciled to what it had looked on with aversion. In which case, a sort of instinctive justice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondness and attachment.

Or lastly, though the object itself should always continue disagreeable, yet circumstances of pleasure or good fortune may occur along with it. Thus an association may arise in the mind, and the object never be remembered without those pleasing circumstances attending it; by which means the disagreeable impression which it at first occasioned will in time be quite obliterated.

Ver. 240.

——— *this desire*

Of objects new and strange —] These two ideas are often confounded; though it is evident the mere *novelty* of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the least degree of *wonder*: whereas *wonder* indeed always implies *novelty*, being never excited by common or well-known appearances. But the pleasure in both cases is explicable from the same final cause, the acquisition of knowledge and enlargement of our views of nature: on this account, it is natural to treat of them together.

Ver.

Ver. 374. ——— Truth and good are one,

And beauty dwells in them, &c.] “Do

“you imagine,” says Socrates to Aristippus, “that
 “what is good is not beautiful? Have you not ob-
 “served that these appearances always coincide?
 “Virtue, for instance, in the same respect as to which
 “we call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beau-
 “tiful also. In the characters of men we always *
 “join the two denominations together. The beauty of
 “human bodies corresponds, in like manner, with
 “that œconomy of parts which constitutes them good;
 “and in every circumstance of life, the same object
 “is constantly accounted both beautiful and good,
 “inasmuch as it answers the purposes for which it
 “was designed.” Xenophon. Memorab. Socrat. l. iii.
 c. 8.

This excellent observation has been illustrated and extended by the noble restorer of ancient philosophy; see the *Characteristicks*, vol. ii. p. 339 and 422, and vol. iii. p. 181. And another ingenious author has particularly shewn, that it holds in the general laws of nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the sciences. *Inquiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and virtue*, Treat. i. § 8. As to the connection between *beauty* and *truth*, there are two opinions concerning it. Some philosophers assert an independent and invariable law in nature, in consequence of which
 “all rational beings must alike perceive beauty in

* This the Athenians did in a particular manner, by the word *καλοκαγαθός, καλοκαγαθία*.

“some

“ some certain proportions, and deformity in the contrary.” And this necessity being supposed the same with that which commands the assent or dissent of the understanding, it follows of course that *beauty* is founded on the universal and unchangeable law of *truth*.

But others there are, who believe *beauty* to be merely a relative and arbitrary thing; that indeed it was a benevolent provision in nature to annex so delightful a sensation to those objects which are *best and most perfect in themselves*, that so we might be engaged to the choice of them at once and without staying to infer their *usefulness* from their structure and effects; but that it is not impossible, in a physical sense, that two beings, of equal capacities for *truth*, should perceive, one of them *beauty* and the other *deformity*, in the same proportions. And upon this supposition, by that *truth* which is always connected with *beauty*, nothing more can be meant than the conformity of any object to those proportions upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that species is found to depend. Polycletus, for instance, a famous ancient sculptor, from an accurate mensuration of the several parts of the most perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or system of proportions, which was the rule of all succeeding artists. Suppose a statue modelled according to this: a man of mere natural taste, upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confesses and admires its *beauty*; whereas a professor of the art applies his measures to the head, the neck, or the hand,

and, without attending to its beauty, pronounces the workmanship to be *just* and *true*.

Ver. 492. *As when Brutus rose, &c.*] Cicero himself describes this fact—"Cæsare interfecto—statim
" cruentum altè extollens M. Brutus pugionem, Ci-
" ceronem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei recupera-
" tam libertatem est gratulatus." Cic. Philipp. ii. 12.

Ver. 548. *Where Virtue rising from the awful depth
Of truth's mysterious bosom, &c.*] Accord-
ing to the opinion of those who assert *moral obligation*
to be founded on an immutable and universal law; and
that which is usually called the *moral sense*, to be de-
termined by the peculiar temper of the imagination and
the earliest associations of ideas.

Ver. 591. *Lycæum.*] The school of Aristotle.

Ver. 592. *Academos.*] The school of Plato.

Ver. 594. *Ilyffus.*] One of the rivers on which
Athens was situated. Plato, in some of his finest
dialogues, lays the scene of the conversation with So-
crates on its banks.

NOTES ON BOOK II.

Ver. 19. *At last the Muses rose, &c.*] About the
age of Hugh Capet, founder of the third race of French
kings, the poets of Provence were in high reputation;
a sort of strolling bards or rhapsodists, who went
about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertain-
ing them at festivals with music and poetry. They

attempted both the epic, ode, and satire; and abounded in a wild and fantastic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the Saracen wars. These were the rudiments of Italian poetry. But their taste and composition must have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by those who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times; such as Boiardo, Bernardo, Tasso, Ariosto, &c.

Ver. 21. *Valclusa*.] The famous retreat of Francisco Petrarcha, the father of Italian poetry, and his mistress Laura, a lady of Avignon.

Ver. 22. *Arno*.] The river which runs by Florence, the birth-place of Dante and Boccaccio.

Ver. 23. *Parthenope*.] Or Naples, the birth-place of Sannazaro. The great Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples.

Ibid. ——— *the rage*

Of dire ambition, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of Italy, and abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century. These at last, in conjunction with the Papal power, intirely extinguished the spirit of liberty in that country, and established that abuse of the fine arts which has been since propagated over all Europe.

Ver. 30. *Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts, &c.*] Nor were they only losers by the separation. For philosophy itself, to use the words of a noble philosopher, “ being thus severed by the sprightly arts
“ and sciences, must consequently grow dronish, in-
“ sipid, pedantic, usefess, and directly opposite to the
“ real

“ real knowledge and practice of the world.” Inso-
 much that “ a Gentleman,” says another excellent
 writer, “ cannot easily bring himself to like so austere
 “ and ungainly a form : so greatly is it changed from
 “ what was once the delight of the finest Gentlemen of
 “ antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry of
 “ public affairs !” From this condition it cannot be
 recovered but by uniting it once more with the works
 of imagination ; and we have had the pleasure of ob-
 serving a very great progress made towards their union
 in England within these few years. It is hardly possible
 to conceive them at a greater distance from each other
 than at the Revolution, when Locke stood at the head
 of one party, and Dryden of the other. But the general
 spirit of liberty, which has ever since been growing,
 naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve
 that influence which the arts of persuasion gave them
 with the people, by applying them to subjects of im-
 portance to society. Thus poetry and eloquence be-
 came considerable ; and philosophy is now of course
 obliged to borrow of their embellishments, in order
 even to gain audience with the public.

Ver. 157. *From Passion's power alone, &c.*] This
 very mysterious kind of pleasure, which is often found
 in the exercise of passions generally counted painful,
 has been taken notice of by several authors. Lucretius
 resolves it into self-love :

“ Suave Mari magno,” &c. lib. ii. 1.

As if a man was never pleased in being moved at the
 distress of a tragedy, without a cool reflection that

though these fictitious personages were so unhappy, yet he himself was perfectly at ease and in safety. The ingenious author of the *Reflexions critiques sur la poesie & sur la peinture*, accounts for it by the general delight which the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and inattentive state: and this, joined with the moral approbation of its own temper, which attends these emotions when natural and just, is certainly the true foundation of the pleasure, which, as it is the origin and basis of tragedy and epic, deserved a very particular consideration in this poem.

Ver. 304. *Inhabitant of earth, &c.*] The account of the œconomy of Providence here introduced, as the most proper to calm and satisfy the mind when under the compunction of private evils, seems to have come originally from the Pythagorean school: but of the ancient philosophers, Plato has most largely insisted upon it, has established it with all the strength of his capacious understanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one passage so full and clear on this head, that I am persuaded the reader will be pleased to see it here, though somewhat long. Addressing himself to such as are not satisfied concerning Divine Providence: “The Being who presides over the whole,” says he, “has disposed and complicated all things for the happiness and virtue of the whole, every part of which, according to the extent of its influence, does and suffers what is fit and proper. One of these parts is yours, O unhappy man, which though in itself most inconsiderable and
 “ minute,

“ minute, yet being connected with the universe, ever
 “ seeks to co-operate with that supreme order. You
 “ in the mean time are ignorant of the very end for
 “ which all particular natures are brought into exist-
 “ ence, that the all-comprehending nature of the whole
 “ may be perfect and happy ; existing as it does, not
 “ for your sake, but the cause and reason of your ex-
 “ istence, which, as in the symmetry of every artificial
 “ work, must of necessity concur with the general de-
 “ sign of the artist, and be subservient to the whole of
 “ which it is a part. Your complaint therefore is
 “ ignorant and groundless ; since, according to the
 “ various energy of creation, and the common laws
 “ of nature, there is a constant provision of that which
 “ is best at the same time for you and for the whole.—
 “ For the governing intelligence clearly beholding all
 “ the actions of animated and self-moving creatures,
 “ and that mixture of good and evil which diversifies
 “ them, considered first of all by what disposition of
 “ things, and by what situation of each individual in
 “ the general system, vice might be depressed and sub-
 “ dued, and virtue made secure of victory and happi-
 “ ness, with the greatest facility, and in the highest de-
 “ gree possible : In this manner he ordered through
 “ the entire circle of being, the internal constitution
 “ of every mind, where should be its station in the
 “ universal fabric, and through what variety of cir-
 “ cumstances it should proceed in the whole tenour of
 “ its existence.” He goes on in his sublime manner
 to assert a future state of retribution, “ as well for those

“ who, by the exercise of good dispositions being
 “ harmonized and assimilated into the divine virtue,
 “ are consequently removed to a place of unblemished
 “ sanctity and happiness; as of those who by the most
 “ flagitious arts have risen from contemptible begin-
 “ nings to the greatest affluence and power, and whom
 “ you therefore look upon as unanswerable instances
 “ of negligence in the gods, because you are igno-
 “ rant of the purposes to which they are subservient,
 “ and in what manner they contribute to that supreme
 “ intention of good to the whole.” Plato de Leg.
 x. 16.

This theory has been delivered of late, especially
 abroad, in a manner which subverts the freedom of
 human actions; whereas Plato appears very careful to
 preserve it, and has been in that respect imitated by
 the best of his followers.

Ver, 321. — — *one might rise,*

One order, &c.] See the Meditations
 of Antoninus, and the Characteristics, passim.

Ver. 335. *The best and fairest, &c.]* This opinion is
 so old, that Timæus Locrus calls the Supreme Being
 δημιουργός τῷ βελτίονι, “ the artificer of that which is
 “ best;” and represents him as resolving in the begin-
 ning to produce the most excellent work, and as copy-
 ing the world most exactly from his own intelligible
 and essential idea; “ so that it yet remains, as it was
 “ at first, perfect in beauty, and will never stand in
 “ need of any correction or improvement.” There
 can be no room for a caution here, to understand the
 expressions,

expressions, not of any particular circumstances of human life separately considered, but of the sum or universal system of life and being. See also the vision at the end of the *Theodicée* of Leibnitz.

Ver. 350. *As flame ascends, &c.*] This opinion, though not held by Plato nor any of the ancients, is yet a very natural consequence of his principles. But the disquisition is too complex and extensive to be entered upon here.

Ver. 755. *Philip.*] The Macedonian.

NOTES ON BOOK III.

Ver. 18. — — *where the powers*

Of fancy, &c.] The influence of the imagination on the conduct of life, is one of the most important points in moral philosophy. It were easy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almost all the passions, and mixes with almost every circumstance of action or pleasure. Let any man, even of the coldest head and sobrest industry, analyse the idea of what he calls his interest; he will find that it consists chiefly of certain degrees of decency, beauty, and order, variously combined into one system, the idol which he seeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and self-denial. It is on this account of the last consequence to regulate these images by the standard of nature and the general good; otherwise the imagination, by heightening some objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by representing others in a more

odious or terrible shape than they deserve, may of course engage us in pursuits utterly inconsistent with the moral order of things.

If it be objected that this account of things supposes the passions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in some a natural and hereditary disposition to certain passions prior to all circumstances of education or fortune; it may be answered, that though no man is born *ambitious* or a *miser*, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which shall render his imagination more liable to be struck with some particular objects, consequently dispose him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain passions of a particular turn. Some men, for instance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vast and magnificent, others on the contrary with the elegant and gentle aspects of nature. And it is very remarkable, that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to this of the imagination; that those who are most inclined to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral. While those who are charmed rather with the *delicacy* and *sweetness* of colours, and forms, and sounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the softer scenes of virtue and the sympathies of a domestic life. And this is sufficient to account for the objection.

Among the ancient philosophers, though we have several hints concerning this influence of the imagination
upon

upon morals among the remains of the Socratic school, yet the Stoics were the first who paid it a due attention. Zeno, their founder, thought it impossible to preserve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inspecting those pictures or appearances of things, which the imagination offers to the mind (Diog. Laërt. l. vii.) The meditations of M. Aurelius, and the discourses of Epictetus, are full of the same sentiment; infomuch that the latter makes the *Χρῆσις αἴα, δειφάνιασιων*, or “right management of the fancies,” the only thing for which we are accountable to Providence, and without which a man is no other than stupid or frantic. Arrian. l. i. c. 12. & l. ii. c. 22. See also the Characteristics, vol. i. from p. 313, to 321, where this Stoical doctrine is embellished with all the elegance and graces of Plato.

Ver. 75.—*how folly's awkward arts, &c.*] Notwithstanding the general influence of *ridicule* on private and civil life, as well as on learning and the sciences, it has been almost constantly neglected or misrepresented, by divines especially. The manner of treating these subjects in the science of human nature, should be precisely the same as in natural philosophy; from particular facts to investigate the stated order in which they appear, and then apply the general law, thus discovered, to the explication of other appearances and the improvement of useful arts.

Ver. 84. *Behold the foremost band, &c.*] The first and most general source of ridicule in the characters of men, is vanity, or self-applause for some desirable quality

quality or possession which evidently does not belong to those who assume it.

Ver. 121. *Then comes the second order, &c.*] Ridicule from the same vanity, where, though the possession be real, yet no merit can arise from it, because of some particular circumstances, which, though obvious to the spectator, are yet overlooked by the ridiculous character.

Ver. 152. *Another tribe succeeds, &c.*] Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects disproportioned to their intrinsic value, and inconsistent with the order of nature.

Ver. 191. *But now, ye gay, &c.*] Ridicule from a notion of excellence, when the object is absolutely odious or contemptible. This is the highest degree of the ridiculous; as in the affectation of diseases or vices.

Ver. 207. *Thus far triumphant, &c.*] Ridicule from false shame or groundless fear.

Ver. 228. *Last of the, &c.*] Ridicule from the ignorance of such things as our circumstances require us to know.

Ver. 248.—*Suffice it to have said, &c.*] By comparing these general sources of ridicule with each other, and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we may obtain a general definition of it, equally applicable to every species. The most important circumstance of this definition is laid down in the lines referred to; but others more minute we shall subjoin here. Aristotle's account of the matter seems both imperfect and false;

τὸ γὰρ γελοῖον, says he, ἐστὶν ἀμάχητόν τι καὶ αἰσχρὸν,
ἀνώδυον

ἀνώδυνον καὶ ἐφθαζλικόν: “ the ridiculous is some certain fault or turpitude without pain, and not destructive to its subject.” (Poët. c. 5.) For allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many instances of such a fault or turpitude which cannot with any tolerable propriety be called ridiculous. So that the definition does not distinguish the thing designed. Nay farther; even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the destruction of its subject, we may still be sensible of a ridiculous appearance, till the ruin become imminent, and the keener sensations of pity or terror banish the ludicrous apprehension from our minds. For the sensation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas; but a passion or emotion of the mind consequential to that perception. So that the mind may perceive the agreement or disagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, because it is engrossed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that some men think those objects ridiculous, to which others cannot endure to apply the name; because in them they excite a much intenser and more important feeling. And this difference, among other causes, has brought a good deal of confusion into this question.

“ That which makes objects ridiculous, is some
 “ ground of admiration or esteem connected with other
 “ more general circumstances comparatively worthless
 “ or deformed; or it is some circumstance of turpitude or deformity connected with what is in general
 excellent

“ excellent or beautiful: the inconsistent properties
 “ existing either in the objects themselves, or in the
 “ apprehension of the person to whom they relate;
 “ belonging always to the same order or class of be-
 “ ings; imply sentiment or design; and exciting no
 “ acute or vehement emotion of the heart.”

To prove the several parts of this definition: “ The
 “ appearance of excellence or beauty connected with a
 “ general condition comparatively sordid or deformed,”
 is ridiculous: for instance, pompous pretensions of
 wisdom joined with ignorance or folly in the Socrates of
 Aristophanes; and the ostentations of military glory
 with cowardice and stupidity in the Thrafo of Terence.

“ The appearance of deformity or turpitude in con-
 “ junction with what is in general excellent or vene-
 “ rable,” is also ridiculous: for instance, the personal
 weaknesses of a magistrate appearing in the solemn
 and public functions of his station.

“ The incongruous properties may either exist in
 “ the objects themselves, or in apprehension of the
 “ person to whom they relate:” in the last-mentioned
 instance, they both exist in the objects; in the in-
 stances from Aristophanes and Terence, one of them
 is objective and real, the other only founded in the
 apprehension of the ridiculous character.

“ The inconsistent properties must belong to the same
 “ order or class of being.” A coxcomb in fine clothes,
 bedaubed by accident in foul weather, is a ridiculous
 object; because his general apprehension of excellence
 and esteem is referred to the splendour and expence of
 his

his dress. A man of sense and merit, in the same circumstances, is not counted ridiculous: because the general ground of excellence and esteem in him is, both in fact and in his own apprehension, of a very different species.

“ Every ridiculous object implies sentiment or de-
“ sign.” A column placed by an architect without a capital or base, is laughed at: the same column in a ruin causes a very different sensation.

And lastly, “ the occurrence must excite no acute or
“ vehement emotion of the heart,” such as terror, pity, or indignation; for in that case, as was observed above, the mind is not at leisure to contemplate the ridiculous.

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this description, and whether it comprehend every species and form of the ridiculous, must be determined by repeated applications of it to particular instances.

Ver. 259. *Ask we for what fair end, &c.*] Since it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a *natural* sense or feeling of the ridiculous, and since so good a reason may be assigned to justify the Supreme Being for bestowing it; one cannot without astonishment reflect on the conduct of those men who imagine it is for the service of true religion to vilify and blacken it without distinction, and endeavour to persuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cause. Ridicule is not concerned with mere speculative truth or falsehood. It is not in abstract propositions or theorems, but in actions and passions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it; and all these

terms are *relative*, implying approbation or blame. To ask them whether *ridicule be a test of truth*, is, in other words, to ask whether that which is ridiculous can be *morally true*, can be just and becoming; or whether that which is just and becoming, can be ridiculous. A question that does not deserve a serious answer. For it is most evident, that, as in a metaphysical proposition offered to the understanding for its assent, the faculty of reason examines the terms of the proposition, and finding one idea, which was supposed equal to another, to be in fact unequal, of consequence rejects the proposition as a falsehood; so, in objects offered to the mind for its esteem or applause, the faculty of ridicule, finding an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When therefore we observe such a claim obtruded upon mankind, and the inconsistent circumstances carefully concealed from the eye of the public, it is our business, if the matter be of importance to society, to drag out those latent circumstances, and, by setting them in full view, to convince the world how ridiculous the claim is: and thus a double advantage is gained; for we both detect the *moral falsehood* sooner than in the way of speculative inquiry, and impress the minds of men with a stronger sense of the vanity and error of its authors. And this and no more is meant by the application of ridicule.

But it is said, the practice is dangerous, and may be inconsistent with the regard we owe to objects of real dignity and excellence. I answer, the practice fairly managed

managed can never be dangerous; men may be dishonest in obtaining circumstances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertent in allowing those circumstances to impose upon us; but the sense of ridicule always judges right. The Socrates of Aristophanes is as *truly* ridiculous a character as ever was drawn:— True; but it is not the character of Socrates, the divine moralist and father of ancient wisdom. What then? did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philosopher from detecting and disclaiming those foreign circumstances which he had falsely introduced into his character, and thus rendered the satirist doubly ridiculous in his turn? No; but it nevertheless had an ill influence on the minds of the people, And so has the reasoning of Spinoza made many atheists: he has founded it indeed on suppositions utterly false; but allow him these, and his conclusions are unavoidably true. And if we must reject the use of ridicule, because, by the imposition of false circumstances, things may be made to seem ridiculous, which are not so in themselves; why we ought not in the same manner to reject the use of reason, because, by proceeding on false principles, conclusions will appear true which are impossible in nature, let the vehement and obstinate declaimers against ridicule determine.

Ver. 285. *The inexpressive semblance, &c.*] This similitude is the foundation of almost all the ornaments of poetic diction.

Ver. 326. *Two faithful needles, &c.*] See the elegant poem recited by Cardinal Bembo in the character of Lucretius; Strada Prolus, vi. Academ. 2. c. v.

Ver.

Ver. 348. *By these mysterious ties, &c.*] The act of remembering seems almost wholly to depend on the association of ideas.

Ver. 411. *Into its proper vehicle, &c.*] This relates to the different sorts of corporeal mediums, by which the ideas of the artists are rendered palpable to the senses; as by sounds, in music: by lines and shadows, in painting; by diction in poetry, &c.

Ver. 547. ——— *One pursues*

The vast alone, &c.] See the note to

ver. 18. of this book.

Ver. 558. *Waller longs, &c.*]

“ O! how I long my careless limbs to lay

“ Under the plantane shade; and all the day

“ With amorous airs my fancy entertain, &c.”

Waller, *Battle of the Summer-Islands*, Canto I.

And again,

“ While in the park I sing, the listening deer

“ Attend my passion, and forget to fear, &c.”

At Pens-hurst.

Ver. 593. *Not a breeze, &c.*] That this account may not appear rather poetically extravagant than just in philosophy, it may be proper to produce the sentiment of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of men on this head; one so little to be suspected of partiality in the case, that he reckons it among those favours for which he was especially thankful to the gods, that they had not suffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry, lest by that means he should have been diverted from pursuits of more importance

importance to his high station. Speaking of the beauty of universal nature, he observes, that “ there is a
“ pleasing and graceful aspect in every object we per-
“ ceive,” when once we consider its connection with
that general order. He instances in many things which
at first sight would be thought rather deformities; and
then adds, “ that a man who enjoys a sensibility of
“ temper with a just comprehension of the universal
“ order—will discern many amiable things, not cre-
“ dible to every mind, but to those alone who have
“ entered into an honourable familiarity with nature
“ and her works.” M. Antonin. iii. 2.



THE
PLEASURES
OF THE
IMAGINATION.
A
POEM.

1919

1. 1919年1月1日

1919年

1919年1月1日

1919

1919年1月1日

THE GENERAL ARGUMENT.

THE pleasures of the imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moon light; or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem. In treating of these pleasures, we must begin with the former class; they being original to the other; and nothing more being necessary, in order to explain them, than a view of our natural inclination toward greatness and beauty, and of those appearances, in the world around us, to which that inclination is adapted. This is the subject of the first book of the following poem.

But the pleasures which we receive from the elegant arts, from music, sculpture, painting, and poetry, are much more various and complicated. In them (besides greatness and beauty, or forms proper to the imagination) we find interwoven frequent representations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumstances proper to move us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other passions. These moral and intellectual objects are described in the second book; to which the third properly belongs as an episode, though too large to have been included in it.

With the above-mentioned causes of pleasure, which are universal in the course of human life and appertain to our higher faculties, many others do generally concur, more limited in their operation, or of an inferior origin: such are the novelty of objects, the association of ideas, affections of the bodily senses, influences of education, national habits, and the like. To illustrate these, and form the whole to determine the character of a perfect taste, is the argument of the fourth book.

Hitherto the pleasures of the imagination belong to the human species in general. But there are certain particular men whose imagination is endowed with powers, and susceptible of pleasures, which the generality of mankind never participate, these are the men of genius, destined by nature to excell in one or other of the arts already mentioned. It is proposed therefore, in the last place, to delineate that genius which in some degree appears common to them all; yet with a more peculiar consideration of poetry: inasmuch as poetry is the most extensive of those arts, the most philosophical, and the most useful.

T H E

P L E A S U R E S

O F T H E

I M A G I N A T I O N .

B O O K T H E F I R S T .

M D C C L V I I .

THE subject proposed. Dedication. The ideas of the Supreme Being, the exemplars of all things. The variety of constitution in the minds of men ; with its final cause. The general character of a fine imagination. All the immediate pleasures of the human imagination proceed either from greatness or beauty in external objects. The pleasure from greatness ; with its final cause. The natural connection of beauty with * truth and good. The different orders of beauty in different objects. The infinite and all-comprehending form of beauty, which belongs to the

* Truth is here taken, not in a logical, but in a mixed and popular sense, or for what has been called the truth of things ; denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper estimate or judgment concerning them,

divine mind. The partial and artificial forms of beauty, which belong to inferior intellectual beings. The origin and general conduct of beauty in man. The subordination of local beauties to the beauty of the universe. Conclusion.

WITH what enchantment nature's goodly scene
 Attracts the sense of mortals; how the mind
 For its own eye doth objects nobler still
 Prepare; how men by various lessons learn
 To judge of beauty's praise; what raptures fill 5
 The breast with fancy's native arts indow'd
 And what true culture guides it to renown;
 My verse unfolds. Ye gods, or godlike powers
 Ye guardians of the sacred task, attend
 Propitious. Hand in hand around your bard 10
 Move in majestic measures, leading on
 His doubtful step through many a solemn path
 Conscious of secrets which to human sight
 Ye only can reveal. Be great in him:
 And let your favour make him wise to speak 15
 Of all your wondrous empire; with a voice
 So temper'd to his theme, that those, who hear,
 May yield perpetual homage to yourselves.
 Thou chief, O daughter of eternal Love,
 Whate'er thy name; or Muse, or Grace, ador'd 20
 By Grecian prophets; to the sons of heaven
 Known, while with deep amazement thou dost there
 The perfect counsels read, the ideas old,

Of

Of thine omniscient father ; known on earth
 By the still horror and the blissful tear 25
 With which thou feizest on the soul of man ;
 Thou chief, Poetic Spirit, from the banks
 Of Avon, whence thy holy fingers cull
 Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
 Where Shakespeare lies, be present. And with thee 30
 Let Fiction come ; on her aërial wings
 Wafting ten thousand colors ; which in sport,
 By the light glances of her magic eye,
 She blends and shifts at will through countless forms,
 Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre 35
 Whose awful tones control the moving sphere,
 Wilt thou, eternal Harmony descend,
 And join this happy train ? for with thee comes
 The guide, the guardian of their mystic rites,
 Wise Order : and, where Order deigns to come, 40
 Her sister, Liberty, will not be far.
 Be present all ye Genii, who conduct
 Of youthful bards the lonely-wandering step
 New to your springs and shades ; who touch their ear
 With finer sounds, and heighten to their eye 45
 'The pomp of nature, and before them place
 The fairest, loftiest countenance of things.

Nor thou, my Dyson, to the lay refuse
 Thy wonted partial audience. What, though first
 In years unseason'd, haply ere the sports 50
 Of childhood yet were o'er, the adventurous lay
 With many splendid prospects, many charms,
 Allur'd my heart, nor conscious whence they sprung,
 Nor

Nor heedful of their end? yet serious truth
 Her empire o'er the calm, sequester'd theme 55
 Asserted soon; while falsehood's evil brood,
 Vice and deceitful pleasure, she at once
 Excluded, and my fancy's careless toil
 Drew to the better cause. Maturer aid
 Thy friendship added, in the paths of life, 60
 The busy paths, my unaccustom'd feet
 Preserving: nor to truth's recess divine,
 Through this wide argument's unbeaten space,
 Withholding surer guidance; while by turns
 We trac'd the sages old, or while the queen 65
 Of sciences (whom manners and the mind
 Acknowledge) to my true companion's voice
 Not unattentive, o'er the wintery lamp
 Inclin'd her sceptre, favouring. Now the fates
 Have other tasks impos'd. To thee, my friend, 70
 The ministry of freedom and the faith
 Of popular decrees, in early youth,
 Not vainly they committed. Me they sent
 To wait on pain; and silent arts to urge,
 Inglorious: not ignoble; if my cares, 75
 To such as languish on a grievous bed,
 Ease and the sweet forgetfulness of ill
 Conciliate: nor delightless; if the Muse,
 Her shades to visit and to taste her springs,
 If some distinguish'd hours the bounteous Muse 80
 Impart, and grant (what she and she alone
 Can grant to mortals) that my hand those wreaths
 Of fame and honest favor, which the bless'd

Wear in Elysium, and which never felt
 The breath of envy or malignant tongues, 85
 That these my hand for thee and for myself
 May gather. Meanwhile, O my faithful friend,
 O early chosen, ever found the same,
 And trusted and belov'd; once more the verse
 Long destin'd, always obvious to thine ear, 90
 Attend, indulgent. So in latest years,
 When time thy head with honors shall have cloath'd
 Sacred to even virtue, may thy mind,
 Amid the calm review of seasons past,
 Fair offices of friendship or kind peace, 95
 Or public zeal, may then thy mind well-pleas'd
 Recall these happy studies of our prime.

From heaven my strains begin. From heaven descends
 The flame of genius to the chosen breast,
 And beauty with poetic wonder join'd. 100
 And inspiration. Ere the rising sun
 Shone o'er the deep, or 'mid the vault of night
 The moon her silver lamp suspended: ere
 The vales with springs were water'd, or with groves
 Of oak or pine the ancient hills were crown'd; 105
 Then the great spirit, whom his works adore,
 Within his own deep essence view'd the forms,
 The forms eternal of created things:
 The radiant sun; the moon's nocturnal lamp;
 The mountains and the streams; the ample stores 110
 Of earth, of heaven, of nature. From the first,
 On that full scene his love divine he fix'd
 His admiration. Till, in time complete,

What

What he admir'd and lov'd his vital power
 Unfolded into being. Hence the breath 115
 Of life informing each organic frame :
 Hence the green earth, and wild-resounding waves :
 Hence light and shade, alternate ; warmth and cold ;
 And bright autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
 And all the fair variety of things. 120

But not alike to every mortal eye
 Is this great scene unveil'd. For while the claims
 Of social life to different labours urge
 The active powers of man, with wisest care
 Hath nature on the multitude of minds 125
 Impress'd a various bias ; and to each
 Deceed its province in the common toil.
 To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
 The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
 The golden zones of heaven. To some she gave 130
 To search the story of eternal thought ;
 Of space, and time ; of fate's unbroken chain,
 And will's quick movement. Others by the hand
 She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
 What healing virtue dwells in every vein 135
 Of herbs or trees. But some to nobler hopes
 Were destin'd : some within a finer mould
 She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
 To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds,
 In fuller aspects and with fairer lights, 140
 This picture of the world. Through every part
 They trace the lofty sketches of his hand :
 In earth or air, the meadow's flowery store,

The

The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien
 Drefs'd in attractive smiles, they see portray'd 145
 (As far as mortal eyes the portrait scan)

Those lineaments of beauty which delight
 The mind supreme. They also feel their force,
 Inamor'd : they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image long renown'd 150

Through fabling Egypt, at the genial touch
 Of morning, from its inmost frame sent forth
 Spontaneous music ; so doth nature's hand,
 To certain attributes which matter claims,
 Adapt the finer organs of the mind : 155

So the glad impulse of those kindred powers
 (Of form, of colour's cheerful pomp, of sound
 Melodious, or of motion aptly sped)
 Detains the enliven'd sense ; till soon the soul
 Feels the deep concord, and assents through all 160

Her functions. Then the charm by fate prepar'd
 Diffuseth its enchantment. Fancy dreams,
 Rapt into high discourse with prophets old,
 And wandering through Elysium, fancy dreams
 Of sacred fountains, of o'ershadowing groves, 165

Whose walks with godlike harmony resound :
 Fountains, which Homer visits ; happy groves,
 Where Milton dwells. The intellectual power,
 On the mind's throne, suspends his graver cares,
 And smiles. The passions, to divine repose 170

Persuaded yield : and love and joy alone
 Are waking : love and joy, such as await

An angel's meditation. O ! attend,

Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch ;
 Whom nature's aspect, nature's simple garb, 175
 Can thus command ; O ! listen to my song ;
 And I will guide thee to her blifsful walks,
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
 And point her gracious features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of the world's ancient store, 180
 Whate'er of mimic art's reflected scenes,
 With love and admiration thus inspire
 Attentive fancy, her delighted sons
 In two illustrious orders comprehend,
 Self-taught. From him whose rustic toil the lark 185
 Cheers warbling, to the bard whose daring thoughts
 Range the full orb of being, still the form,
 Which fancy worships, or sublime or fair
 Her votaries proclaim, I see them dawn :
 I see the radiant visions where they rise, 190
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His glittering forehead through the gates of morn,
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast creation ; why impower'd 195
 Through life and death to dart his watchful eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;
 But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
 In sight of angels and immortal minds,
 As on an ample theatre to join 200
 In contest with his equals, who shall best
 The task atchieve, the course of noble toils,
 By wisdom and by mercy preordain'd ?

Might

Might send him forth the sovran good to learn ;
 To chace each meaner purpose from his breast ; 205
 And through the mists of passion and of sense,
 And through the pelting storms of chance and pain,
 To hold strait on with constant heart and eye
 Still fix'd upon his everlasting palm,
 The approving smile of heaven ? Else wherefore burns
 In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope, 210
 That seeks from day to day sublimer ends ;
 Happy, though restless ? Why departs the soul
 Wide from the track and journey of her times,
 To grasp the good she knows not ? in the field 215
 Of things which may be, in the spacious field
 Of science, potent arts, or dreadful arms,
 To raise up scenes in which her own desires
 Contented may repose ; when things, which are,
 Pall on her temper, like a twice-told tale : 220
 Her temper, still demanding to be free ;
 Spurning the rude control of wilful might ;
 Proud of her dangers brav'd, her grief endur'd,
 Her strength severely prov'd ? To these high aims,
 Which reason and affection prompt in man, 225
 Not adverse nor unapt hath nature fram'd
 His bold imagination. For, amid
 The various forms which this full world presents
 Like rivals to his choice, what human breast
 E'er doubts, before the transient and minute, 230
 To prize the vast, the stable, the sublime ?
 Who, that from heights aërial sends his eye
 Around a wild horizon, and surveys

Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave
 Through mountains, plains, through spacious cities old,
 And regions dark with woods; will turn away 235
 To mark the path of some penurious rill
 Which murmureth at his feet? Where does the soul
 Consent her soaring fancy to restrain
 Which bears her up, as on an eagle's wings, 240
 Destin'd for highest heaven; or which of fate's
 Tremendous barriers shall confine her flight
 To any humbler quarry? The rich earth
 Cannot detain her; nor the ambient air
 With all its changes. For a while with joy 245
 She hovers o'er the sun, and views the small
 Attendant orbs, beneath his sacred beam,
 Emerging from the deep, like cluster'd isles
 Whose rocky shores to the glad sailor's eye
 Reflect the gleams of morning: for a while 250
 With pride she sees his firm, paternal sway
 Bend the reluctant planets to move each
 Round its perpetual year. But soon she quits
 That prospect: meditating loftier views,
 She darts adventurous up the long career 255
 Of comets; through the constellations holds
 Her course, and now looks back on all the stars
 Whose blended flames as with a milky stream
 Part the blue region. Empyréan tracts,
 Where happy souls beyond their concave heaven 260
 Abide, she then explores, whence purer light
 For countless ages travels through the abyss
 Nor hath in sight of mortals yet arriv'd.

- Upon

Upon the wide creation's utmost shore
 At length she stands, and the dread space beyond 265
 Contemplates, half-recoiling : nathless down
 The gloomy void, astonish'd, yet unquell'd,
 She plungeth ; down the unfathomable gulph
 Where God alone hath being. There her hopes
 Rest at the fated goal. For, from the birth 270
 Of human kind, the Sovereign Maker said
 That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
 Not in the fleeting echoes of renown,
 Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
 The soul should find contentment ; but, from these 275
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,
 Through nature's opening walks inlarge her aim,
 Till every bound at length should disappear,
 And infinite perfection fill the scen

But lo, where beauty, dress'd in gentler pomp, 280
 With comely steps advancing, claims the verse
 Her charms inspire. O beauty, source of praise,
 Of honour, even to mute and lifeless things ;
 O thou that kindlest in each human heart
 Love, and the wish of poets, when their tongue 285
 Would teach to other bosoms what so charms
 Their own ; O child of nature and the soul,
 In happiest hour brought forth ; the doubtful garb
 Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
 Too lowly I account, in which to clothe 290
 Thy form divine. For thee the mind alone
 Beholds ; nor half thy brightness can reveal
 Through those dim organs, whose corporeal touch

O'ershadoweth thy pure essence. Yet, my Muse,
 If fortune call thee to the talk, wait thou 295
 Thy favourable seasons: then, while fear
 And doubt are absent, through wide nature's bounds
 Expatiate with glad step, and choose at will
 Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
 Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air, 300
 To manifest unblemish'd beauty's praise,
 And o'er the breasts of mortals to extend
 Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the isles
 Atlantic, to the rich Hesperian clime,
 Fly in the train of Autumn; and look on, 305
 And learn from him; while, as he roves around,
 Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
 The branches bloom with gold; where'er his foot
 Imprints the soil, the ripening clusters swell,
 Turning aside their foliage, and come forth 310
 In purple lights, till every hillock grows
 As with the blushes of an evening sky?
 Or wilt thou that Thessalian landscape trace,
 Where slow Penéus his clear glassy tide
 Draws smooth along, between the winding cliffs 315
 Of Ossa and the pathless woods unshorn
 That wave o'er huge Olympus? Down the stream,
 Look how the mountains with their double range
 Embrace the vale of Tempe; from each side
 Ascending steep to heaven, a rocky mound 320
 Cover'd with ivy and the laurel boughs
 That crown'd young Phœbus for the Python slain.
 Fair Tempe! on whose primrose banks the morn

Awoke

Awoke most fragrant, and the noon repos'd
 In pomp of lights and shadows most sublime : 325
 Whose lawns, whose glades, ere human footsteps yet
 Had trac'd an entrance, were the hallow'd haunt
 Of sylvan powers immortal ; where they sate
 Oft in the golden age, the Nymphs and Fauns,
 Beneath some arbor branching o'er the flood, 330
 And leaning round hung on the instructive lips
 Of hoary Pan, or o'er some open dale
 Danc'd in light measures to his sevenfold pipe,
 While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path
 Flung showers of painted blossoms, fertile dews, 335
 And one perpetual spring. But if our task
 More lofty rites demand, with all good vows
 Then let us hasten to the rural haunt
 Where young Melissa dwells. Nor thou refuse
 The voice which calls thee from thy lov'd retreat, 340
 But hither, gentle maid, thy footsteps turn :
 Here, to thy own unquestionable theme,
 O fair, O graceful, bend thy polish'd brow,
 Assenting ; and the gladness of thy eyes
 Impart to me, like morning's wished light 345
 Seen through the vernal air. By yonder stream,
 Where beech and elm along the bordering mead
 Send forth wild melody from every bough,
 Together let us wander ; where the hills
 Cover'd with fleeces to the lowing vale 350
 Reply ; where tidings of content and peace
 Each echo brings. Lo, how the western sun
 O'er fields and floods, o'er every living soul,

Diffuseth glad repose ! There while I speak
 Of beauty's honours, thou, Melissa, thou 355
 Shalt hearken, not unconscious. While I tell
 How first from heaven she came : how after all
 The works of life, the elemental scenes,
 The hours, the seasons, she had oft explor'd,
 At length her favourite mansion and her throne 360
 She fix'd in woman's form : what pleasing ties
 To virtue bind her ; what effectual aid
 They lend each other's power ; and how divine
 Their union, should some ambitious maid,
 To all the enchantment of the Idalian queen, 365
 Add sanctity and wisdom : while my tongue
 Prolongs the tale, Melissa, thou may't feign
 To wonder whence my rapture is inspir'd ;
 But soon the smile which dawns upon thy lip
 Shall tell it, and the tenderer bloom o'er all 370
 That soft cheek springing to the marble neck,
 Which bends aside in vain, revealing more
 What it would then keep silent, and in vain
 The sense of praise dissembling. Then my song
 Great nature's winning arts, which thus inform 375
 With joy and love the rugged breast of man,
 Should sound in numbers worthy of such a theme :
 While all whose souls have ever felt the force
 Of those enchanting passions, to my lyre
 Should throng attentive, and receive once more 380
 Their influence, unobscur'd by any cloud
 Of vulgar care, and purer than the hand
 Of fortune can bestow ; nor, to confirm

Their

Their sway, should awful contemplation scorn
 To join his dictates to the genuine strain 385
 Of pleasure's tongue; nor yet should pleasure's ear
 Be much averse. Ye chiefly, gentle band
 Of youths and virgins, who through many a wish
 And many a fond pursuit, as in some scene
 Of magic bright and fleeting, are allur'd 390
 By various beauty; if the pleasing toil
 Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
 Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
 I do not mean, on blest'd Religion's feat
 Presenting Superstition's gloomy form, 395
 To dash your soothing hopes: I do not mean
 To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
 Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
 And scare you from your joys. My chearful song
 With happier omens calls you to the field, 400
 Pleas'd with your generous ardor in the chace,
 And warm like you. Then tell me (for ye know)
 Doth beauty ever deign to dwell where use
 And aptitude are strangers? is her praise
 Confess'd in aught whose most peculiar ends 405
 Are lame and fruitless? or did nature mean
 This pleasing call the herald of a lye,
 To hide the shame of discord and disease,
 And win each fond admirer into snares,
 Foil'd; baffled? No. With better providence 410
 The general mother, conscious how infirm
 Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
 Thus, to the choice of credulous desire,

Doth objects the compleatest of their tribe
 Distinguish and commend. Yon flowery bank 415
 Cloath'd in the soft magnificence of spring,
 Will not the flocks approve it? will they ask
 The reedy fen for pasture? That clear rill
 Which trickleth murmuring from the mossy rock,
 Yields it less wholesome beverage to the worn 420
 And thirsty traveller, than the standing pool
 With muddy weeds o'ergrown? Yon ragged vine
 Whose lean and fullen clusters mourn the rage
 Of Eurus, will the wine-press or the bowl
 Report of her, as of the swelling grape 425
 Which glitters through the tendrils, like a gem
 When first it meets the sun? Or what are all
 The various charms to life and sense adjoin'd?
 Are they not pledges of a state intire,
 Where native order reigns, with every part 430
 In health, and every function well perform'd?

Thus then at first was beauty sent from heaven,
 'The lovely ministress of truth and good
 In this dark world. For truth and good are one;
 And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her 435
 With like participation. Wherefore then,
 O sons of earth, would ye dissolve the tie?
 O! wherefore with a rash and greedy aim
 Seek ye to rove through every flattering scene
 Which beauty seems to deck, nor once inquire 440
 Where is the suffrage of eternal truth,
 Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
 To save your search from folly? Wanting these,

Lo, beauty withers in your void embrace ;
 And with the glittering of an idiot's toy 445
 Did fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let hope,
 That kindliest inmate of the youthful breast,
 Be hence appall'd ; be turn'd to coward sloth
 Sitting in silence, with dejected eyes
 Incurious and with folded hands. Far less 450
 Let scorn of wild fantastic folly's dreams
 Or hatred of the bigot's savage pride
 Persuade you e'er that beauty, or the love
 Which waits on beauty, may not brook to hear
 The sacred lore of undeceitful good 455
 And truth eternal. From the vulgar croud
 Though superstition, tyranness abhorr'd,
 The reverence due to this majestic pair
 With threats and execration still demands ;
 Though the tame wretch, who asks of her the way 460
 To their celestial dwelling, she constrains
 To quench or set at nought the lamp of God
 Within his frame ; through many a cheerless wild
 Though forth she leads him credulous and dark
 And aw'd with dubious notion ; though at length 465
 Haply she plunge him into cloister'd cells
 And mansions unrelenting as the grave,
 But void of quiet, there to watch the hours
 Of midnight ; there, amid the screaming owl's
 Dire song, with spectres or with guilty shades 470
 To talk of pangs and everlasting woe ;
 Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
 Presides o'er your adventure. From the bower

Where Wisdom fate with her Athenian sons,
 Could but my happy hand intwine a wreath 475
 Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
 Then (for what need of cruel fear to you,
 To you whom god-like love can well command ?
 Then should my powerful voice at once dispel
 Those monkish horrors ; should in words divine 480
 Relate how favour'd minds like you inspir'd,
 And taught their inspiration to conduct
 By ruling heaven's decree, through various walks
 And prospects various, but delightful all,
 Move onward ; while now myrtle groves appear, 485
 Now arms and radiant trophies, now the rods
 Of empire with the curule throne, or now
 The domes of contemplation and the Muse.
 Led by that hope sublime, whose cloudless eye
 Through the fair toils and ornaments of earth 490
 Discerns the nobler life reserv'd for heaven,
 Favour'd alike they worship round the shrine
 Where truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
 The undivided partners of her sway,
 With Good and Beauty reigns. O ! let not us 495
 By Pleasure's lying blandishments detain'd,
 Or crouching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
 O ! let not us one moment pause to join
 That chosen band. And if the gracious power,
 Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song, 500
 Will to my invocation grant anew
 The tuneful spirit, then through all our paths
 Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre

Be wanting ; whether on the rosy mead
 When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart 505
 Of luxury's allurements ; whether firm
 Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
 To urge free virtue's steps, and to her side
 Summon that strong divinity of soul
 Which conquers chance and fate: or on the height, 510
 The goal assign'd her, haply to proclaim
 Her triumph ; on her brow to place the crown
 Of uncorrupted praise ; through future worlds
 To follow her interminated way,
 And bless heaven's image in the heart of man. 515
 Such is the worth of Beauty : such her power,
 So blameless, so rever'd. It now remains,
 In just gradation through the various ranks
 Of being, to contemplate how her gifts
 Rise in due measure, watchful to attend 520
 The steps of rising nature. Last and least,
 In colours mingling with a random blaze,
 Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the forms
 Of simplest, easiest measure ; in the bounds
 Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent 525
 To symmetry adds colour : thus the pearl
 Shines in the concave of its purple bed,
 And painted shells along some winding shore
 Catch with indented folds the glancing sun.
 Next, as we rise, appear the blooming tribes 530
 Which clothe the fragrant earth ; which draw from her
 Their own nutrition ; which are born and die ;
 Yet, in their seed, immortal ; such the flowers

With

With which young Maia pays the village-maids
That hail her natal morn; and such the groves 535
Which blithe Pomona rears on Vaga's bank,

To feed the bowl of Ariconian swains
Who quaff beneath her branches. Nobler still
Is Beauty's name where, to the full consent
Of members and of features, to the pride 540
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,

Life's holy flame with piercing sense is given,
While active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno: so the steed
With rival swiftness beats the dusty plain, 545

And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. What sublimer pomp
Adorns the seat where Virtue dwells on earth,
And Truth's eternal day-light shines around;
What palm belongs to man's imperial front, 550

And woman powerful with becoming smiles,
Chief of terrestrial natures; need we now
Strive to inculcate? Thus hath Beauty there
Her most conspicuous praise to Matter lent,
Where most conspicuous through that shadowy veil 555

Breaks forth the bright expression of a mind:
By steps directing our inraptur'd search
To him, the first of minds; the chief, the sole;
From whom, through this wide, complicated world,
Did all her various lineaments begin; 560

To whom alone, consenting and intire,
At once their mutual influence all display.

He, God most high (bear witness, earth and heaven)

The

The living fountains in himself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime. With him inthron'd 565
 Ere days or years trod their ethereal way,
 In his supreme intelligence inthron'd,
 The queen of love holds her unclouded state,
 Urania. Thee, O Father, this extent
 Of matter; thee the sluggish earth and tract 570
 Of seas, the heavens and heavenly splendors feel
 Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
 Of thy great essence, forth didst thou conduct
 Eternal Form; and there, where Chaos reign'd,
 Gav'st her dominion to erect her seat, 575
 And sanctify the mansion. All her works
 Well pleas'd thou didst behold. The gloomy fires
 Of storm or earthquake, and the purest light
 Of summer; soft Campania's new-born rose
 And the slow weed, which pines on Russian hills, 580
 Comely alike to thy full vision stand:
 To thy surrounding vision, which unites
 All essences and powers of the great world
 In one sole order, fair alike they stand,
 As features well consenting, and alike 585
 Requir'd by nature ere she could attain
 Her just resemblance to the perfect shape
 Of universal beauty, which with thee
 Dwelt from the first. Thou also, Ancient Mind,
 Whom love and free beneficence await 590
 In all thy doings; to inferior minds,
 Thy offspring, and to man, thy youngest son,
 Refusing no convenient gift nor good;

Their eyes didst open, in this earth, yon heaven,
 Those starry worlds, the countenance divine 595
 Of Beauty to behold. But not to them
 Didst thou her awful magnitude reveal
 Such as before thine own unbounded sight
 She stands (for never shall created soul
 Conceive that object); nor, to all their kinds, 600
 The same in shape or features didst thou frame
 Her image. Measuring well their different spheres
 Of sense and action, thy paternal hand
 Hath for each race prepar'd a different test
 Of Beauty, own'd and reverenc'd as their guide 605
 Most apt, most faithful. Thence inform'd, they scan
 The objects that surround them; and select,
 Since the great whole disclaims their scanty view,
 Each for himself selects peculiar parts
 Of nature; what the standard fix'd by heaven 610
 Within his breast approves: acquiring thus
 A partial beauty, which becomes his lot;
 A beauty which his eye may comprehend,
 His hand may copy: leaving, O supreme,
 O thou whom none hath utter'd, leaving all 615
 To thee that infinite, consummate form,
 Which the great powers, the gods around thy throne
 And nearest to thy counsels, know with thee
 For ever to have been; but who she is,
 Or what her likeness, know not. Man surveys 620
 A narrower scene, where, by the mix'd effect
 Of things corporeal on his passive mind,
 He judgeth what is fair. Corporeal things

The mind of man impell with various powers,
 And various features to his eye disclose. 625
 The powers which move his sense with instant joy,
 The features which attract his heart to love,
 He marks, combines, reposit. Other powers
 And features of the self-same thing (unless
 The beauteous form, the creature of his mind, 630
 Request their close alliance) he o'erlooks
 Forgotten; or with self-beguiling zeal,
 Whene'er his passions mingle in the work,
 Half alters, half disowns. The tribes of men
 Thus from their different functions and the shapes 635
 Familiar to their eye, with art obtain,
 Unconscious of their purpose, yet with art
 Obtain the beauty fitting man to love:
 Whose proud desires from nature's homely toil
 Oft turn away, fastidious: asking still 640
 His mind's high aid, to purify the form
 From matter's gross communion; to secure
 For ever, from the meddling hand of change
 Or rude decay, her features; and to add
 Whatever ornaments may suit her mien, 645
 Where'er he finds them scatter'd through the paths
 Of nature or of fortune. Then he seats
 The accomplish'd image deep within his breast,
 Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair.
 Thus the one beauty of the world intire, 650
 The universal Venus, far beyond
 The keenest effort of created eyes,
 And their most wide horizon, dwells inthron'd
 In

In ancient silence. At her footstool stands
 An altar burning with eternal fire 655
 Unfullied, unconsum'd. Here every hour,
 Here every moment, in their turns arrive
 Her offspring; an innumerable band
 Of sisters, comely all; but differing far
 In age, in stature, and expressive mien, 660
 More than bright Helen from her new-born babe.
 To this maternal shrine in turns they come,
 Each with her sacred lamp; that from the source
 Of living flame, which here immortal flows,
 Their portions of its lustre they may draw 665
 For days, or months, or years; for ages, some;
 As their great parent's discipline requires.
 Then to their several mansions they depart,
 In stars, in planets, through the unknown shores
 Of yon ethereal ocean. Who can tell, 670
 Even on the surface of this rolling earth,
 How many make abode? The fields, the groves,
 The winding rivers, and the azure main,
 Are render'd solemn by their frequent feet,
 Their rites sublime. There each her destin'd home 675
 Informs with that pure radiance from the skies
 Brought down, and shines throughout her little sphere,
 Exulting. Strait, as travellers by night
 Turn towards a distant flame, so some fit eye,
 Among the various tenants of the scene, 680
 Discerns the heaven-born phantom seated there,
 And owns her charms. Hence the wide universe,
 Through all the seasons of revolving worlds,

Bears

Bears witness with its people, gods and men,
 To Beauty's blissful bower, and with the voice 685
 Of grateful admiration still resounds :
 That voice, to which is Beauty's frame divine
 As is the cunning of the master's hand
 To the sweet accent of the well-tun'd lyre.

Genius of ancient Greece, whose faithful steps 690
 Have led us to these awful solitudes
 Of Nature and of Science ; nurse rever'd
 Of generous counsels and heroic deeds ;
 O ! let some portion of thy matchless praise
 Dwell in my breast, and teach me to adorn 695
 This unattempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
 Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
 Which Hesper sheds along the vernal heaven,
 If I, from vulgar superstition's walk,
 Impatient steal, and from the unseemly rites 700
 Of splendid adulation, to attend
 With hymns thy presence in the sylvan shade,
 By their malignant footsteps unprofan'd.
 Come, O renowned power ; thy glowing mien
 Such, and so elevated all thy form, 705
 As when the great barbaric lord, again
 And yet again diminish'd, hid his face
 Among the herd of satraps and of kings ;
 And, at the lightning of thy lifted spear,
 Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils, 710
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
 Thy smiling band of arts, thy god-like fires
 Of civil wisdom, thy unconquer'd youth

After

After some glorious day rejoicing round
 Their new-erected trophy. Guide my feet 715
 Through fair Lycéum's walk, the olive shades
 Of Academus, and the sacred vale
 Haunted by steps divine, where once beneath
 That ever-living platane's ample boughs
 Iliffus, by Socratic founds detain'd, 720
 On his neglected urn attentive lay ;
 While Boreas, lingering on the neighbouring steep
 With beauteous Orithyia, his love-tale
 In silent awe suspended. There let me
 With blameless hand, from thy unenvious fields, 725
 Transplant some living blossoms, to adorn
 My native clime : while, far beyond the meed
 Of Fancy's toil aspiring, I unlock
 The springs of antient Wisdom : while I add
 (What cannot be disjoin'd from Beauty's praise) 730
 Thy name and native dress, thy works belov'd
 And honour'd : while to my compatriot youth
 I point the great example of thy sons,
 And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

T H E
P L E A S U R E S
O F T H E
I M A G I N A T I O N.
B O O K T H E S E C O N D.

MDCCLXV.

INTRODUCTION to this more difficult part of the subject. Of truth and its three classes, matter of fact, experimental or scientific truth, (contradistinguished from opinion) and universal truth: which last is either metaphysical or geometrical, either purely intellectual or perfectly abstracted. On the power of discerning truth depends that of acting with the view of an end; a circumstance essential to virtue. Of virtue considered in the divine mind as a perpetual and universal beneficence. Of human virtue, considered as a system of particular sentiments and actions, suitable to the design of providence and the condition of man; to whom it constitutes the chief good and the first beauty. Of vice and its origin. Of ridicule: its general nature and final cause. Of

the passions; particularly of those which relate to evil, natural or moral, and which are generally accounted painful, though not always unattended with pleasure.

THUS far of beauty and the pleasing forms
 Which man's untutor'd fancy, from the scenes
 Imperfect of this ever-changing world,
 Creates; and views, inamour'd. Now my song
 Severer themes demand: mysterious truth; 5
 And virtue, sovran good: the spells, the trains,
 The progeny of error: the dreadful sway
 Of passion; and whatever hidden stores
 From her own lofty deeds and from herself
 The mind acquires. Severer argument: 10
 Not less attractive; nor deserving less
 A constant ear. For what are all the forms
 Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,
 Greatness, or pomp, or symmetry of parts?
 Not tending to the heart, soon feeble grows, 15
 As the blunt arrow 'gainst the knotty trunk,
 Their impulse on the sense: while the pall'd eye
 Expects in vain its tribute; asks in vain,
 Where are the ornaments it once admir'd?
 Not so the moral species, nor the powers 20
 Of passion and of thought. The ambitious mind
 With objects boundless as her own desires
 Can there converse: by these unfading forms
 Touch'd and awaken'd still, with eager act

She

She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd 25

Her gifts, her godlike fortune. Such the scenes

Now opening round us. May the destin'd verse

Maintain its equal tenor, though in tracts

Obscure and arduous! May the source of light,

All-present, all-sufficient, guide our steps 30

Through every maze : and whom in childish years

From the loud throng, the beaten paths of wealth

And power, thou didst apart send forth to speak

In tuneful Words concerning highest things,

Him still do thou, O Father, at those hours 35

Of pensive freedom when the human soul

Shuts out the rumour of the world, him still

'Touch thou with secret lessons : call thou back

Each erring thought ; and let the yielding strains

From his full bosom, like a welcome rill 40

Spontaneous from its healthy fountain, flow !

But from what name, what favorable sign,

What heavenly auspice, rather shall I date

My perilous excursion, than from truth,

That nearest inmate of the human soul ; 45

Estrang'd from whom, the countenance divine

Of man disfigur'd and dishonor'd sinks

Among inferior things ? For to the brutes

Perception and the transient boons of sense

Hath fate imparted : but to man alone 50

Of sublunary beings was it given

Each fleeting impulse on the sensual powers

At leisure to review ; with equal eye

To scan the passion of the stricken nerve

Or the vague object striking : to conduct 55
 From sense, the portal turbulent and loud,
 Into the mind's wide palace one by one
 The frequent, pressing, fluctuating forms,
 And question and compare them. Thus he learns
 Their birth and fortunes ; how allied they haunt 60
 The avenues of sense : what laws direct
 Their union ; and what various discords rise,
 Or fix'd or casual : which when his clear thought
 Retains and when his faithful words express,
 That living image of the external scene, 65
 As in a polish'd mirror held to view,
 Is truth : where'er it varies from the shape
 And hue of its exemplar, in that part
 Dim error lurks. Moreover, from without
 When oft the same society of forms 70
 In the same order have approach'd his mind,
 He deigns no more their steps with curious heed
 To trace ; no more their features or their garb
 He now examines ; but of them and their
 Condition, as with some diviner's tongue, 75
 Affirms what heaven in every distant place,
 'Through every future season, will decree.
 'This too is truth : where'er his prudent lips
 Wait till experience diligent and slow
 Has authoriz'd their sentence, this is truth ; 80
 A second, higher kind : the parent this
 Of science ; or the lofty power herself,
 Science herself : on whom the wants and cares
 Of social life depend ; the substitute
 Of

Of God's own wisdom in this toilsome world ; 85
 The providence of man. Yet oft in vain,
 To earn her aid, with fix'd and anxious eye
 He looks on nature's and on fortune's course :
 Too much in vain. His duller visual ray
 The stillness and the persevering acts 90
 Of nature oft elude ; and fortune oft
 With step fantastic from her wonted walk
 Turns into mazes dim. His sight is foil'd ;
 And the crude sentence of his faltering tongue
 Is but opinion's verdict, half believ'd 95
 And prone to change. Here thou, who feel'st thine ear
 Congenial to my lyre's profounder tone,
 Pause, and be watchful. Hitherto the stores,
 Which feed thy mind and exercise her powers,
 Partake the relish of their native soil, 100
 Their parent earth. But know, a nobler dower
 Her sire at birth decreed her ; purer gifts
 From his own treasure ; forms which never deign'd
 In eyes or ears to dwell, within the sense
 Of earthly organs ; but sublime were plac'd 105
 In his essential reason, leading there
 That vast ideal host which all his works
 Through endless ages never will reveal.
 Thus then indow'd, the feeble creature man,
 The slave of hunger, and the prey of death, 110
 Even now, even here, in earth's dim prison bound,
 The language of intelligence divine
 Attains ; repeating oft concerning one
 And many, past and present, parts and whole,

Those sovran dictates which in farthest heaven, 115
 Where no orb rows, eternity's fix'd ear
 Hears from coeval truth, when chance nor change,
 Nature's loud progeny, nor nature's self
 Dares intermeddle or approach her throne.
 Ere, long, o'er this corporeal world he learns 120
 To extend her sway; while calling from the deep,
 From earth and air, their multitudes untold
 Of figures and of motions round his walk,
 For each wide family some single birth
 He sets in view, the impartial type of all 125
 Its brethren; suffering it to claim, beyond
 Their common heritage, no private gift,
 No proper fortune. Then whate'er his eye
 In this discerns, his bold unerring tongue
 Pronounceth of the kindred, without bound, 130
 Without condition. Such the rise of forms
 Sequester'd far from sense and every spot
 Peculiar in the realms of space or time:
 Such is the throne which man for truth amid
 The paths of mutability hath built 135
 Secure, unshaken, still; and whence he views,
 In matter's mouldering structures, the pure forms
 Of triangle or circle, cube or cone,
 Impassive all; whose attributes nor force
 Nor fate can alter. There he first conceives 140
 True being, and an intellectual world
 The same this hour and ever. Thence he deems
 Of his own lot; above the painted shapes
 That fleeting move o'er this terrestrial scene

Looks up ; beyond the adamantine gates 145
 Of death expatiates ; as his birthright claims
 Inheritance in all the works of God ;
 Prepares for endless time his plan of life,
 And counts the universe itself his home.

Whence also but from truth, the light of minds, 150

Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
 Of virtue ? with the moral colors thrown
 On every walk of this our social scene,
 Adorning for the eye of gods and men
 The passions, action, habitudes of life, 155

And rendering earth like heaven, a sacred place
 Where love and praise may take delight to dwell ?
 Let none with heedless tongue from truth disjoin
 The reign of virtue. Ere the day spring flow'd,
 Like sisters link'd in concord's golden chain, 160

They stood before the great eternal mind
 Their common parent ; and by him were both
 Sent forth among his creatures, hand in hand,
 Inseparably join'd : nor e'er did truth
 Find an apt ear to listen to her lore, 165

Which knew not virtue's voice ; nor, save where truth's
 Majestic words are heard and understood
 Doth virtue deign to inhabit. Go, inquire

Of nature : not among Tartarian rocks,
 Wither the hungry vulture with its prey 170
 Returns : not where the lion's fullen roar

At noon resounds along the lonely banks
 Of ancient Tigris : but her gentler scenes,
 The dove-cote and the shepherd's fold at morn,

Consult; or by a meadow's fragrant hedge, 175
 In spring-time when the woodlands first are green,
 Attend the linnet singing to his mate,
 Couch'd o'er their tender young. 'To this fond care
 'Thou dost not virtue's honorable name

Attribute: wherefore, save that not one gleam 180
 Of truth did e'er discover to themselves
 Their little hearts, or teach them, by the effects
 Of that parental love, the love itself

'To judge, and measure its officious deeds?
 But man, whose eyelids truth has fill'd with day, 185
 Discerns how skilfully to bounteous ends
 His wise affections move; with free accord
 Adopts their guidance; yields himself secure
 'To nature's prudent impulse; and converts
 Instinct to duty and to sacred law. 190

Hence right and fit on earth: while thus to man
 The Almighty Legislator hath explain'd
 The springs of action fix'd within is breast;
 Hath given him power to slacken or restrain
 Their effort; and hath shewn him how they join 195
 Their partial movements with the master-wheel
 Of the great world, and serve that sacred end
 Which he, the unerring reason, keeps in view.

For (if a mortal tongue may speak of him
 And his dread ways) even as his boundless eye, 200
 Connecting every form and every change,
 Beholds the perfect beauty; so his will,
 Through every hour producing good to all
 The family of creatures, is itself

The perfect virtue. Let the grateful swain 205
 Remember this, as oft with joy and praise
 He looks upon the falling dews which clothe
 His lawns with verdure, and the tender seed
 Nourish within his furrows: when between
 Dead seas and burning skies, where long unmov'd 210
 The bark had languish'd, now a rustling gale
 Lifts o'er the fickle waves her dancing prow,
 Let the glad pilot, bursting out in thanks,
 Remember this: lest blind o'erweening pride
 Pollute their offerings: lest their selfish heart 215
 Say to the heavenly ruler, "At our call
 "Relents thy power: by us thy arm is mov'd."
 Fools! who of God as of each other deem:
 Who his invariable acts deduce
 From sudden counsels transient as their own; 220
 Nor farther of his bounty, than the event
 Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,
 Acknowledge; nor, beyond the drop minute
 Which haply they have tasted, heed the source
 That flows for all; the fountain of his love 225
 Which, from the summit where he sits enthron'd,
 Pours health and joy, unfailing streams, throughout
 The spacious region flourishing in view,
 The goodly work of his eternal day,
 His own fair universe; on which alone 230
 His counsels fix, and whence alone his will
 Assumes her strong direction. Such is now
 His sovran purpose: such it was before
 All multitude of years. For his right arm-

Was never idle : his bestowing love 235
 Knew no beginning ; was not as a change
 Of mood that woke at last and started up
 After a deep and solitary sloth
 Of boundless ages. No : he now is good,
 He ever was. The feet of hoary time 240
 Through their eternal course have travel'd o'er
 No speechless, lifeless desert ; but through scenes
 Cheerful with bounty still ; among a pomp
 Of worlds, for gladness round the maker's throne
 Loud-shouting, or, in many dialects 245
 Of hope and filial trust, imploring thence
 'The fortunes of their people : where so fix'd
 Where all the dates of being, so dispos'd
 To every living soul of every kind
 The field of motion and the hour of rest, 250
 That each the general happiness might serve ;
 And by the discipline of laws divine
 Convinc'd of folly or chastiz'd from guilt,
 Each might at length be happy. What remains
 Shall be like what is pass'd ; but fairer still, 255
 And still increasing in the godlike gifts
 Of life and truth. The same paternal hand,
 From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
 To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
 Will ever lead the generations on 260
 Through higher scenes of being : while, supply'd
 From day to day by his invivifying breath
 Inferior orders in succession rise
 To fill the void below. As flame ascends,

As vapours to the earth in showers return, 265
 As the pois'd ocean toward the attracting moon
 Swells, and the ever-listening planets charm'd
 By the sun's call their onward pace incline,
 So all things which have life aspire to God,
 Exhaustless fount of intellectual day, 270
 Centre of souls. Nor doth the mastering voice
 Of nature cease within to prompt aright
 Their steps; nor is the care of heaven with-held
 From sending to the toil external aid;
 That in their stations all may persevere 275
 To climb the ascent of being, and approach
 For ever nearer to the life divine.

But this eternal fabric was not rais'd
 For man's inspection. Though to some be given
 To catch a transient visionary glimpse 280
 Of that majestic scene which boundless power
 Prepares for perfect goodness, yet in vain
 Would human life her faculties expand
 To imbosom such an object. Nor could e'er
 Virtue or praise have touch'd the hearts of men. 285
 Had not the sovran guide, through every stage
 Of this their various journey, pointed out
 New hopes, new toils, which to their humble sphere
 Of sight and strength might such importance hold
 As doth the wide creation to his own. 290
 Hence all the little charities of life,
 With all their duties: hence that favorite palm
 Of human will, when duty is suffic'd,
 And still the liberal soul in ampler deeds

Would

Would manifest herself; that sacred sign 295
 Of her rever'd affinity to him
 Whose bounties are his own; to whom none said,
 " Create the wisest, fullest, fairest world,
 " And make its offspring happy;" who, intent
 Some likeness of himself among his works 300
 To view, hath pour'd into the human breast
 A ray of knowledge and of love, which guides
 Earth's feeble race to act their Maker's part,
 Self-judging, self-oblig'd: while, from before
 That godlike function, the gigantic power 305
 Necessity, though wont to curb the force
 Of Chaos and the savage elements,
 Retires abash'd, as from a scene too high
 For her brute tyranny, and with her bears
 Her scorned followers, terror, and base awe 310
 Who blinds herself, and that ill-suited pair,
 Obedience link'd with hatred. Then the soul
 Arises in her strength; and, looking round
 Her busy sphere, whatever work she views,
 Whatever counsel bearing any trace 315
 Of her Creator's likeness, whether apt
 To aid her fellows or preserve herself
 In her superior functions unimpair'd,
 Thither she turns exulting: that she claims
 As her peculiar good: on that, through all 320
 The fickle seasons of the day, she looks
 With reverence still: to that, as to a fence
 Against affliction and the darts of pain,
 Her drooping hopes repair: and, once oppos'd

To

To that, all other pleasure, other wealth 325
 Vile, as the dross upon the molten gold,
 Appears, and loathsome as the briny sea
 To him who languishes with thirst, and sighs
 For some known fountain pure. For what can strive
 With virtue? which of nature's regions vast 330
 Can in so many forms produce to fight
 Such powerful beauty? beauty, which the eye
 Of hatred cannot look upon secure:
 Which envy's self contemplates, and is turn'd
 Ere long to tenderness, to infant smiles, 335
 Or tears of humblest love. Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 The summer's noontide groves, the purple eve
 At harvest-home, or in the frosty moon
 Glittering on some smooth sea, is aught so fair 340
 As virtuous friendship? as the honor'd roof
 Whither from highest heaven immortal Love
 His torch ethereal and his golden bow
 Propitious brings, and there a temple holds
 To whose unspotted service gladly vow'd 345
 The social band of parent, brother, child,
 With smiles and sweet discourse and gentle deeds
 Adore his power? What gift of richest clime
 E'er drew such eager eyes, or prompted such
 Deep wishes, as the zeal that snatcheth back 350
 From slander's poisonous tooth a foe's renown;
 Or crosseth danger in his lion-walk,
 A rival's life to rescue? as the young
 Athenian warrior sitting down in bonds,

That

That his great father's body might not want 355
 A peaceful, humble tomb? the Roman wife
 Teaching her lord how harmless was the wound
 Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,
 Who nothing more could threaten to afflict
 Their faithful love? Or is there in the abyſs, 360
 Is there, among the adamantine ſpheres
 Wheeling unſhaken through the boundleſs void,
 Aught that with half ſuch majeſty can fill
 The human boſom, as when Brutus roſe
 Refulgent from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate 365
 Amid the cròud of patriots; and, his arm
 Aloft extending like eternal Jove
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud .
 On Tully's name, and ſhook the crimſon ſword
 Of juſtice in his rapt aſtoniſh'd eye, 370
 And bad the father of his country hail,
 For lo the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,
 And Rome again is free? 'Thus, through the paths
 Of human life, in various pomp array'd
 Walks the wiſe daughter of the judge of heaven, 375
 Fair virtue; from her Father's throne ſupreme
 Sent down to utter laws, ſuch as on earth
 Moſt apt he knew, moſt powerful to promote
 The weal of all his works, the gracious end
 Of his dread empire. And though haply man's 380
 Obſcurer ſight, ſo far beyond himſelf
 And the brief labors of his little home,
 Extends not; yet, by the bright preſence won
 Of this divine inſtructreſs, to her ſway

Pleas'd

Pleas'd he assents, nor heeds the distant goal 385
 To which her voice conducts him. Thus hath God,
 Still looking toward his own high purpose, fix'd
 The virtues of his creatures; thus he rules
 'The parent's fondness and the patriot's zeal;
 Thus the warm sense of honor and of shame; 390
 The vows of gratitude, the faith of love;
 And all the comely intercourse of praise,
 The joy of human life, the earthly heaven.

How far unlike them must the lot of guilt
 Be found! Or what terrestrial woe can match 395
 The self-convicted bosom, which hath wrought
 The bane of others or inflav'd itself
 With shackles vile? Not poison, nor sharp fire
 Nor the worst pangs that ever monkish hate
 Suggested, or despotic rage impos'd, 400
 Were at that season an unwish'd exchange:
 When the soul loaths herself: when, flying thence
 To crouds, on every brow she sees portray'd
 Fell demons, hate or scorn, which drive her back
 To solitude, her judge's voice divine 405
 To hear in secret, haply sounding through
 The troubled dreams of midnight, and still, still
 Demanding for his violated laws
 Fit recompence, or charging her own tongue
 To speak the award of justice on herself. 410
 For well she knows what faithful hints within
 Were whisper'd to beware the lying forms
 Which turn'd her footsteps from the safer way:
 What cautions to suspect their painted drefs,

And

And look with steady eyelid on their smiles, 415
 Their frowns, their tears. In vain. The dazzling hues
 Of fancy, and opinion's eager voice,
 Too much prevail'd. For mortals tread the path
 In which opinion says they follow 'good
 Or fly from evil : and opinion gives 420
 Report of good or evil, as the scene
 Was drawn by fancy, pleasing or deform'd :
 Thus her report can never there be true
 Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye
 With glaring colors and distorted lines. 425
 Is there a man to whom the name of death
 Brings terror's ghastly pageants conjur'd up
 Before him, death-bed groans, and dismal vows,
 And the frail soul plung'd head-long from the brink
 Of life and day-light down the glomy air, 430
 An unknown depth, to gulphs of torturing fire
 Unvisited by mercy ? Then what hand
 Can snatch this dreamer from the fatal toils
 Which fancy and opinion thus conspire
 To twine around his heart ? or who shall hush 435
 Their clamor, when they tell him that to die,
 To risk those horrors, is a direr curse
 Than basest life can bring ? Though love with prayers
 Most tender, with affliction's sacred tears,
 Beseech his aid ; though gratitude and faith 440
 Condemn each step which loiters ; yet let none
 Make answer for him that, if any frown
 Of danger thwart his path, he will not stay,
 Content, and be a wretch to be secure.

Here

Here vice begins then : at the gate of life, 445
 Ere the young multitude to diverse roads
 Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,
 Sits Fancy, deep inchantress ; and to each
 With kind maternal looks presents her bowl,
 A potent beverage. Heedless they comply : 450
 Till the whole soul from that mysterious draught
 Is ting'd, and every transient thought imbibes
 Of gladness or disgust, desire or fear,
 One homebred colour : which not all the lights
 Of science e'er shall change ; not all the storms 455
 Of adverse fortune wash away, nor yet
 The robe of purest virtue quite conceal.
 Thence on they pass, where meeting frequent shapes
 Of good and evil, cunning phantoms apt
 To fire or freeze the breast, with them they join 460
 In dangerous parley ; listening oft, and oft
 Gazing with reckless passion, while its garb
 The spectre heightens, and its pompous tale
 Repeats with some new circumstance to suit
 That early tincture of the hearer's soul. 465
 And should the guardian, reason, but for one
 Short moment yield to this illusive scene
 His ear and eye, the intoxicating charm
 Involves him, till no longer he discerns,
 Or only guides to err. Then revel forth 470
 A furious band that spurn him from the throne,
 And all is uproar. Hence ambition climbs
 With sliding feet and hands impure, to grasp
 Those solemn toys which glitter in his view

On Fortune's rugged steep : hence pale Revenge 475
 Unsheath's her murderous dagger : Rapine hence
 And envious lust, by venal fraud upborne,
 Surmount the reverend barrier of the laws
 Which kept them from their prey : hence all the crimes
 That e'er defil'd the earth, and all the plagues 480
 That follow them for vengeance, in the guise
 Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
 Stole first into the fond believing mind.

Yet not by Fancy's witchcraft on the brain
 Are always the tumultuous passions driven 485
 To guilty deeds, nor reason bound in chains
 That vice alone may lord it. Oft, adorn'd
 With motley pageants, folly mounts his throne,
 And plays her idiot antics, like a queen.
 A thousand garbs she wears ; a thousand ways 490
 She whirls her giddy empire. Lo, thus far
 With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre
 I sing for contemplation link'd with love
 A pensive theme. Now haply should my song
 Unbend that serious countenance, and learn 495
 Thalia's tripping gait, her shrill-ton'd voice,
 Her wiles familiar : whether scorn she darts
 In wanton ambush from her lip or eye,
 Or whether with a sad disguise of care,
 O'ermantling her gay brow, she acts in sport 500
 The deeds of folly, and from all sides round
 Calls forth impetuous laughter's gay rebuke ;
 Her province. But through every comic scene
 To lead my Muse with her light pencil arm'd ;
 Through

Through every swift occasion which the hand 505
 Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
 Distends her labouring sides and chokes her tongue ;
 Were endless as to sound each grating note
 With which the rooks, and chattering daws, and grave
 Unwieldy inmates of the village pond, 510
 The changing seasons of the sky proclaim ;
 Sun, cloud, or shower. Suffice it to have said,
 Where'er the power of ridicule displays
 Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
 Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd, 515
 Strikes on her quick perception : whether pomp,
 Or praise, or beauty be dragg'd in and shown
 Where fordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
 Where foul deformity is wont to dwell ;
 Or whether these with shrewd and wayward spite 520
 Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
 The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end the Almighty Sire
 In mortal bosoms stirs this gay contempt,
 These grateful pangs of laughter ; from disgust 525
 Educing pleasure ? Wherefore, but to aid
 The tardy steps of reason, and at once
 By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
 Wild Folly's aims ? For though the sober light
 Of Truth slow dawning on the watchful mind 530
 At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,
 How these uncouth disorders end at last
 In public evil ; yet benignant Heaven,
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears

To thousands, conscious what a scanty pause 535
 From labour and from care the wider lot,
 Of humble life affords for studious thought
 To scan the maze of Nature, therefore stamp'd
 These glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
 As broad, as obvious to the passing clown 540
 As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

But other evils o'er the steps of man
 Through all his walks impend ; against whose might
 The slender darts of laughter nought avail :
 A trivial warfare. Some, like cruel guards, 545
 On Nature's ever-moving throne attend ;
 With mischief arm'd for him who'er shall thwart
 The path of her inexorable wheels,
 While she pursues the work that must be done
 Through ocean, earth, and air. Hence frequent forms
 Of woe ; the merchant, with his wealthy bark,
 Bury'd by dashing waves ; the traveller
 Pierc'd by the pointed lightning in his haste ;
 And the poor husbandman, with folded arms,
 Surveying his lost labours, and a heap 555
 Of blasted chaff the product of the field
 Whence he expected bread. But worse than these
 I deem, far worse, that other race of ills
 Which human kind rear up among themselves ;
 That horrid offspring which misgovern'd will 560
 Bears to fantastic error ; vices, crimes,
 Furies that curse the earth, and make the blows,
 The heaviest blows, of nature's innocent hand
 Seem sport ; which are indeed but as the care

Of a wise parent, who solicits good 565
 To all her house, though haply at the price
 Of tears and froward wailing and reproach
 For some unthinking child, whom not the less
 Its mother destines to be happy still.

These sources then of pain, this double lot 570
 Of evil in the inheritance of man,
 Requir'd for his protection no slight force,
 No careless watch. And therefore was his breast
 Fenc'd round with passions quick to be alarm'd,
 Or stubborn to oppose ; with fear, more swift 575
 Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill,
 Where armies land ; with anger, uncontrol'd
 As the young lion bounding on his prey ;
 With sorrow, that locks up the struggling heart ;
 And shame, that overcasts the drooping eye 580
 As with a cloud of lighting. These the part
 Perform of eager monitors, and goad
 The soul more sharply than with points of steel,
 Her enemies to shun or to resist.

And as those passions, that converse with good, 585
 Are good themselves ; as hope and love and joy,
 Among the fairest and the sweetest boons
 Of life, we rightly count : so these, which guard
 Against invading evil, still excite
 Some pain, some tumult : these, within the mind 590
 Too oft admitted or too long retain'd,
 Shock their frail seat, and by their uncurb'd rage
 To savages more fell than Libya breeds
 Transform themselves ; till human thought becomes

A gloomy ruin, haunt of shapes unblest'd, 595
 Of self-tormenting fiends; horror, despair,
 Hatred, and wicked envy: foes to all
 The works of Nature, and the gifts of Heaven.

But when through blameless paths to righteous ends
 Those keener passions urge the awaken'd soul, 600
 I would not, as ungracious violence,
 Their sway describe, nor from their free career
 The fellowship of pleasure quite exclude.
 For what can render, to the self-approv'd,
 Their temper void of comfort, though in pain? 605
 Who knows not with what majesty divine
 The forms of truth and justice to the mind
 Appear, ennobling oft the sharpest woe
 With triumph and rejoicing? Who, that bears
 A human bosom, hath not often felt 610
 How dear are all those ties which bind our race
 In gentleness together, and how sweet
 Their force, let fortune's wayward hand the while
 Be kind or cruel? Ask the faithful youth
 Why the cold urn, of her whom long he lov'd, 615
 So often fills his arms; so often draws
 His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
 Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego 620
 Those sacred hours when, stealing from the noise
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
 With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture. Ask the croud

Which

Which flies impatient from the village walk 625
 To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
 The savage winds have hurl'd upon the coast
 Some helpless bark; while holy pity melts
 The general eye, or terror's icy hand
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair; 630
 While every mother closer to her breast
 Catcheth her child, and, pointing where the waves
 Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud
 As one poor wretch, who spreads his piteous arms
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge, 635
 As now another, dash'd against the rock,
 Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou indeed
 No pleasing influence here by nature given
 To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
 No tender charm mysterious, which attracts 640
 O'er all that edge of pain the social powers
 To this their proper action and their end?
 Ask thy own heart; when, at the midnight hour,
 Slow through that pensive gloom thy pausing eye,
 Led by the glimmering taper, moves around 645
 The reverend volumes of the dead, the songs
 Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
 For Grecian heroes, where the Sovran Power
 Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page
 Even as a father meditating all 650
 The praises of his son, and bids the rest
 Of mankind there the fairest model learn
 Of their own nature, and the noblest deeds
 Which yet the world hath seen. If then thy soul

Join in the lot of those diviner men ; 655
 Say, when the prospect darkens on thy view ;
 When, sunk by many a wound, heroic states
 Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
 Of hard ambition ; when the generous band
 Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires 660
 Lie side by side in death ; when brutal force
 Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
 Of guardian power, the majesty of rule,
 The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
 To poor dishonest pageants, to adorn 665
 A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
 Of such as bow the knee ; when beauteous works,
 Rewards of virtue, sculptur'd forms which deck'd
 With more than human grace the warrior's arch
 Or patriot's tomb, now victims to appease 670
 Tyrannic envy, strew the common path
 With awful ruins ; when the Muse's haunt,
 The marble porch where Wisdom went to talk
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more
 Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks, 675
 Or female superstition's midnight prayer ;
 When ruthless havock from the hand of time
 Tears the destroying scythe, with furer stroke
 To mow the monuments of glory down ;
 'Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street 680
 Expands her raven wings, and, from the gate
 Where senates once the weal of nations plann'd,
 Hiffeth the gliding snake through hoary weeds
 That clasp the mouldering column : thus when all

The widely mournful scene is fix'd within 685
 Thy throbbing bosom; when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car; 690
 Say, doth thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress? or wouldst thou then exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
 Of silent flatterers bending to his nod, 695
 And o'er them, like a giant, casts his eye,
 And says within himself, " I am a king,
 " And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
 " Intrude upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt
 Of barbarous ages, that Circean draught 700
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 Bless'd be the eternal ruler of the world!
 Yet have not so dishonour'd, so deform'd
 The native judgment of the human soul,
 Nor so effac'd the image of her fire.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

T H E
P L E A S U R E S
O F T H E
I M A G I N A T I O N.
B O O K T H E T H I R D.

M D C C L X X .

WHAT tongue then may explain the various fate
 Which reigns o'er earth? or who to mortal eyes
 Illustrate this perplexing labyrinth
 Of joy and woe through which the feet of man
 Are doom'd to wander? That eternal mind 5
 From passions, wants, and envy far estrang'd,
 Who built the spacious universe, and deck'd
 Each part so richly with whate'er pertains
 To life, to health, to pleasure; why bade he
 The viper Evil, creeping in, pollute 10
 The goodly scene, and with insidious rage,
 While the poor inmate looks around and smiles,
 Dart her fell sting with poison to his soul?
 Hard is the question, and from ancient days
 Hath still oppress'd with care the sage's thought; 15
 Hath drawn forth accents from the poet's lyre
 'Too sad, too deeply plaintive: nor did e'er
 'Those chiefs of human kind, from whom the light
 Of heavenly truth first gleam'd on barbarous lands,
Forget

Forget this dreadful secret when they told 20
 What wondrous things had to their favour'd eyes.
 And ears on cloudy mountain been reveal'd,
 Or in deep cave by nymph or power divine,
 Portentous oft and wild. Yet one I know,
 Could I the speech of lawgivers assume, 25
 One old and splendid tale I would record
 With which the Muse of Solon in sweet strains
 Adorn'd this theme profound, and render'd all
 Its darkness, all its terrors, bright as noon,
 Or gentle as the golden star of eve. 30
 Who knows not Solon? last, and wisest far,
 Of those whom Greece triumphant in the height
 Of glory, styl'd her fathers? him whose voice
 Through Athens hush'd the storm of civil wrath;
 Taught envious want and cruel wealth to join 35
 In friendship; and, with sweet compulsion, tam'd
 Minerva's eager people to his laws,
 Which their own goddess in his breast inspir'd?

'Twas now the time when his heroic task
 Seem'd but perform'd in vain: when sooth'd by years 40
 Of flattering service, the fond multitude
 Hung with their sudden counsels on the breath
 Of great Pisistratus: that chief renown'd,
 Whom Hermes and the Idalian queen had train'd
 Even from his birth to every powerful art 45
 Of pleasing and persuading: from whose lips
 Flow'd eloquence, which like the vows of love
 Could steal away suspicion from the hearts
 Of all who listen'd. Thus from day to day

He won the general suffrage, and beheld 50
 Each rival overshadow'd and depress'd
 Beneath his ampler state: yet oft complain'd,
 As one less kindly treated, who had hop'd
 To merit favour, but submits perforce
 To find another's services preferr'd, 55
 Nor yet relaxeth aught of faith or zeal.
 Then tales were scatter'd of his envious foes,
 Of snares that watch'd his fame, of daggers aim'd
 Against his life. At last with trembling limbs,
 His hair diffus'd and wild, his garments loose, 60
 And stain'd with blood from self-inflicted wounds,
 He burst into the public place, as there,
 There only, were his refuge; and declar'd
 In broken words, with sighs of deep regret,
 The mortal danger he had scarce repell'd. 65
 Fir'd with his tragic tale, the indignant croud,
 To guard his steps, forthwith a menial band,
 Array'd beneath his eye for deeds of war,
 Decree. O still too liberal of their trust,
 And oft betray'd by over-grateful love, 70
 The generous people! Now behold him fenc'd
 By mercenary weapons, like a king,
 Forth issuing from the city gate at eve
 To seek his rural mansion, and with pomp
 Crouding the public road. The swain stops short, 75
 And sighs: the officious townsmen stand at gaze
 And shrinking give the fullen pageant room.
 Yet not the less obsequious was his brow;
 Nor less profuse of courteous words his tongue,

Of gracious gifts his hand : the while by stealth, 80
 Like a small torrent fed with evening showers,
 His train increas'd. Till, at that fatal time
 Just as the public eye with doubt and shame
 Startled, began to question what it saw,
 Swift as the sound of earthquakes rush'd a voice 85
 Through Athens, that Pisistratus had fill'd
 The rocky citadel with hostile arms,
 Had barr'd the steep ascent, and fate within
 Amid his hirelings, meditating death
 To all whose stubborn necks his yoke refus'd. 90
 Where then was Solon ? After ten long years
 Of absence, full of haste from foreign shores
 The sage, the lawgiver, had now arriv'd :
 Arriv'd, alas, to see that Athens, that
 Fair temple rais'd by him and sacred call'd 95
 To Liberty and Concord, now profan'd
 By savage hate, or sunk into a den
 Of slaves who crouch beneath the master's scourge,
 And deprecate his wrath and court his chains.
 Yet did not the wise patriot's grief impede 100
 His virtuous will, nor was his heart inclin'd
 One moment with such woman-like distress
 To view the transient storms of civil war,
 As thence to yield his country and her hopes
 To all-devouring bondage. His bright helm, 105
 Ev'n while the traitor's impious act is told,
 He buckles on his hoary head : he girds
 With mail his stooping breast : the shield, the spear
 He snatcheth ; and with swift indignant strides

The assembled people seeks : proclaims aloud 110
 It was no time for counsel : in their spears
 Lay all their prudence now : the tyrant yet
 Was not so firmly seated on his throne,
 But that one shock of their united force
 Would dash him from the summit of his pride 115
 Headlong and groveling in the dust. What else
 Can re-assert the lost Athenian name
 So cheaply to the laughter of the world
 Betray'd ; by guile beneath an infant's faith
 So mock'd and scorn'd ? Away then : freedom now 120
 And safety dwell not but with fame in arms :
 Myself will shew you where their mansion lies,
 And through the walks of danger or of death
 Conduct you to them. While he spake, through all
 Their crouded ranks his quick sagacious eye 125
 He darted ; where no chearful voice was heard
 Of social daring ; no stretch'd arm was seen
 Hastening their common task : but pale mistrust
 Wrinkled each brow : they shook their heads, and down
 Their slack hands hung : cold sighs and whisper'd doubts
 From breath to breath stole round. The sage mean time
 Look'd speechless on, while his big bosom heav'd
 Struggling with shame and sorrow : till at last
 A tear broke forth ; and, O immortal shades,
 O Theseus, he exclaim'd, O Codrus, where, 135
 Where are ye now ? behold for what ye toil'd
 Through life ! behold for whom ye chose to die !
 No more he added ; but with lonely steps
 Weary and slow, his silver beard depress'd,

And

And his stern eyes bent heedless on the ground, 140
 Back to his silent dwelling he repair'd.

There o'er the gate, his armour, as a man
 Whom from the service of the war his chief
 Dismisseth after no inglorious toil,
 He fix'd in general view. One wishful look 145
 He sent, unconscious, toward the public place
 At parting: then beneath his quiet roof
 Without a word, without a sigh, retir'd.

Scarce had the morrow's sun his golden rays
 From sweet Hymettus darted o'er the fanes 150
 Of Cecrops to the Salaminian shores,

When, lo, on Solon's threshold met the feet
 Of four Athenians by the same sad care
 Conducted all: than whom the state beheld
 None nobler. First came Megacles, the son 155

Of great Alcmaeon, whom the Lydian king,
 The mild, unhappy Cræsus, in his days
 Of glory had with costly gifts adorn'd,
 Fair vessels, splendid garments, tinctur'd webs.
 And heaps of treasur'd gold beyond the lot 160

Of many sovran; thus requiting well
 That hospitable favour which erewhile
 Alcmaeon to his messengers had shewn,
 Whom he with offerings worthy of the God
 Sent from his throne in Sardis to revere 165

Apollo's Delphic shrine. With Megacles
 Approach'd his son, whom Agarista bore,
 The virtuous child of Clisthenes whose hand
 Of Grecian sceptres the most ancient far

In Sicyon sway'd : but greater fame he drew 170
 From arms control'd by justice, from the love
 Of the wise Muses, and the unenvied wreath
 Which glad Olympia gave. For thither once
 His warlike steeds the hero led, and there
 Contended through the tumult of the course 175
 With skilful wheels. Then victor at the goal,
 Amid the applauses of assembled Greece,
 High on his car he stood and wav'd his arm.
 Silence ensued : when strait the herald's voice
 Was heard, inviting every Grecian youth, 180
 Whom Clisthenes content might call his son,
 To visit, ere twice thirty days were pass'd,
 The towers of Sicyon. There the chief decreed,
 Within the circuit of the following year,
 To join at Hymen's altar, hand in hand 185
 With his fair daughter, him among the guests
 Whom worthiest he should deem. Forthwith from all
 The bounds of Greece the ambitious wooers came :
 From rich Hesperia; from the Illyrian shore
 Where Epidamnus over Adria's surge 190
 Looks on the setting sun ; from those brave tribes
 Chaonian or Molossian whom the race
 Of great Achilles governs, glorying still
 In Troy o'erthrown ; from rough Ætolia, nurse
 Of men who first among the Greeks threw off 195
 The yoke of kings, to commerce and to arms
 Devoted ; from Thessalia's fertile meads,
 Where flows Péneus near the lofty walls
 Of Cranon old ; from strong Eretria, queen

Of all Eubœan cities, who, sublime 200
 On the steep margin of Euripus, views
 Across the tide the Marathonian plain,
 Not yet the haunt of glory. Athens too,
 Minerva's care, among her graceful sons
 Found equal lovers for the princely maid : 205
 Nor was proud Argos wanting ; nor the domes
 Of sacred Elis ; nor the Arcadian groves
 That overshade Alphœus, echoing oft
 Some shepherd's song. But through the illustrious band
 Was none who might with Megacles compare 210
 In all the honours of unblemish'd youth.
 His was the beauteous bride : and now their son
 Young Clithenes, betimes, at Solon's gate
 Stood anxious ; leaning forward on the arm
 Of his great sire, with earnest eyes that ask'd 215
 When the slow hinge would turn, with restless feet,
 And cheeks now pale, now glowing : for his heart
 Throbb'd, full of bursting passions, anger, grief
 With scorn imbitter'd, by the generous boy
 Scarce understood, but which, like noble seeds, 220
 Are destin'd for his country and himself
 In riper years to bring forth fruits divine
 Of liberty and glory. Next appear'd
 Two brave companions whom one mother bore
 To different lords ; but whom the better ties 225
 Of firm esteem and friendship render'd more
 Than brothers : first Miltiades, who drew
 From godlike Æacus his ancient line ;
 That Æacus whose unimpeach'd renown

For sanctity and justice won the lyre 230
 Of elder bards to celebrate him thron'd
 In Hades o'er the dead, where his decrees
 The guilty soul within the burning gates
 Of Tartarus compel, or send the good
 To inhabit with eternal health and peace 235
 The vallies of Elysium. From a stem
 So sacred, ne'er could worthier scyon spring
 Than this Miltiades; whose aid erelong
 The chiefs of Thrace, already on their ways
 Sent by the inspir'd foreknowing maid who sits 240
 Upon the Delphic tripod, shall implore
 To wield their sceptre, and the rural wealth
 Of fruitful Chersonesus to protect
 With arms and laws. But, nothing careful now
 Save for his injur'd country, here he stands 245
 In deep solicitude with Cymon join'd:
 Unconscious both what widely different lots
 Await them, taught by nature as they are
 To know one common good, one common ill.
 For Cymon not his valour, not his birrh 250
 Deriv'd from Codrus, not a thousand gifts
 Dealt round him with a wise, benignant hand,
 No, not the Olympic olive by himself
 From his own brow transferr'd to soothe the mind
 Of this Pisistratus, can long preserve 255
 From the fell envy of the tyrant's sons,
 And their assassins dagger. But if death
 Obscure upon his gentle steps attend,
 Yet fate an ample recompense prepares

In his victorious son, that other great 260
 Miltiades, who o'er the very throne
 Of glory shall with Time's assiduous hand
 In adamantine characters engrave
 The name of Athens; and, by freedom arm'd
 'Gainst the gigantic pride of Asia's king, 265
 Shall all the achievements of the heroes old
 Surmount, of Hercules, of all who fail'd
 From Theffaly with Jason, all who fought
 For empire or for fame at Thebes or Troy.

Such were the patriots who within the porch 270
 Of Solon had assembled. But the gate
 Now opens, and across the ample floor
 Strait they proceed into an open space
 Bright with the beams of morn: a verdant spot,
 Where stands a rural altar, pil'd with sods 275
 Cut from the grassy turf and girt with wreaths
 Of branching palm. Here Solon's self they found
 Clad in a robe of purple pure, and deck'd
 With leaves of olive on his reverend brow.
 He bow'd before the altar, and o'er cakes 280
 Of barley from two earthen vessels pour'd
 Of honey and of milk a plenteous stream;
 Calling meantime the Muses to accept
 His simple offering, by no victim ting'd
 With blood, nor sullied by destroying fire, 285
 But such as for himself Apollo claims
 In his own Delos, where his favourite haunt
 Is thence the Altar of the Pious nam'd.
 Unseen the guests drew near, and silent view'd

That worship ; till the hero priest his eye 290
 Turn'd toward a seat on which prepar'd there lay
 A branch of laurel. Then his friends confes'd
 Before him stood. Backward his step he drew,
 As loth that care or tumult should approach
 Those early rites divine : but soon their looks, 295
 So anxious, and their hands, held forth with such
 Desponding gesture, bring him on perforce
 To speak to their affliction. Are ye come,
 He cried, to mourn with me this common shame ?
 Or ask ye some new effort which may break 300
 Our fetters ? Know then, of the public cause
 Not for yon traitor's cunning or his might
 Do I despair : nor could I wish from Jove
 Aught dearer, than at this late hour of life,
 As once by laws, so now by strenuous arms 305
 From impious violation to assert
 The rights our fathers left us. But, alas !
 What arms ? or who shall wield them ? Ye beheld
 'The Athenian people. Many bitter days
 Must pass, and many wounds from cruel pride 310
 Be felt, ere yet their partial hearts find room
 For just resentment, or their hands indure
 To smite this tyrant brood, so near to all
 Their hopes, so oft admir'd, so long belov'd.
 That time will come, however. Be it yours 315
 'To watch its fair approach, and urge it on
 With honest prudence : me it ill beseems
 Again to supplicate the unwilling croud
 To rescue from a vile deceiver's hold

That

That envied power which once with eager zeal 320
 They offer'd to myself; nor can I plunge
 In counsels deep and various, nor prepare
 For distant wars, thus faltering as I tread
 On life's last verge, ere long to join the shades
 Of Minos and Lycurgus. But behold 325
 What care employs me now. My vows I pay
 To the sweet Muses, teachers of my youth
 And solace of my age. If right I deem
 Of the still voice that whispers at my heart,
 The immortal sisters have not quite withdrawn 330
 Their old harmonious influence. Let your tongues
 With sacred silence favour what I speak,
 And haply shall my faithful lips be taught
 To unfold celestial counsels, which may arm
 As with impenetrable steel your breasts 335
 For the long strife before you, and repel
 The darts of adverse fate. He said, and snatch'd
 The laurel bough, and fate in silence down,
 Fix'd, wrapp'd in solemn musing, full before
 The sun, who now from all his radiant orb 340
 Drove the gray clouds, and pour'd his genial light
 Upon the breast of Solon. Solon rais'd
 Aloft the leafy rod, and thus began.

Ye beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove
 And Memory divine, Pierian maids, 345
 Hear me, propitious. In the morn of life,
 When hope shone bright and all the prospect smil'd,
 To your sequester'd mansion oft my steps
 Were turn'd, O Muses, and within your gate

My offerings paid. Ye taught me then with strains 350
 Of flowing harmony to soften war's
 Dire voice, or in fair colours, that might charm
 The public eye, to clothe the form austere
 Of civil counsel. Now my feeble age
 Neglected, and supplanted of the hope 355
 On which it lean'd, yet sinks not, but to you,
 To your mild wisdom flies, refuge belov'd
 Of solitude and silence. Ye can teach
 The visions of my bed whate'er the gods
 In the rude ages of the world inspir'd, 360
 Or the first heroes acted: ye can make
 The morning light more gladfome to my sense
 Than ever it appear'd to active youth
 Pursuing careless pleasure: ye can give
 To this long leisure, these unheeded hours, 365
 A labour as sublime, as when the sons
 Of Athens throng'd and speechless round me stood
 To hear pronounc'd for all their future deeds.
 The bounds of right and wrong. Celestial powers,
 I feel that ye are near me: and behold, 370
 To meet your energy divine, I bring
 A high and sacred theme; not less than those
 Which to the eternal custody of fame
 Your lips intrusted, when of old ye deign'd
 With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent 375
 The groves of Hæmus or the Chian shore.

Ye know, harmonious maids (for what of all
 My various life was e'er from you estrang'd?)
 Oft hath my solitary song to you

Reveal'd.

Reveal'd that duteous pride which turn'd my steps 380
 To willing exile ; earnest to withdraw
 From envy and the disappointed thirst
 Of lucre, left the bold familiar strife,
 Which in the eye of Athens they upheld
 Against her legislator, should impair 385
 With trivial doubt the reverence of his laws.
 To Ægypt therefore through the Ægean isles
 My course I steer'd, and by the banks of Nile
 Dwelt in Canopus. Thence the hallow'd domes
 Of Saïs, and the rites to Isis paid, 390
 I fought, and in her temple's silent courts,
 'Through many changing moons, attentive heard
 'The venerable Sonchis, while his tongue
 At morn or midnight the deep story told
 Of her who represents whate'er has been, 395
 Or is, or shall be ; whose mysterious veil
 No mortal hand hath ever yet remov'd.
 By him exhorted, southward to the walls
 Of On I pass'd, the city of the sun,
 The ever-youthful god. 'Twas there amid 400
 His priests and sages, who the live-long night
 Watch the dread movements of the starry sphere,
 Or who in wondrous fables half disclose
 The secrets of the elements, 'twas there
 That great Psenophis taught my raptur'd ears 405
 The fame of old Atlantis, of her chiefs,
 And her pure laws, the first which earth obey'd.
 Deep in my bosom sunk the noble tale ;

And often, while I listen'd, did my mind
 Foretell with what delight her own free lyre 410
 Should sometime for an Attic audience raise
 Anew that lofty scene, and from their tombs
 Call forth those ancient demigods to speak
 Of justice and the hidden providence
 That walk among mankind. But yet meantime 415
 The mystic pomp of Ammon's gloomy sons
 Became less pleasing. With contempt I gaz'd
 On that tame garb and those unvarying paths
 To which the double yoke of king and priest
 Had cramp'd the fullen race. At last with hymns 420
 Invoking our own Pallas and the gods
 Of chearful Greece, a glad farewell I gave
 To Egypt, and before the southern wind
 Spread my full sails. What climes I then survey'd,
 What fortunes I encounter'd in the realm 425
 Of Cræsus or upon the Cyprian shore,
 The Muse, who prompts my bosom, doth not now
 Consent that I reveal. But when at length
 Ten times the sun returning from the south
 Had strow'd with flowers the verdant earth and fill'd 430
 The groves with music, pleas'd I then beheld
 The term of those long errors drawing nigh.
 Nor yet, I said, will I sit down within
 The walls of Athens, till my feet have trod
 The Cretan soil, have pierc'd those reverend haunts 435
 Whence law and civil concord issued forth
 As from their ancient home, and still to Greece
 Their wisest, loftiest discipline proclaim.

Strait where Amnisus, mart of wealthy ships,
 Appears beneath fam'd Cnossus and her towers 440
 Like the fair handmaid of a stately queen,
 I check'd my prow, and thence with eager steps
 The city of Minos enter'd. O ye gods,
 Who taught the leaders of the simpler time
 By written words to curb the untoward will 445
 Of mortals, how within that generous isle
 Have ye the triumphs of your power display'd
 Munificent! Those splendid merchants, lords
 Of traffic and the sea, with what delight
 I saw them at their public meal, like sons 450
 Of the same household, join the plainer sort
 Whose wealth was only freedom! whence to these
 Vile envy, and to those fantastic pride,
 Alike was strange; but noble concord still
 Cherish'd the strength untam'd, the rustic faith, 455
 Of their first fathers. Then the growing race,
 How pleasing to behold them in their schools,
 Their sports, their labours, ever plac'd within,
 O shade of Minos, thy controlling eye!
 Here was a docile band in tuneful tones 460
 Thy laws pronouncing, or with lofty hymns
 Praising the bounteous gods, or, to preserve
 Their country's heroes from oblivious night,
 Resounding what the Muse inspir'd of old;
 There, on the verge of manhood, others met, 465
 In heavy armour through the heats of noon
 To march, the rugged mountains height to climb
 With measur'd swiftness, from the hard-bent bow
 To

To fend resistless arrows to their mark,
 Or for the fame of prowess to contend, 470
 Now wrestling, now with fists and staves oppos'd,
 Now with the biting falchion, and the fence
 Of brazen shields; while still the warbling flute
 Presided o'er the combat, breathing strains
 Grave, solemn, soft; and changing headlong spite 475
 To thoughtful resolution cool and clear.
 Such I beheld those islanders renown'd,
 So tutor'd from their birth to meet in war
 Each bold invader, and in peace to guard
 That living flame of reverence for their laws 480
 Which, nor the storms of fortune, nor the flood
 Of foreign wealth diffus'd o'er all the land,
 Could quench or slacken. First of human names
 In every Cretan's heart was Minos still; 485
 And holiest far, of what the sun surveys
 Through his whole course, were those primeval feats
 Which with religious footsteps he had taught
 Their fires to approach; the wild Dictæan cave
 Where Jove was born; the ever-verdant meads 490
 Of Ida, and the spacious grotto, where
 His active youth he pass'd, and where his throne
 Yet stands mysterious; whither Minos came
 Each ninth returning year, the king of gods
 And mortals there in secret to consult 495
 On justice, and the tables of his law
 To inscribe anew. Oft also with like zeal
 Great Rhea's mansion from the Cnossian gates
 Men visit; nor less oft the antique fane

Built on that sacred spot, along the banks 500
 Of shady Theron, where benignant Jove
 And his majestic consort join'd their hands
 And spoke their nuptial vows. Alas, 'twas there
 That the dire fame of Athens sunk in bonds
 I first receiv'd ; what time an annual feast 505
 Had summon'd all the genial country round,
 By sacrifice and pomp to bring to mind
 That first great spousal ; while the enamour'd youths
 And virgins, with the priest before the shrine,
 Observe the same pure ritual, and invoke 510
 The same glad omens. There, among the croud
 Of strangers from those naval cities drawn
 Which deck, like gems, the island's northern shore,
 A merchant of Ægina I describ'd,
 My ancient host. But, forward as I sprung 515
 To meet him, he, with dark dejected brow,
 Stopp'd half-averse ; and, O Athenian guest,
 He said, art thou in Crete ; these joyful rites
 Partaking ? Know thy laws are blotted out :
 Thy country kneels before a tyrant's throne. 520
 He added names of men, with hostile deeds
 Disastrous ; which obscure and indistinct
 I heard : for, while he spake, my heart grew cold
 And my eyes dim : the altars and their train
 No more were present to me : how I far'd, 525
 Or whither turn'd, I know not ; nor recall
 Aught of those moments other than the sense
 Of one who struggles in oppressive sleep,
 And, from the toils of some distressful dream

To break away, with palpitating heart, 530
 Weak limbs, and temples bath'd in death-like dew,
 Makes many a painful effort. When at last
 The sun and nature's face again appear'd,
 Not far I found me; where the public path,
 Winding through cypress groves and swelling meads,
 From Cnossus to the cave of Jove ascends. 535
 Heedless I follow'd on; till soon the skirts
 Of Ida rose before me, and the vault
 Wide-opening pierc'd the mountain's rocky side.
 Entering within the threshold, on the ground 540
 I flung me, sad, faint, overworn with toil,

* * * * *

T H E B E G I N N I N G
 O F T H E
 F O U R T H B O O K
 O F T H E
 P L E A S U R E S
 O F T H E
 I M A G I N A T I O N .
 M D C C L X X .

O N E effort more, one chearful fally more,
 Our destin'd course will finish. And in peace
 Then for an offering sacred to the powers
 Who lent us gracious guidance, we will then
 Inscribe a monument of deathless praise, 5
 O my adventurous song. With steady speed
 Long hast thou, on an untried voyage bound,
 Sail'd between earth and heaven : hast now survey'd,
 Stretch'd out beneath thee, all the mazy tracts
 Of passion and opinion ; like a waste 10
 Of sands and flowery lawns and tangling woods,
 Where mortals roam bewilder'd : and hast now
 Exulting soar'd among the worlds above,
 Or hover'd near the eternal gates of heaven,
 If haply the discourses of the gods, 15
A curious,

A curious, but an unprejudging guest,
 Thou might'st partake, and carry back some strain
 Of divine wisdom, lawful to repeat,
 And apt to be conceiv'd of man below.

A different task remains ; the secret paths 20

Of early genius to explore : to trace
 Those haunts where Fancy her predestin'd sons,
 Like to the demigods of old, doth nurse
 Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy souls

Who now her tender discipline obey, 25

Where dwell ye ? What wild river's brink at eve
 Imprint your steps ? What solemn groves at noon
 Use ye to visit, often breaking forth

In rapture 'mid your dilatory walk,
 Or musing, as in slumber, on the green ? 30

—Would I again were with you !—O ye dales
 Of Tyne, and ye most antient woodlands ; where
 Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
 And his banks open, and his lawns extend,

Stops short the pleas'd traveller to view 35

Prefiding o'er the scene some rustic tower
 Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands :

O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
 The rocky pavement and the mossy falls

Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream ; 40

How gladly I recall your well-known feats
 Belov'd of old, and that delightful time

When all alone, for many a summer's day,
 I wander'd through your calm recesses, led

In silence by some powerful hand unseen, 45

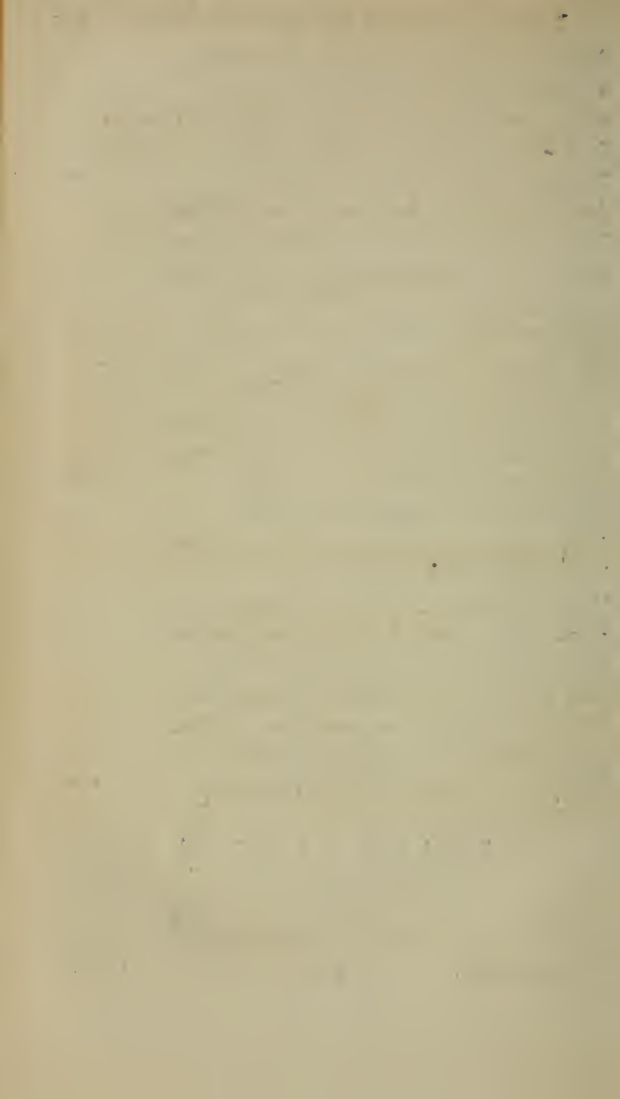
Nor

Nor will I e'er forget you. Nor shall e'er
 The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
 Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
 Those studies which possess'd me in the dawn
 Of life, and fix'd the colour of my mind 50
 For every future year: whence even now
 From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
 And, while the world around lies overwhelm'd
 In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
 Of honourable fame, of truth divine 55
 Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
 By the sweet magic of harmonious verse;
 The themes which now expect us. For thus far
 On general habits, and on arts which grow
 Spontaneous in the minds of all mankind, 60
 Hath dwelt our argument; and how self-taught,
 Though seldom conscious of their own employ,
 In nature's or in fortune's changeful scene
 Men learn to judge of beauty, and acquire
 Those forms set up, as idols in the soul 65
 For love and zealous praise. Yet indistinct,
 In vulgar bosoms, and unnotic'd lie
 These pleasing stores, unless the casual force
 Of things external prompt the heedless mind
 To recognize her wealth. But some there are 70
 Conscious of nature, and the rule which man
 O'er nature holds: some who, within themselves
 Retiring from the trivial scenes of chance
 And momentary passion, can at will
 Call up these fair exemplars of the mind; 75

Review their features ; scan the secret laws
 Which bind them to each other : and display
 By forms, or sounds, or colours, to the sense
 Of all the world their latent charms display :
 Even as in nature's frame (if such a word, 83
 If such a word, so bold, may from the lips
 Of man proceed) as in this outward frame
 Of things, the Great Artificer pourtrays
 His own immense idea. Various names
 These among mortals bear, as various signs 85
 They use, and by peculiar organs speak
 To human sense. There are who by the flight
 Of air through tubes with moving stops distinct,
 Or by extended chords in measure taught
 To vibrate, can assemble powerful sounds 93
 Expressing every temper of the mind
 From every cause, and charming all the soul
 With passion void of care. Others mean time
 The rugged mass of metal, wood, or stone,
 Patiently taming ; or with easier hand 95
 Describing lines, and with more ample scope
 Uniting colours ; can to general sight
 Produce those permanent and perfect forms,
 Those characters of heroes and of gods,
 Which from the crude materials of the world 100
 Their own high minds created. But the chief
 Are poets ; eloquent men, who dwell on earth
 To clothe whate'er the soul admires or loves
 With language and with numbers. Hence to these
 A field is open'd wide as nature's sphere ;

Nay, wider : various as the sudden acts
 Of human wit, and vast as the demands
 Of human will. The bard nor length, nor depth,
 Nor place, nor form controls. To eyes, to ears,
 To every organ of the copious mind, 110
 He offereth all its treasures. Him the hours,
 The seasons him obey : and changeful Time
 Sees him at will keep measure with his flight,
 At will outstrip it. To enhance his toil,
 He summoneth from the uttermost extent 115
 Of things which God hath taught him, every form
 Auxiliar, every power ; and all beside
 Excludes imperious. His prevailing hand
 Gives, to corporeal essence, life and sense
 And every stately function of the soul. 120
 The soul itself to him obsequious lies,
 Like matter's passive heap ; and as he wills,
 To reason and affection he assigns
 Their just alliances, their just degrees :
 Whence his peculiar honors ; whence the race 125
 Of men who people his delightful world,
 Men genuine and according to themselves,
 Transcend as far the uncertain sons of earth,
 As earth itself to his delightful world
 The palm of spotless beauty doth resign. 130

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THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

[As first published.]

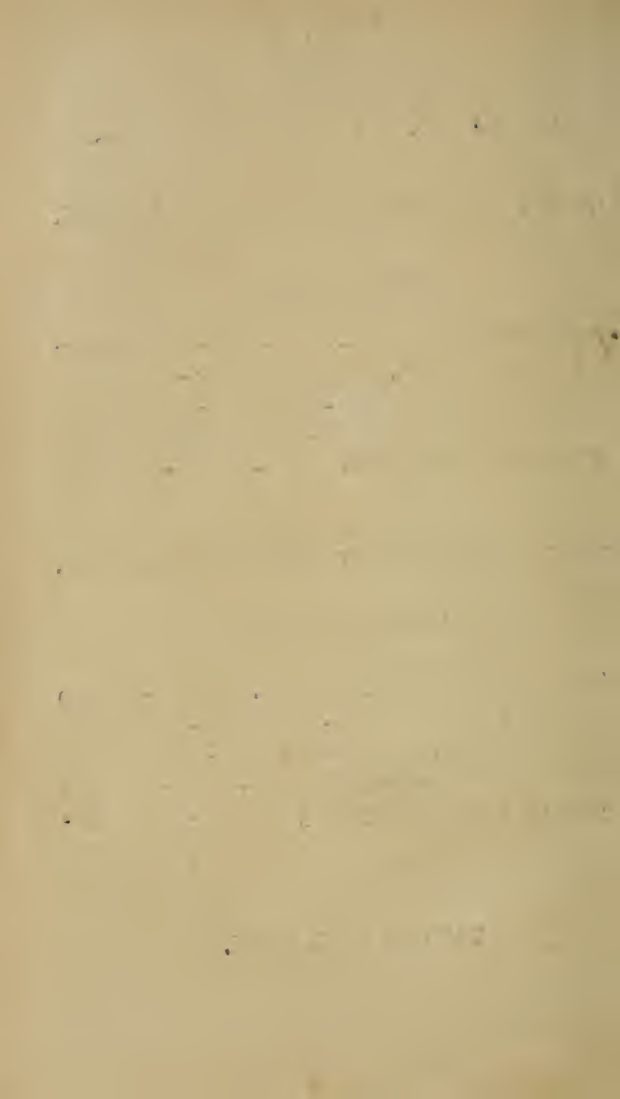
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