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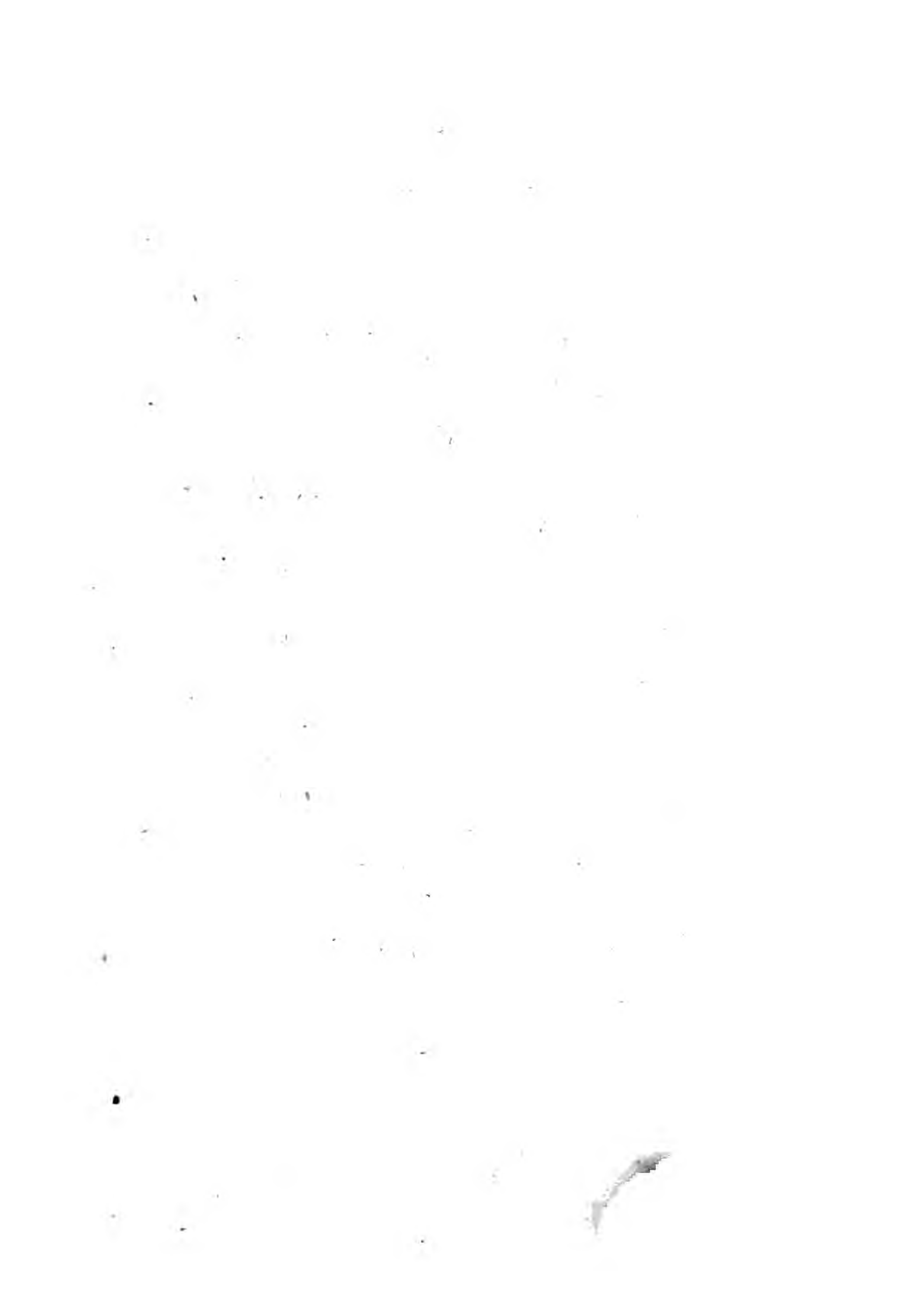


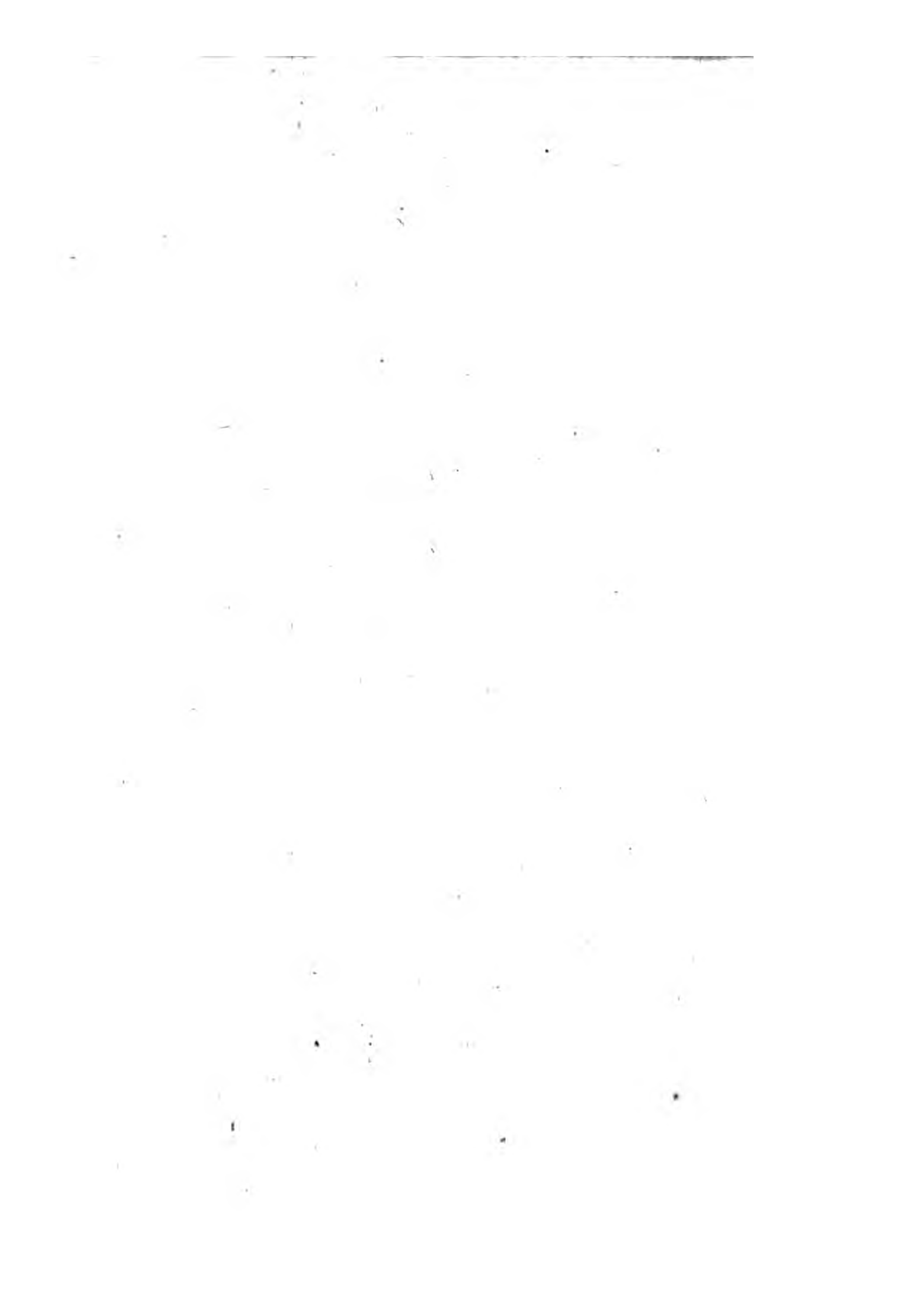
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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-NINTH.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY G. BIGG ;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M D C C L X X I X .



THE
P O E M S
O F
T H O M S O N,
H A M M O N D,
A N D
C O L L I N S.

B R I T A N N I A .

A P O E M .

- “ — Et tantas audetis tollere moles ?
 “ Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.
 “ Post mihi non simili pœna commissa luctis.
 “ Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro :
 “ Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,
 “ Sed mihi forte datum” — VIRG.

AS on the sea-beat shore Britannia sat,
 Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,
 Deep in her anxious heart, revolving sad :
 Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
 That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak surge blew ; 5
 Loose flow'd her tresses ; rent her azure robe.
 Hung o'er the deep from her majestic brow
 She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.
 Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek ;
 Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the main. 10
 Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
 Her dove-like wings. And War, though greatly rous'd,
 Yet mourns his fetter'd hands. While thus the queen
 Of nations spoke ; and what she said the Muse
 Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse.

2 THOMSON'S POEMS.

Ev'n not yon fail, that, from the sky-mixt wave,
 Dawns on the fight, and wafts the Royal Youth*,
 A freight of future glory to my shore;
 Ev'n not the flattering view of golden days,
 And rising periods yet of bright renown, 20
 Beneath the Parents, and their endless line
 Through late revolving time, can sooth my rage;
 While, unchastis'd, th' insulting Spaniard dares
 Infest the trading flood, full of vain war
 Despise my navies, and my merchants seize; 25
 As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
 The world of waters wild; made, by the toil,
 And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:
 Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
 Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt? 30
 This tame beseeching of rejected peace?
 This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
 To generous Britons never known before?
 And fail'd my fleets for this; on Indian tides
 To float, unactive, with the veering winds? 35
 The mockery of war! while hot disease,
 And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds,
 For action ardent; and amid the deep,
 Inglorious, sunk them in a watery grave.
 There now they lie beneath the rolling flood, 40
 Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd;
 And back the drooping war-ship comes again,
 Dispirited, and thin; her sons asham'd

* Frederick.

Thus

B R I T A N N I A.

3

Thus idly to review their native shore ;
 With not one glory sparkling in their eye, 45
 One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,
 The violated merchant comes along ;
 That far-fought wealth, for which the noxious gale
 He drew, and sweat beneath equator funs,
 By lawless force detain'd ; a force that soon 50
 Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
 Were once the British lion heard to roar.
 Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
 In their own well-asserted element,
 Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main ? 55
 Who told him, that the big incumbent war
 Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
 In smoaky ruin ? and his guilty stores,
 Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
 Yet unaton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep, 60
 Or led the glittering prize into the Thames ?
 There was a time (oh, let my languid sons
 Resume their spirit at the rousing thought !)
 When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
 Swell'd o'er the labouring surge ; like a whole heaven
 Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze.
 Gaily the splendid armament along
 Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
 As sunk the sun, o'er all the flaming Vast ;
 Tall, gorgeous, and elate ; drunk with the dream 70
 Of easy conquest : while their bloated war,
 Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
 Of ages held in its capacious womb.

4 THOMSON'S POEMS.

But soon, regardless of the cumberous pomp,
 My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy few, 75
 With tempest black, the goodly scene deform'd,
 And laid their glory waste. The bolts of Fate
 Resistless thunder'd through their yielding sides;
 Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
 And seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide, 80
 Amid the mighty waters deep they sunk.
 Then too from every promontory chill,
 Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
 I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
 Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast, 85
 The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelve,
 And pointed rock, that marks th' indented shore,
 Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
 Howls through the fractur'd Caledonian isles.
 Such were the dawns of my watery reign; 90
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
 Ev'n in those troubled times, when dreadful Blake
 Aw'd angry nations with the British name,
 Let every humbled state, let Europe say,
 Sustain'd, and balanc'd, by my naval arm. 95
 Ah, what must those immortal spirits think
 Of your poor shifts? Those, for their country's good
 Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,
 No mean submission, but commanded peace.
 Ah, how with indignation must they burn! 100
 (If aught, but joy, can touch ethereal breasts
 With shame! with grief! to see their feeble sons
 Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,

For

B R I T A N N I A.

5

For which their wisdom plann'd, their councils glow'd,
And their veins bled through many a toiling age! 105

Oh, first of human blessings! and supreme!
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unsuspecting faith; while honest toil 110

Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,
Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
Trickling distils into the verdant glebe; 115

Instead of mangled carcases, sad-seen,
When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;
When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land blushes with the rose alone, 120
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.

Oh, Peace! thou source, and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports; 125

Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armory returns; 130

And, every vigour from the work of death,
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.

6 THOMSON'S POEMS.

Unviolated, him the virgin sings :
 And him the smiling mother to her train. 135
 Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
 Chaunts ; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
 Or team, he toils. With him the sailor foaths,
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave ; 140
 And the full city, warm, from street to street,
 And shop to shop, responsive, sings of him ;
 Nor joys one land alone ; his praise extends
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day ;
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace, 145
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

What would not, Peace ! the patriot bear for thee ?
 What painful patience ? what incessant care ?
 What mixt anxiety ? what sleepless toil !
 Ev'n from the rash protected what reproach ? 150
 For he thy value knows ; thy friendship he
 To human nature : but the better thou,
 The richer of delight, sometimes the more
 Inevitable war ; when ruffian force
 Awakes the fury of an injur'd state. 153
 Ev'n the good patient man, whom reason rules,
 Rous'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,
 With sharp and sudden check, th' astonish'd sons
 Of violence confounds ; firm as his cause
 His bolder heart ; in awful justice clad ; 160
 His eyes effulging a peculiar fire ;
 And, as he charges through the prostrate war,
 His keen arm teaches faithless men, no more

To

To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you more,
Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep
The least beginning injury receives !

What better cause can call your lightning forth ?
Your thunder wake ? your dearest life demand ?

What better cause, than when your country sees 170
The fly destruction at her vitals aim'd ?

For, oh, it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade intire, intire the force,
And honour of your fleets : o'er that to watch,
Ev'n with a hand severe, and jealous eye. 175

In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair ;
But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,

Unconquerable still ; let none escape,
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there. 180

Is there the man, into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away ?

And is a Briton seiz'd ? and seiz'd beneath
The slumbering terrors of a British fleet ?

Then ardent rise ! Oh, great in vengeance rise ! 185

O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore :
And as you ride sublimely round the world,

Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.

This is your glory ; this your wisdom ; this 190
The native power for which you were design'd

By Fate, when Fate design'd the firmest state,
That e'er was seated on the subject sea ;

8. THOMSON'S POEMS.

A state, alone, where Liberty should live,
 In these late times, this evening of mankind, 195
 When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,
 The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
 For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown,
 For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot
 Strong into sturdy growth; for this, your hearts 200
 Swell with a fullen courage, growing still
 As danger grows; and strength, and toil for this
 Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
 Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
 Undangerous to the public, ever prompt, 205
 By lavish Nature thrust into your hand:
 And, unincumber'd with the bulk immense
 Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell
 Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
 Wheree'er the wind your high behests can blow; 210
 And fix it deep on this eternal base.
 For should the sliding fabrick once give way,
 Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
 It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
 Steep rushing down to that devouring gulph, 215
 Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
 And should the big redundant flood of trade,
 In which ten thousand thousand labours join
 Their several currents, till the boundless tide
 Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land; 220
 Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point
 Its course another way, o'er other lands
 The various treasure would resistless pour,

Ne'er

B R I T A N N I A.

9

Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead, 225
With all around a miserable waste.

Not Egypt, were, her better heaven, the Nile
Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy vision pil'd, in one wide flash 230

An Ethiopian deluge foams amain
(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the sky);
Ev'n not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd
On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd, 235

Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Steril, and void; than, of her trade depriv'd,
Britons, your boasted isle: her princes sunk;
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust;
Unnerv'd her force; her spirit vanish'd quite; 240

With rapid wing her riches fled away;
Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
Of what she was; her merchants scatter'd wide;
Her hollow shops shut up; and in her streets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads, 245
The chearful voice of labour heard no more.

Oh, let not then waste Luxury impair
That manly soul of toil, which strings your nerves,
And your own proper happiness creates!
Oh, let not the soft, penetrating plague 250

Creep on the free-born mind; and working there,
With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart

Of

Of Liberty; the high conception blast;
 The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn 255
 Of base subjection, and the swelling wish
 For general good, erasing from the mind:
 While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
 And low design, the sneaking passions all
 Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast. 260
 Induc'd at last, by scarce-perceiv'd degrees,
 Sapping the very frame of government,
 And life, a total dissolution comes;
 Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear.
 Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes; 265
 The human being almost quite extinct;
 And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.
 Oh, shun that gulph: that gaping ruin shun!
 And countless ages roll it far away
 From you, ye heaven-belov'd! may *Liberty*, 270
 The light of life, the sun of human-kind!
 Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
 Ev'n where the keen depressive north descends,
 Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
 While slavish southern climates beam in vain! 275
 And may a public spirit from the *throne*,
 Where every virtue fits, go copious forth
 Live o'er the land, the finer arts inspire,
 Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,
 Blow the fresh bay, bid Industry rejoice, 280
 And the rough sons of lowest Labour smile.
 As when, profuse of spring, the loosen'd west
 Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes

Youth,

B R I T A N N I A.

11

Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.

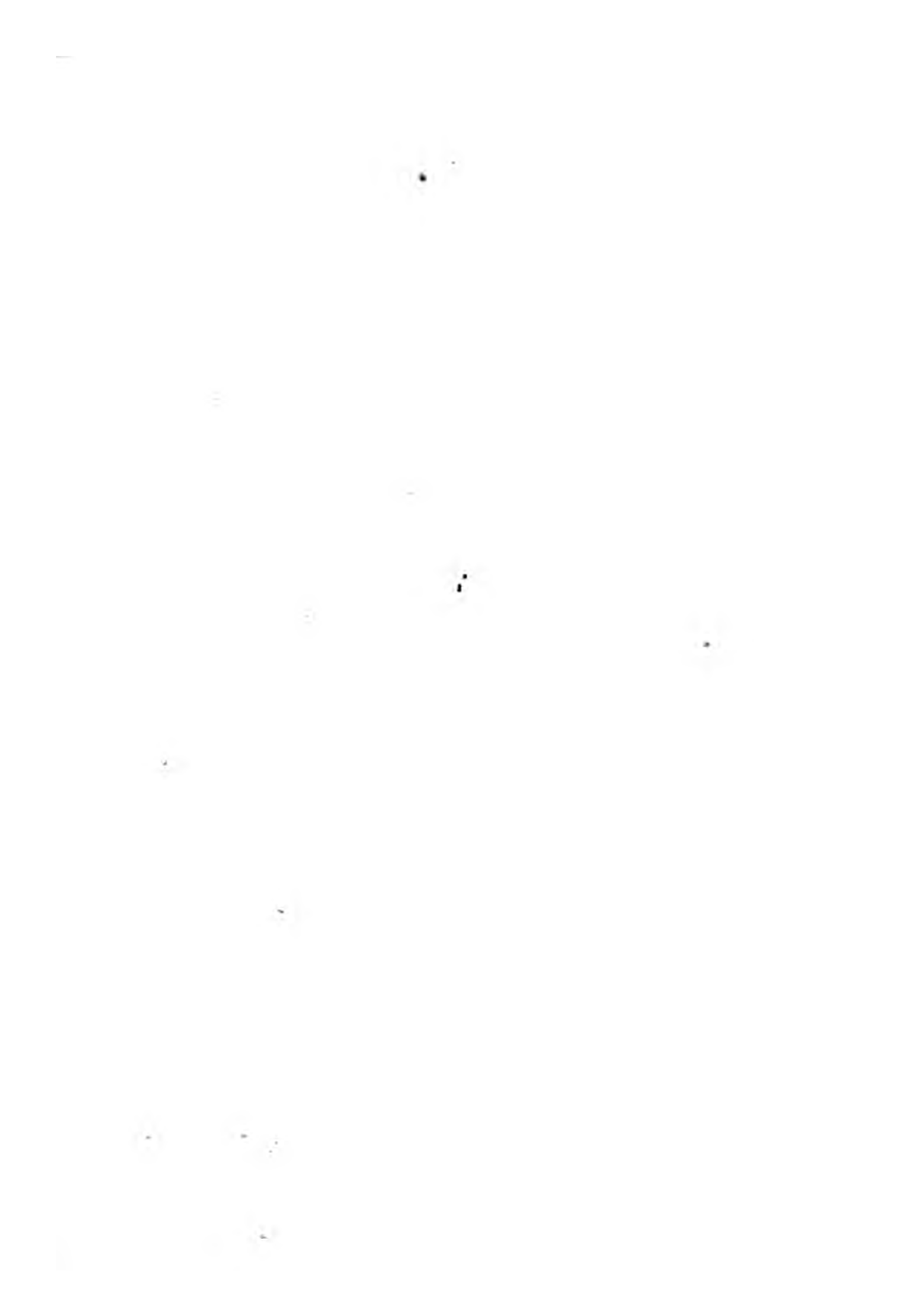
But haste we from these melancholy shores, 285
Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitless plaint
Pour weak ; the country claims our active aid ;
That let us roam ; and where we find a spark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.

Lo ! now my sons, the sons of freedom ! meet 290
In awful senate ; thither let us fly ;

Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearless truth ; myself, transform'd, preside,
And shed the spirit of Britannia round.

This said ; her fleeting form, and airy train, 295
Sunk in the gale ; and nought but ragged rocks
Rush'd on the broken eye ; and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

A N C I E N T



ANCIENT AND MODERN

I T A L Y

C O M P A R E D :

Being the FIRST PART of

L I B E R T Y,

A P O E M.

The CONTENTS of PART I.

The following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical Vision. Its scene the ruins of ancient Rome. The Goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears, characterized as British Liberty; to ver. 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory; to ver. 112. This contrasted by modern Italy; its vallies, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing strongest in the capital city Rome; to ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; to ver. 256. The old Romans apostrophized, with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples; to ver. 287. That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baia, how changed; to ver. 321. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain; to ver. 344. Address to the Goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitute the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain; whose happiness, arising from freedom, and a limited monarchy, she marks; to ver. 391. An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

S I R,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which Your Royal Highness received the following poem under your protection; I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation, and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of Liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them, to the distinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author; and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince, and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people: to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If

If the following attempt to trace Liberty, from the first ages down to her excellent establishment in Great-Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to Your Royal Highness; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it; I have my best reward: particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

S I R,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient

and most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

L I B E R T Y.

P A R T I.

O My lamented Talbot! while with thee
 The Muse gay rov'd the glad Hesperian round,
 And drew th' inspiring breath of ancient arts;
 Ah! little thought she her returning verse
 Should sing our darling subject to thy shade. 5
 And does the mystic veil, from mortal beam,
 Involve those eyes where every virtue smil'd,
 And all thy Father's candid spirit shone?
 The light of reason, pure, without a cloud;
 Full of the generous heart, the mild regard; 10
 Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,
 And limpid truth, that looks the very soul.
 But to the death of mighty nations turn,
 My strain; be there absorpt the private tear.
 Musing, I lay; warm from the sacred walks, 15
 Where at each step imagination burns:
 While, scatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,
 Lies, a vast monument, once-glorious Rome,
 The tomb of empire! ruins! that efface
 Whate'er, of finish'd, modern pomp can boast. 20
 Snatch'd by these wonders to that world where thought
 Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand

Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,
 Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn drest.
 When strait, methought, the fair majestic Power 25
 Of Liberty appear'd. Not, as of old,
 Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,
 Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life :
 But her bright temples bound with British oak,
 And naval honours nodded on her brow. 30
 Sublime of port : loose o'er her shoulder flow'd
 Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.
 An island-goddess now ; and her high care
 The queen of isles, the mistress of the main.
 My heart beat filial transport at the sight ; 35
 And, as she mov'd to speak, th' awaken'd Muse
 Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,
 With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
 And then, her sighs repressing, thus began.
 Mine are these wonders, all thou see'st is mine ; 40
 But, ah, how chang'd ; the falling poor remains
 Of what exalted once th' Ausonian shore.
 Look back through time ; and, rising from the gloom,
 Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.
 'The great republic see ! that glow'd, sublime, 45
 With the mixt freedom of a thousand states ;
 Rais'd on the thrones of kings her Curule Chair,
 And by her Fasces aw'd the subject world.
 See busy millions quickening all the land,
 With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high : 50
 For Nature then smil'd on her free-born sons,
 And pour'd the plenty that belongs to Men.

Behold,

Behold, the country chearing, villas rise,
 In lively prospect; by the secret lapse
 Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song: 55
 In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
 Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale:
 On Baiæ's viny coast; where peaceful seas,
 Fan'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore;
 And suns unclouded shine, through purest air: 60
 Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome;
 Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,
 To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade;
 To where Preneste lifts her airy brow;
 Or downward spreading to the sunny shore, 65
 Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

See distant mountains leave their vallies dry,
 And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,
 To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
 Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way, 70
 With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads:
 By various nations trod, and suppliant kings;
 With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
 The pride of earth! Rome in her glory see! 75
 Behold her demi-gods, in senate met;
 All head to counsel, and all heart to act:
 The common-weal inspiring every tongue
 With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold;
 Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd 80
 To rank obedient to a master's voice.

Her Forum see, warm, popular, and loud,

In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two Sires,
 As they the private father greatly quell'd,
 Stood up the public fathers of the state. 85
 See Justice judging there, in human shape.
 Hark! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
 Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

Her tribes, her census, see; her generous troops,
 Whose pay was glory, and their best reward. 90
 Free for their country and for Me to die;
 Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
 The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

Her festive games, the school of heroes, see; 95
 Her Circus, ardent with contending youth;
 Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
 Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldest-born,
 And of a people cast in virtue's mold.

While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills 100
 Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome:
 All that to Roman strength the softer touch
 Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
 To paint this fun, this centre of mankind;
 Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art, 105
 Attracted strong, in heighten'd lustre met.

Need I the contrast mark? unjoyous view!
 A land in all, in government, in arts,
 In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, revers'd.
 Who but, these far-fam'd ruins to behold, 110
 Proofs of a people, whose heroic aims
 Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere

Of doubting modern life; who but, inflam'd
 With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes
 Of men and deeds to trace; unhappy land, 115
 Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway?
 Are these the vales, that, once, exulting states
 In their warm bosom fed? the mountains these,
 On whose high-blooming sides my sons, of old,
 I bred to glory? these dejected towns, 120
 Where, mean, and fordid, life can scarce subsist,
 The scenes of ancient opulence, and pomp?
 Come! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,
 Oppression, come! and in thy works rejoice!
 See nature's richest plains to putrid fens 125
 Turn'd by thy fury. From their chearful bounds;
 See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
 First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
 Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plough;
 And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe. 130
 'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
 Who loves at large along the grassy downs
 His flocks to pasture, thy drear champain flies.
 Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
 'Tis all one desert, desolate, and grey, 135
 Graz'd by the fullen buffalo alone;
 And where the rank uncultivated growth
 Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.
 Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
 Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns. 140
 Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
 Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste;

While ancient ways, ingulph'd, are seen no more.

Such thy dire plains, thou *self-destroyer* ! foe
To human kind ! Thy mountains too, profuse, 145
Where savage nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
To raise against thy desolating rod.

There on the breezy brow, where thriving states,
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd fun,
Far other scenes of rising culture spread, 150

Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,
Each harvest pines ; the livid, lean produce
Of heartless labour : while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.

Better to sink in sloth the woes of life, 155
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.

Hence drooping Art almost to Nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray. 160

To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine ;
Nor juice Cœcubian, nor Falernian, more,
Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl. 165

Unseconded by art, the spinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows ;
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.
Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines. 170
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

Nor

Nor half thy triumph this : cast, from brute fields,
 Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.
 There buxom Plenty never turns her horn ; 175
 The grace and virtue of exterior life,
 No clean Convenience reigns ; ev'n Sleep itself,
 Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there,
 Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
 Thy horrid walk ! dead, empty, unadorn'd, 180
 See streets whose echoes never know the voice
 Of chearful hurry, commerce many-tongu'd,
 And art mechanic at his various task,
 Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,
 Of occupation void, as void of hope ; 185
 Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from Eternal Good,
 That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
 With views of fortune—madness all to them !
 By thee relentless seiz'd their betters joys,
 To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly, 190
 Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
 And love and music melt their souls away.
 From feeble Justice see how rash Revenge,
 Trembling, the balance snatches ; and the sword,
 Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives. 195
 See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,
 With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.
 But chief let Rome, the mighty city ! speak
 The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
 Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste, 200
 Expiring nature all corrupted round ;
 While the lone Tyber, through the desert plain,

Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
 Patch'd from my fragments, in unfolid pomp,
 Mark how the temple glares ; and, artful drest, 205
 Amusive, draws the superstitious train.
 Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
 Concealing often, in magnificent jail,
 Proud want ; a deep unanimated gloom !
 And oft adjoining to the drear abode 210
 Of misery, whose melancholy walls
 Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
 Within the city bounds, the desert see.
 See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,
 Indecent, spread ; beneath whose fretted gold 215
 It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
 Matchless, while fir'd by me ; to public good
 Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
 Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
 Elate with glory, an heroic soul 220
 Known to the vulgar breast : behold them now
 A thin despairing number, all-subdued,
 The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
 By vice unmann'd and a licentious rule,
 In guile ingenious, and in murder brave. 225
 Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
 Thy sons, Oppression, are ; and such were Mine.
 Ev'n with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain show
 Deluded thousands starve ; all age-begrim'd,
 Torn, robb'd and scatter'd in unnumber'd sacks, 230
 And by the tempest of two thousand years
 Continual shaken, let my ruins vie.

These

PART I. L I B E R T Y. 25

These roads that yet the Roman hand assert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil ;
These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream 235
No more delighted hear ; these rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray ; these massy columns, hew'd
From Afric's farthest shore ; one granite all,
These obelisks high-towering to the sky. 240
Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore ;
These endless wonders that this *sacred way*
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame ;
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd
With the fine stores of art-compleating Greece. 245
Mine is, besides, *thy* every later boast :
Thy Buonarotis, *thy* Palladios *mine* ;
And *mine* the fair designs, which Raphael's soul
O'er the live canvass, emanating, breath'd.
What would you say, ye conquerors of earth ! 250
Ye Romans ! could you raise the laurel'd head ;
Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won so dear ;
Your pride, your triumph, and supreme delight !
For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour, 255
You rush'd with rapture down the gulph of fate,
Of death ambitious ! till by awful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
The queen of nations rose ; possesst of all
Which nature, art, and glory could bestow : 260
What would you say, deep in the last abyss
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,

Thus

Thus to behold her sunk ? Your crowded plains,
 Void of their cities ; unadorn'd your hills ;
 Ungrac'd your lakes ; your ports to ships unknown ;
 Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams :
 These could you know ? these could you love again ?
 Thy Tibur, Horace, could it now inspire,
 Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
 Soon bursting into song ; while through the groves 270
 Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,
 In many a tortur'd stream, you mus'd along ?
 Yon wild retreat, where superstition dreams,
 Could, Tully, you your Tusculum believe ?
 And could you deem yon naked hills, that form, 275
 Fam'd in old song, the ship-forfaken bay,
 Your Formian shore ? Once the delight of earth,
 Where art and nature, ever-smiling, join'd
 On the gay land to lavish all their stores.
 How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil, wide around, 280
 Would now your Naples seem ? Disaster'd less
 By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast,
 His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
 Than by despotic rage : *that* inward gnaws,
 A native foe : a *foreign*, tears without. 285
 First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began :
 Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
 Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the syren plain,
 That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd ;
 And wrapt in weeds the shore of Venus lies. 290
 There Baiæ sees no more the joyous throng ;
 Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome :

No generous vines now bask along the hills,
 Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main :
 With baths and temples mix'd, no villas rise ; 295
 Nor, art-sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
 Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep :
 No spreading ports their sacred arms extend :
 No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
 From the calm station, roll resounding back. 300
 An almost total desolation fits,
 A dreary stillness, faddening o'er the coast ;
 Where, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,
 Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace ;
 Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze ; 305
 And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
 A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,
 Ev'n nature yields ; by fire and earthquake rent :
 Whose stately cities in the dark abrupt
 Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid, 310
 A nest for serpents ; from the red abyfs
 New hills, explosive, thrown ; the Lucrine lake
 A reedy pool ; and all to Cuma's point,
 The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
 And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome. 315
 Hence, Britain, learn ; my best-establish'd, last,
 And more than Greece, or Rome, my steady reign ;
 The land where, king and people equal bound
 By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow ;
 And where my jealous unsubmitting soul, 320
 The dread of tyrants ! burns in every breast :
 Learn hence, if such the miserable fate

Of an heroic race, the masters once
 Of human-kind; what, when depriv'd of Me,
 How grievous must be thine? In spite of climes, 325
 Whose sun-enliven'd æther wakes the soul
 To higher powers; in spite of happy soils,
 That, but by labour's slightest aid impell'd,
 With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown;
 If there desponding fail the common arts, 330
 And sustenance of life: could life itself,
 Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
 Subsist with thee? Against depressing skies,
 Join'd to full-spread Oppression's cloudy brow,
 How could thy spirits hold? where vigour find, 335
 Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative soil?
 Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,
 To plough the dreadful all-producing wave?

Here paus'd the Goddess. By the pause assur'd,
 In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer. 340
 " Oh, first, and most benevolent of powers!
 " Come from eternal splendors, here on earth,
 " Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
 " To shield mankind; to raise them to assert
 " The native rights and honour of their race: 345
 " Teach me thy lowest subject, but in zeal
 " Yielding to none, the Progress of thy Reign,
 " And with a strain from Thee enrich the Muse.
 " As Thee alone she serves, her patron, Thou,
 " And great inspirer be! then will she joy, 350
 " Through narrow life her lot, and private shade:
 " And when her venal voice she barter's vile,

" Or

" Or to thy open or thy secret foes :
 " May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,
 " By slavish hearts unfelt ! and may her song 355
 " Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew !
 " Vermin of state ! to thy o'erflowing light
 " That owe their being, yet betray thy cause."
 Then, condescending kind, the Heavenly Power
 Return'd.—" What here, suggested by the scene, 360
 " I flight unfold, record and sing at home,
 " In that best isle, where (so we spirits move)
 " With ðne quick effort of my will I am.
 " There Truth, unlicens'd, walks ; and dares accost
 " Ev'n kings themselves, the monarchs of the free !
 " Fix'd on my rock, there, an indulgent race
 " O'er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice :
 " And there, to finish what his fires began,
 " A Prince behold ! for Me who burns sincere,
 " Ev'n with a subject's zeal. He my great work 370
 " Will parent-like sustain ; and added give
 " The touch, the Graces and the Muses owe.
 " For Britain's glory swells his panting breast ;
 " And ancient arts he emulous revolves :
 " His pride to let the smiling heart abroad ; 375
 " Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man ;
 " To please his pleasure ; bounty his delight ;
 " And all the soul of Titus dwells in him."

Hail, glorious theme ! but how, alas ! shall verse,
 From the crude stores of mortal language drawn, 380
 Haw faint and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,
 The Goddess flash'd at once upon my soul.

For,

For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods,
 Is harmony itself; to every ear
 Familiar known, like light to every eye. 385
 Meantime disclosing ages, as she spoke,
 In long succession pour'd their empires forth;
 Scene after scene, the human drama spread;
 And still th' embodied picture rose to sight.

Oh Thou, to whom the Muses owe their flame; 390
 Who bid'st, beneath the pole, Parnassus rise,
 And Hippocrenè flow; with thy bold ease,
 The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,
 And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound, and clear;
 Oh, gracious Goddess! re-inspire my song; 395
 While I, to nobler than poetic fame
 Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

NOTES on the preceding Poem.

Ver. 83. L. J. Brutus, and Virginius.

Ver. 242. Via Sacra.

Ver. 247. M. Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael d'Urbino; the three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

Ver. 273. Tusculum is reckoned to have stood at a place now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.

Ver. 276. The bay of Mola (anciently Formiæ) into which Homer brings Ulysses, and his companions. Near Formiæ Cicero had a villa.

Ver. 284. Naples then under the Austrian government.

Ver. 288. Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

Ver. 290. The coast of Baiæ, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

Ver. 303. All along this coast the ancient Romans had their winter retreats; and several populous cities stood.

G R E E C E.

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G R E E C E :

Being the SECOND PART of

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

VOL. II.

D

The CONTENTS of PART II.

Liberty traced from the pastoral ages, and the first uniting of neighbouring families into civil government; to ver. 47. The several establishments of Liberty, in Egypt, Persia, Phœnicia, Palestine, slightly touched upon, down to her great establishment in Greece; to ver. 91. Geographical description of Greece; to ver. 113. Sparta and Athens, the two principal states of Greece, described; to ver. 164. Influence of Liberty over all the Grecian states; with regard to their government, their politeness, their virtues, their arts and sciences. The vast superiority it gave them, in point of force and bravery, over the Persians, exemplified by the action of Thermopylæ, the battle of Marathon, and the retreat of the ten thousand. Its full exertion, and most beautiful effects in Athens; to ver. 216. Liberty the source of free philosophy. The various schools, which took their rise from Socrates; to ver. 257. Enumeration of fine arts: eloquence, poetry, music, sculpture, painting, and architecture; the effects of Liberty in Greece, and brought to their utmost perfection there; to ver. 381. Transition to the modern state of Greece; to ver. 411. Why Liberty declined, and was at last entirely lost among the Greeks; to ver. 472. Concluding reflection.

L I B E R T Y.

P A R T II.

THUS spoke the Goddess of the fearless eye;
 And at her voice, renew'd, the Vision rose.
 First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
 In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd;
 While on from plain to plain they led their flocks, 5
 In search of clearer spring, and fresher field.
 These, as increasing families disclos'd
 The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
 Few were offences, properties, and laws.
 Beneath the rural portal, palm o'erspread, 10
 The father-senate met. There Justice dealt,
 With reason then and equity the same,
 Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
 Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subject's blood,
 The simpler arts were all their simple wants 15
 Had urg'd to light. But instant, these supply'd,
 Another set of fonder wants arose,
 And other arts with them of finer aim;
 Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
 The mind by thinking push'd her latent powers, 20
 And life began to glow, and arts to shine.

At first, on brutes alone the rustic war

Launch'd the rude spear; swift, as he glar'd along,
 On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
 For then young sportive life was void of toil, 25
 Demanding little, and with little pleas'd :
 But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
 Led on by equal toils, the bosom fir'd ;
 Lewd lazy rapine broke primæval peace,
 And, hid in caves and idle forests drear, 30
 From the lone pilgrim and the wandering swain,
 Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood
 First, horrid, smok'd on the polluted skies.
 Aweful in justice, then the burning youth,
 Led by their temper'd fires, on lawless men, 35
 The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
 Turn'd the keen arrow, and the sharpen'd spear.
 Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose ;
 Who, scorning coward self, for others liv'd,
 Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled. 40
 West with the living day to Greece I came :
 Earth smil'd beneath my beam : the Muse before
 Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
 Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain ;
 But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd 45
 A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.
 For Greece my sons of Egypt I forfook :
 A boastful race, that in the vain abyfs
 Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,
 And with their river trac'd it from the skies. 50
 While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
 And king, as well as people, proud obey'd ;

I taught

PART II. L I B E R T Y. 37

I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts ;
By poets, sages, legislators fought ;
The school of polish'd life, and human-kind. 55
But when mysterious Superstition came,
And, with her civil sister leagu'd, involv'd
In study'd darkness the desponding mind ;
Then Tyrant Power the righteous scourge unloos'd :
For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave. 60
Instead of useful works, like Nature's, great,
Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land ;
And round a tyrant's tomb, who none deserv'd,
For one vile carcass perish'd countless lives.
Then the great Dragon, couch'd amid his floods, 65
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd—" This flood is
" 'Tis I that bid it flow."—But, undeceiv'd, [mine,
His phrenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt ;
Felt that, without my fertilizing power,
Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain. 70
Nought could retard me : nor the frugal state
Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious waste : nor yet the ports
Of old Phœnicia ; first for letters fam'd, 75
That paint the voice, and silent speak to sight,
Of arts prime source, and guardian ! by fair stars,
First tempted out into the lonely deep ;
To whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves, 80
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade ;
Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retain'd ;

Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore
 The silver Jordan laves. Before me lay
 The promis'd Land of Arts, and urg'd my flight. 85
 Hail Nature's utmost boast! unrival'd Greece!
 My fairest reign! where every power benign
 Conspir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,
 And lavish'd all that genius can inspire.
 Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main, 90
 Æonian or Ægæan, temper'd kind,
 Light, airy soils. A country rich, and gay;
 Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
 And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales.
 Mountains and streams, where verse spontaneous flow'd;
 Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of gods,
 And still the mountains and the streams of song.
 All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
 Of high materials, and My restless Arts
 Frame into finish'd life. How many states, 100
 And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
 And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!
 From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
 By Adria's here, there by Ægæan waves;
 To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Isles 105
 In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
 Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan main.
 O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
 And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurota's bank,
 Amid a circle of soft-rising hills, 110
 The patient Sparta one: the sober, hard,
 And man-subduing city; which no shape
 Of

Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.
 Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
 Of equal life, so well a temper'd state; 115
 Where mix'd each government, in such just poise;
 Each power so checking, and supporting, each;
 That firm for ages, and unmov'd, it stood,
 The fort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
 One shock of faction, or of party-rage. 120
 For, drain'd the springs of wealth, Corruption there
 Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land!
 Had not neglected Art, with weedy vice
 Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
 Lov'd not the soil; yet there the calm abode 125
 Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
 Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
 Confin'd, and press'd into laconic force.
 There too, by rooting thence still treacherous self,
 The public and the private grew the same. 130
 The children of the nursing publick all,
 And at its table fed, for that they toil'd,
 For that they liv'd entire, and ev'n for that
 The tender mother urg'd her son to die.
 Of softer genius, but not less intent 135
 To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose:
 Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
 Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky.
 His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
 And to botanic hand the stores of health; 140
 Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
 Between Ilyffus and Cephissus glow'd

This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.

There, passionate for Me, an easy-mov'd, 145

A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of speech,
Inforcing hasty counsel immature,

Totter'd the rash democracy; unpois'd, 150

And by the rage devour'd, that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose:

Allay'd the tempest; to the calm of laws 155

Reduc'd the settling whole; and, with the weight
Which the two senates to the public lent,
As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.

Nor was my forming care to these confin'd.

For emulation through the whole I pour'd, 160

Noble contention! who should most excel
In government well-pois'd, adjusted best
To public weal: in countries cultur'd high:

In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair: 165

In exercise, and arms; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride:
In moral science, and in graceful arts.

Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all. 170

By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,

Felt

Felt every ardour burn : their great reward
The verdant wreath, which sounding Pifa gave.

Hence flourish'd Greece ; and hence a race of men,
As gods by conscious future times ador'd :
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,
At the *fam'd pass*, firm as an isthmus stood ; 180
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart it's vision, nobly check'd.
While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band, an host of slaves. 185

Hence through the continent ten thousand Greeks
Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain,
Oppos'd their course ; and hostile lands, unknown ;
And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death ;
And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grin'd
Hunger, and toil ; Armenian snows, and storms ;
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds, 195
Which a whole empire pour'd ; and held its way
Triumphant, by the Sage-exalted Chief
Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh, light and force of mind,
Almost almighty in severe extremes !
The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen, 200
Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw
The soldiers fond embrace ; o'erflow'd their eyes

With

42 THOMSON'S POEMS.

With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries resounding loud—*The sea! the sea!*

In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits, 205
Shone thick as stars, the milky way of Greece!

And though gay wit, and pleasing grace, was theirs,
All the soft modes of elegance and ease;

Yet was not courage less, the patient touch
Of toiling art, and disquisition deep. 210

My Spirit pours a vigour through the soul
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler science, as in that of arms.

Athenians thus not less intrepid burst 215

The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
The Persian chains: while through the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,

Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
And friendly free discussion, calling forth 220

From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage,
And father of philosophy: the sun,

From whose white blaze emerg'd each various sect
Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam. 225

Tutor of Athens! he, in every street,
Dealt priceless treasure: goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.

Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
His simple question stole: as into truth, 230

And serious deeds, he smil'd the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,

Or

Or grace mankind ; and what he taught he was.
 Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine broke
 In different schools. The bold poetic phrase 235
 Of figur'd Plato ; Xenophon's pure strain,
 Like the clear brook that steals along the vale ;
 Dissecting truth, the Stagyrice's keen eye ;
 Th' exalted Stoic pride ; the Cynic sneer ;
 The slow-consenting Academic doubt ; 240
 And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
 Of Epicurus, seldom understood.

They, ever-candid, reason still oppos'd
 To reason ; and, since virtue was their aim,
 Each by sure practice try'd to prove his way 245
 The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base
 Of Liberty, the liberty of mind :
 For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
 Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.
 From priestly darkness sprung th' enlightening arts 250
 Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.

O, Greece ! thou sapient nurse of Finer Arts !
 Which to bright science blooming fancy bore,
 Be this thy praise, that Thou, and Thou alone,
 In these hast led the way, in these excell'd, 255
 Crown'd with the laurel of assenting time.

In thy full language, speaking mighty things ;
 Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
 A broad majestic stream, and rolling on
 Through all the winding harmony of sound : 260
 In it the power of Eloquence, at large,
 Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul ;

Still'd

Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
 Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,
 Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops. 265
 In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd,
 By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,
 Her unconfin'd divinity display'd ;

And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will :
 Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan, 270
 Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of gods.

Heroic song was thine ; the Fountain-Bard,
 Whence each poetic stream derives its course.
 Thine the dread *moral scene*, thy chief delight !
 Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice, 275
 When Reason spoke august ; the fervent heart
 Or plain'd, or storm'd ; and in th' impassion'd man,
 Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.

This potent school of manners, but when left
 To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague, 280
 Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
 And boundless cost, by thee ; whose every son,
 Ev'n last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
 Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.

The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain, 285
 Thine was the meaning music of the heart.
 Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
 In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears ;
 But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
 To which respondent shakes the varied soul. 290

Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
 By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,

The

PART II. L I B E R T Y. 45

The boast of well-pleas'd Nature! Sculpture seiz'd,
And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
Selecting beauty's choice, and that again 295
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left ev'n Nature's self behind.
From those far different, whose prolific hand
Peoples a nation; they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil, 300
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Through the five features of one breathing stone.
There, beaming full, it shone; expressing gods:
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of sinew'd Mars, 305
Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
Minutely perfect all! Each dimple sunk,
And every muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.
In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd;
Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils; 310
Sprung into motion; soften'd into flesh;
Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to soul.
Nor less thy pencil, with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,
Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd. 315
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
The soul of beauty! call'd the Queen of Love,
Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms,
Ev'n such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd, 320
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
Dash'd to the ground; and, rather than destroy

The

The patriot picture, let the city 'scape.

First elder Sculpture taught her Sister Art
Correct design; where great ideas shone, 325

And in the secret trace expression spoke:
Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,
And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
Or bold, or easy; and, cast free behind,
The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow. 330

Then the bright Muse, their eldest sister, came;
And bade her follow where she led the way:
Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise;
And copious action on the canvass glow;

Gave her gay fable; spread invention's store; 335

Enlarg'd her view; taught composition high,
And just arrangement, circling round one point,
That starts to fight, binds and commands the whole.

Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,
And, scorning the soft trade of mere delight, 340

O'er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,
Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd
Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.

There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God,
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd 345

Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
The living lesson stole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.

These rouse to glory; while, to rural life, 350
The softer canvass oft repos'd the soul.

There gayly broke the sun-illumin'd cloud;

The

The lessening prospect, and the mountain blue,
 Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;
 White, down the rock, the rushing torrent dash'd; 355
 The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main;
 The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm
 Sadden'd the skies, and, from the doubling gloom,
 On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
 In closing shades, and where the current strays, 360
 With peace, and love, and innocence around,
 Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock:
 Round happy parents smil'd their younger selves;
 And friends convers'd, by death divided long.

To public Virtue thus the smiling Arts, 365
 Unblemish'd handmaids, serv'd! the Graces they
 To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd,
 And plac'd beyond the reach of sordid care,
 The high awarders of immortal fame,
 Alone for glory thy great masters strove; 370
 Courted by kings, and by contending states
 Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.

In Architecture too thy rank supreme!
 That art where most magnificent appears
 The little builder man; by thee refin'd, 375
 And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
 Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
 Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
 With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.
 Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore 380
 Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,
 And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;

Th'

Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
 Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant last,
 The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath. 385
 The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
 By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
 Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
 Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
 That from the magic wand aerial rise. 390

These were the wonders that illumin'd Greece,
 From end to end—Here interrupting warm,
 Where are they now? (I cry'd) say, Goddess, where?
 And what the land thy darling thus of old?
 Sunk! she resum'd: deep in the kindred gloom 395
 Of superstition, and of slavery sunk!
 No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
 By loose dejected sloth and servile fear;
 No science pierce the darkness of their minds;
 No nobler art the quick ambitious soul 400
 Of imitation in their breast awake.
 Ev'n, to supply the needful arts of life,
 Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand.
 Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,
 ♦Or nodding column on the desert shore, 405
 To point where Corinth, or where Athens stood.
 A faithless land of violence, and death!
 Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore;
 And his wild impulse curious search restrains,
 Afraid to trust th' inhospitable clime. 410
 Neglected nature fails; in fordid want
 Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.

The

The sun himself seems angry, to regard,
Of light unworthy, the degenerate race;
And fires them oft with pestilential rays : 415

While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.
But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
So states must die, and Liberty go round. 420

Fierce was the stand, ere virtue, valour, arts,
And the soul fir'd by Me (that often, stung
With thoughts of better times and old renown,
From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd 425
And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread.

Sooner I mov'd my much-reluctant flight,
Pois'd on the doubtful wing : when Greece with Greece
Embroid'd in foul contention fought no more
For common glory, and for common weal : 430

But, false to freedom, fought to quell the free ;
Broke the firm band of peace, and sacred love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force ;
And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
Prepar'd the way for total overthrow. 435

Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorn'd,
When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta, by turns, and Athens, vilely sued ;
Sued to be venal parricides, to spill
Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves 440
To turn their matchless mercenary arms.

Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the great king ;

And by the trick of treaties, the still waste
 Of sly corruption, and barbaric gold,
 Effected what his steel could ne'er perform. 445

Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
 Inflaming all the land: unbalanc'd wide
 Their tottering states; their wild assemblies rul'd,
 As the winds turn at every blast the seas:
 And by their lifted orators, whose breath 450

Still with a factious storm infested Greece,
 Rouz'd them to civil war, or dash'd them down
 To sordid peace.—Peace! that, when Sparta shook
 Astonish'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
 Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore, 455

Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
 What could so base, so infamous a thought
 In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw
 Respiring Athens rear again her walls;
 And the pale fury fir'd them, once again 460

To crush this rival city to the dust.
 For now no more the noble social soul
 Of Liberty my families combin'd;
 But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,
 Dire as when friends are rankled into foes, 465

They mix'd severe, and wag'd eternal war:
 Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force;
 Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,
 Saw how the blackening storm from Thracia came.
 Long years roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd, 470
 The blush and boast of Fame! where courage, art,
 And military glory, shone supreme:

But



But let detesting ages, from the scene
 Of Greece self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.
 At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds, 475
 She felt her spirits fail; and in the dust
 Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
 Agesilaus, and the Theban Friends :
 The Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,
 By the dire scent of Cheronæa lur'd, 480
 And, fierce-descending, seiz'd his hapless prey.
 Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke
 Greece, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold ;
 For every Grace, and Muse, and Science'born ;
 With arts of war, of government, elate ; 485
 To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best ;
 Whom I Myself could scarcely rule : and thus
 The Persian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
 Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
 Unless Corruption first deject the pride, 490
 And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
 All crude attempts of violence are vain ;
 For, firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
 Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.
 But soon as Independence stoops the head, 495
 To vice enslav'd, and vice-created wants ;
 Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
 These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds :
 From man to man the slackening ruin runs,
 Till the whole state unnerv'd in Slavery sinks. 500

NOTES on PART II.

Ver. 57. Civil tyranny.

Ver. 63. The pyramids.

Ver. 65. The tyrants of Egypt.

Ver. 138. A mountain near Athens.

Ver. 142. Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was situated.

Ver. 157. The Areopagus, or supreme court of judicature, which Solon reformed, and improved: and the council of Four Hundred, by him instituted. In this council all affairs of state were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.

Ver. 174. Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.

Ver. 180. The straits of Thermopylæ.

Ver. 197. Xenophon.

Ver. 222. Socrates.

Ver. 272. Homer.

Ver. 323. When Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the celebrated Protagoras; he chose rather to raise the siege, than hazard the burning of a famous picture called Jasylus, the masterpiece of that painter.

Ver. 442. So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

Ver. 453. The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedæmonian admiral, with the Persians; by which the

Lacc-

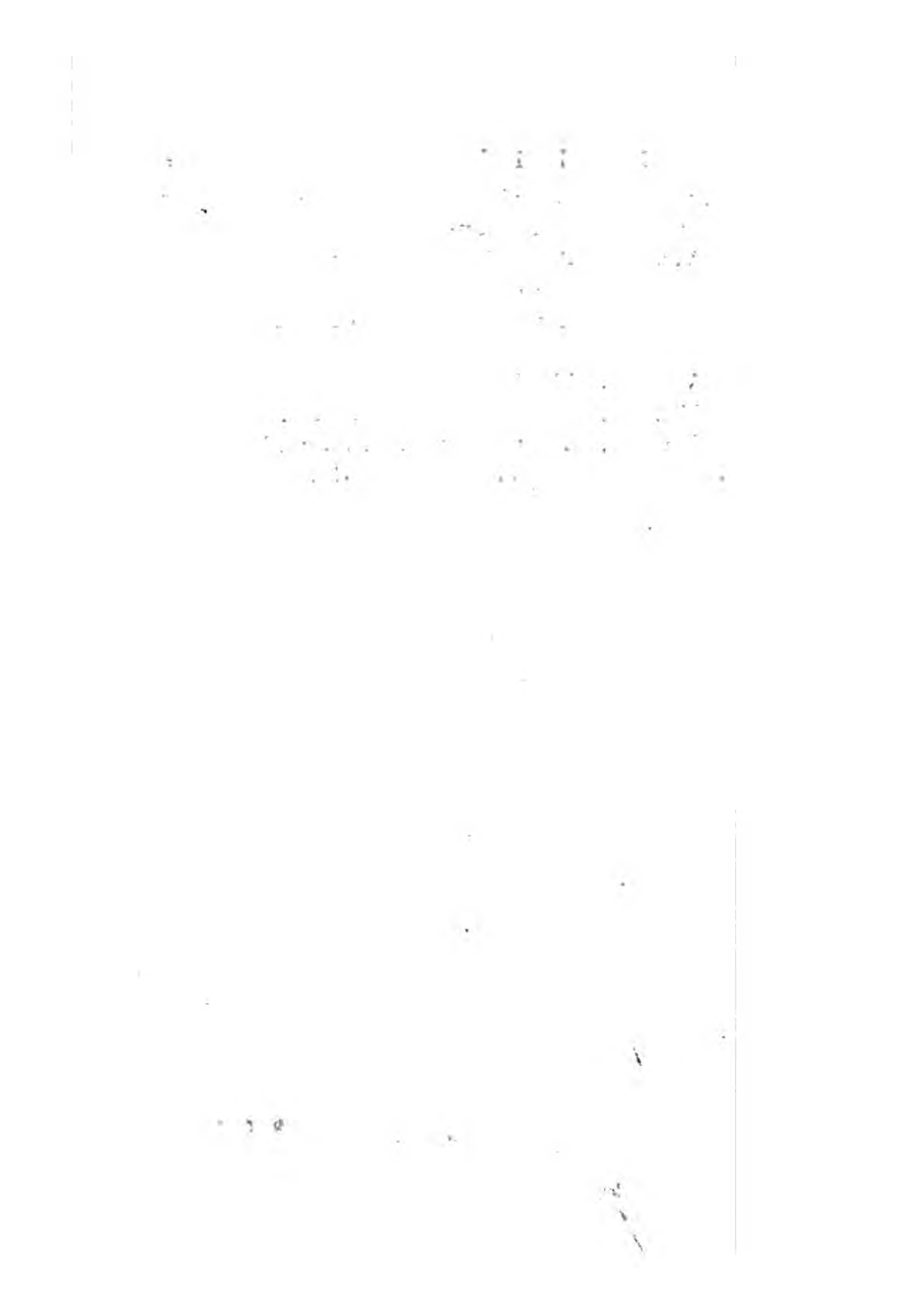
Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the Lesser Asia to the dominion of the king of Persia.

Ver. 459. Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedemonians, at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendor.

Ver. 470. The Peloponnesian war.

Ver. 478. Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Ver. 480. The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.



R O M E:

Being the THIRD PART of

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

The CONTENTS of PART III.

As this part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which with Sicily constituted the Great Greece of the ancients. With these colonies the spirit of Liberty, and of republics, spreads over Italy; to ver. 32. Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through those free states and cities; to ver. 71. Amidst the many small republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece; to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman republic given in the first part of this poem: to mark its rise and fall, the peculiar purport of this. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty and Virtue exerted; to ver. 103. The source whence derived the heroic virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these virtues. Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire, abroad; to ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman empire, geographically described; to ver. 257. The states of Greece restored to Liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence; to ver. 328. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion in the death of Brutus; to ver. 485. Rome under the emperors; to ver. 513. From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern Nations; where, by infusing into them her spirit and general principles, She lays the ground-work of her future establishments; sends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with arts and sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages; to ver. 550. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

L I B E R T Y.

P A R T III.

HERE melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
 That painted still whate'er the Goddess sung.
 Then I, impatient: "From extinguish'd Greece,
 "To what new region stream'd the human day?"
 She softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves, 5
 Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
 Resum'd: Indignant, these last scenes I fled;
 And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
 And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
 All Latium flood arouz'd. Ages before, 10
 Great mother of republics! Greece had pour'd,
 Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around,
 On Asia, Afric, Sicily; they stoop'd,
 But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore;
 Where, from Lacinium to Etrurian vales, 15
 They roll'd increasing colonies along,
 And lent materials for my Roman Reign.
 With them *my spirit* spread; and numerous states
 And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd;
 As its parental policy, and arts, 20
 Each had imbib'd. Besides, to each assign'd
 A guardian genius, o'er the public weal,

Kept

Kept an unclosing eye ; try'd to sustain,
 Or more sublime, the soul infus'd by Me :
 And strong the battle rose, with various wave, 25
 Against the tyrant demons of the land.

Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew ;
 Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
 But almost all below the proud regard
 Of story vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent 30
 That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.

Not so the Samian Sage ; to him belongs
 The brightest witness of recording fame.
 For these free states his native isle forsook,
 And a vain tyrant's transitory smile, 35

He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air,
 And through great Greece his gentle wisdom taught ;
 Wisdom that calm'd for listening years the mind,
 Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal,

His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps 40
 Of boundless æther ; where unnumber'd orbs,
 Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky
 Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.

There he the full consenting choir beheld ;
 There first discern'd the secret band of love, 45
 The kind attraction, that to central suns
 Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.

Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
 Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,
 The sun of beings ! beaming unconfin'd 50
 Light, life, and love, and ever-active power :

Whom nought can image, and who best approves

The

The silent worship of the moral heart,
 That joys in bounteous heaven, and spreads the joy.
 Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life, 55
 And bound his reason to the sphere of man.
 He gave the four yet reigning virtues name;
 Inspir'd the study of the finer arts,
 That civilize mankind, and laws devis'd
 Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd. 60
 He ev'n, into his tender system, took
 Whatever shares the brotherhood of life :
 He taught that life's indissoluble flame,
 From brute to man, and man to brute again,
 For ever shifting, runs th' eternal round; 65
 Thence try'd against the blood-polluted meal,
 And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
 To turn the human heart. Delightful truth !
 Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
 And not a circling form, but rising whole. 70
 Amid these small republics one arose;
 On yellow Tyber's bank, almighty Rome,
 Fated for Me. A nobler spirit warm'd
 Her sons; and, rous'd by tyrants, nobler still
 It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chac'd, 75
 With all their crimes; bade radiant æras rise,
 And the long honours of the consul-line.
 Here, from the fairer, not the greater, plan
 Of Greece I vary'd; whose unmixing states,
 By the keen soul of emulation pierc'd, 80
 Long wag'd alone the bloodless war of arts,
 And their *best* empire gain'd. But to diffuse

O'er *men* an empire was my purpose now :
 To let my martial majesty abroad ;
 Into the vortex of one state to draw 85
 The whole mix'd force, and liberty, on earth ;
 To conquer tyrants, and fet nations free.

Already have I given, with flying touch,
 A broken view of this my amplest reign.
 Now, while its first, last, periods you survey, 90
 Mark how it labouring rose, and rapid fell.

When Rome in noon-tide empire grasp'd the world,
 And, soon as her resistless legions shone,
 The nations stoop'd around ; though then appear'd
 Her grandeur most, yet in her dawn of power, 95
 By many a jealous equal people press'd,
 Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then ;
 Then for each Roman I an hero told ;
 And every passing fun, and Latian scene,
 Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds, 100
 That or surpass the faith of modern times,
 Or, if believ'd, with sacred horror strike.

For then, to prove my most exalted power,
 I to the point of full perfection push'd,
 To fondness or enthusiastic zeal, 105
 The great, the reigning passion of the free.
 That godlike passion ! which, the bounds of self
 Divinely bursting, the whole publick takes
 Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
 With the mix'd ardor of unnumber'd selves ; 110
 Of all who safe beneath the voted laws
 Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.

From

PART III. L I B E R T Y. 61

From this kind fun of moral nature flow'd
Virtues, that shine the light of human kind,
And, ray'd through story, warm remotest time. 115

These virtues too, reflected to their source,
Encreas'd its flame. The social charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive still,
As more by virtue mark'd; till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew. 120

Hence, when their country rais'd her plaintive voice,
The voice of pleading nature was not heard;
And in their hearts the fathers throb'd no more:
Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.

Hence sweeten'd pain, the luxury of toil; 125
Patience, that baffled fortune's utmost rage;
High-minded hope, which at the lowest ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.

Hence moderation a new conquest gain'd; 130
As on the vanquish'd, like descending heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce. 135

Hence, Independence, with his little pleas'd,
Serene, and self-sufficient, like a God;
In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honest roots to gold preferr'd;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field, 140
The man maintain'd, the Roman's splendor all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd:

Or

Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough;
 Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,
 In long majestic flow, to rule the state, 145
 With wisdom's purest eye; or, clad in steel,
 To drive the steady battle on the foe.
 Hence every passion, ev'n the proudest, stoop'd,
 To common-good: Camillus, thy revenge;
 Thy glory, Fabius. All submissive hence, 150
 Consuls, dictators, still resign'd their rule,
 The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
 Though conquest o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,
 Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her snowy steeds
 To the triumphal car; soon as expir'd 155
 The latest hour of sway, taught to submit
 (A harder lesson than to command),
 Into the private Roman funk the chief.
 If Rome was serv'd, and glorious, careless they
 By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd their own;
 And, above envy, in a rival's train,
 Sung the loud Iôs by themselves deserv'd.
 Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,
 Hence fell the Fabii; hence the Decii dy'd;
 And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulph. 165
 Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firm'd,
 By dreadful counsel never given before;
 For Roman honour sued, and his own doom.
 Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepar'd
 By Punic rage. On earth his manly look 170
 Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,
 By chains polluted, put his wife aside,

His

His little children climbing for a kiss ;
 Then dumb through rows of weeping wondering friends,
 A new illustrious exile ! press'd along. 175
 Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds
 Opposing his return, than if, escap'd
 From long litigious suits, he glad forsook
 The noisy town a while, and city cloud,
 To breathe Venafrian, or Tarentine air. 180
 Need I these high particulars recount ?
 The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame ;
 Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear.
 Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,
 When Rome and glory call'd. But, in one view, 185
 Mark the rare boast of these unequal'd times.
 Ages revolv'd unfully'd by a crime :
 Aetrea reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
 To bind a race elated with the pride
 Of virtue, and disdain'g to descend 190
 To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
 While war around them rag'd, in happy Rome
 All peaceful smil'd, all save the passing clouds
 That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow !
 And fair unblemish'd centuries elaps'd, 195
 When not a Roman bled but in the field.
 Their virtue such, that an unbalanc'd state,
 Still between noble and plebeian tost,
 As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
 Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow 200
 Rode out the storms. Oft though the native feuds,
 That from the first their constitution shook,

(A latent ruin, growing as it grew)
 Stood on the threatening point of civil war
 Ready to rush : yet could the lenient voice 203
 Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
 Those sons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
 Unpetrify'd by self, so naked lay,
 And sensible to truth, that o'er the rage
 Of giddy faction, by oppression swell'd, 210
 Prevail'd a simple fable, and at once
 To peace recover'd the divided state.
 But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
 The soothing touch ; still, in the love of Rome,
 The dread dictator found a sure resource. 215
 Was she assaulted ? was her glory stain'd ?
 One common quarrel wide-inflam'd the whole.
 Foes in the forum in the field were friends,
 By social danger bound ; each fond for each,
 And for their dearest country all, to die. 220
 Thus up the hill of empire slow they toil'd :
 Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states
 Of proud Italia blended into one ;
 Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
 And touch'd the limits of the failing world. 225
 Let Fancy's eye the distant lines unite.
 See that which borders wild the western main,
 Where storms at large resound, and tides immense :
 From Caledonia's dim cærulean coast,
 And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd 230
 Amid the restless clouds, and leaning heaven,
 Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.

Mark

Mark that oppos'd, where first the springing morn
Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews :

From the dire deserts by the Caspian lav'd, 235
To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain ;
And blest Arabia aromatic breathes.

See that dividing far the watery north,
Parent of floods ! from the majestic Rhine, 240

Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars ;
To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs
The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha,
In the black Scythian sea his torrent throws. 245

Last, that beneath the burning zone behold.
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Libyan sands,

Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste
A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh ; 250
And farther to the full Egyptian shore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.

In this vast space what various tongues, and states !
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods and seas !
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations free'd !

O'er Greece descended chief, with stealth divine,
The Roman bounty in a flood of day :

As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp !
Her full-assembled youth innumeros swarm'd. 260

On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius sat ;
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd

Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
 The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.
 In the high thoughtless gaiety of game, 265
 While sport alone their unambitious hearts
 Possess'd; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
 Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
 Then thus a herald.—“ To the states of Greece
 “ The Roman People, unconfin'd, restore 270
 “ Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws :
 “ Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw.”
 The crowd astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
 Star'd dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd,
 (Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear, 275
 Is lost in anxious joy) Be that again,
 Be that again proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.
 Loud, and distinct, it was again proclaim'd;
 And still as midnight in the rural shade,
 When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd. 280
 A while severe amazement held them mute,
 Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven
 From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
 On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
 The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills : 285
 Through all her turrets stately Corinth shook;
 And, from the void above of shatter'd air,
 The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.
 What piercing bliss! how keen a sense of fame,
 Did then, Flaminius, reach thy inmost soul! 290
 And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then
 Escape the fondness of transported Greece!

Mix'd

Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
 They left the sports ; like Bacchanals they flew,
 Each other straining in a strict embrace, 295
 Nor strain'd a slave ; and loud acclaims till night
 Round the proconsul's tent repeated rung.
 Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours ;
 And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm,
 Their raptures wak'd anew.—“ Ye Gods ! they cry'd,
 “ Ye guardian Gods of Greece ! And are we free ?
 “ Was it not madness deem'd the very thought ?
 “ And is it true ? How did we purchase chains ?
 “ At what a dire expence of kindred blood ?
 “ And are they now dissolv'd ? And scarce one drop
 “ For the fair first of blessings have we paid ?
 “ Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,
 “ When rages wide the storm of mingling war,
 “ Are rare indeed ; but how to generous ends
 “ To turn success, and conquest, rarer still : 310
 “ That the great Gods and Romans only know.
 “ Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown,
 “ A people so magnanimous, to quit
 “ Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,
 “ And by their blood and treasure, spent for us, 315
 “ Redeem our states, our liberties, and laws !
 “ There does ! there does ! oh, saviour Titus ! Rome !”
 Thus through the happy night they pour'd their souls,
 And in my last reflected beams rejoic'd.
 As when the shepherd, on the mountain brow, 320
 Sits piping to his flocks, and gamesome kids ;
 Meantime the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,

Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam :
 Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
 Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain ;
 To western worlds irrevocable roll'd,
 Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray.

Here interposing I.—“ Oh, Queen of men !
 “ Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights
 “ Equal they live ; though plac'd, for common good,
 “ Various, or in subjection, or command ;
 “ And that by common choice : alas ! the scene,
 “ With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
 “ Streams into blood, and darkens into woe.”

Thus she pursued.—Near this great æra, Rome 335
 Began to feel the swift approach of fate,
 That now her vitals gain'd : still more and more
 Her deep divisions kindling into rage,
 And war with chains and desolation charg'd.

From an unequal balance of her sons 340
 These fierce contentions sprung ; and, as increas'd
 This hated inequality, more fierce
 They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd ;

Here by luxurious wants, by real there ;
 And with this virtue every virtue sunk, 345
 As, with the sliding rock, the pile sustain'd.

A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
 To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.
 On one side swell'd Aristocratic pride ;
 With Usury, the villain ! whose fell gripe 350
 Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul ;
 And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,

Mother

Mother of vice! while on the other crept
 A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd;
 Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds, 355
 As the proud feeder bade: inconstant, blind,
 Deserting friends at need, and dup'd by foes;
 Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd
 Their headlong fury, but, of him depriv'd,
 Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand. 360

This firm republic, that against the blast
 Of opposition rose; that (like an oak,
 Nurs'd on feracious Algidum, whose boughs
 Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe)
 By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself, 365
 Ev'n force and spirit drew; smit with the calm,
 The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pin'd.
 Nought now her weighty legions could oppose;
 Her terror once on Afric's tawny shore,
 Now smok'd in dust, a stabling now for wolves; 370
 And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
 Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd east,
 In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
 That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst
 For the false joys which luxury prepares. 375
 Unworthy joys! that wasteful leave behind
 No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
 No secret ray to glad the conscious soul;
 At once involving in one ruin wealth,
 And wealth-acquiring powers: while stupid self, 380
 Of narrow gust, and hebetating sense
 Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.

Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth;
 Security relax'd the softening state;
 And the broad eye of government lay clos'd; 385
 No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
 And public weal no more: but party rag'd;
 And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,
 Let discord through the deathful city loose.
 First, mild Tiberius, on thy sacred head 390
 The fury's vengeance fell; the first, whose blood
 Had since the consuls stain'd contending Rome.
 Of precedent pernicious! with thee bled
 Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
 Three thousand more; till, into battles turn'd 395
 Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
 The forum and comitia horrid grew,
 A scene of barter'd power, or reeking gore.
 When, half-asham'd, Corruption's thievish arts,
 And ruffian force began to sap the mounds 400
 And majesty of laws; if not in time
 Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong
 The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.
 Thus luxury, diffension, a mix'd rage
 Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth, 405
 Want wishing change, and waste repairing war,
 Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
 Guilt unaton'd, profuse of blood revenge,
 Corruption all avow'd, and lawless force,
 Each heightening each, alternate shook the state, 410
 Meantime ambition, at the dazzling head
 Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd

And

And spoil of nations, in one circling blast
 Combin'd in various storm, and from its base
 The broad republic tore. By virtue built, 415
 It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth
 An ample roof: by virtue too sustain'd,
 And balanc'd steady, every tempest fung
 Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.
 But when, with sudden and enormous change, 420
 The first of mankind sunk into the last,
 As once in virtue, so in vice extreme,
 This universal fabric yielded loose,
 Before ambition still; and thundering down,
 At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world. 425
 A conquering people, to themselves a prey,
 Must ever fall; when their victorious troops,
 In blood and rapine savage grown, can find
 No land to sack and pillage but their own.
 By brutal Marius, and keen Sylla, first 430
 Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
 Unceasing woes began, and this, or that,
 (Deep-drenching their revenge) nor virtue spar'd,
 Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
 Till Rome, into an human shambles turn'd, 435
 Made deserts lovely.—Oh, to well-earn'd chains
 Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,
 No Scævola there was, to raise for Me
 A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd
 Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age? 440
 No son, a witness to his hoary fire
 In dust and gore defil'd? no friend, forlorn?

No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself ?
 None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
 Who, heaping horror round, no more deserv'd **445**
 The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd ?
 No. Sad o'er all profound dejection sat ;
 And nerveless fear. The slave's asylum theirs :
 Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
 Turns weak to slaughter ; or partaken guilt. **450**
 In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
 An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,
 And all unhop'd the common-wealth restor'd,
 Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes.
 Through streets yet streaming from his murderous hand
 Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd,
 And on the bed of peace his ashes laid ;
 A grace, which I to his demission gave.
 But with him dy'd not the despotic soul.
 Ambition saw that stooping Rome could bear **460**
 A Master, *nor had virtue to be free.*
 Hence, for succeeding years, my troubled reign
 No certain peace, no spreading prospect, knew.
 Destruction gather'd round. Still the black soul,
 Or of a Catiline, or Rullus, swell'd **465**
 With fell designs ; and all the watchful art
 Of Cicero demanded, all the force,
 All the state-wielding magic of his tongue ;
 And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.
 With these I linger'd ; till the flame anew **470**
 Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the world.
 The shameful contest sprung ; to whom mankind
 Should

Should yield the neck : to Pompey, who conceal'd
 A rage impatient of an equal name ;
 Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow 475
 O'er daring vice deluding virtue smil'g,
 And who no less a vain superior scorn'd.

Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose,
The venal WILL be bought, the base have lords.
 To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves ; 480
 And from Philippi's field, from where in dust
 The last of Romans, matchless Brutus ! lay,
 Spread to the north untam'd a rapid wing.

What though the first smooth Cæsar's arts carefs'd,
 Merit and virtue, simulating Me ? 485
 Severely tender ! cruelly humane !

The chain to clinch, and make it softer fit
 On the new-broken still ferocious state.
 From the dark Third, succeeding, I beheld
 Th' imperial monsters all.—A race on earth 490
 Vindictive, sent the scourge of human-kind !

Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world ;
 Whose lust to forming nature seems disgrace ;
 And whose infernal rage bade every drop
 Of ancient blood, that yet retain'd my flame, 495
 To that of Pætus, in the peaceful bath,
 Or Rome's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.

But almost just the meanly-patient death,
 That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.
 Titus indeed gave one short evening gleam ; 500
 More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread
 Of storm, and horror. The delight of men !

He

He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand
 Had made no happy heart, concluded lost ;
 Trajan and He, with the mild Sire and Son, 505
 His son of virtue ! eas'd awhile mankind ;
 And arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.

Then was their last effort : what sculpture rais'd
 To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole ;
 And mix'd with Gothic forms, (the chiffel's shame)
 On that triumphal arch, the forms of Greece.

Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
 Of gelid Hemus, I pursued my flight ;
 And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
 Sarmatia, travers'd by a thousand streams. 515

A fullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
 Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
 And cruel deserts black with founding pine ;
 Where nature frowns : though sometimes into smiles
 She softens ; and immediate, at the touch 520
 Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
 Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.

But, cold-comprest, when the whole loaded heaven
 Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,
 Lies undistinguish'd earth ; and, seiz'd by frost, 525
 Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans sleep.
 Yet there life glows ; the furry millions there,
 Deep-dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows :
 And there a race of men prolific swarms,
 To various pain, to little pleasure us'd ; 530
 On whom, keen-parching, beat Riphæan winds ;
 Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,

The

PART III. L I B E R T Y. 75

The nursery of nations!—These I rous'd,
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd;
Till from almost perpetual night they broke, 535
As if in search of day; and o'er the banks
Of yielding empire, only slave-sustain'd,
Resistless rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by Me.

Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd seeds
Of freedom lay, for many a wintery age; 540
And though my spirit work'd, by slow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd.
Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
Aërial, warn'd of rising winter, ride 545
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
So, arts and each good genius in my train,
I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to heaven.

In the bright regions there of purest day,
Far other scenes, and palaces, arise, 550
Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,
Shrink up its blossom; like a bubble, break
The passing poor magnificence of kings. 555

For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
Calls every splendor forth; and there his court
Amid ethereal powers, and virtues, holds:
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds. 560
But sacred be the veil, that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals: wraps a view

Too

Too softening fair, for those that here in dust
Must chearful toil out their appointed years.

A sense of higher life would only damp 565

The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours.

Nor could the child of reason, feeble man,

With vigour through this infant being drudge;

Did brighter worlds, their unimagined bliss

Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind. 570

N O T E S on PART III.

- Ver. 7. The last struggles of liberty in Greece.
- Ver. 15. A promontory in Calabria.
- Ver. 32. Pythagoras.
- Ver. 34. Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.
- Ver. 37. The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.
- Ver. 38. His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.
- Ver. 57. The four cardinal virtues.
- Ver. 244. The ancient name of the Volga.
- Ver. 245. The Caspian sea.
- Ver. 264. The king of Macedonia.
- Ver. 286. The Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.
- Ver. 369. Carthage.
- Ver. 390. Tib. Gracchus.
- Ver. 465. Pub. Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, proposed an Agrarian Law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty; and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his speech against Rullus.
- Ver. 489. Tiberius.
- Ver. 496. Thrasea Pætus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death thus.—“ After having inhumanly slaughtered so many illustrious men, he (Nero) burned at last with a de-
“ fire

“ fire of cutting off virtue itself in the person of Thra-
“ sea, &c.

Ver. 505. Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philo-
sophus.

Ver. 511. Constantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was destroyed, sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.

Ver. 515. The ancient Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country running all along the north of Europe, and Asia.

B R I T A I N :

Being the FOURTH PART of

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

The CONTENTS of PART IV.

Difference betwixt the ancients and moderns slightly touched upon, to ver. 30. Description of the dark ages. The Goddess of Liberty, who during these is supposed to have left earth, returns, attended with Arts and Science, to ver. 100. She first descends on Italy. Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture fix at Rome, to revive their several arts by the great models of antiquity there, which many barbarous invasions had not been able to destroy. The revival of these arts marked out. That sometimes arts may flourish for a while under despotic governments, though never the natural and genuine production of them, to ver. 254. Learning begins to dawn. The Muse and Science attend Liberty, who in her progress towards Great Britain raises several free states and cities. These enumerated, to ver. 381. Author's exclamation of joy, upon seeing the British seas and coasts rise in the vision, which painted whatever the Goddess of Liberty said. She resumes her narration. The Genius of the Deep appears, and, addressing Liberty, associates Great Britain into his dominion, to ver. 451. Liberty received and congratulated by Britannia, and the Native Genii or Virtues of the island. These described. Animated by the presence of Liberty, they begin their operations. Their beneficent influence contrasted with the works and delusions of opposing demons, to ver. 626. Concludes with an abstract of the English history, marking the several advances of Liberty, down to her complete establishment at the revolution.

L I B E R T Y.

P A R T IV.

STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I amaz'd :

“ Ah, Goddess, what a change ! Is earth the same ?

“ Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds ?

“ And does the same fair sun and æther spread

“ Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul ? 5

“ Lo ! beauty fails ; lost in unlovely forms

“ Of little pomp, magnificence no more

“ Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile :

“ While to rapacious interest glory leaves

“ Mankind, and every grace of life is gone.” 10

To this the Power, whose vital radiance calls

From the brute mass of man an order'd world.

“ Wait till the morning shines, and from the depth

“ Of Gothic darkness springs another day.

“ True, Genius droops ; the tender ancient taste 15

“ Of beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,

“ But faintly trembles through the callous soul ;

“ And grandeur, or of morals, or of life,

“ Sinks into safe pursuits, and creeping cares.

“ Ev'n cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight, 20

“ And aged life to deem the generous deeds

“ Of youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought

" Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep
 " Through nature's works, in profitable arts,
 " And all that calm experience can disclose, 25
 " (Slow guide, but sure) behold the world anew
 " Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd ;
 " And, where My Spirit wakes the finer powers,
 " Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom."

Oblivious ages pass'd ; while earth, forsook 30
 By her best Genii, lay to Demons foul,
 And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.
 Contention led the van ; first small of size,
 But soon dilating to the skies she towers :
 'Then, wide as air, the livid Fury spread, 35
 And high her head above the stormy clouds,
 She blaz'd in omens, swell'd the groaning winds
 With wild surmizes, battlings, sounds of war :
 From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,
 And pour'd her venom through the heart of man. 40
 Shook to the pole, the north obey'd her call.
 Forth rush'd the bloody Power of Gothic War,
 War against human kind : Rapine, that led
 Millions of raging robbers in his train :
 Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword 45
 Is reason, honour, law : the Foe of Arts
 By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,
 That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with these
 Another species of tyrannic rule,
 Unknown before, whose cancrous shackles seiz'd 50
 Th' envenom'd soul ; a wilder Fury, She
 Ev'n o'er her Elder Sister tyranniz'd ;

Or,

Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her rage.
 Dire was her train, and loud: the Sable Band,
 Thundering,—“ Submit, ye laity! ye prophane! 55
 “ Earth is the Lord's, and therefore Ours; let kings
 “ Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
 “ If not, behold! the sacred lightning flies:”
 Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,
 For science uttering jangling words obscure, 60
 Where frightened reason never yet could dwell:
 Of peremptory feature, Cleric Pride,
 Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
 And Holy Slander, his associate firm,
 On whom the *lying spirit* still descends: 65
 Mother of tortures! Persecuting Zeal,
 High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
 Or ponyard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
 Hell's fiercest fiend! of faintly brow demure,
 Assuming a celestial seraph's name, 70
 While she beneath the blasphemous pretence
 Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the *source of love!*
 Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
 Than all the rest combin'd. Led on by her,
 And wild of head to work her fell designs, 75
 Came idiot Superstition; round with ears
 Innumerable strow'd, ten thousand monkish forms
 With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
 To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
 And poison reason; gross, she swallows all, 80
 The most absurd-believing ever most.
 Broad o'er the whole her universal night,

The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffus'd.

Nought to be seen, but visionary monks
To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds;
Banditti saints, disturbing distant lands;
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.

85

All lay revers'd: the sacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;

90

Pure plain devotion to a solemn farce;
To holy dotage virtue, ev'n to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of oaths;

Brave ancient freedom to the rage of slaves,
Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains;

95

Dishonour'd courage to the bravo's trade,
To civil broil; and glory to romance.
Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
And giddy reason totter'd on her throne.

At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme,
Disclosing, bade new brightening æras smile.

100

The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,
And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread
A founding pinion. Eager pity, mixt

With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.

105

On Latium first we stoop'd, for doubtful life
That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.

Ah, poor Italia! what a bitter cup
Of vengeance hast thou drain'd! Goths, Vandals, Huns,
Lombards, barbarians broke from every land,

110

How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld!
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone

Was

Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend !
 How frequent, by the red inhuman hand,
 Yet warm with brother's, husband's, father's blood,
 Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
 To violation dragg'd, and mingled death !
 What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
 Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds ;
 And succourless, and bare, the poor remains 120
 Of wretches forth to nature's common cast !
 Added to these, the still continued waste
 Of inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey,
 And, double tyrants, seize the very soul.
 Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all ? 125
 These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
 Heap'd sack on sack, and bury'd in their rage
 Wonders of art ; whence this grey scene a mine
 Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
 Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow. 130
 Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
 From ancient models to restore their arts,
 Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.
 Amid the hoary ruins sculpture first,
 Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp, 135
 Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
 Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
 And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
 As she the pleasing resurrection saw.
 In leaning site, respiring from his toils, 140
 The well-known hero, who deliver'd Greece,
 His ample chest, all tempest'd with force,

Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
 Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
 Scarce more extensive than the finewy neck; 145
 The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;
 The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
 Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.
 The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
 His beauteous front, and through the finish'd whole
 Shows what ideas smil'd of old in Greece.
 Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
 The Gladiator. Pityless his look,
 And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,
 Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns. 155
 The Dying Other from the gloom she drew.
 Supported on his shorten'd arm he leans,
 Prone agonizing; with incumbent fate,
 Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath
 The suffering feature sullen vengeance lows, 160
 Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
 And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
 All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python, came
 The Quiver'd God. In graceful act he stands,
 His arm extended with the slacken'd bow. 165
 Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
 A manly-soften'd form. The bloom of gods
 Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave.
 His features yet heroic ardor warms;
 And sweet subsiding to a native smile, 170
 Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,
 A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.

On

PART IV. L I B E R T Y. 37

On Flora mov'd; her full-proportion'd limbs
Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love arose, as from the deep 175
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love. 180
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At last her utmost master-piece she found, 185
That Maro fir'd; the miserable fire,
Wrapt with his sons in fate's severest grasp.
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such passion here,
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain, 190
Seem so to tremble through the tortur'd stone,
That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass,
That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize: 195
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convuls'd; to heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast;
His fell despair with indignation mixt,
As the strong-curling monsters from his side 200
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons

All the soft rage of younger passions show,
 In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd ;
 While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries 205
 His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

She bore no more, but strait from Gothic rust
 Her chisel clear'd, and dust and fragments drove
 Impetuous round. Successive as it went,
 From son to son, with more enlivening touch, 210
 From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form ;
 Till, in a legislator's awful grace
 Dress'd, Buonaroti bid a Moses rise,
 And, looking love immense, a Saviour-God.

Of these observant, Painting felt the fire 215
 Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffus'd
 The canvas, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
 The colours brew'd ; and on the void expanse
 Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.

Poor was the manner of her eldest race, 220
 Barren, and dry ; just struggling from the taste,
 That had for ages scar'd in cloysters dim
 The superstitious herd : yet glorious then
 Were deem'd their works ; where undevelop'd lay
 The future wonders that enrich'd mankind, 225
 And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.

Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this
 To each his portion of her various gifts
 The Goddess dealt, to none indulging all ;
 No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still 230
 Perfection stands, like happiness, to tempt
 Th' eternal chace. In elegant design

Improving

PART IV. LIBERTY.

89

Improving nature ; in ideas fair,
 Or great, extracted from the fine antique ;
 In attitude, expression, airs divine ; 235
 Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.

To those of Venice she the magic art
 Of colours melting into colours gave.
 Theirs too it was by one embracing mass
 Of light and shade that settles round the whole, 240
 Or varies tremulous from part to part,
 O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
 To raise the picture, and repose the sight.

The Lombard school succeeding, mingled both.
 Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around, 245

Rear'd the magnificent front. Music again
 Her universal language of the heart
 Renew'd ; and, rising from the plaintive vale,
 To the full concert spread, and solemn quire.

Ev'n bigots smil'd ; to their protection took 250
 Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp :
 For in a tyrant's garden these a while
 May bloom, though freedom be their parent foil.

And now confest, with gently-growing gleam,
 The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light.
 The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing
 Is the gay bird of dawn. Artless her voice,
 Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the woods
 Romantic lays. But as her northern course
 She, with her tutor Science, in My train, 260
 Ardent pursu'd, her strains more noble grew :
 While reason drew the plan, the heart inform'd

The

The moral page, and fancy lent it grace.

Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn. 265

On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,
I small republics rais'd. Thrice happy they!
Had social freedom bound their peace, and arts, 270
Instead of ruling power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and sav'd their fate.

Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path too I with public blessings strow'd; 275
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In spite of culture negligent and gross,
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.

The barren rocks themselves beneath My Foot 280
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore.

Thick-swarming people there, like emmets, seiz'd
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots,
Which nature left in her destroying rage,
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands. 285

There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill,
Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,
By Me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose.

And while My genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she 290

Vy'd for the trident of the narrow seas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.

Nor

Nor be the then triumphant state forgot ;
 Where, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant still,
 Inspir'd by Me, through the dark ages kept 295
 Of My old Roman flame some sparks alive :
 The seeming god-built city ! which My hand
 Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas.
 Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,
 Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd, 300
 And down the briny street ; where on each hand,
 Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
 The splendid palace shines ; and rising tides,
 The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
 To this fair queen of Adria's stormy gulph, 305
 The mart of nations ! long, obedient seas
 Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East ;
 But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
 (Whose shar'd oppression lightens, as diffus'd)
 Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose. 310
 The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
 They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
 Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains :
 The softer shackles of luxurious ease
 They likewise added, to secure their sway. 315
 Thus Venice fainter shines ; and commerce thus,
 Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.
 Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took
 A larger circle ; found another feat,
 Opening a thousand ports, and, charm'd with toil,
 Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.

The mountains then, clad with eternal snow,

Confess'd

Confess'd My power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
 By nature thrown insuperable round,
 I planted there a league of friendly states, 325
 And bade plain freedom their ambition be.
 There in the vale, where rural plenty fills,
 From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,
 Chief, where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
 Rare to be seen! unguilty cities rise, 330
 Cities of brothers form'd: while equal life,
 Accorded gracious with revolving power,
 Maintains them free; and, in their happy streets,
 Nor cruel deed nor misery is known.
 For valour, faith, and innocence of life, 335
 Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
 Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
 And press their culture on retiring snows;
 But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
 They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss 340
 Of mercenary force, how to defend
 The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
 And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.
 Ev'n, cheer'd by Me, their shaggy mountains charm,
 More than or Gallic or Italian plains; 345
 And sickening fancy oft, when absent long,
 Pines to behold their Alpine views again:
 The hollow-winding stream: the vale, fair-spread,
 Amid an amphitheatre of hills;
 Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest springs:
 From steep to steep ascending, the gay train
 Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes:

The

The fitting cloud, against the summit dash'd;
 And, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright
 A gemmy shower: hung o'er amazing rocks, 355
 The mountain ash, and solemn-sounding pine:
 The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tost,
 Down to the clear ethereal lake below:
 And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,
 The mountain fading into sky; where shines 360
 On winter winter shivering, and whose top
 Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

From these descending, as I wav'd My course
 O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
 Of hardy men and hearts affronting death, 365
 I gave some favour'd cities there to lift
 A nobler brow, and through their swarming streets,
 More busy, wealthy, chearful, and alive,
 In each contented face to look my soul.

Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,
 To wintery Scandinavia's utmost bound;
 There, I the manly race, the parent-hive
 Of the mixt kingdoms, form'd into a state
 More regularly free. By keener air
 Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by frost, 375
 Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those
 Whose only terror was a bloodless death,
 They wise, and dauntless, still sustain my cause.
 Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the south,
 The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay. 380

Here, with the shifted vision, burst my joy.
 " O the dear prospect! O majestic view!"

" See Britain's empire ! lo ! the watery vast
 " Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.
 " And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,
 " Emerging white from deeps of æther, dawn
 " My kindred cliffs ; whence, wafted in the gale,
 " Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.
 " Goddess, forgive !—My heart, surpriz'd, o'erflows
 " With filial fondness for the land you bless." 390

As parents to a child complacent deign
 Approvance, the Celestial Brightness smil'd ;
 Then thus : As o'er the wave-refounding deep,
 To my near reign, the happy isle, I steer'd
 With easy wing ; behold ! from surge to surge, 395
 Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep.

Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung ;
 Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head ;
 And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
 Or from it stream'd compress'd the gloomy cloud. 400

Where'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.
 He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook
 From shore to shore, in agitation dire,

It works his dreadful will. To Me his voice
 (Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls,
 Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)

Address'd, began—By fate commission'd, go,
 " My Sister-Goddess now, to you blest isle,
 " Henceforth the partner of my rough domain,
 " All my dread walks to Britons open lie. 410

" Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn,
 " Or yellow evening, flame ; those that, profuse

" Drunk

" Drunk by equator-suns, severely shine;
 " Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
 " In billows rolling into Alps of ice. 415
 " Ev'n yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
 " The vast Pacific; that on other worlds,
 " Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.
 " Long I maintain'd inviolate my reign;
 " Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæsars brav'd. 420
 " Still, in the crook of shore, the coward sail
 " Till now low-crept; and peddling commerce ply'd
 " Between near-joining lands. For Britons, chief,
 " It was reserv'd, with star-directed prow,
 " To dare the middle-deep, and drive assur'd 425
 " To distant nations through the pathless main,
 " Chief, for their fearless hearts the glory waits,
 " Long months from land, while the black stormy night
 " Around them rages, on the groaning mast
 " With unhook knee to know their giddy way; 430
 " To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing wave;
 " To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
 " By deep invention's keen pervading eye,
 " The heart of courage, and the hand of toil,
 " Each conquer'd ocean staining with their blood, 435
 " Instead of treasure robb'd by ruffian war,
 " Round social earth to circle fair exchange,
 " And bind the nations in a golden chain.
 " To these I honour'd stoop. Rushing to light,
 " A race of men behold! whose daring deeds 440
 " Will in renown exalt my nameless plains
 " O'er those of fabling earth, as her's to mine

" In

" In terror yield. Nay, could my savage heart
 " Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul
 " Would all my fury brave, my tempest climb, 445
 " And might in spite of me my kingdom force."

Here, waiting no reply, the shadowy power
 Eas'd the dark sky, and to the deeps return'd :
 While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
 Auspicious, shook opponent Gallia's shore. 450

Of this encounter glad, My way to land
 I quick pursued, that from the smiling sea
 Receiv'd Me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard ;
 And music, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
 With pleas'd astonishment the labouring hind, 455
 Who for a while th' unfinish'd furrow left,
 And let the listening steer forget his toil.

Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breath'd,
 And her aerial train, these sounds of joy,
 Full of old time, since first the rushing flood, 460
 Urg'd by almighty power, this favour'd isle
 Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,
 Indented shore to shore responsive still,

Its guardian She—The Goddess, whose staid eye
 Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn. 465

Her tresses, like a flood of soften'd light,
 Through clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
 Warm on her cheek fits beauty's brightest rose.

Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace
 With every motion. Full her rising chest ; 470

And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,
 Charm'd sculpture taking might improve her art.

Such.

PART IV. LIBERTY. 97

Such the fair guardian of an isle that boasts,
Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.
High-shining on the promontory's brow, 475
Awaiting Me, she stood; with hope inflam'd,
By my mixt spirit burning in her fons,
To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.

The Native Genii, round her, radiant smil'd.
Courage, of soft deportment, aspect calm, 480
Unboasting, suffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmless as the sporting child;
But, on just reason, once his fury rouz'd,
No lion springs more eager to his prey:
Blood is a pastime; and his heart, elate, 485
Knows no depressing fear. That Virtue known

By the relenting look, whose equal heart
For others feels, as for another self:
Of various name, as various objects wake,
Warm into action, the kind sense within: 490
Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,
The lost to reason, the declin'd in life,
The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,
And the grey second infancy of age,

She gives in public families to live, 495
A sight to gladden Heaven! whether she stands
Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,
And bids the stranger take repose and joy:
Whether, to solace honest labour, she
Rejoices those that make the land rejoice: 500
Or whether to philosophy, and arts,
(At once the basis and the finish'd pride

Of government and life) she spreads her hand ;
 Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
 Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all. 505
 Justice to these her awful presence join'd,
 The mother of the state ! No low revenge,
 No turbid passions in her breast ferment :
 Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
 As the last woe that can afflict mankind, 510
 She punishment awards ; yet of the good
 More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
 Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
 That, in his judging peers, each on himself
 Pronounces his own doom. O, happy land ! 515
 Where reigns alone this justice of the free !
 'Mid the bright groupe Sincerity his front,
 Diffusive, rear'd ; his pure untroubled eye
 The fount of truth. The Thoughtful Power, apart,
 Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard, 520
 Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.
 The Genius He whence Britain shines supreme,
 The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
 He too the fire of fancy feeds intense,
 With all the train of passions thence deriv'd : 525
 Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
 But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
 Near him Retirement, pointing to the shade,
 And Independence stood : the generous pair,
 That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove, 530
 And the still raptures of the free-born soul
 To cates prefer by virtue bought, not earn'd,

Proudly

Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,
 And to the heart-embitter'd joys of slaves.
 Or should the latter, to the public scene
 Demanded, quit his sylvan friend a while; 535
 Nought can his firmness-shake, nothing seduce
 His zeal, still active for the common-weal;
 Nor stormy tyrants, nor corruption's tools,
 Foul ministers, dark-working by the force 540
 Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
 Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
 He greatly scorns; and, if he must betray
 His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
 A moment's parley were eternal shame: 545
 Illustrious into private life again,
 From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,
 And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
 Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
 Aloof the Bashful Virtue hover'd coy, 550
 Proving by sweet distrust distrust'd worth.
 Rough Labour clos'd the train: and in his hand
 Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
 Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,
 And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd; 555
 Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there
 No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall:
 Ev'n in the very luxury of rage,
 He softening can forgive a gallant foe;
 The nerve, support, and glory of the land! 560
 Nor be Religion, rational and free,
 Here pass'd in silence; whose enraptur'd eye

Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
 Link'd to divine : who not from servile fear,
 By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit, 565
 The God of Love adores, but from a heart
 Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe
 That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm
 Of fearless confidence that smiles serene ;
 That lives devotion, one continual hymn, 570
 And then most grateful, when Heaven's bounty most
 Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful power
 O'er the rais'd circle ray'd superior day.

I joy'd to join the Virtues whence my reign
 O'er Albion was to rise. Each chearing each, 575
 And, like the circling planets from the sun,
 All borrowing beams from Me, a heighten'd zeal
 Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
 Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
 Pass'd not in mutual hails ; but, through the land 580
 Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.

The Virtues conquer with a single look.
 Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
 Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
 That the soul won, enamour'd, and refin'd, 585
 Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
 Hence the foul Demons, that oppose our reign,
 Would still from us deluded mortals wrap ;
 Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,
 Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix 590
 Falsehood and truth confounded, foil the sense
 With vain refracted images of bliss.

But



But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
 They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
 Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade 595
 Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den
 Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,
 That vex the swain, and waste the country round,
 Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.
 Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray. 600
 As, at the sacred opening of the morn,
 The prowling race retire; so, pierc'd severe,
 Before our potent blaze these Demons fly,
 And all their works dissolve.—The whisper'd tale,
 That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows. 605
 Fair-fac'd Deceit, whose wily conscious eye
 Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,
 But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting:
 Smooth crocodile destruction, whose fell tears
 Ensnare. The Janus face of courtly pride; 610
 One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
 On hapless worth the other scouls disdain.
 Cheeks that for some weak tenderness, alone,
 Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush. The laugh
 Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart, 615
 At starving virtue, and at virtue's fools.
 Determin'd to be broke, the plighted faith;
 Nay more, the godless oath, that knows no ties,
 Soft-buzzing slander; filky moths, that eat
 An honest name. The harpy hand, and maw, 620
 Of avaricious Luxury; who makes
 The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,

And, by his service, who betrays his king.

Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic night
To present grandeur how my Britain rose. 625

Bold were those Britons, who, the careless sons
Of nature, roam'd the forest-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their wood-land wars :
For by the Druid taught, that death but shifts 630
The vital scene, they that prime fear despis'd ;
And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare
An ill-fav'd life that must again return.

Erect from nature's hand, by tyrant force,
And still more tyrant custom, unsubdued, 635
Man knows no master save creating Heaven,
Or such as choice and common good ordain.

This general sense, with which the nations I
Promiscuous fire, in Britons burn'd intense,
Of future times prophetic. Witness, Rome, 640
Who saw'st thy Cæsar, from the naked land,
Whose only fort was British hearts, repel'd,
To seek Pharfalian wreaths. Witness, the toil,
The blood of ages, bootless to secure,

Beneath an empire's yoke, a stubborn isle, 645
Disputed hard, and never quite subdued.

The north remain'd untouch'd, where those who scorn'd
To stoop, retir'd ; and, to their keen effort
Yielding at last, recoil'd the Roman power.

In vain, unable to sustain the shock, 650
From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd

The wall immense, and yet, on summer's eve,

While

While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze,
 Continual o'er it burst the northern storm,
 As often, check'd, receded; threatening hoarse 655
 A swift return. But the devouring flood
 No more endur'd control, when, to support
 The last remains of empire, was recall'd
 The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
 Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk. 660
 Great proof! how men enfeeble into slaves.
 The sword behind him flash'd; before him roar'd,
 Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
 He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,
 As when Caractacus to battle led 665
 Silurian swains, and Boadicea taught
 Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.

Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast, that hears
 The German ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,
 And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd Saxon came. 670
 He came implor'd, but came with other aim
 Than to protect. For conquest and defence
 Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race
 Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream;
 Blood, where unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd. 675
 Rash war, and perilous battle, their delight;
 And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
 Unpeaceful death their choice; deriving thence
 A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls
 In Odin's hall; whose blazing roof resounds 680
 The genial uproar of those shades, who fall
 In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt;

And though more polish'd times the martial creed
 Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives:
 Nor were the furlly gifts of war their all. 685
 Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,
 The calm gradations of art-nursing peace,
 And matchless orders, the deep basis still
 On which ascends my British Reign. Untam'd
 To the refining subtleties of slaves, 690
 They brought an happy government along;
 Form'd by that freedom, which, with secret voice,
 Impartial nature teaches all her sons,
 And which of old through the whole Scythian mass
 I strong inspir'd. Monarchical their state, 695
 But prudently confin'd, and mingled wise
 Of each harmonious power: only, too much
 Imperious war into their rule infus'd,
 Prevail'd their general-king, and chieftain-thanes.
 In many a field, by civil fury stain'd, 700
 Bled the discordant heptarchy; and long
 (Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd;
 Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
 Egbert and Peace on one united throne.
 No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm 705
 Of brighter days, when, lo! the north anew,
 With stormy nations black, on England pour'd
 Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
 The Danish Raven, lur'd by annual prey,
 Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet 710
 Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
 The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
 Far

PART IV. L I B E R T Y.

105

Far seen, the demon of devouring flame;
 Rapine, and murder, all with blood besmear'd,
 Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart; 715

While close behind them march'd the fallow power
 Of desolating famine, who delights

In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields;
 And purple-spotted pestilence, by whom
 Ev'n friendship scar'd, in sickening horror sinks 720
 Each social sense and tenderness of life.

Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
 Spread, from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,
 To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
 And with superior arm the Saxon aw'd. 725

But superstition first, and monkish dreams,
 And monk-directed cloyster-seeking kings,
 Had ate away his vigour, ate away
 His edge of courage, and depress'd the soul
 Of conquering freedom, which he once respir'd. 730

Thus cruel ages pass'd; and rare appear'd
 White-mantled peace, exulting o'er the vale,
 As when, with Alfred, from the wilds she came
 To polic'd cities and protected plains.

Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk, 735
 Then set entire in Hastings bloody field.

Compendious war! (on Britain's glory bent,
 So fate ordain'd) in that decisive day,
 The haughty Norman seiz'd at once an isle,
 For which, through many a century, in vain, 740
 The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
 Of Gothic nations this the final burst;

And,

And, mix'd the genius of these people all,
 These virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,
 Here the rich tide of English blood grew full. 745

Awhile my spirit slept; the land a while,
 Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
 Instead of Edward's equal gentle laws,
 The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
 All prostrate lay; and, in the secret shade, 750

Deep-stung, but fearful, Indignation gnash'd
 His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,
 And of their bulwark, arms; with castles crush'd,
 With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land;
 The shivering wretches, at the curfew sound, 755
 Dejected shrunk into their fordid beds,

And, through the mournful gloom, of ancient times
 Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better. Ev'n to feed
 A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starv'd:
 To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame, 760
 The chearful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
 And the brown forest roughen'd wide around.

But this so dead, so vile submission, long
 Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradual flame
 Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway. 765

Unus'd to bend, impatient of control,
 Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.
 The church, by kings intractable and fierce,
 Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd state,
 Or tempted, by the timorous and weak, 770
 To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law,
 The barons next a nobler league began,

Both

PART IV. L I B E R T Y. 107

Both those of English and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the free! press'd by a band 775
Of patriots, ardent as the summer's noon
That looks delighted on, the tyrant see!
Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the Charter, by which life indeed 780
Becomes of price, a glory to be man.

Through this and through succeeding reigns affirm'd
These long contested rights, the wholesome winds
Of opposition hence began to blow,
And often since have lent the country life. 785
Before their breath corruption's infect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil counsel, fly;
Or, should they founding swell, a putrid court,
A pestilential ministry, they purge,
And ventilated states renew their bloom. 790

Though with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd
Aristocratic sway, the people still,
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
No full perfection knew. For Me reserv'd,
And for my commons, was that glorious turn. 795
They crown'd my first attempt, in senates rose,
The fort of freedom! slow till then, alone,
Had work'd that general liberty, that soul,
Which generous nature breathes, and which, when left
By Me to bondage was corrupted Rome, 800
I through the northern nations wide diffus'd.
Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush'd

From

From the rude iron regions of the north,
 To Libyan deserts swarm protruding swarm,
 And pour'd new spirit through a slavish world. 805
 Yet, o'er these Gothic states, the king and chiefs
 Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
 And with enormous property engross'd
 The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore
 Now present, I to raise My reign began 810
 By raising the democracy, the third
 And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
 Then was the full, the perfect plan disclos'd
 Of Britain's matchless constitution, mixt
 Of mutual checking and supporting powers, 815
 King, Lords, and Commons; nor the name of free
 Deserving, while the vassal-many droop'd:
 For since the moment of the whole they form,
 So, as depress'd or rais'd, the balance they
 Of public welfare and of glory cast. 820
 Mark from this period the continual proof.
 When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
 Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves;
 Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,
 And poorly passive of insulting foes; 825
 Double, not prudent, obstinate, not firm,
 Their mercy fear, necessity their faith;
 Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,
 Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;
 Tyrants at once and slaves, imperious, mean, 830
 To want rapacious joining shameful waste;
 By counsels weak and wicked, easy rouz'd
 To

To paltry schemes of absolute command,
 To seek their splendor in their sure disgrace,
 And in a broken ruin'd people wealth : 835

When such o'ercaſt the ſtate, no bond of love,
 No heart, no ſoul, no unity, no nerve,
 Combin'd the looſe disjointed public, loſt
 To fame abroad, to happineſs at home.

But when an Edward and an Henry breath'd 840
 Through the charm'd whole one all-exerting ſoul :

Drawn ſympathetic from his dark retreat,
 When wide-attracted merit round them glow'd :
 When counſels juſt, extenſive, generous, firm,
 Amid the maze of ſtate, determin'd kept 845

Some ruling point in view : when, on the ſtock
 Of public good and glory grafted, ſpread
 Their palms, their laurels ; or, if thence they ſtray'd,
 Swift to return, and patient of reſtraint :

When regal ſtate, pre-eminence of place, 850
 They ſcorn'd to deem pre-eminence of eaſe,
 To be luxurious drones, that only rob

The busy hive : as in diſtinction, power,
 Indulgence, honour, and advantage, firſt ;

When they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil, 855
 Superior rank ; with equal hand, prepar'd
 To guard the ſubject, and to quell the foe :

When ſuch with Me their vital influence ſhed,
 No mutter'd grievance, hopeleſs ſigh, was heard ;
 No foul diſtruſt through wary ſenates ran, 860

Confin'd their bounty, and their ardor quench'd :
 On aid, unqueſtion'd, liberal aid was given :

Safe

Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
 Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd;
 And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, proclaim 865
 What kings supported by almighty love,
 And people fir'd with liberty, can do.

Be veil'd the savage reigns, when kindred rage
 The numerous-once Plantagenets devour'd,
 A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd 870
 By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
 My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold!
 A cautious tyrant lend it oil anew.

Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,
 As how to fix his throne he jealous cast 875
 His crafty views around; pierc'd with a ray,
 Which on his timid mind I darted full,
 He mark'd the barons of excessive sway,
 At pleasure making and unmaking kings;
 And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd 880
 A law, that let them, by the silent waste
 Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,
 And with that wealth their implicated power.
 By soft degrees a mighty change ensued,
 Ev'n working to this day. With streams, deduc'd 885
 From these diminish'd floods, the country smil'd.
 As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
 To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
 While undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,
 He foams along; but, through Batavian meads, 890
 Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
 Waters a thousand fields; and culture, trade,

Towns,

PART IV. L I B E R T Y. 111

Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landskip rises round.

His furious son the soul-enslaving chain, 895

Which many a doating venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power;

From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds, 900

To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind;
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
Of blood, and horror. The returning light,
That first through Wickliff streak'd the priestly gloom,

Now burst in open day. Bar'd to the blaze, 905

Forth from the haunts of superstition crawl'd
Her motly sons, fantastic figures all;

And, wide-dispers'd, their useles fetid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.

Trade, join'd to these, on every sea display'd 910

A daring canvass, pour'd with every tide
A golden flood. From other worlds were roll'd

The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,
By the plain Indian happily despis'd,

Yet work'd his woe; and to the blissful groves, 915

Where nature liv'd herself among her sons,

And innocence and joy for ever dwelt,
Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,

The worst the zeal-inflam'd barbarian drew.

Be no such horrid commerce, Britain, thine! 920

But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

The commons thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,

Against

Against the barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
 Amid these doubtful motions, steady, gave
 The beam to fix. She! like the Secret Eye 925
 That never closes on a guarded world,
 So fought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the public good,
 That self-supported, without one ally,
 She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
 Inspir'd by Me, beneath her sheltering arm, 930
 In spite of raging *universal sway*,
 And raging seas repress'd, the Belgic states,
 My bulwark on the continent, arose.
 Matchless in all the spirit of her days!
 With confidence, unbounded, fearless love 935
 Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
 Cheerful demanded the long threaten'd fleet,
 And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle.
 Nor ceas'd the British thunder here to rage:
 The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call; 940
 In fire and smoke Iberian ports involv'd,
 The trembling foe ev'n to the centre shook
 Of their new-conquer'd world, and skulking stole
 By veering winds their Indian treasure home.
 Meantime, peace, plenty, justice, science, arts, 945
 With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.
 As yet uncircumscrib'd the regal power,
 And wild and vague Prerogative remain'd,
 A wide voracious gulph, where swallow'd oft
 The helpless subject lay. This to reduce 950
 To the just limit was My great effort.
 By means, that evil seem to narrow man,

Superior

Superior beings work their myftic will :
 From ftorm and trouble thus a fettled calm,
 At laft, effulgent, o'er Britannia fmil'd. 955
 The gathering tempeft, Heaven-commiffion'd, came,
 Came in the prince, who, drunk with flattery, dreamt
 His vain pacific counfels rul'd the world ;
 Though fcorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
 Of fruitlefs treaties ; while at home enflav'd, 960
 And by a worthlefs crew infatiate drain'd,
 He loft his people's confidence and love :
 Irreparable lofs ! whence crowns become
 An anxious burden. Years inglorious pafs'd :
 Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd : 965
 Abandon'd Frederick pin'd, and Raleigh bled.
 But nothing that to thefe internal broils,
 That rancour, he began ; while lawlefs fway
 He, with his flavifh doctores, try'd to rear
 On metaphyfic, on enchanted ground, 970
 And all the mazy quibbles of the fchools :
 As if for one, and fometimes for the worft,
 Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
 Vain the pretence ! not fo the dire effect,
 The fierce, the foolifh difcord thence deriv'd, 975
 That tears the country ftill, by party-rage
 And minifterial clamour kept alive.
 In action weak, and for the wordy war
 Beft fitted, faint this prince purfued his claim :
 Content to teach the fubject-herd, how great, 980
 How facred he ! how defpicable they !
 But his unyielding fon thefe doctines drank,

With all a bigot's rage (who never damps
 By reasoning his fire); and what they taught
 Warm, and tenacious, into practice push'd. 985
 Senates, in vain, their kind restraint apply'd :
 The more they struggled to support the laws,
 His justice-dreading ministers the more
 Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the check
 Of faithful love, and with the flattery pleas'd 990
 Of false designing guilt, the fountain he
 Of public wisdom and of justice shut.
 Wide mourn'd the land. Strait to the voted aid
 Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,
 Th' illegal imposition follow'd harsh, 995
 With execration given, or ruthless squeez'd
 From an insulted people, by a band
 Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.
 Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
 Her unrelenting train : informers, spies, 1000
 Blood-hounds, that sturdy freedom to the grove
 Pursue ; projectors of aggrieving schemes,
 Commerce to load for unprotected seas,
 To sell the starving many to the few,
 And drain a thousand ways th' exhausted land. 1005
 Ev'n from that healing place, whence peace should flow,
 And gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed
 Their poison round ; and on the venal bench,
 Instead of justice, party held the scale,
 And violence the sword. Afflicted years, 1010
 Too patient, felt at last their vengeance full.
 Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear

And

PART IV. LIBERTY. 115

And mingled rage, My Hambden rais'd his voice,
And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more
In judgment sat, behov'd some other ear. 1015
When instant from the keen resentive north,
By long oppression by religion rous'd,
The guardian army came. Beneath its wing
Was call'd, though meant to furnish hostile aid,
The more than Roman senate. There a flame 1020
Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the land.
In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,
While, full of Me, each agitated soul
Strung every nerve and flam'd in every eye, 1025
Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd!
Such heads and hearts! such dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majestic wisdom, taught its course
What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fir'd
With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere 1030
To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,
And for the future to secure their sway.

This then the purpose of my mildest sons.
But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
(Chief, should the breath of factious fury blow, 1035
With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swell'd)
Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
In heighten'd blaze; and, ever wise and just,
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm. 1040
Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt,
And by confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,

King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground,
 Successive, rush'd—Lo! from their ashes rose,
 Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phoenix-State. 1045

The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke
 Of private life, lay by those flames dissolv'd;
 And, from the wasteful, the luxurious king,
 Was purchas'd that which taught the young to bend.
 Stronger restor'd, the commons tax'd the whole, 1050
 And built on that eternal rock their power.

The crown, of its hereditary wealth
 Despoil'd, on senates more dependent grew,
 And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
 And in full vigour spread that bitter root, 1055
 The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
 Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.

This wild delusive cant; the rash cabal
 Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey;
 The bigot, restless in a double chain 1060
 To bind anew the land; the constant need
 Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,
 And flattering senates, to supply his waste;
 These tore some moments from the careless prince,
 And in his breast awak'd the kindred plan. 1065

By dangerous softness long he min'd his way;
 By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
 By sharing what corruption shower'd, profuse;
 By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
 And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive. 1070

At last subsided the delirious joy,
 On whose high billow, from the faintly reign

The

The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
 Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold;
 The port pernicious fold, the Scylla since,
 1075 And fell Charybdis of the British seas;
 Freedom attack'd abroad, with surer blow
 To cut it off at home; the saviour-league
 Of Europe broke; the progress ev'n advanc'd
 Of universal sway, which to reduce
 1080 Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
 The millions, by a generous people given,
 Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
 And awe the land with forces not their own,
 Employ'd; the darling church herself betray'd;
 1085 All these, broad glaring, op'd the general eye,
 And wak'd my spirit, the resisting soul.

Mild was, at first, and half ashamed, the check
 Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
 Of absolute submission, tenets vile!
 1090 Which slaves would blush to own, and which, reduc'd
 To practice, always honest nature shock.
 Not ev'n the mask remov'd, and the fierce front
 Of tyranny disclos'd; nor trampled laws;
 Nor seiz'd each badge of freedom through the land;
 Nor Sidney bleeding for th' unpublish'd page;
 Nor on the bench avow'd corruption plac'd,
 And murderous rage itself, in Jefferies' form;
 Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,
 Cruel, and false, could raise the public arm.
 1100 Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs
 Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,

The patient publick turns not, till impell'd
 To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
 The bigot king, and hurried fated on 1105
 His meafures immature. But chief his zeal,
 Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous scar'd
 The troubled nation : Mary's horrid days
 To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
 Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew. 1110
 Yet filence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
 Rueful amazement, preffing down his rage :
 As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
 Awefully still, waiting the high command
 To spring. Strait from his country Europe fav'd, 1115
 To save Britannia, lo ! my darling son,
 Than hero more ! the patriot of mankind !
 Immortal Nassau came. I hush'd the deep,
 By demons rous'd, and bade the lifted winds,
 Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath, 1120
 Waft the Deliverer to the longing shore.
 See ! wide alive, the foaming Channel bright
 With swelling fails, and all the pride of war,
 Delightful view ! when Justice draws the sword :
 And, mark ! diffusing ardent soul around, 1125
 And sweet contempt of death, My streaming flag.
 Ev'n adverse navies blefs'd the binding gale,
 Kept down the glad acclaim, and filent joy'd.
 Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waste of arms
 His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host 1130
 For once, in yielding, their best victory found,
 And by desertion prov'd exalted faith ;

While

While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine 1135
The furge of wild prerogative, to raise
A mound restraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes, 1140
Sustaining weighty seas. This, often fav'd
By more than human hand, the publick saw,
And seiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to yield
Destructive power, a wise heroic prince
Ev'n lent his aid—Thrice happy! did they know 1145
Their happiness, Britannia's bounded Kings.
What though not their's the boast, in dungeon glooms,
To plunge bold freedom; or, to cheerless wilds,
To drive him from the cordial face of friend;
Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour, 1150
By mandate blind, not justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day.
What though no glory to control the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it! what though, tools of wanton power,
Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call!
What though they give not a relentless crew
Of civil furies, proud oppression's fangs!
To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With starving labour pampering idle waste. 1160
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltless tear from lone affliction's eye;

To raise hid merit, set th' alluring light
 Of virtue high to view; to nourish arts,
 Direct the thunder of an injur'd state, 1165
 Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
 Bless human kind, and through the downward depth
 Of future times to spread that better sun
 Which lights up British soul: for deeds like these,
 The dazzling fair career unbounded lies; 1170
 While (still superior bliss!) the dark abrupt
 Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
 Oh, luxury divine! O, poor to this,
 Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones!
 By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven, 1175
 By boundless good, without the power of ill.
 And now behold! exalted as the cope
 That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,
 And like it free, My Fabrick stands complete,
 The Palace of the Laws. To the four heavens 1180
 Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,
 With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd,
 Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks
 Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
 The sheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows, 1185
 And glad contentment echoes round the whole.
 Ye floods, descend! ye winds, confirming, blow!
 Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,
 Nought but the felon undermining hand
 Of dark Corruption, can its frame dissolve, 1190
 And lay the toil of ages in the dust.

NOTES on PART IV.

- Ver. 49. Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.
- Ver. 52. Civil tyranny.
- Ver. 86. Crusades.
- Ver. 91. The corruptions of the church of Rome.
- Ver. 94. Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.
- Ver. 96. Duelling.
- Ver. 123. The hierarchy.
- Ver. 141. The Hercules of Farnese.
- Ver. 153. The fighting gladiator.
- Ver. 156. The dying gladiator.
- Ver. 164. The Apollo of Belvidere.
- Ver. 175. The Venus of Medici.
- Ver. 185. The groupe of Laocoon and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.
- Ver. 186. See *Æneid* ii. ver. 199—227.
- Ver. 208. It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, the most celebrated master of modern sculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inspiration, or enthusiastical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.
- Ver. 213, 214. Esteemed the two finest pieces of modern sculpture.
- Ver. 244. The school of the Caracci.
- Ver. 266. The river Arno runs through Florence.
- Ver. 269. The republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably subject to the Great Duke

Duke of Tuscany, except it be Lucca, which still maintains the form of a republic.

Ver. 282. The Genoese territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages for the most part lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

Ver. 284. According to Dr. Burnet's system of the deluge.

Ver. 293. Venice was the most flourishing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope and America were discovered.

Ver. 294. Those who fled to some marshes in the Adriatic gulph, from the desolation spread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, first founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

Ver. 319. The main ocean.

Ibid. Great Britain.

Ver. 325. The Swiss Cantons.

Ver. 329. Geneva, situated on the Lacus Lemanus, a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

Ver. 347. The Swiss, after having been long absent from their native country, are seized with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the Swiss sickness.

Ver. 366. The Hans Towns.

Ver. 372. The Swedes.

Ver. 377. See note on verse 678.

Ver. 624. Great Britain was peopled by the Celtæ, or Gauls.

Ver.

Ver. 630. The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

Ver. 645. The Roman empire.

Ver. 647. Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts; whither a great many Britons, who would not submit to the Romans, retired.

Ver. 652. The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite cross the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway frith.

Ver. 654. Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

Ver. 658. The Roman empire being miserably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

Ver. 662. The Britons applying to Ætius the Roman general for assistance, thus expressed their miserable condition.—“ We know not which way to turn us. “ The barbarians drive us to sea, and the sea forces us “ back to the barbarians; between which we have only “ the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed up “ by the waves, or butchered by the sword.”

Ver. 665. King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons: they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.

Ver. 666. Queen of the Iceni: her story is well known.

Ver. 678. It is certain, that an opinion was fixed
and

and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprizes, to the conquest of their neighbours and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls made of the skulls of their enemies they had slain; according to the number of whom, every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained.

Sir William Temple's Essay on Heroic Virtue.

Ver. 701. The seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief, or monarch, and by the means of an assembly general, or Wittenagemot.

Ver. 704. Egbert, king of Wessex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England,

Ver. 709. A famous Danish standard was called *reafan*, or *raven*. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the raven wrought upon this standard clapt its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

Ver.

Ver. 733. Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of juries.

Ver. 736. The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II. the last of the Saxon kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made himself master of England.

Ver. 748. Edward III. the Confessor, who reduced the West-Saxon, Mercian, and Danish laws into one body; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of the Laws of Edward.

Ver. 755. The curfew bell (from the French *cou-srefeu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the English to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine.

Ver. 762. The New Forest in Hampshire; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compass was laid waste.

Ver. 775. On the 5th of June, 1215, King John, met by the barons on Runnemeade, signed the Great Charter of Liberties, or Magna Charta.

Ver. 784. The league formed by the barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the king.

Ver. 796. The commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires; and to a parliament called in the year following, each coun-

ty

ty was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgeses. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the house of commons to that æra.

Ver. 840. Edward III. and Henry V.

Ver. 865. Three famous battles, gained by the English over the French.

Ver. 868. During the civil wars, betwixt the families of York and Lancaster.

Ver. 873. Henry VII.

Ver. 879. The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the King-maker.

Ver. 881. Permitting the barons to alienate their lands.

Ver. 895. Henry VIII.

Ibid. Of papal dominion.

Ver. 904. John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

Ver. 906. Suppression of monasteries.

Ver. 912. The Spanish West-Indies.

Ver. 931. The dominion of the house of Austria.

Ver. 937. The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Ver. 957. James I.

Ver.

Ver. 966. Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen king of Bohemia, but was stript of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James the First, his father-in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

Ver. 970. The monstrous, and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

Ver. 975. The parties of Whig and Tory.

Ver. 982. Charles I.

Ver. 991. Parliaments.

Ver. 1003. Ship-money.

Ver. 1004. Monopolies.

Ver. 1008. The raging High Church sermons of these times, inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.

Ver. 1045. At the restoration.

Ver. 1048. Charles II.

Ver. 1049. Court of Wards.

Ver. 1075. Dunkirk.

Ver. 1077. The war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

Ver. 1078. The triple alliance.

Ver. 1080. Under Lewis XIV.

Ver. 1084. A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

Ver. 1095. The charters of corporations.

Ver. 1105. James II.

Ver. 1119. The Prince of Orange, in his passage to
England,

England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

Ver. 1122. Rapin, in his History of England.—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war.—It is not easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

Ver. 1126. The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their Highnesses' arms surrounded with this motto, The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England; and underneath the motto of the house of Nassau, Je Maintiendrai, I will maintain. RAPIN.

Ver. 1127. The English fleet.

Ver. 1130. The king's army.

Ver. 1143. By the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succession.

Ver. 1144. William III.

THE
P R O S P E C T:

Being the FIFTH PART of

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

VOL. II.

K

The CONTENTS of PART V.

The Author addresses the Goddesses of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence; to ver. 88. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there; to ver. 374. Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, sciences, fine arts, and public works. The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government; to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a prospect of future times, given by the Goddesses of Liberty: this described by the Author, as it passes in vision before him.

L I B E R T Y.

P A R T V.

HERE interposing, as the Goddess paus'd;—
 “ Oh, blest Britannia! in thy presence blest,
 “ Thou guardian of mankind! whence spring, alone,
 “ All human grandeur, happiness, and fame:
 “ For toil, by Thee protected, feels no pain; 5
 “ The poor man’s lot with milk and honey flows;
 “ And, gilded with thy rays, ev’n death looks gay.
 “ Let other lands the potent blessings boast
 “ Of more exalting suns. Let Asia’s woods,
 “ Untended, yield the vegetable fleece: 10
 “ And let the little insect-artist form,
 “ On higher life intent, its silken tomb.
 “ Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose,
 “ The various-tinctur’d children of the sun.
 “ From the prone beam let more delicious fruits 15
 “ A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste
 “ Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst
 “ With floods of joy; with mild balsamic juice
 “ The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe
 “ Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil. 20
 “ Turbid with gold let southern rivers flow;
 “ And orient floods draw soft, o’er pearls, their maze.

" Let Afric vaunt her treasures; let Peru
 " Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed
 " The yellow traitor that her blifs betray'd,— 25
 " Unequal'd blifs!—and to unequal'd rage!
 " Yet nor the gorgeous east, nor golden south,
 " Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd world,
 " Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praise,
 " Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddess, she 30
 " Derives her praise from Thee, her matchless charms.
 " Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own;
 " And, warm with culture, her thick-clustering fields
 " Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
 " Her meads; her gardens smile eternal spring. 35
 " She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,
 " Ardent, to rush into the rapid chace:
 " She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours
 " Unnumber'd flocks: she weaves the fleecy robe,
 " That wraps the nations: she, to lusty droves, 40
 " The richest pasture spreads; and, her's, deep-wave
 " Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.
 " These her delights: and by no baneful herb,
 " No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,
 " No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent roll'd 45
 " In spires immense progressive o'er the land,
 " Disturb'd. Enlivening these, add cities, full
 " Of wealth, of trade, of chearful toiling crowds:
 " Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
 " Innumerable sow'd along the lively vale, 50
 " Where bold unrival'd peasants happy dwell:
 " Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks
 " Embosom'd

" Embosom'd high, while kindred floods below
 " Wind through the mead; and those of modern hand,
 " More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar. 55
 " Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,
 " Where swarm the finny race? Thee, chief, O Thames!
 " On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,
 " Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind?
 " And thee, thou Severn, whose prodigious swell, 60
 " And waves, resounding, imitate the main?
 " Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
 " That point around the world? and why her seas?
 " All ocean is her own, and every land
 " To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears. 65
 " She too the mineral feeds: th' obedient lead,
 " The warlike iron, nor the peaceful lefs,
 " Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond;
 " And that the Tyrian merchant sought of old,
 " Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame. 70
 " She rears to freedom an undaunted race:
 " Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,
 " Her's the warm Cambrian: her's the lofty Scot,
 " To hardship tam'd, active in arts and arms,
 " Fir'd with a restless, an impatient flame, 75
 " That leads him raptur'd where ambition calls:
 " And English merit her's; where meet, combin'd,
 " Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
 " An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,
 " And firm tenacious valour can bestow. 80
 " Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, She!
 " Great nurse of men! By Thee, O Goddess, taught,

" Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
 " Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing
 " A strain the Muses never touch'd before." 85
 " But how shall this thy mighty kingdom stand?
 " On what unyielding base? how finish'd shine?"
 At this Her eye, collecting all its fire,
 Beam'd more than human; and Her awful voice,
 Majestic thus she rais'd—" To Britons bear 90
 " This closing strain, and with intenser note
 " Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear."
 On Virtue can alone My kingdom stand,
 On Public Virtue, every Virtue join'd.
 For, lost this social cement of mankind, 95
 The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,
 Will moulder soft away; till, tottering loose,
 They prone at last to total ruin rush.
 Unblest by Virtue, government a league
 Becomes, a circling junto of the great, 100
 To rob by law; religion mild a yoke
 To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state
 To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.
 What are without It Senates, save a face
 Of consultation deep and reason free, 105
 While the determin'd voice and heart are sold?
 What boasted freedom, save a sounding name?
 And what election, but a market vile
 Of slaves self-barter'd? Virtue! without Thee,
 There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states; 110
 War has no vigour, and no safety peace:
 Ev'n justice warps to party, laws oppress,

Wide

PART V. L I B E R T Y. 135

Wide through the land their weak protection fails,
First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.
Thus nations sink, society dissolves; 115
Rapine and guile and violence break loose,
Everting life, and turning love to gall;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Libya's hissing sands to him are tame.
By those Three Virtues be the frame sustain'd 120
Of British Freedom: Independent life;
Integrity in Office; and, o'er all
Supreme, A Passion for the Common-weal.
Hail! Independance, hail! Heaven's next best gift,
To that of life and an immortal soul! 125
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
Of public freedom, hail, thou secret source!
Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form
My better Nile, that nurses human life.
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
The private field looks gay, with nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That nature craves. Its happy master there, 135
The only Free-man, walks his pleasing round:
Sweet-featur'd Peace attending; fearless Truth;
Firm Resolution; Goodness, blessing all
That can rejoice; Contentment, surest friend;
And, still fresh stores from nature's book deriv'd, 140
Philosophy, companion ever-new.
These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,

When into action call'd, his busy hours.
 Meantime true judging moderate desires,
 Oeconomy and taste, combin'd, direct 145
 His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
 Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
 Whom fortune heaps, without these virtues, reach
 That truce with pain, that animated ease,
 That self-enjoyment springing from within; 150
 That Independance, active, or retir'd,
 Which make the soundest blifs of man below :
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
 And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
 A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train, 155
 Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves.
 Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expence,
 They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame.
 Instead of hearty hospitable chear,
 See! how the hall with brutal riot flows; 160
 While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,
 The country maddens into party-rage.
 Mark! those disgraceful piles of wood and stone;
 Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimm'd,
 And nature by presumptuous art oppress'd, 165
 The woodland genius mourns. See! the full board
 That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy :
 No truth invited there, to feed the mind ;
 Nor wit, the wine rejoicing reason quaffs.
 Hark! how the dome with insolence resounds, 170
 With those retain'd by vanity to scare
 Repose and friends. To tyrant fashion mark

The

The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
 Of fools. From still delusive day to day,
 Led an eternal round of lying hope, 175
 See! self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
 Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck!
 Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,
 With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buz
 Of masquerade unblushing; or, to show 180
 Their scorn of nature, at the tragic scene
 They mirthful fit, or prove the comic true.
 But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
 The civil robbers rang'd; and ev'n the fair,
 The tender fair, each sweetness laid aside, 185
 As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops
 In some sack'd city. Thus dissolv'd their wealth,
 Without one generous luxury dissolv'd,
 Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,
 At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe: 190
 With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
 Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,
 And for their falsehood each despising each;
 Till shook their patron by the wintery winds,
 Wide flies the wither'd shower, and leaves him bare.
 O, far superior Afric's fable sons,
 By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves!
 And, rich, as unsqueeze'd favourite, to them,
 Is he who can his virtue boast alone!
 Britons! be firm!—nor let corruption fly 200
 Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!
 The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds

By

By Cæsar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
 And other Cæfars rose. Determin'd, hold 205
 Your Independance; for, that once destroy'd,
 Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
 That flits aërial from the spreading eye.

Forbid it Heaven! that ever I need urge
 Integrity in Office on My fons! 210

Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
 And whom?—The gracious, the confiding hand,
 That lavishly rewards; the toiling poor,
 Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixt;
 The guardian public; every face they see, 215
 And every friend; nay, in effect, themselves.

As in familiar life, the villain's fate
 Admits no cure; so, when a desperate age
 At this arrives, I the devoted race
 Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away. 220

But, ah, too little known to modern times!
 Be not the noblest passion past un Sung;
 That ray peculiar from unbounded Love
 Effus'd, which kindles the heroic soul;
 Devotion to the Public. Glorious flame! 225

Celestial ardor! in what unknown worlds,
 Profusely scatter'd through the blue immense,
 Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
 Old virtuous Rome, so many deathless names
 From Thee their lustre drew? since, taught by Thee,
 Their poverty put splendor to the blush,
 Pain grew luxurious, and ev'n death delight?

O, wilt

PART V. L I B E R T Y. 139

O, wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this My last retreat ?

'Tis not enough, from self right understood 235

Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart :

Though Virtue not disdains appeals to self,

Dreads not the trial ; all her joys are true,

Nor is there any real joy save her's.

Far less the tepid, the declaiming race, 240

Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,

Or those whom private passions, for a while,

Beneath My standard list, can they suffice

To raise and fix the glory of My Reign ?

An active flood of universal love 245

Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,

The restless spirit roves creation round,

And seizes every being : stronger then

It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search

Of bliss allies : then, more collected still, 250

It urges human-kind : a passion grown,

At last, the central parent-public calls

Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,

The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,

This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers 255

Than those of self, this Heaven-infus'd delight,

This moral gravitation, rushing prone

To press the public good, My system soon,

Traverse, to several selfish centers drawn,

Will reel to ruin : while for ever shut 260

Stand the bright portals of desponding fame.

From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,

None

None of those ancient lights, that gladden earth,
 Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
 To just ambition, Virtue's quickening fire ! 265
 Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
 Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
 A dull gazette ! Th' impatient reader scorns
 The poor historic page ; till kindly comes
 Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame. 270
 Not so the times, when, emulation-stung,
 Greece shone in genius, science, and in arts,
 And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told !
 To live was glory then ! and charm'd mankind,
 Through the deep periods of devolving time, 275
 Those, raptur'd, copy ; these, astonish'd, read.
 True, a corrupted state, with every vice
 And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
 Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye ?
 The pale inveigling smile ? the ruffian front ? 280
 The wretch abandon'd to relentless self,
 Equally vile if miser or profuse ?
 Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt ?
 The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
 The poor and weak, at distance from redress ? 285
 Delirious faction bellowing loud My name ?
 The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast ?
 A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
 My sacred rights a merchandize alone
 Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will * 290
 By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
 As were the dregs of Romulus of old ?

Who

Who these indeed can undetesting see?—
 But who unpitying? To the generous eye
 Distress is virtue; and, though self-betray'd, 295
 A people struggling with their fate must rouse
 The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once,
 Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious then!
 Fit luxury for gods! to save the good,
 Protect the feeble, dash bold vice aside, 300
 Depress the wicked, and restore the frail.
 Posterity, besides, the young are pure,
 And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.

Should then the times arrive (which Heaven avert!)
 That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force 305
 Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
 But by corruption's soul-dejecting arts,
 Arts impudent! and gross! by their own gold,
 In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all.
 With party raging, or immers'd in sloth, 310
 Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
 To sily-conquering Gaul; ev'n from her brow
 Let her own naval oak be basely torn,
 By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,
 And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd. 315
 Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
 Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
 Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,
 That sits serene within the forest-shade;
 The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants, 320
 And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,
 That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd

To

To sell their birthright for a cooling draught.
 Should shameless pens for plain corruption plead ;
 The hir'd assassins of the commonweal ! 325
 Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
 Should public virtue grow the public scoff,
 Till private, failing, staggers through the land :
 Till round the city loose mechanic want,
 Dire-prowling nightly, makes the chearful haunts 330
 Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,
 Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace ;
 And murders, horrors, perjuries abound :
 Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop ;
 The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold ; 335
 And those, on whom the vernal showers of Heaven
 All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,
 A power to live to nature and themselves,
 In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
 With fortune, joyless, and with honours, mean. 340
 Meantime, perhaps, profusion flows around,
 The waste of war, without the works of peace ;
 No mark of millions in the gulph absorpt
 Of uncreating vice, none but the rage
 Of rous'd corruption still demanding more. 345
 That very portion, which (by faithful skill
 Employ'd) might make the smiling publick rear
 Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands
 Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
 A locust-band within, and in the bud 350
 Leaves starv'd each work of dignity and use.
 I paint the worst. But should these times arrive,

If

If any nobler passion yet remain,
 Let all My sons all parties fling aside,
 Despise their nonsense, and together join; 355
 Let worth and virtue scorning low despair,
 Exerted full, from every quarter shine,
 Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to light,
 Moral, or intellectual, more intense
 By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve, 360
 Gradual, the stars effulge; fainter, at first,
 They, straggling, rise; but when the radiant host,
 In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
 Each casting vivid influence on each,
 From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays, 365
 And worlds above rejoice, and men below.

But why to Britons this superfluous strain?—
 Good-nature, honest truth ev'n somewhat blunt,
 Of crooked baseness and indignant scorn,
 A zeal unyielding in their country's cause, 370
 And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—
 Nor only wont—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
 In many a blest retirement still they dwell.

To softer prospect turn we now the view,
 To laurel'd Science, Arts, and Public Works, 375
 That lend My finish'd Fabric comely pride,
 Grandeur, and grace. Of sullen genius he!
 Curs'd by the Muses! by the Graces loath'd!
 Who deems beneath the publick's high regard
 These last enlivening touches of My reign. 380
 However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
 A nation be; let trade enormous rise,

Let

Let east and south their mingled treasure pour,
 Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
 Burst o'er the city, and devour the land : 385
 Yet these neglected, these recording arts,
 Wealth rots, a nuisance; and, oblivious funk,
 That nation must another Carthage lie.

If not by them, on monumental brass,
 On sculptur'd marble, on the deathless page, 390
 Imprest, renown had left no trace behind :

In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
 The legislator plann'd, the hero found
 A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.

Th' awarders they of fame's immortal wreath, 395
 They rouse ambition, they the mind exalt,
 Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
 Delight the general eye, and, dress'd by them,
 The moral Venus glows with double charms.

Science, My close associate, still attends 400
 Wheree'er I go. Sometimes, in simple guise,
 She walks the furrow with the consul swain,

Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
 Direct; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
 Of fancy dress'd, she charms Athenian wits, 405

And a whole sapient city round her burns.
 Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod :
 With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,
 She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat

Unequal'd glory : with the Theban sage, 410
 Epaminondas, first and best of men !

Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,

Above

Above the vulgar reach, resistless form'd,
 March to sure conquest—never gain'd before !
 Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state 415
 Unskilful she : when the triumphant tide
 Of high-swoln empire wears one boundless smile,
 And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
 Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
 And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease, 420
 Where, but th' Aonian maids, no syrens sing ;
 Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,
 While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
 With Tully she her wide-reviving light
 To senates holds, a Catiline confounds. 425
 And saves awhile from Cæsar sinking Rome.
 Such the kind power, whose piercing eye dissolves
 Each mental fetter, and sets reason free ;
 For Me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,
 The more tenacious as the more convinc'd 430
 How happy freemen, and how wretched slaves.
 To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
 The Goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul
 That quickens trade, the breath unseen that wafts
 To them the treasures of a balanc'd world. 435
 But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung
 In daring flight, above all modern wing)
 Neglected droop the head ; and Public Works,
 Broke by corruption into private gain,
 Not ornament, disgrace ; not serve, destroy. 440
 Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom rul'd
 Beneath one royal head, whose vital power

Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;
 In finer arts, and public works, shall they
 To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends, 445
 Deprest, and broke, beneath the will of one?
 Of one who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,
 Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
 Calls locust-armies o'er the blasted land:
 Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,
 His own insatiate reservoir to fill:
 To the lone desert patriot-merit frowns,
 Or into dungeons arts, when they, their chains,
 Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works
 All other licence scorn but Truth's and Mine. 455
 Oh, shame to think! shall Britons, in the field
 Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose?
 Ev'n in that monarch's reign, who vainly dreamt,
 By giddy power, betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
 To grasp unbounded sway; while, swarming round,
 His armies dar'd all Europe to the field;
 To hostile hands while treasure flow'd profuse,
 And, that great source of treasure, subjects' blood,
 Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land;
 From Britain, chief, while My superior sons, 465
 In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
 And bade his agonizing heart be low:
 Ev'n then, as in the golden calm of peace!
 What public works at home, what arts arose!
 What various science shone! what genius glow'd! 470
 'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot
 O'er fair extents of land, the shining road;

PART V. L I B E R T Y. 147

The flood-compelling arch; the long canal,
Through mountains piercing, and uniting seas;
The dome resounding sweet with infant joy, 475
From famine fav'd, or cruel-handed shame,
And that where valour counts his noble scars;
The land where social pleasure loves to dwell,
Of the fierce demon, Gothic duel, freed;
The robber from his farthest forest chac'd; 480
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into sure peace the best police refin'd,
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record, how honour'd Arts,
And Science, by despotic bounty bless'd, 485
At distance flourish'd from My parent-eye,
Restoring ancient taste, how Boileau rose.
How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
The trembling stage. In elegant Racine;
How the more powerful, though more humble voice
Of nature-painting Greece, resitless, breath'd
The whole-awaken'd heart. How Moliere's scene,
Chastis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
Was life itself. To public honours rais'd, 495
How learning in warm seminaries spread;
And, more for glory than the small reward,
How emulation strove. How their pure tongue
Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their arms.
From Rome, awhile, how Painting, courted long, 500
With Pouffin came; ancient Design, that lifts
A fairer front, and looks another soul.

How the kind art, that, of unvalued price,
 The fam'd and only picture, easy, gives,
 Refin'd her touch, and, through the shadow'd piece,
 All the live spirit of the painter pour'd.
 Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
 A look, and bade her Girardon arise.
 How lavish grandeur blaz'd; the barren waste,
 Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell, 510
 And fountains spout amid it's arid shades.
 For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
 How forests in majestic gardens smil'd.
 How menial arts, by their gay sisters taught,
 Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd 515
 In joyous figures o'er the filky lawn,
 The palace cheer'd, illum'd the story'd wall,
 And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom.
 These laurels, Louis, by the droppings rais'd
 Of thy profusion, it's dishonour shade, 520
 And, green through future times, shall bind thy brow;
 While the vain honours of perfidious war
 Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.
 With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
 And stole a deeper root, by the full tide 525
 Of war-sunk millions fed? Superior still,
 How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
 In Britain planted, by the potent juice
 Of freedom swell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of arts,
 A false uncertain spring, when bounty gives, 530
 Weak without me, a transitory gleam.
 Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies

PART V. L I B E R T Y. 149

Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow;
Till arts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
Their tender blossom : then malignant rise 535

The blights of envy, of those insect-clouds,
That, blasting merit, often cover courts :
Nay, should, perchance, some kind Mæcenas aid
The doubtful beamings of his Prince's soul,
His wavering ardor fix, and unconfin'd 540

Diffuse his warm beneficence around ;
Yet death, at last, and wintery tyrants come,
Each sprig of genius killing at the root.

But when with Me Imperial Bounty joins,
Wide o'er the public blows eternal spring : 545

While mingled autumn every harvest pours
Of every land ; whate'er invention, art,
Creating toil and nature can produce.

Here ceas'd the Goddess ; and Her ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow, 550

Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer.

“ Oh, forming light of life ! O, better sun !
“ Sun of mankind ! by whom the cloudy north,
“ Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian skies, 555

“ That, unstain'd æther all, diffusive smile :
“ *When shall we call these ancient laurels ours ?*
“ *And when Thy work complete ?*” Straight with her

Celestial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes. [hand,
As at the touch of day the shades dissolve, 560

So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,
That dims the dawn of being here below :

The future shone disclos'd, and, in long view,
Bright rising æras instant rush'd to light.

“ They come! Great Goddess! I the times behold!
“ The times our fathers, in the bloody field,
“ Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,
“ In the warm struggles of the senate fight.
“ The times I see! whose glory to supply,
“ For toiling ages, commerce round the world 570
“ Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land
“ Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with Rome
“ Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.
“ Lo! Princes I behold! contriving still,
“ And still conducting firm some brave design; 575
“ Kings! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,
“ Burst the blockade of false designing men,
“ Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,
“ And of the blinding clouds around them thrown:
“ Their court rejoicing millions; worth alone, 580
“ And virtue dear to them; their best delight,
“ In just proportion, to give general joy;
“ Their jealous care Thy kingdom to maintain;
“ The public glory theirs; unsparing love
“ Their endless treasure; and their deeds their praise,
“ With Thee they work. Nought can resist your force:
“ Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats,
“ Strong spread the blooms of genius, science, art;
“ His bashful bounds disclosing merit breaks;
“ And, big with fruits of glory, virtue blows 590
“ Expansive o'er the land. Another race
“ Of generous youth, of patriot-fires, I see!

“ Not

" Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
 " Of court, and ball and play; those venal souls,
 " Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands, 595
 " That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.
 " I see the Fountain's purg'd? whence life derives
 " A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind
 " Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
 " Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud, 600
 " But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of truth.
 " Then, beam'd through fancy the refining ray,
 " And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
 " At once informing light and moving flame;
 " Till moral, public, graceful action crowns 605
 " The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
 " In all that mind or body can adorn,
 " And form to life. Instead of barren heads,
 " Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
 " And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits, 610
 " Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are form'd.
 " Lo! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
 " Unpurchas'd shines on all, and from her beam,
 " Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew,
 " That prowl amid the darkness they themselves 615
 " Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves,
 " See! how her legal furies bite the lip,
 " While Yorks and Talbots their deep snares detect,
 " And seize swift justice through the clouds they raise.
 " See! social Labour lifts his guarded head, 620
 " And men not yield to government in vain.
 " From the sure land is rooted ruffian force,

" And, the lewd nurse of villains, idle waste; [bow],
 " Lo! raz'd their haunts, down-dash'd their maddening
 " A nation's poison! beauteous order reigns! 625
 " Manly submission, unimposing toil,
 " Trade without guile, civility that marks
 " From the foul herd of brutal slaves thy sons,
 " And fearless peace. Or should affronting war
 " To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just, 630
 " Unfailing fields of freemen I behold!
 " That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
 " Their own blest isle against a leagu'ing world.
 " Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,
 " Dissolv'd her dream of universal sway: 635
 " The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain;
 " And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.
 " Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing funs,
 " Gay colonies extend; the calm retreat
 " Of undeserv'd distress, the better home 640
 " Of those whom bigots chace from foreign lands.
 " Not built on rapine, servitude, and woe,
 " And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey;
 " But, bound by social freedom, firm they rise;
 " Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd, 645
 " And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah sees.
 " Horrid with want and misery, no more
 " Our streets the tender passenger afflict.
 " Nor shivering age, nor sickness without friend,
 " Or home, or bed to bear his burning load, 650
 " Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earn'd
 " Its guiltless pangs, I see! The stores, profuse,
 " Which

" Which British Bounty has to these assign'd,
 " No more the sacrilegious riot swell
 " Of cannibal devourers ! Right apply'd, 655
 " No starving wretch the land of freedom stains :
 " If poor, employment finds ; if old, demands,
 " If sick, if maim'd, his miserable due ;
 " And will, if young, repay the fondest care.
 " Sweet sets the fun of stormy life, and sweet 660
 " The morning shines, in mercy's dews array'd.
 " Lo ! how they rise ! these families of Heaven !
 " That ! chief, (but why—ye bigots !—why so late ?)
 " Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age :
 " What smiles of praise ! and, while their song ascends,
 " The listening seraph lays his lute aside.
 " Hark ! the gay Muses raise a nobler strain,
 " With active nature, warm impassion'd truth,
 " Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
 " Of various string, and heart-felt image fill'd. 670
 " Behold ! I see the dread delightful school
 " Of temper'd passions, and of polish'd life,
 " Restor'd : behold ! the well-diffembled scene
 " Calls from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,
 " Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again. 675
 " Lo ! vanish'd monster-land. Lo ! driven away
 " Those that Apollo's sacred walls prophane :
 " Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
 " Unknown to nature, chaos more confus'd,
 " O'er the brute scene its ouran-outangs pours ; 680
 " Detested forms ! that, on the mind imprest,
 " Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.

“ Behold !

- " Behold! all thine again the Sister-Arts,
 " Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.
 " Nurs'd by the treasure from a nation drain'd 685
 " Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouse
 " Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought;
 " Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,
 " The gaudy tools, and prisoners, no more.
 " Lo! numerous domes a Burlington confess: 690
 " For kings and senates fit, the palace see!
 " The temple breathing a religious awe;
 " Ev'n fram'd with elegance the plain retreat,
 " The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
 " Taste, never idly working, saves expence. 695
 " See! Sylvan scenes, where art, alone, pretends
 " To dress her mistresses, and disclose her charms:
 " Such as a Pope in miniature has shown;
 " A Bathurst o'er the widening forest spreads;
 " And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe.
 " August, around, what public works I see!
 " Lo! stately streets, lo! squares that court the breeze,
 " In spite of those to whom pertains the care,
 " Ingulphing more than founded Roman ways,
 " Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land, 705
 " Connecting sea to sea, the solid road.
 " Lo! the proud arch (no vile exactor's stand)
 " With easy sweep bestrides the chafing flood.
 " See! long canals, and deepen'd rivers join
 " Each part with each, and with the circling main 710
 " The whole enliven'd isle. Lo! ports expand,
 " Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms.
 " Lo!

PART V. L I B E R T Y. 155

“ Lo! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
“ On every pointed coast the light-house towers;
“ And, by the broad imperious mole repell'd, 715
“ Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars.”

As thick to view these varied wonders rose,
Shook all my soul with transport, unassur'd,
The Vision broke; and, on my waking eye,
Rush'd the still ruins of dejected Rome. 720

NOTES

NOTES on PART V.

Ver. 69. Tin.

Ver. 285. Lord Moleworth in his account of Denmark says,—It is observed, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the seat of the government is advantageous to the subjects; whilst the distant provinces are less thriving, and more liable to oppression.

Ver. 409. The famous retreat of the Ten Thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

Ver. 414. Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories. Plutarch in Agesilaus.

Ver. 458. Lewis XIV.

Ver. 473. The canal of Languedoc.

Ver. 475 & 477. The hospitals for foundlings and invalids.

Ver. 496. The academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.

Ver. 503. Engraving.

Ver. 518. The tapestry of the Gobelins.

Ver. 663. An hospital for foundlings.

Ver. 680. A creature which, of all brutes, most resembles man.—See Dr. Tyson's treatise on this animal.

Ver. 699. Okely woods, near Cirencester.

A P O E M,

A P O E M,

Sacred to the Memory of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

Inscribed to the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth,
 To mingle with his stars; and every Muse,
 Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
 Of honours due to his illustrious name?
 But what can man? Ev'n now the sons of light, 5
 In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,
 Hail his arrival on the coast of blifs.

Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,
 And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
 Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aspire, 10
 In nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can you show your guest!
 Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
 Clouded in dust, from motion's simple laws,
 Could trace the secret hand of Providence, 15
 Wide-working through this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the suns,
 And planets, to their spheres! th' unequal task
 Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
 O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd 20
 The pride of schools, before their course was known
 Full in its causes and effects to him,
 All-piercing sage! Who sat not down and dream'd
 Romantic schemes, defended by the din

Of

Of specious words, and tyranny of names; 25
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the system dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and fore deeds 35
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all subdued by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing through, he by the blended power 40
Of *gravitation* and *projection* saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the moons
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen. 45
He also fix'd our wandering queen of night,
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her every motion clear-discerning, he 50
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning: till again

The

To the Memory of Sir ISAAC NEWTON. 159

The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves 55
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Through the blue infinite; and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube, 60
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyfs;
Or such as farther in successive skies
To fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system: all combin'd, 65
And rul'd unerring by that single power,
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O, unprofuse magnificence divine!
O, wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things, 70
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe compleat! And, O belov'd
Of Heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly seann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame. 75

He, first of men, with awful wing pursued
The comet through the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerable worlds he wound his way;
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew, 80
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
Of whirling *vortices*, and circling *spheres*,
To their first great simplicity restor'd.

The

The schools astonish'd stood ; but found it vain 85
 To combat still with demonstration strong,
 And, unawaken'd dream beneath the blaze
 Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
 With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
 When Newton rose, our philosophic fun. 90

Th' ærial flow of sound was known to him,
 From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
 Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
 Nor could the darting beam of speed immense,
 Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye. 95

Ev'n light itself, which every thing displays,
 Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
 Untwisted all the shining robe of day ;
 And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
 Collecting every ray into his kind, 100

To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
 Of parent-colours. First the flaming red
 Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny orange next ;
 And next delicious yellow ; by whose side
 Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green. 105

Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
 Ethereal play'd ; and then, of fadder hue,
 Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
 The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost.
 While the last gleamings of refracted light 110
 Dy'd in the fainting violet away.

These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
 Shine out distinct adown the watery bow ;
 While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends

Delightful,

To the Memory of Sir ISAAC NEWTON. 161

Delightful, melting on the fields beneath. 115

Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,

And myriads still remain; infinite source

Of beauty, ever-blushing, ever-new!

Did ever poet image aught so fair,

Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook!

Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends!

Ev'n now the setting sun and shifting clouds,

Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare

How just, how beautiful, the *refractive law*.

The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down 125

To vast eternity's unbounded sea,

Where the green islands of the happy shine,

He stemm'd alone; and to the source (involv'd

Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd

His lights at equal distances, to guide 130

Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who

His high discoveries sing? when but a few

Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds

To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought, 135

How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme?

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd

Responsive to his knowledge! For could he,

Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw

The finish'd university of things, 140

In all its order, magnitude, and parts,

Forbear incessant to adore that power

Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,

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M

Who

Who saw him in the softest lights of life, 145
 All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
 The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
 Oh, speak the wondrous man ! how mild, how calm,
 How greatly humble, how divinely good ;
 How firm establish'd on eternal truth ; 150
 Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
 Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
 And panting for perfection : far above
 Those little cares, and visionary joys,
 That to perplex the fond impassion'd heart 155
 Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
 You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
 That reach impatient at immortal life,
 Against the prime endearing privilege 160
 Of being dare contend, say, can a soul
 Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
 Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
 Of spirits dancing through their tubes awhile,
 And then for ever lost in vacant air ? 165

But, hark ! methinks I hear a warning voice,
 Solemn as when some awful change is come,
 Sound through the world—'Tis done—*The measure's full ;*
And I resign my charge.—Ye mouldering stones,
 That build the towering pyramid, the proud 170
 Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
 By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
 The worship name of hoar antiquity,
 Down to the dust ! what grandeur can ye boast

While

To the Memory of Sir ISAAC NEWTON. 163

While Newton lifts his column to the skies, 175

Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop

Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom

Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,

These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,

And elegiac song. But Newton calls 180

For other notes of gratulation high,

That now he wanders through those endless worlds

He here so well descried, and wondering talks,

And hymns their author with his glad compeers.

O, Britain's boast! whether with angels thou 185

Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,

Who joy to see the honour of their kind;

Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,

Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,

Comparing things with things, in rapture lost, 190

And grateful adoration, for that light

So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,

From Light *himself*; oh, look with pity down

On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!

Exalt the spirit of a downward world! 195

O'er thy dejected country chief preside,

And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,

Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.

For, though deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,

And glories in thy name; she points thee out 200

To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:

While, in expectation of the second life,

When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust

Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

A P O E M

To the Memory of the Right Hon. Lord TALBOT,
Lord Chancellor of Great-Britain. Addressed to
his SON.

WHILE, with the public, you, my Lord, lament
 A friend and father lost; permit the Muse,
 The Muse assign'd of old a double theme,
 To praise dead worth, and humble living pride,
 Whose generous task begins where interest ends, 5
 Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
 This cordial verse sincere, by truth inspir'd,
 Which means not to bestow, but borrow fame.
 Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—
 Unhappy that she may.—But where begin? 10
 How from the diamond single out each ray,
 Where all, though trembling with ten thousand hues,
 Effuse one dazzling undivided light?
 Let the low-minded of these narrow days
 No more presume to deem the lofty tale 15
 Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
 Romance. In Talbot we united saw
 The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd soul,
 The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
 Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome. 20
 Eternal Wisdom, that all-quicken'g sun,
 Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
 Directing light and actuating flame,
 Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams

Awaken'd

To the Memory of LORD TALBOT. 165

Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm, 25
Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,
With instantaneous view, the truth of things ;
Chief what to human life and human blifs
Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man :
And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd 30
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,
In confort foul agree ; each heightening each ;
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
What talent, or what virtue, was not his ; 35
What that can render man or great, or good,
Give useful worth, or amiable grace ?
Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd
With selfish peace. The syren of the wise, 40
(Who steals th' Aonian song, and, in the shape
Of virtue, woos them from a worthless world)
Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm,
As silent night, yet active as the day. 45
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Prets to usurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of sneaking interest or luxurious vice, 50
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour through the soul,
Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
With present honour and immortal fame,

Involve the good of all? An empty form 55
 Is the weak virtue, that amid the shade
 Lamenting lies, with future schemes amus'd,
 While wickedness and folly, *kindred powers*,
 Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
 Sprung ardent into action: action, that disdain'd 60
 To lose in deathlike sloth one pulse of life,
 That might be sav'd; disdain'd for coward ease,
 And her insipid pleasures, to resign
 The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,
 And those high joys that teach the truly great 65
 To live for others, and for others die.

Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
 Not breathing more beneficence, the spring
 Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs:
 While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste 70
 Of ruffian storms and winter's lawless rage.
 In him Astrea, to this dim abode
 Of ever-wandering men, return'd again:
 To bless them his delight, to bring them back,
 From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong, 75
 Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
 Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
 His virtues all, collected, fought the good
 Of human-kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt
 The throb of patriots, when they model states: 80
 Anxious for *that*, nor needful sleep could hold
 His still-awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms
 To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;
 Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.

Thus

To the Memory of LORD TALBOT. 167

Thus with unwearied steps, by virtue led, 85
He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill,
Where, rais'd above black envy's darkening clouds,
Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
Be nam'd, victorious ravagers, no more!
Vanish, ye human comets! shrink your blaze! 90
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As, o'er the gazing desolated earth,
You scatter famine, pestilence, and war;
Vanish! before this vernal sun of fame;
Effulgent sweetness! beaming life and joy. 95
How the heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke!
While on th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
Ah! when, ye studious of the laws, again 100
Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?
When shall again the darkest truths, perplex'd,
Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh
And arduous open into smiling ease?
The solid mix with elegant delight? 105
His was the talent with the purest light
At once to pour conviction on the soul,
And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd heart.
That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd
By Heaven—He, sacred to his country's cause, 110
To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,
To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,
Reserv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,

He all that noblest eloquence effus'd, 115
 With generous passion, taught by reason, breathes :
 Then spoke the man ; and, over barren art,
 Prevail'd abundant nature. Freedom then
 His client was, humanity and truth.

Plac'd on the seat of justice, there he reign'd, 120
 In a superior sphere of cloudless day,
 A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
 No dark emotion, no intemperate heat
 No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene
 That round him spread. A zeal for right alone, 125
 The love of justice, like the steady sun,
 Its equal ardour lent ; and sometimes rais'd
 Against the sons of violence, of pride,
 And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
 Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd. 130

As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,
 Yet with progressive patience, step by step,
 Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,
 He through the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,
 Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd, 135
 And ev'n the loser own'd the just decree.

But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,
 Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
 His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
 His insight deep into Britannia's weal, 140
 Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
 And the plain patriot smooth'd the brow of law.
 No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words,
 Fell on the cheated ear ; no study'd maze

To the Memory of LORD TALBOT. 169

Of declamation, to perplex the right, 145

He darkening threw around : safe in itself,

In its own force, all-powerful reason spoke ;

While on the great, the ruling point, at once,

He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain

To lengthen farther out the clear debate. 150

Conviction breathes conviction ; to the heart,

Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence *unbid*,

The heart attends : for let the *venal* try

Their every hardening stupifying art,

Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal, 155

And nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.

Behold him in the councils of his prince.

What faithful light he lends ! How rare, in courts,

Such wisdom ! such abilities ! and, join'd

To virtue so determin'd, public zeal, 160

And honour of such adamant proof,

As ev'n corruption, hopeless, and o'er-aw'd,

Durst not have *tempted* ! Yet of manners mild,

And winning every heart, he knew to please,

Nobly to please ; while equally he scorn'd 165

Or adulation to receive, or give.

Happy the state, where wakes a ruling eye

Of such inspection keen, and general care !

Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,

Toil may resign his careless head to rest, 170

And ever-jealous freedom sleep in peace.

Ah ! lost untimely ! lost in downward days !

And many a patriot counsel with him lost !

Counsels, that might have humbled Britain's foe,

Her

Her native foe, from eldest time by fate 175
 Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.

Let learning, arts, let universal worth,
 Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
 Unlike the sons of vanity, that veil'd
 Beneath the patron's prostituted name, 180

Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
 And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
 When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
 Which he to merit, to the publick, paid,
 And to the great all-bounteous source of good. 185

His sympathizing heart itself receiv'd
 The generous obligation he bestow'd.
 This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
 Their kind protector him the Muses own,
 But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid 190
 Of tasteless vanity's insulting hand.

The gracious stream, that cheers the letter'd world,
 Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,
 Whose sudden current, from the naked root,
 Washes the little soil which yet remain'd, 195

And only more dejects the blushing flowers:
 No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,
 The silent treasures of the vernal year,
 Indulging deep their stores, the still night long;
 Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world, 200
 Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.

Still let me view him in the pleasing light
 Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
 And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.

There,

To the Memory of LORD TALBOT. 171

There, with that truest greatness he appear'd, 205
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the soft graces of the friendly scene,
Inspiring social confidence and ease.
As free the converse of the wise and good,
As joyous, disentangling every power, 210
And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
As when amid the various-blossom'd spring,
Or gentle-beaming autumn's pensive shade,
The philosophic mind with nature talks.
Say ye, his sons, his dear remains, with whom 215
The father laid superfluous state aside,
Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
With friendship rais'd it, with esteem, with love,
Beyond the ties of blood, oh! speak the joy,
The pure serene, the chearful wisdom mild, 220
The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,
In semblance of amusement, through the breast
Infus'd. And thou, O * Rundle! lend thy strain,
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!
In whom the head and heart their stores unite; 225
Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,
Judgment digests, the well-tun'd bosom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.
Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main, 230
With memory conversing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,

* Dr. Rundle, late Bishop of Derry, in Ireland.

Where

Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
 And mid their ample round receive the waves,
 That from the frozen pole, resounding, rush, 235
 Impetuous. Though from native sun-shine driven,
 Driven from your friends, the sun-shine of the soul,
 By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
 Jealous of worth; yet will you bless your lot,
 Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate, 240
 Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
 Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
 Nurs'd, by experience, into slow esteem,
 Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
 And the sweet light from mingled minds disclos'd, 245
 From mingled chemic oils as bursts the fire.

I too remember well that chearful bowl,
 Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
 Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;
 Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth; 250
 And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
 Not simple nature's unaffected sons,
 The blameless Indians, round the forest-chear,
 In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
 Hold more unspotted converse: nor, of old, 255
 Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,
 As on the product of their Sabine farms
 They far'd, with stricter virtue fed the soul:
 Nor yet in Athens, at an Attick meal,
 Where Socrates presided, fairer truth, 260
 More elegant humanity, more grace,
 Wit more refin'd, or deeper science reign'd.

But

To the Memory of LORD TALBOT. 173

But far beyond the little vulgar bounds,
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame, 265
Extended his benevolence : a friend
To human kind, to parent nature's works.
Of free access, and of engaging grace,
Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all, 270
And spread an open countenance, where smil'd
The fair effulgence of an open heart ;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodness shone :
For nothing human foreign was to him. 275
Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
And hard to be supported, you succeed :
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, through latest time, enrich your race,
When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust, 280
And with their authors in oblivion sunk
Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, through every land and age, 285
Of universal reason's various sons,
And ev'n of God himself, sole perfect judge !
Yet know, these noblest honours of the mind
On rigid terms descend : the high-plac'd heir,
Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze, 290
Malignant seeks our faults, cannot through life,
Amid the nameless insects of a court,

Unheeded

Unheeded steal : but, with his fire compar'd,
He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.

This truth to you, who merit well to bear 295
A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muse
May safely sing, and sing without reserve.

Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and strength, 300
We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,
That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,
And feel them still, teaching our views to rise
Through ever-brightening scenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worst of zealots ! ye that, prone 305
To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its spirit draws,
And every pain its balm : a Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues, claim another source,
Than the blind maze of undefining blood ; 310
Nor, when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream.

Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country, whence, to bless mankind, 315
Eternal goodness, on this darksome spot,
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold ! approv'd
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
And to th' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss, 320
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,

With

To the Memory of LORD TALBOT. 175

With joyful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.
Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the best of sons! 325
The best of friends!—Too soon is realiz'd
That hope, which once forbid thy tears to flow!
Meanwhile the kindred souls of every land,
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error) mingled now, 330
In one selected never-jarring state,
Where God himself their only monarch reigns,
Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear. 335
But cease, presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive
To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down:
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,
Scenes, that our gross ideas groveling cast
Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb. 340
 Forgive, immortal shade! if aught from earth,
From dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise,
Where flows celestial harmony, forgive
This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,
On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves 345
Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs,
And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The sons of justice and the sons of strife,
All who or freedom or who interest prize,
A deep-divided nation's parties all, 350
Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to heaven.
Glad heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres

With

With songs of triumph thy arrival hail,
 How vain this tribute then ! this lowly lay !
 Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires. 355
 The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves
 To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
 To ruling nature, that, in glorious charge,
 As to her priestess, gives it her, to hymn,
 Whatever good and excellent she forms. 360

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

T H E P R I N C E O F W A L E S .

WHILE secret-leagu'ing nations frown around,
 Ready to pour the long-expected storm ;
 While She, who wont the restless Gaul to bound,
 Britannia, drooping, grows an empty form ;
 While on our vitals selfish parties prey,
 And deep corruption eats our soul away :

Yet in the Goddess of the Main appears
 A gleam of joy gay-flushing every grace,
 As she the cordial voice of millions hears,
 Rejoicing, zealous, o'er *thy* rising race :
 Strait her rekindling eyes resume their fire,
 The Virtues smile, the Muses tune the lyre.

But

But more enchanting than the Muse's song,
 United Britons thy dear Offspring hail :
 The city triumphs through her glowing throng ;
 The shepherd tells his transport to the dale ;
 The sons of roughest toil forget their pain,
 And the glad sailor cheers the midnight main.
 Can aught from fair Augusta's gentle blood,
 And thine, thou friend of liberty ! be born
 Can aught save what is lovely, generous, good ;
 What will, at once, defend us, and adorn ?
 From thence prophetic joy new Edwards eyes,
 New Henrys, Annas, and Elizas rise.
 May fate my fond devoted days extend,
 To sing the promis'd glories of thy reign !
 What though, by years depress'd, my Muse might bend ;
 My heart will teach her still a nobler strain :
 How, with recover'd Britain, will she soar,
 When France insults, and Spain shall rob no more.

VERSES occasioned by the Death of Mr. AIKMAN,
 a particular Friend of the Author's.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
 String after string is sever'd from the heart ;
 Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
 Without one pang is glad to fall away.
 Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
 Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
 Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
 Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

O D E.

I.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

IV.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh, visit thou my soothing dream!

EPI T A P H on Miss S T A N L E Y,*

In Holyrood Church, Southampton.

E. S.

Once a lively image of human nature,
 Such as GOD made it
 When he pronounced every work of his to be good.
 To the memory of Elizabeth Stanley,
 Daughter of George and Sarah Stanley;
 Who, to all the beauty, modesty,
 And gentleness of nature,
 That ever adorned the most amiable woman,
 Joined all the fortitude, elevation,
 And vigour of mind,
 That ever exalted the most heroic man;
 Who having lived the pride and delight of her parents,
 The joy, the consolation, and pattern of her friends,
 A mistress not only of the English and French,
 But in a high degree of the Greek and Roman learning,
 Without vanity or pedantry,
 At the age of eighteen,
 After a tedious, painful, desperate illness,
 Which, with a Roman spirit,
 And a Christian resignation,
 She endured so calmly, that she seemed insensible
 To all pain and suffering, except that of her friends,
 Gave up her innocent soul to her Creator,
 And left to her mother, who erected this monument,

* See what is said of this lady in "Summer."

The memory of her virtues for her greatest support ;
 Virtues which, in her sex and station of life,
 Were all that could be practis'd,
 And more than will be believed,
 Except by those who know what this inscription relates.

HERE, Stanley, rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
 Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
 Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
 And sternly try thee with a year of pain :
 No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
 Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief :
 With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
 No more thy bosom presses down its own :
 Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere :
 Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear !

O, born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,
 To show us Virtue in her fairest form ;
 To show us artless Reason's moral reign.
 What boastful Science arrogates in vain ;
 Th' obedient passions knowing each their part ;
 Calm light the head, and harmony the heart !

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
 When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
 Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye :
 'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die*.
 Blest be the bark ! that wafts us to the shore,
 Where death-divided friends shall part no more :
 To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
 Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows,

To

To the Reverend Mr. MURDOCH, Rector of
Straddishall, in Suffolk, 1738.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou can'st not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state.

A PARAPHRASE on the latter Part of the Sixth
Chapter of St. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
O, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.

Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?

And the fair body its investing weed ?

Behold ! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air :

To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,

Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song ;

Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye

On the least wing, that flits along the sky.

To him they sing, when spring renews the plain,

To him they cry in winter's pinching reign ;

Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain :

He hears the gay, and the distressful call,

And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,

Observe the various vegetable race ;

They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,

Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they glow !

What regal vestments can with them compare !

What king so shining ! or what queen so fair !

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,

If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads ;

Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say ?

Is he unwise ? or, are ye less than they ?

THE INCOMPARABLE SOPORIFICK DOCTOR.

SWEET, sleeky Doctor! dear pacific soul!
 Lay at the beef, and suck the vital bowl!
 Still let th' involving smoak around thee fly,
 And broad-look'd dulness fettle in thine eye.
 Ah! soft in down these dainty limbs repose,
 And in the very lap of slumber doze;
 But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,
 Call forth the lambent glories of thy face;
 If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail,
 And sure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail.
 To the thin church in sleepy pomp proceed,
 And lean on the Lethargic Book thy head.
 These eyes wipe often with the hallow'd lawn,
 Profoundly nod, immeasurably yawn.
 Slow let the prayers by thy meek lips be sung,
 Nor let thy thoughts be distanc'd by thy tongue;
 If e'er the lingerers are within a call,
 Or if on prayers thou deign'st to think at all.
 Yet—only yet—the swimming head we bend;
 But when serene, the pulpit you ascend,
 Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,
 And round you the consenting audience sleeps.
 So when an ass with sluggish front appears,
 The horses start, and prick their quivering ears;
 But soon as e'er the sage is heard to bray,
 The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

T H E H A P P Y M A N .

HE 's not the Happy Man, to whom is given
 A plenteous fortune by indulgent heaven ;
 Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
 And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes ;
 Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
 And all the various bounty of the year ;
 Whose vallies smile, whose gardens breathe the Spring,
 Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing ;
 For whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,
 While his full cellars give their generous wines ;
 From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours
 A golden tide into his swelling stores :
 Whose Winter laughs ; for whom the liberal gales
 Stretch the big sheet, and toiling Commerce fails ;
 When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves ;
 While youth, and health, and vigour, string his nerves.
 Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combin'd,
 Can make the Happy Man, without the mind ;
 Where Judgement sits clear-sighted, and surveys
 The chain of Reason with unerring gaze ;
 Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
 His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise ;
 Where social Love exerts her soft command,
 And plays the Passions with a tender hand,
 Whence every Virtue flows, in rival strife,
 And all the moral harmony of life.

Nor canst thou, Doddington, this truth decline,
 Thine is the Fortune, and the Mind is thine.

On the Report of a WOODEN BRIDGE to be built
at WESTMINSTER.

BY Rufus' Hall, where Thames polluted flows,
Provok'd, the Genius of the river rose,
And thus exclaim'd: "Have I, ye British swains,
" Have I for ages lav'd your fertile plains?
" Giv'n herds, and flocks, and villages increase,
" And fed a richer than a golden fleece?
" Have I, ye merchants, with each swelling tide,
" Pour'd Afric's treasure in, and India's pride?
" Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil?
" Made every climate your's, and every soil?
" Yet pilfer'd from the poor, by gaming base,
" Yet must a Wooden Bridge my waves disgrace?
" Tell not to foreign streams the shameful tale,
" And be it publish'd in no Gallic vale."
He said; and, plunging to his crystal dome,
While o'er his head the circling waters foam.

S O N G.

I.

ONE day the God of fond desire,
On mischief bent, to Damon said,
Why not disclose your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

II. The

II.

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
 And, softly-fighting, thus reply'd : ...
 'Tis true, you have subdued my heart,
 But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

III.

The slave, in private only bears
 Your bondage, who his love conceals ;
 But when his passion he declares,
 You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

S O N G.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
 But to the sympathetic groves,
 But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
 Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
 In flowery tracts along the mead,
 In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lilies waft a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what she cannot blame,
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind ;
 Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not

Not her own guardian angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care,
 Not purer her own wishes rife,
 Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But, if, at first, her virgin fear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that of friendship sooth her ear—
 True love and friendship are the same.

S O N G.

I.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
 In vain I twine the woodbine bower,
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
 In vain I rear the breathing flower :

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
 In vain the birds around me sing;
 In vain the freshening fields appear:
Without my love there is no spring.

S O N G.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love,
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish the soul away;
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone?

But busy busy still art thou,
 To bind the loveless joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
 And I absolve thy future care;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

S O N G.

COME, gentle God of soft desire,
 Come and possess my happy breast!
 Not, fury-like, in flames and fire,
 In rapture, rage, and nonsense drest:

These are the vain disguise of love;
 And, or bespeak dissembled pains,
 Or else a fleeting passion prove—
 The frantic fury of the veins.

But come in friendship's angel-guise;
 Yet dearer thou than friendship art:
 More tender spirit in thy eyes,
 More sweet emotions at the heart.

O, come

O, come with goodness in thy train,
 With peace, and transport void of storm,
 And, would'st thou me for ever gain,
 Put on Amanda's winning form.

A NUPTIAL SONG,

Intended to have been inserted in the Fourth Act of
 SOPHONISBA, a Tragedy.

COME, gentle Venus! and assuage
 A warring world, a bleeding age.
 For nature lives beneath thy ray,
 The wintery tempests haste away,
 A lucid calm invests the sea,
 Thy native deep is full of thee;
 The flowering earth where'er you fly,
 Is all o'er spring, all sun the sky.
 A genial spirit warms the breeze;
 Unseen among the blooming trees,
 The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
 The desert growls a soften'd note,
 Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,
 And love and harmony go round.

But chief into the human heart
 You strike the dear delicious dart;
 You teach us pleasing pangs to know
 To languish in luxurious woe,
 To feel the generous passions rise,
 Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs;

Each

Each happy moment to improve,
 And fill the perfect year with love,
 Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!
 To whom all creatures owe their birth;
 Oh, come, sweet smiling! tender, come!
 And yet prevent our final doom.
 For long the furious god of war
 Has crush'd us with his iron car,
 Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
 Has foil'd them with his cruel stains,
 Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,
 And made the widow'd virgin weep.
 Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
 Oh, take him to thy twining arms!
 And, while thy bosom heaves on his,
 While deep he prints the humid kifs,
 Ah, then! his stormy heart control,
 And sigh thyself into his soul.

O D E.

O Nightingale, best poet of the grove,
 That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
 Blest in the full possession of thy love:

O lend that strain, sweet nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:

I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
 Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
 Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You,

You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws
 Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;
 You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
 And love and song is all your pleasing care:
 But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
 Dare not be blest lest envious tongues should blame:
 And hence, in vain I languish for my bride;
 O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

T O S E R A P H I N A.

O D E.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
 Are like the false illusive light,
 Whose flattering un auspicious blaze
 To precipices oft betrays:
 But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
 Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,
 Is like the sacred queen of night,
 Who pours a lovely gentle light
 Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
 Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,
 'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd;
 But Seraphina's eyes dispense
 A mild and gracious influence;
 Such as in visions angels shed
 Around the heaven-illumin'd head.

To

To love thee, Seraphina, fure
 Is to be tender, happy, pure ;
 'Tis from low passions to escape,
 And woo bright virtue's fairest shape ;
 'Tis extasy with wisdom join'd ;
 And heaven infus'd into the mind.

O D E
 O N Æ O L U S ' S H A R P *.

I.

E THERREAL race, inhabitants of air,
 Who hymn your God amid the secret grove ;
 Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
 And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
 With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart !
 Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
 Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

III.

But, hark ! that strain was of a graver tone,
 On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws ;
 Or he the sacred Bard † ; who sat alone,
 In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

* Æolus's Harp is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald ; its properties are fully described in the Castle of Indolence.

† Jeremiah.

IV. Such

IV.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
 When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint;
 And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
 Angelic harps, to sooth a dying faint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir, [raise;
 Through heaven's high dome their awful anthem
 Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
 To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

VI.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
 Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,
 Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
 For till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

H Y M N O N S O L I T U D E.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
 Companion of the wise and good,
 But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
 The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
 Which innocence and truth imparts,
 And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
 And still in every shape you please.
 Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
 A lone philosopher you seem;

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
 And now you sweep the vaulted sky,
 A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
 And warble forth your oaten strain.
 A lover now, with all the grace
 Of that sweet passion in your face :
 Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
 The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
 As, with her Musidora, she
 (Her Musidora fond of thee)
 Amid the long withdrawing vale,
 Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
 Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
 And while meridian fervors beat,
 Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;
 But chief, when evening scenes decay,
 And the faint landscape swims away,
 Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
 And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
 The virtues of the sage, and swain ;
 Plain Innocence in white array'd,
 Before thee lifts her fearless head :
 Religion's beams around thee shine,
 And cheer thy glooms with light divine :
 About thee sports sweet Liberty ;
 And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !
 And in thy deep recesses dwell ;

Perhaps

Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
 When Meditation has her fill,
 I just may cast my careless eyes
 Where London's spiry turrets rise,
 Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
 Then shield me in the woods again.

P R O L O G U E

To Mr. MALLETT'S MUSTAPHA.

SINCE Athens first began to draw mankind,
 To picture life, and shew th' impassion'd mind;
 The truly wise have ever deem'd the stage
 The moral school of each enlighten'd age.
 There, in full pomp, the tragic Muse appears,
 Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.
 Faint is the lesson reason'd rules impart:
 She pours it strong and instant through the heart.
 If virtue is her theme; we sudden glow
 With generous flame: and, what we feel, we grow.
 If vice she paints; indignant passions rise:
 The villain seems himself with loathing eyes.
 His soul starts, conscious, at another's groan:
 And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.

To-night our meaning scene attempts to show
 What fell events from dark suspicion flow;
 Chief when it taints a lawless monarch's mind,
 To the false herd of flattering slaves confin'd.

The foul sinks gradual to so dire a state;
 Ev'n excellence but serves to feed its hate:
 To hate remorseless, cruelty succeeds,
 And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.

Behold, our author at your bar appears,
 His modest hopes depress'd by conscious fears.
 Faults he has many—But to balance those,
 His verse with heart-felt love of virtue glows,
 All slighter errors let indulgence spare:
 And be his equal trial full and fair.
 For this best British privilege we call:
 Then—as he merits, let him stand, or fall.

D E N N I S T O M R. T H O M S O N ,

Who had procured him a Benefit-Night.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find,
 Thy various Seasons in their author's mind.
 Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy Muse.
 And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
 Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
 And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
 Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
 Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
 Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee;
 That hoary season yields a type of me.
 Shatter'd by time's bleak storms I withering lay,
 Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay!
 Yet shall my prople's ivy, pale and bent,
 Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

E P I-

E P I T A P H

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

OTHERS to marble may their glory owe,
 And boast those honours Sculpture can bestow;
 Short-liv'd renown! that every moment must
 Sink with its emblem, and consume to dust!
 But Thomson needs no artist to engrave,
 From dumb Oblivion no device to save;
 Such vulgar aids let names inferior ask;
 Nature for him assumes herself the task;
 The Seasons are his monuments of fame,
 With them to flourish, as from them it came.

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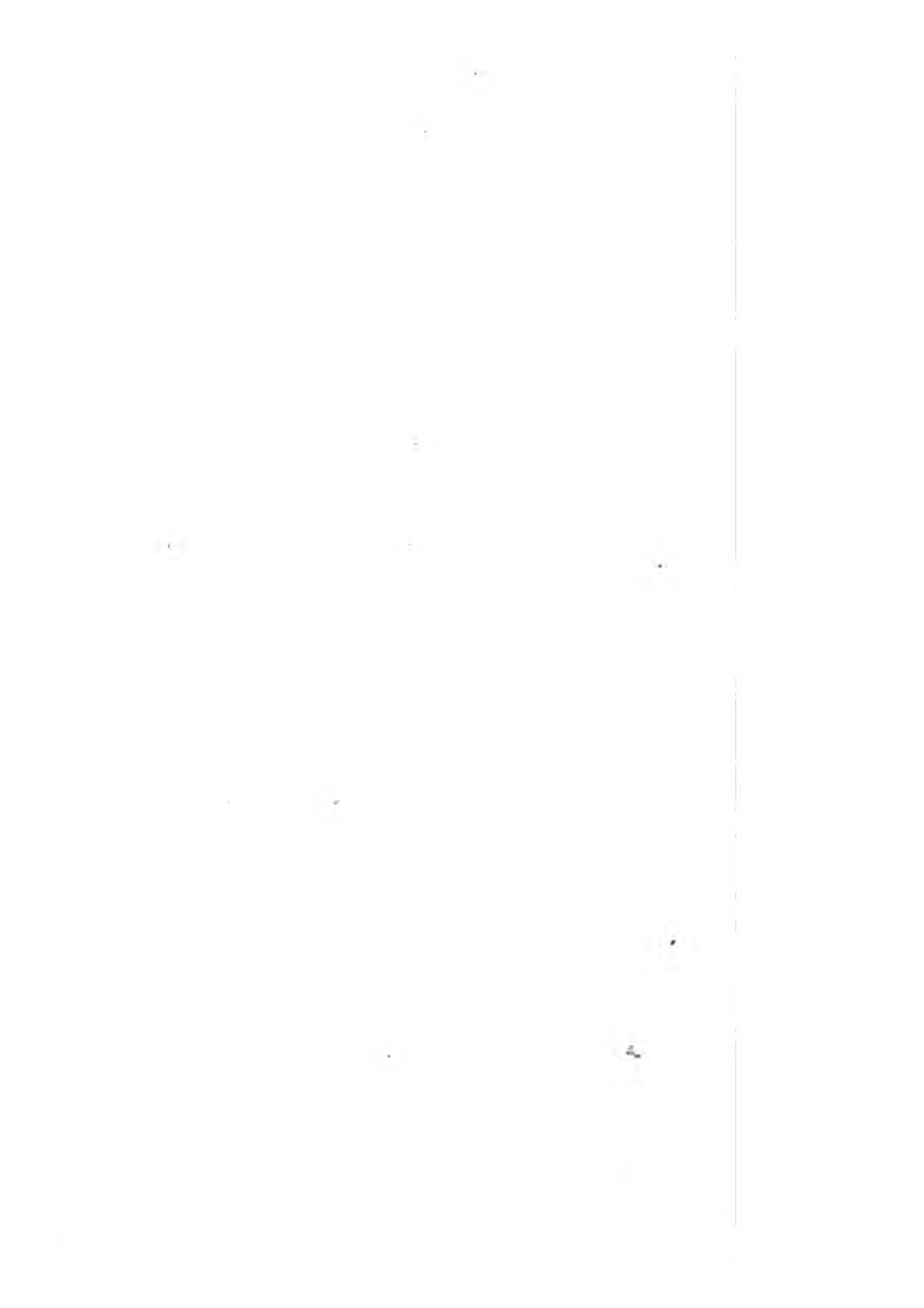
E N D O F T H O M S O N ' S P O E M S .



MR. HAMMOND'S
LOVE ELEGIES:

“*Virginibus puerisque canto.*”

First printed in 1743.



P R E F A C E.

[By LORD CHESTERFIELD.]

THE following Elegies were wrote by a young gentleman lately dead, and justly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whose hands they fell, determined to publish them, in the persuasion that they would neither be unwelcome to the Publick, nor injurious to the memory of their Author. The reader must decide, whether this determination was the result of just judgement, or partial friendship; for the Editor feels, and avows so much of the latter, that he gives up all pretensions to the former.

The Author compos'd them ten years ago, before he was two and twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot, at the expence of judgement and correctness, neither of which seem wanting here. But sincere in his love as in his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses, as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart; he sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write; it was nature and sentiment only that dictat'd to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy therefore speaks here her own, proper, native language, the unaffected
plaintive

plaintive language of the tender passions; the true elegiac dignity and simplicity are preserved, and united, the one without pride, the other without meanness. Tibullus seems to have been the model our Author judiciously preferred to Ovid; the former writing directly from the heart, to the heart; the latter too often yielding and addressing himself to the imagination.

The undissipated youth of the Author, allowed him time to apply himself to the best masters, the ancients, and his parts enabled him to make the best use of them; for upon those great models of solid sense and virtue, he formed not only his genius, but his heart, both well prepared by nature to adopt, and adorn the resemblance. He admired that justness, that noble simplicity of thought and expression, which have distinguished, and preserved their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that sacredness of friendship, and all those heroic and social virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation, of succeeding ages; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon those glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wisdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates, ere luxury invited corruption to taint, or corruption introduced slavery to destroy, all public and private virtues. In these sentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in these times; in these sentiments he died—but in these times too—*Ut non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, sed donata mors esse videatur.*

L O V E

L O V E E L E G I E S.

E L E G Y I.

On his falling in Love with Neæra.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave,
 In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain:
 I saw Neæra, and her infant slave,
 Though born a Briton, hugg'd the fervile chain.

Her ufage well repays my coward heart,
 Meanly ſhe triumphs in her lover's ſhame,
 No healing joy relieves his conſtant ſmart,
 No ſmile of love rewards the loſs of fame.

Oh, that to feel theſe killing pangs no more,
 On Scythian hills I lay a ſenſeleſs ſtone,
 Was fix'd a rock amidſt the watery roar,
 And in the vaſt Atlantic ſtood alone.

Adieu, ye Muſes, or my paſſion aid,
 Why ſhould I loiter by your idle ſpring?
 My humble voice would move one only maid,
 And ſhe contemns the trifles which I ſing.

I do not aſk the lofty Epic ſtrain,
 Nor ſtrive to paint the wonders of the ſphere;
 I only ſing one cruel maid to gain,
 Adieu, ye Muſes, if ſhe will not hear.

No

No more in ufelefs innocence I 'll pine,
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
I 'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus! will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on fordid gold her low defires :
Nor worth nor paffion can her heart perfuade,
But Love muft act what Avarice requires.

Unwife who firft, the charm of nature loft,
With Tyrian purple foil'd the snowy fheep ;
Unwifer ftill who feas and mountains croft,
To dig the rock, and fearch the pearly deep :
Thefe coftly toys our filly fair furprife,
The fhining follies cheat their feeble fight,
Their hearts fecure in trifles, love defpife,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face ;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet fmoth and polifh fo each outward grace ?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear,
Hence pleafure fhort, and anguish ever long,
Hence tears and fighs, and hence the peevifh fair,
The froward lover—hence this angry fong.

E L E G Y II.

Unable to satisfy the covetous Temper of
Neæra, he intends to make a Campaign, and
try, if possible, to forget her.

A DIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
No more I'll fit in rosy fetters bound,
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's found.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile,
On spoil and war is bent this iron age:
Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
Unfated vengeance and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil, ev'n love itself is sold,
Her lover's heart is least Neæra's care,
And I through war must seek detested gold,
Not for myself, but for my venal fair:

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress,
The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien;
And art mistaken make her beauty less,
While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
Hers be the wealth of Tagus' golden sand,
Hers the bright gems that glow in India's soil,
Hers the black sons of Afric's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend,
 For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed.
 But where, alas! would idle fancy tend,
 And sooth with dreams a youthful poet's head?
 Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
 In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
 While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
 And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.
 Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
 And hide in threats the weakness of my mind:
 In vain,—though Reason fly the hated door,
 Yet Love, the coward Love, still lags behind.

E L E G Y III.

He upbraids and threatens the Avarice of
 Neæra, and resolves to quit her.

SHOULD Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
 And golden torrents stream from every part,
 That craving bosom still would heave for more,
 Not all the gods could satisfy thy heart:
 But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
 My honest love, the mighty wrong repay,
 May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,
 And on the shining heaps of rapine prey:
 May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
 Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom;
 And, when thou dy'st, may not one heart be griev'd,
 May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But

But the deserving, tender, generous maid,
 Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
 Though ruthless age may bid her beauty fade,
 In every friend to love, a friend shall find :
 And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
 When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep,
 The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
 And round the bier assembled lovers weep :
 With flowery garlands, each revolving year,
 Shall strow the grave where truth and softness rest,
 Then home returning, drop the pious tear,
 And bid the turf lie easy on her breast.

E L E G Y IV.

To his Friend, written under the Confinement
 of a long Indisposition.

WHILE calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
 And lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,
 Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
 Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray :
 The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
 Lonely and sick on death is all my thought,
 Oh, spare, Persephone, this guiltless head,
 Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.
 No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,
 My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace ;
 No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
 Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face :

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane,
I ne'er disturb'd the gods' eternal rest
With curses loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand :
Ah ! why so soon the tender blossom tear !
Ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand ?

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy shades below,
Now slowly tread your melancholy round ;
Now wandering view the paleful rivers flow,
And musing hearken to their solemn sound :

Oh, let me still enjoy the chearful day,
Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you, who now, with festive garlands crown'd,
In chace of pleasure the gay moments spend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing wound,
And grieve for nothing but your absent friend.

E L E G Y V.

The Lover is at first introduced speaking to his Servant, he afterwards addresses himself to his Mistress, and at last there is a supposed Interview between them.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,
Till creeping slumber sooth his troubled breast,
Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
If hapless love a while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks th' imprison'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray,
So all my curses far from thee shall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flowery wreaths I gave,
When first I told thee of my bold desires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful slave,
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youth who see not where they tread,
She shews the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way,
Sacred he wanders through the pathless night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardships I for love sustain,
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd :

With sudden step let none our bliss surprize,
Or check the freedom of secure delight—
Rash man beware, and shut thy curious eyes,
Lest angry Venus snatch their guilty sight.

But should'st thou see, th' important secret hide,
Though question'd by the powers of earth and heaven,
The prating tongue shall love's revenge abide,
Still sue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard-dame, the lover's antient friend,
With magic charm has deaf't thy husband's ear,
At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam ;
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till, scar'd at day, they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous summer pines,
And wintry clouds obscure the hopeful year ;
At her strong bidding, gloomy winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms, which I on thee bestow,
 They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
 For me they make a husband nothing know,
 For me, and only me, they make him blind :
 But what did most this faithful heart surprize,
 She boasted that her skill could set it free ;
 This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies ;
 How could it venture to abandon thee ?

E L E G Y VI.

He adjures Delia to pity him, by their Friend-
 ship with Cælia, who was lately dead.

THOUSANDS would seek the lasting peace of death,
 And in that harbour shun the storm of care,
 Officious hope still holds the fleeting breath,
 She tells them still,—To-morrow will be fair.
 She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain,
 But can I listen to her syren song,
 Who seven slow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
 So long thy lover, and despis'd so long ?
 By all the joys thy dearest Cælia gave,
 Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn ;
 So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
 And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn :
 To her I first avow'd my timorous flame,
 She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue,
 She still would pity what the wise might blame,
 And feel for weakness which she never knew :

Ah, do not grieve the dear lamented shade,
 That hovering round us all my sufferings hears,
 She is my saint,—to her my prayers are made,
 With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears :

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
 And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
 I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire,
 The marble image seems to hear my moan :

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
 And stand before thee all in virgin white ;
 That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
 And call forth pity from eternal night :

Cease, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
 Though much thou suffer, to thyself complain :
 Ah, to recal the sad remembrance spare,
 One tear from her, is more than all thy pain.

E L E G Y VII.

On Delia's being in the Country, where he
 supposes she stays to see the Harvest.

NOW Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
 Dull are the hearts that still in town remain,
 Venus herself attends on Delia there,
 And Cupid sports amid the sylvan train.

Oh, with what joy, my Delia to behold,
 I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
 Guide the slow plough-share through the stubborn mold,
 And patient goad the loitering ox along :

The

The scorching heats I 'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand ;
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdued to love's supreme command.
No healing herbs could sooth their master's pain,
The art of physic lost, and useless lay,
To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray :
Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His blushing Sister saw him pace along ;
Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.
Where are his triumphs ? where his warlike toil ?
Where by his darts the crested Python slain ?
Where are his Delphi ? his delightful isle ?
The God himself is grown a cottage-swain.
O, Ceres ! in your golden fields no more,
With Harvest's chearful pomp, my fair detain,—
Think what for lost Proserpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.
Our wiser fathers left their fields unfown,
Their food was acorns, love their sole employ,
They met, they lik'd, they staid but till alone,
And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy :
No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire,
Thrice happy times !—But, oh ! I fondly rave,
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inspire
I 'll do.—I 'll plough, or dig as Delia's slave.

E L E G Y VIII.

He despairs that he shall ever possess Delia.

AH, what avails thy lover's pious care?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain:

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And, when I long have serv'd her, call her wife:

I only ask, of her I love possess,
To sink, o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose,
To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
And kiss her wearied eye-lids till they close.

Attend, O Juno! with thy sober ear,
Attend, gay Venus, parent of desire;
This one fond wish, if you refuse to hear,
Oh, let me with this sigh of love expire.

E L E G Y IX.

He has lost Delia.

HE who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder, in my mind,
The lover still who dy'd not of despair:
With mean disguise let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art,
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.
The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize;
While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.
Sad is my day, and sad my lingering night,
When, wrapt in silent grief, I weep alone,
Delia is lost, and all my past delight
Is now the source of unavailing moan.
Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the shape that might have blest my arms?
Where are those hopes relentless Fate denies?
When spent with endless grief I die at last,
Delia may come, and see my poor remains,—
Oh, Delia! after such an absence past,
Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend,
 With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
 Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
 Then, slowly sinking, by degrees expire?
 To sooth the hovering soul, be thine the care,
 With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
 In fable weeds the golden vase to bear,
 And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand!
 Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
 And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year;
 Give them the treasures of the farthest East,
 And, what is still more precious, give thy tear.
 Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
 Let all the world thy hapless lover know,
 No silent urn the noble passion hide,
 But deeply graven thus my sufferings show:
 Here lies a youth, borne down with love and care,
 He could not long his Delia's loss abide,
 Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
 And when he durst no longer hope, he dy'd.

E L E G Y X.

On Delia's Birth-Day.

THIS day, which saw my Delia's beauty rise,
 Shall more than all our sacred days be blest,
 The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
 Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By

By all our guarded sighs, and hid desires,
 Oh, may our guiltless love be still the same!
 I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
 If Delia's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
 Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind;
 But let her court in vain thy angry power,
 If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus, hear my righteous prayer,
 Or bind the shepherds, or loose the swain,
 Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
 And let them die together in thy chain:

What I demand, perhaps her heart desires,
 But virgin fears her nicer tongue restrain;
 The secret thought, which blushing love inspires,
 The conscious eye can full as well explain.

E L E G Y XI.

Against Lovers going to War, in which he philosophically prefers Love and Delia to the more serious Vanities of the World.

THE man who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
 How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
 He gave the wound encountering nations feel,
 And death grew stronger by his fatal art:

Yet

Yet not from steel, debate and battle rose,
 'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life,
 Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
 Till partial luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
 While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
 Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
 Ere for my absence Delia lose a tear :

Why should the lover quit his pleasing home,
 In search of danger on some foreign ground ;
 Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
 And risk in every stroke a double wound ?

Ah, better far, beneath the spreading shade,
 With chearful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,
 To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
 And on the sweet idea feast my soul :

Then full of love to all her charms retire,
 And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
 Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire,
 Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.

E L E G Y XII.

To Delia.

NO second love shall e'er my heart surprize,
 This solemn league did first our passion bind :
 Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes,
 Thy voice alone can sooth his troubled mind.

Oh,

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me,
 Displease all others, and secure my rest,
 No need of envy,—let me happy be,
 I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
 Where never human footstep mark'd the ground;
 Thou, light of life, all darkness canst expel,
 And seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore,
 My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
 Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insulting more,
 Will make me feel the weight of all thy power:

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
 Nor fly the burthen I am form'd to bear,
 In chains I 'll sit me down at Venus' fane,
 She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

E L E G Y XIII.

He imagines himself married to Delia, and that
 content with each other, they are retired into
 the Country.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
 And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,
 Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
 And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I 'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I 'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I 'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?
Or, lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest?

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo's ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah,

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possess,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind!

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own;
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,
May rise, and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention draws.

Let Stanhope speak his listening country's wrongs,
My humble voice shall please one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah,

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
 And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
 By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
 And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
 Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
 With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
 And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
 To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
 In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
 I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
 And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
 Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
 Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
 Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
 Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
 Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still:

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
 Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart;
 Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
 These weeping friends will do thy mournful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
 Convey the corse in melancholy state,
 Through all the village spread the tender tear,
 While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

To Delia.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
 In some lone spot with Peace and thee retir'd !
 Though reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
 I still believ'd what flattering love inspir'd :
 But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
 To dangerous bliss no longer to pretend,
 In books a calm, but fix'd content to find,
 Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend :
 With them the gentle moments I beguile,
 In learned ease, and elegant delight ;
 Compare the beauties of each different stile,
 Each various ray of wit's diffusive light :
 Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
 Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
 Where all the glory of the Godhead shines,
 And earliest innocence enchants the heart.
 Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age
 In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
 And trace the author through his moral page,
 Whose blameless life still answers to his song.
 If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
 And reason fix its empire o'er my heart,
 My patriot breast a noble warmth shall feel,
 And glow with love, where weakness has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttelton, shall be my guide,
 Its fire shall warm me, and its worth improve;
 Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
 Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O West, with her your partner dear,
 Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
 With learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,
 Glad to escape from love to such a friend.

But why, so long my weaker heart deceive?
 Ah, still I love, in pride and reason's spite,
 No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
 And while I threat, this Elegy I write.

E L E G Y XV.

To Mr. George Grenville.

O H, form'd alike to serve us, and to please;
 Polite with honesty, and learn'd with ease;
 With heart to act, with genius to retire;
 Open, yet wise; though gentle, full of fire:
 With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,
 Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart;
 Hear then from what my long despair arose,
 The faithful story of a lover's woes.

When, in a sober melancholy hour,
 Reduc'd by sickness under reason's power,
 I view'd my state, too little weigh'd before,
 And Love himself could flatter me no more,

My

My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
 But whom my passion hurt, through friendship leave;
 I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,
 And cure her sex's weakness through its pride:
 The prudence which I taught, I ill pursued,
 The charm my reason broke, my heart renew'd:
 Again submissive to her feet I came,
 And prov'd too well my passion by my shame;
 While she, secure in coldness, or disdain,
 Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain,
 Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,
 And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise:
 She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
 And strengthen'd by her faith each groundless tale,
 Believ'd the grossest arts that malice try'd,
 Nor once in thought was on her lover's side:
 Oh, where were then the scenes of fancied life?
 Oh, where the friend, the mistress, and the wife?
 Her years of promis'd love were quickly past,
 Not two revolving moons could see them last.—
 To Stow's delightful scenes I now repair,
 In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care!
 Nor fear that he my weakness should despise,
 In nature learned, and humanely wise:
 There Pitt, in manners soft, in friendship warm,
 With mild advice my listening grief shall charm,
 With sense to counsel, and with wit to please,
 A Roman's virtue with a courtier's ease.
 Nor you, my friend, whose heart is still at rest,
 Contemn the human weakness of my breast;

Reason may chide the faults she cannot cure,
 And pains, which long we scorn'd, we oft endure;
 Though wiser cares employ your studious mind,
 Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
 Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,
 And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

PROLOGUE to Lillo's *Elmerick*.*

NO labour'd scenes to-night adorn our stage,
 Lillo's plain sense would here the heart engage.
 He knew no art, no rule; but warmly thought
 From passion's force, and, as he felt, he wrote.
 His *Barnwell* once no critic's test could bear,
 Yet from each eye still draws the natural tear.
 With generous candour hear his latest strains,
 And let kind pity shelter his remains.
 Deprest by want, afflicted by disease,
 Dying he wrote, and dying wish'd to please.
 Oh, may that wish be now humanely paid,
 And no harsh critic vex his gentle shade.
 'Tis yours his unsupported fame to save,
 And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.

* See the Epilogue to this Tragedy among the Poems of Lord Lyttelton. In the Life of Lillo, however, that Epilogue is confidently ascribed to Mr. Hammond.

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ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

E C L O G U E I.

Selim; or the Shepherd's Moral. Scene, a
Valley near Bagdat. Time, the Morning.

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

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

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

Ye

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

Blest were the days, when wisdom held her reign,
 And shepherds fought her on the silent plain ;
 With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
 Immortal Truth, and daughters blest'd their love.

O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues come away,
 Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !

The

The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

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

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

E C L O G U E II.

Haffan; or the Camel-driver. Scene, the
Desert. Time, Mid-day.

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

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

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,

In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :
 Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
 “ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 “ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

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

O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,
 When thought creates unnumber’d scenes of woe,
 What if the lion in his rage I meet !—
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
 And, fearful ! oft, when day’s declining light
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,

By

By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
 Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train :
 Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 “ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

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

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 “ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

O, hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
 The tender Zara will be most undone !
 Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
 When fast she drops her tears, as thus she said :
 “ Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 “ Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain !
 “ Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
 “ Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !
 “ Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
 “ No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.”

O, let me safely to the fair return,
 Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn ;
 O ! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears,

He

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

E C L O G U E III.

Abra; or, the Georgian Sultana. Scene, a
Forest. Time, the Evening.

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

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

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia; see the modern history of Mr. Salmon.

All-

All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there :
The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chace away ;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among :
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid ;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

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

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

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

Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they fung;
 With joy the mountain and the forest rung.
 " Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 " And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!
 And oft the royal lover left the care
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
 Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
 A ruffet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
 " Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 " And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
 Blest was the life, that royal Abbas led:
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
 The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
 Let those who rule on Persia's jewel'd throne,
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
 O happy days! the maids around her fay;
 O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
 " Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
 " And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

E C L O G U E IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives. Scene,
a Mountain in Circassia. Time, Midnight.

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

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way!
And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already past with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd!
And last this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!

Still

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

SECANDER.

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

AGIE.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
 Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
 Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possess'd,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
 No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;

No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!
But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

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

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,
To shield your harvests, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

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

O D E S,

DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

O D E T O P I T Y.

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

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

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

* A river in Suffex.

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

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

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

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

O D E T O F E A R.

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

R 4

EPODE.

EPODE.

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

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

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

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous Queen †
 Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
 When once alone it broke the silent scene,
 And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

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

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?

* Æschylus.

† Jocasta.

Or in some hollow'd feat,
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,
 Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought!
 Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
 Be mine, to read the visions old,
 Which thy awakening bards have told.

And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
 Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
 When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
 And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou, whose spirit most possess't
 The sacred feat of Shakespeare's breast!
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke!
 Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel:
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

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

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

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

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

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

While Rome could none esteem,
 But virtue's patriot theme,
 You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band ;

But

But staid to sing alone
 To one distinguish'd throne,
 And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

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

Though taste, though genius bless
 To some divine excess,
 Faint 's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
 What each, what all supply,
 May court, may charm our eye,
 Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

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

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

AS once, if not with light regard,
 I read aright that gifted Bard,
 (Him whose school above the rest
 His loveliest Elfin queen has blest)

One,

One, only one unrival'd fair*,
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn tournay hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye;
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd side;
Happier hopeless fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The cest of amplest power is given,
To few the god-like gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And drest with springs, and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, fate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his sapphire throne,

* Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4.

The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling;
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy subject life was born?
The dangerous passions kept aloof,
Far from the fainted growing woof:
But near it fate ecstatic Wonder,
Liftening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
By whose the Tarbol's eyes were made;
All the shadowy tribes of Mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flowers.
Where is the Bard, whose soul can now
Its high presuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd?
High on some cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies spread.

I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
 By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
 From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
 Nigh spher'd in heaven its native strains could hear:
 On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
 Thither oft his glory greeting,
 From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
 With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
 My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
 In vain—Such bliss to one alone,
 Of all the sons of soul was known,
 And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
 Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers,
 Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.

O D E. Written in the year 1746.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod
 By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall a while repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

O D E

O D E T O M E R C Y.

STROPHE.

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

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
 The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
 And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey ;
 Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
 O'ertook him on his blasted road,
 And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
 I see recoil his fable steeds,
 That bore him swift to savage deeds,
 Thy tender melting eyes they own ;
 O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
 Where Justice bars her iron tower,
 To thee we build a roseate bower, [throne !
 Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

WHO shall awake the Spartan fire,
 And call in solemn sounds to life,
 The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
 Like vernal hyacinths in fullen hue,
 At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
 Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
 What new Alceus, fancy-blest,
 Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,
 At Wisdom's shrine a while its flame concealing,
 (What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
 Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
 It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
 O Goddess, in that feeling hour,
 When most its sounds would court thy ears,
 Let not my shell's misguided power,
 E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
 No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
 How Rome, before thy face,
 With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
 Push'd by a wild and artless race,
 From off its wide ambitious base,
 When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
 And all the blended work of strength and grace,
 With many a rude repeated stroke,
 And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments
 broke.

EPODE.

EPODE.

2.

Yet, ev'n wheree'er the least appear'd,
 Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
 Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
 Some remnants of her strength were found;
 They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
 How wondrous rose her perfect form;
 How in the great, the labour'd whole,
 Each mighty master pour'd his soul;
 For sunny Florence, seat of art,
 Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
 Till they, whom science lov'd to name,
 (O, who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
 And, lo, an humbler relic laid
 In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
 See small Marino joins the theme,
 Though least, not last in thy esteem;
 Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings
 To those, whose merchant sons were kings;
 To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
 In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
 Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
 Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:
 Nor e'er her former pride relate,
 To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
 Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
 On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak:
 (Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
 The daring archer heard thy voice;

Forth from his eyrie rouz'd in dread,
 The ravening eagle northward fled.)
 Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
 With those * to whom thy stork is dear :
 Those whom the rod of Alva bruise'd,
 Whose crown a British queen refus'd !
 The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
 One holier name alone remains ;
 The perfect spell shall then avail,
 Hail, Nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail !

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
 The works, the wizard Time has wrought !
 The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
 Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand †,
 No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
 He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.

* The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

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

To the blown Baltic then, they say,
 The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;
 Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild storm ev'n Nature's self confounding,
 Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth sur-
 This pillar'd earth so firm and wide, [prize.
 By winds and inward labours torn,
 In thunders dread was push'd aside,
 And down the shouldering billows borne.
And see, like gems, her laughing train,
 The little isles on every side,
 Mona *, once hid from those who search the main,
 Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
 And Wight who checks the westering tide,
 For thee consenting heaven has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
 To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
 For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last abode!

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

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
 'Midst the green navel of our isle,
 Thy shrine in some religious wood,
 O soul-enforcing Goddess, stood!
 There oft the painted native's feet
 Were wont thy form celestial meet:
 Though now with hopeless toil we trace
 Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
 Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
 Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
 Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
 'T were hard for modern song to tell.
 Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
 Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
 Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
 Paving the light embroider'd sky:
 Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
 The beauteous model still remains.
 There happier than in islands blest,
 Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,
 The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
 In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
 Hear their consoled Druids sing
 Their triumphs to th' immortal string.

How may the poet now unfold,
 What never tongue or numbers told?
 How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
 What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?

Ev'n

Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
 In Gothic pride it seems to rise !
 Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
 Majestic, through the mix'd design ;
 The secret builder knew to chuse,
 Each sphere found gem of richest hues :
 Whate'er heaven's purer mold contains,
 When nearer suns emblaze its veins ;
 There on the walls the Patriot's fight
 May ever hang with fresh delight,
 And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,
 Read Albion's fame through every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
 That near her inmost altar stand !
 Now soothe her, to her blissful train
 Blithe Concord's social form to gain :
 Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
 Ev'n Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep :
 Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
 Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm ;
 Her let our fires and matrons hoar
 Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,
 Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
 Play with the tangles of her hair,
 Till, in one loud applauding sound,
 The nations shout to her around,
 O, how supremely art thou blest,
 Thou, Lady, thou shalt rule the west !

O D E,

To a Lady, on the Death of Colonel Charles
Rofs, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written
May, 1745.

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

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

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid :
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Ærial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head ;

And,

And, fall'n to save his injur'd land,
 Imperial Honour's awful hand
 Shall point his lonely bed !

The warlike dead of every age,
 Who fill the fair recording page,
 Shall leave their fainted rest :
 And, half-reclining on his spear,
 Each wondering chief by turns appear,
 To hail the blooming guest.

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

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

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

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

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

O D E T O E V E N I N G .

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

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

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :

Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,

As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp

The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,

The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

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

Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,

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

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light :

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

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

O D E T O P E A C E .

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

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

O Peace,

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

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

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

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

Where

Where Science, prank'd in tiffued vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!

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

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the charming task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask,
Behold, before her musing eyes,
The countless Manners round her rise;
While, ever varying as they pass,
To some Contempt applies her glass:

With

With these the white-rob'd maid combine,
 And those the laughing satyrs join !
 But who is he whom now she views,
 In robe of wild contending hues ?
 Thou by the passions nurs'd ; I greet
 The comic sock that binds thy feet !
 O Humour, thou whose name is known
 To Britain's favour'd isle alone :
 Me too amidst thy band admit,
 There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
 (Whose jewels in his crisped hair
 Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
 Whom no delights from thee divide)
 In laughter loos'd attends thy side !
 By old Miletus * who so long
 Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song :
 By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
 In chang'd Italia's modern shades :
 By him †, whose knight's distinguish'd name
 Refin'd a nation's lust of fame ;
 Whose tales ev'n now, with echoes sweet,
 Castilia's Moorish hills repeat :
 Or him ‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
 In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore,

* Alluding to the Milesian Tales, some of the earliest romances.

† Cervantes.

‡ Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

Who

Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her fire betray'd :

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed ;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal !
Let some retreating Cynic find
Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree
You rove thy scene-full world with thee !

The PASSIONS. An ODE for Music.

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

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

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

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

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

And

And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien, [his head.
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from
 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
 With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.
 But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
 But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
 O Music, sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddess, why to us denied ?
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
 Can well recal what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
 Fill thy recording sifter's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 Ev'n all at once together found
 Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
 O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state!
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

A N E P I S T L E

Addressed to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition
 of Shakespeare's Works.

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

Hard

Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,
 Unown'd by science, and by years obscur'd :
 Fair Fancy wept ; and echoing sighs confess'd
 A fixt despair in every tuneful breast.
 Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,
 When wintry winds deform the plenteous year ;
 When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade
 Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.

Each rising art by just gradation moves,
 Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves :
 The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
 And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
 Preserv'd through time, the speaking scenes impart
 Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart :
 Or paint the curse that mark'd the *Theban's reign,
 A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
 With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
 Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

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

As arts expir'd, resistless Dulness rose ;
 Goths, Priests, or Vandals,—all were learning's foes.

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.

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

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

Yet, ah ! so bright her morning's opening ray,
 In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day !
 No second growth the western isle could bear,
 At once exhausted with too rich a year.
 Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;
 Nature in him was almost lost in Art.
 Of softer mold the gentle Fletcher came,
 The next in order, as the next in name.
 With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find
 Each glowing thought, that warms the female mind ;
 Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,
 The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
 His † every strain the Smiles and Graces own ;
 But stronger Shakespeare felt for man alone :

* Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

† Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden. Drawn

Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
Th' unrival'd picture of his early hand.

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

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad surprize,
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die!
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:

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

† The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

The time shall come when Glo'ster's heart shall bleed
 In life's last hours, with horror of the deed :
 When dreary visions shall at last present
 Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent :
 Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
 Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive spear.

Wheree'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
 Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.

Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
 With humbler nature, in the rural grove ;
 Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
 And twilight fairies tread the circled green :
 Dress'd by her hand, the woods and vallies smile,
 And Spring diffusive decks th' enchanted isle.

O, more than all in powerful genius blest,
 Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast !
 Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
 Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal !
 There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
 There native music dwells in all the lays.

O, might some verse with happiest skill persuade
 Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid !
 What wondrous draughts might rise from every page !
 What other Raphaels charm a distant age !

Methinks ev'n now I view some free design,
 Where breathing Nature lives in every line :
 Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,
 Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.

—And see, where * Anthony, in tears approv'd,
 Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd :

* See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
 Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
 Still as they press, he calls on all around,
 Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

But * who is he, whose brows exalted bear
 A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
 Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
 On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel.
 Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall,
 (So heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.
 See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
 Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain!
 Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
 The son's affection, in the Roman's pride:
 O'er all the man conflicting passions rise,
 Rage grasps the sword, while pity melts the eyes.

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

So spread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole unknown,
 Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
 Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
 By winds and waters cast on every shore:

* Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the
 Odyssy.

When rais'd by fate, some former Hammer join'd
 Each beauteous image of the boundless mind;
 And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
 A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele,
 supposed to be dead.

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

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

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

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

When

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

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

O D E

On the Death of Mr. THOMSON.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed
 to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

I.

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

II.

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

* The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in
 the *Castle of Indolence*.

III. Then

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

And oft as Ease and Health retire
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening * spire,
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose fullen tide
 No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,

* Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond church.

Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And see, the fairy vallies fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

X.

* The genial meads assign'd to blefs
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds, and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

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

V E R S E S

Written on a Paper, which contained a Piece
of Bride-Cake.

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

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

This

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O B S E R V A T I O N S
O N T H E
O R I E N T A L E C L O G U E S.

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

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

In those ages, which, guided by sacred chronology, from a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, it appears from the most authentic historians, that the chiefs of the people employed themselves in rural exercises, and that astronomers and legislators were at the same time shepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that the history of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean shepherd.

From

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

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

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

It is to be lamented that scarce any oriental compositions of this kind have survived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time; we cannot doubt that many such have been extant, possibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters
without

without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity perished in the ashes of the Alexandrian library.

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

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

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

N^o

Νυν ια μεν φοροειλε βατοι, φοροειλε δ' ακανθαι·
 'Α δε καλα ναρκισσ[⊙] επ' αρκευθοισι κομασαι·
 Παντα δ' εναλλα γενοιτο, και α πιτυς οχνας ενειακαι
 ————— και τως κυνας ωλαφος ελκοι.

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

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

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

Ουτω δε πρωιζα κατεδραδες, ω φιλε γαμβρε;
 The colour of imitation is still stronger in the following passage:

Αως αντελλοισα καλον διεφαινε προσωπον,
 Ποτνια νυξ ατε, λευκον εαρ χειμενος ανεντος·
 'Ωδε και α χρυσεια 'Ελενα διεφαινετ' εν ημιν,

Πειρα,

Πειρη, μεγαλη. εἴτ' ἀινεῶραμεν οἶμος ἀρερά,
 Ἡ καπῶ κυπαρισσος, ἠ ἀρματι Θεσσαλος ἵππος.

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

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

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

The scenery and subjects then of the following eclogues alone are oriental; the style and colouring are purely European; and, for this reason, the author's

preface, in which he intimates that he had the originals from a merchant who traded to the east, is omitted, as being now altogether superfluous.

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

E C L O G U E I.

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

In impersonating the private *virtues*, the poet has observed great propriety, and has formed their genealogy with the most perfect judgement, when he represents them as the daughters of Truth and Wisdom.

The characteristics of Modesty and Chastity are extremely happy and *peinturesque*:

“ Come thou, *whose thoughts as limpid springs are*
 To lead the train, sweet Modesty appear; [clear,
 With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
 Distrusting all, a wise, suspicious maid;

Cold

Cold is her breast, *like flowers that drink the dew,*
A filken veil conceals her from the view."

The two similies borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expressive. There is, notwithstanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity of thought may as well be applied to Chastity as to Modesty; and from this instance, as well as from a thousand more, we may see the necessity of distinguishing, in characteristic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

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

— that must lead to love.

E C L O G U E II.

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

“ In filent horror o’er the boundless wafte
The driver Haffan with his camels paff.”

The magic pencil of the poet brings the whole fcene before us at once, as it were by enchantment, and in this fingle couplet we feel all the effect that arifes from the terrible wildnefs of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verfes that describe fo minutely the camel-driver’s little provifions, have a touching influence on the imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehenfions of diftreff:

“ Bethink thee, Haffan, where fhall Thirft affuage,
When fails this cruife, his unrelenting rage !”

It is difficult to fay whether his apoftrophe to the “ mute companions of his toils,” is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tendernefs and humanity of the fentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injufice, if he concludes it to be deftitute of fenfibility :

“ Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal fhare !
Here, where no fprings in murmurs break away,
Or mofs-crown’d fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleff, or verdant vales beftow :
Here rocks alone, and taftelefs fands are found,
And faint and fickly winds for ever howl around.”

Yet in thefe beautiful lines there is a flight error, which writers of the greateft genius very frequently fall into— It will be needlefs to obferve to the accurate reader, that in the fifth and fixth verfes there is a verbal pleonafm
where

where the poet speaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* vales. There is an oversight of the same kind in the *Manners*, an Ode; where the poet says

“ — Seine's *blue* nymphs deplore
In *watchet* weeds——”

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

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

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

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

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

“ What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:

And, fearful ! oft, when day's declining light
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
 By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
 Gaunt wolves and fullen tigers in his train :
 Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey."

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

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

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

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

E C L O G U E I I I .

THAT innocent and native simplicity of manners, which, in the first eclogue, was allowed to constitute the happiness of love, is here beautifully described in its effects. The sultan of Persia marries a Georgian shepherdess,

herdeſs, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can beſtow. The moſt natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are thoſe where the fair ſultana refers with ſo much pleaſure to her paſtoral amuſements, and thoſe ſcenes of happy innocence in which ſhe had paſſed her early years; particularly when, upon her firſt departure,

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

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

“ *Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remiſſis :*
Tantaque ſimplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jaçtura dolorem.”

E C L O G U E IV.

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

art and address. Thus he prepares the heart to pity the distresses of Circassia, by representing it as the scene of the happiest love.

“ In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin’d,

Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind.”

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

“ Sad o’er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,

Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led :”

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

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

“ And first review that long-extended plain,

And yon wide groves, already past with pain !

Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try’d !

And last this lofty mountain’s weary side !”

There

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expressing a slow and difficult movement by adding to the usual number of pauses in a verse. This is observable in the line that describes the ascent of the mountain :

And last || this lofty mountain's || weary side ||
Here we find the number of pauses, or musical bars, which, in an heroic verse, is commonly two, increased to three.

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

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

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

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expressed, than the shepherd's apprehensions
for

for his fair country-women, exposed to the ravages of the invaders.

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

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

“ Their eyes' *blue languish*, and their *golden hair*.”
Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the same kind of anxious pleasure, we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

O B S E R V A T I O N S
O N T H E
O O D E S,
DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

THE genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the Muse. Possessed of a
native

native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, susceptible of the finest feelings of tenderness and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthusiasm, which gives to imagination its strongest colouring, he was, at once, capable of soothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the passions by the force of his *pathos*, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his description.

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

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

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

“*Melior fieri tuendo,*”

would

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

Horace speaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but if the mind receives conviction, it is, certainly, of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the senses, it is conveyed. The impressions left on the imagination may, possibly, be thought less durable than the deposits of memory, but it may very well admit of a question, whether a conclusion of reason, or an impression of imagination, will soonest make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is most likely to gain upon the affections, it may not be difficult to determine.

This, however, must be allowed, that those works approach the nearest to perfection which unite these powers and advantages; which at once influence the imagination, and engage the memory; the former by the force of animated and striking description, the latter by a brief, but harmonious conveyance of precept: thus, while the heart is influenced through the operation



tion of the passions, or the fancy, the effect, which might otherwise have been transient, is secured by the co-operating power of the memory, which treasures up in a short aphorism the moral scene.

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

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

By this we are not to understand the trope in the schools, which is defined "aliud verbis, aliud sensu ostendere," and of which Quintilian says, "usus est, ut tristia dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rei quædam contrariis significemus, &c." It is not the verbal, but the sentimental allegory, not allegorical expression (which, indeed, might come under the term of *metaphor*) but allegorical imagery, that is here in question.

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

If, then, it be allowed that the first literary productions

tions were poetical, we shall have little or no difficulty in discovering the origin of allegory.

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

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

From the same source with the *verbal*, we are to derive the *sentimental* allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical or symbolical expression of the several agents in an action, or the different objects in a scene.

The latter most peculiarly comes under the denomination of allegorical imagery; and in this species of allegory we include the impersonation of passions, affections, virtues and vices, &c. on account of which,
princi-

principally, the following odes were properly termed by their author, allegorical.

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

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

O D E T O P I T Y.

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

The propriety of invoking Pity through the mediation of Euripides is obvious.—That admirable poet had the keys of all the tender passions, and, therefore, could
not

not but stand in the highest esteem with a writer of Mr. Collins's sensibility.—He did, indeed, admire him as much as Milton professedly did, and probably for the same reason; but we do not find that he has copied him so closely as the last mentioned poet has sometimes done, and particularly in the opening of *Samson-Agonistes*, which is an evident imitation of the following passage in the *Phœnissæ*.

Ἦκ προπαροίθε, θυγατερ, ὡς τυφλῶ ποδὶ
 Ὀφθαλμὸς εἰ σὺ, ναυβάταισιν ἀστρον ὡς
 Δευρ' εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πεδῖον ἰχνὸς τιθεῖσ' ἔμῳν,
 Προβαίνε. —————

Act. III. Sc. I.

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

“—give us back the image of the mind.”

Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
 And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
 Been sooth'd with Pity's lute.”

“There first the wren thy myrtles shed
 On gentlest Otway's infant head.”

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

The

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

O D E T O F E A R.

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

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

In construction of this nervous ode the author has shewn equal power of judgement and imagination. Nothing can be more striking than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the measure in the fifth and sixth verses, when he feels the strong influence of the power he invokes:

“ Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.”

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

“ Danger, whose limbs of giant mold,
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?

Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
 Howling amidst the midnight storm,
 Or throws him on the ridgy steep
 Of some loose hanging rock to sleep."

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

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

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

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

That nutritive enthusiasm, which cherishes the seeds of poetry, and which is, indeed, the only soil wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A passion for whatever is greatly wild, or magnificent in the works of nature, seduces the imagination to attend to all that is extravagant, however

unnatural. Milton was notoriously fond of high romance and Gothic *diableries*; and Collins, who in genius and enthusiasm bore no very distant resemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the same attachments.

“ Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true.”

“ On that thrice hallow'd eve, &c.”

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

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

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

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

This allegorical imagery of the honey'd store, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of Hybla, alluding to

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

πολυδακρυς δ' αφικομην
 Χρονος ιδων μελαθρα, και βωμης θεων,
 Γυμνασια δ' οισιν ενετραφην, Διρκης δ' υδωρ.
 Ων κ δικαιως απελαθεις, ξενη πολιν
 Ναιω, δι' οσσων ομμ' εχων δακρυροον.
 Αλλ' (εκ γαρ αλγος αλγος) αυ σε δερκομα,
 Καρα ξυρηκες, και πεπλος μελαγχιμης
 Εχασαν. EURIP. Phœniss. ver. 369.

“ But staid to sing alone
 To one distinguish'd throne.”

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

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

In these lines the writings of the Provençal poets are principally

principally alluded to, in which, simplicity is generally sacrificed to the rhapsodies of romantic love.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul este profani!

THIS ode is so infinitely abstracted and replete with high enthusiasm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the beauty of it, or of relishing its beauties. There is a style of sentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as if the subject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the same account that abstracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of such poems must be content with the approbation of those heaven-favoured geniuses, who, by a similarity of taste and sentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high mysteries of inspired fancy, and to pursue the loftiest flights of enthusiastic imagination. Nevertheless, the praise of the distinguished few is certainly preferable to the applause of the undiscerning million; for all praise is valuable in proportion to the judgement of those who confer it.

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

Nothing can be more loftily imagined than the crea-

tion of the Cestus of Fancy in this ode: the allegorical imagery is rich and sublime: and the observation that, the dangerous passions kept aloof, during the operation, is founded on the strictest philosophical truth; for poetical fancy can exist only in minds that are perfectly serene, and in some measure abstracted from the influences of sense.

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

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

O D E. Written in the year 1746.

O D E T O M E R C Y.

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

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the scene and figures described in the strophe of the
Ode

Ode to Mercy are exquisitely striking, and would afford a painter one of the finest subjects in the world.

O D E T O L I B E R T Y.

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

“ Who shall awake the Spartan sire,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in fullen hue.”

There is something extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly superior to that description Jocasta gives us of the hair of Polynices.

Βοσρυχων τε κυανοχρωτα χαιτας

Πλοκαμον. —————

“ What new Alceus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest, &c.”

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

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

“ With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell.”

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

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet considers the influence it has retained, or still retains

among the moderns ; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on account of losing its liberty under those patrons of letters, the Medicean family ; the *jealous* Pisa, justly so called in respect to its long impatience and regret under the same yoke ; and the *small* Marino, which, however unrespectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has, at least, this distinction to boast, that it has preserved its liberty longer than any other state, ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its present mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover the patron saint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deserves this poetical record, as he is, perhaps, the only saint that ever contributed to the establishment of freedom.

“ Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.”

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

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

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

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

The Flemings were so dreadfully oppressed by this sanguinary general of Philip the Second, that they offered their sovereignty to Elizabeth, but, happily for her subjects, she had policy and magnanimity enough to
refuse

refuse it. Desormeaux, in his *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Espagne*, thus describes the sufferings of the Flemings: "Le Duc d'Albe achevoit de réduire les Flamands au désespoir. Après avoir inondé les échafauts du sang le plus noble et le plus précieux, il faisoit construire des citadelles en divers endroits, et vouloit établir l'Alcavala, ce tribute onéreux qui avoit été longtems en usage parmi les Espagnols." *Abreg. Chron. Tom. IV.*

" — Mona,

Where thousand elfin shapes abide."

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Isle of Anglesey, anciently so famous for its Druids; but sometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Isle of Man. Both those isles still retain much of the genius of superstition, and are now the only places where there is the least chance of finding a fairy.

O D E,

To a Lady, on the Death of Colonel Charles Ross, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written May, 1745.

THE iambic kind of numbers in which this ode is conceived, seems as well calculated for tender and plaintive subjects, as for those where strength or rapidity is required—This, perhaps, is owing to the repetition of the strain in the same stanza; for sorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is
needless

needless to observe that this ode is replete with harmony, spirit, and pathos; and there, surely, appears no reason why the seventh and eighth stanzas should be omitted in that copy printed in Doddsley's Collection of Poems.

O D E T O E V E N I N G.

THE blank ode has for some time solicited admission into the English poetry; but its efforts, hitherto, seem to have been vain, at least its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a question, then, whether there is not something in the nature of blank verse less adapted to the lyric than to the heroic measure, since, though it has been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to discover this, we are to consider the different modes of these different species of poetry. That of the heroic is uniform; that of the lyric is various; and in these circumstances of uniformity and variety, probably, lies the cause why blank verse has been successful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it presented itself only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear by custom; but where it was obliged to assume the different shapes of the lyric Muse, it seemed still a stranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curiosity than pleasure, and entertained without that ease, or satisfaction, which acquaintance and familiarity produce—Moreover, the heroic blank verse obtained a sanction of infinite importance to its general reception, when it was adopted by one of the greatest poets the world ever produced,

duced, and was made the vehicle of the noblest poem that ever was written. When this poem at length exerted that applause which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the versification soon found its imitators, and became more generally successful than even in those countries from whence it was imported. But lyric blank verse has met with no such advantages; for Mr. Collins, whose genius and judgement in harmony might have given it so powerful an effect, hath left us but one specimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his measure he seems to have had in his eye Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the nearest resemblance to that mixt kind of the asclepiad and pherecratic verse; and that resemblance in some degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of those great masters of antiquity, whose works had no need of this whimsical jingle of sounds.

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

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

But whatever were the numbers, or the versification of
 this

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

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

In another we behold his strong bias to melancholy :

“ Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.”

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

“ That from the mountain's sides,
Views wild and swelling floods ;”

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

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

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

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FROM the subject and sentiments of this ode, it seems not improbable that the author wrote it about the time when he left the University; when, weary with the pursuit of academical studies, he no longer confined himself to the search of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the scholar of humanity, to study nature in her works, and man in society.

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

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

When the mind goes in pursuit of visionary systems, it is not far from the regions of doubt; and the greater its
capacity

capacity to think abstractedly, to reason and refine, the more it will be exposed to, and bewildered in, uncertainty.—From an enthusiastic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to persist in some favourite doctrine, or to adhere to some adopted system; but when that enthusiasm, which is founded on the vivacity of the passions, gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it supported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the inhospitable shore of doubt.—A striking proof of the necessity of some moral rule of wisdom and virtue, and some system of happiness established by unerring knowledge and unlimited power.

In the poet's address to Humour in this ode, there is one image of singular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the hair of Wit are of such a nature, and disposed in such a manner, as to be perfectly symbolical and characteristic:

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

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

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

The author could only mean to apply this to the time
 when

when he wrote, since other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himself acknowledges afterwards.

“ By old Miletus, &c.

By all you taught the Tuscan maids, &c.”

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

The PASSIONS. An ODE for Music.

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

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

With

“ With woeful measures wan Despair—
 Low fullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.”

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

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

Relegat, qui semel percurrit;

Qui nunquam legit, legat.

“ But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,

What was thy delighted measure?

Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,

And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong,

And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,

She call'd on Echo still through all the song;

And where her sweetest theme she chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,

And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.”

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

“ And

“ And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.”

Legat, qui nunquam legit;

Qui semel percurrit, relegat.

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

AN EPISTLE

To Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of
Shakespeare's Works.

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

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

ODE on the Death of Mr. THOMSON.

Mr. Collins had *skill to complain*. Of that mournful melody, and those tender images, which are the distin-

guishing excellencies of such pieces as bewail departed friendship, or beauty, he was an almost unequalled master. He knew perfectly to exhibit such circumstances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity; and while, from his own great sensibility, he felt what he wrote, he naturally addressed himself to the feelings of others.

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

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

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

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