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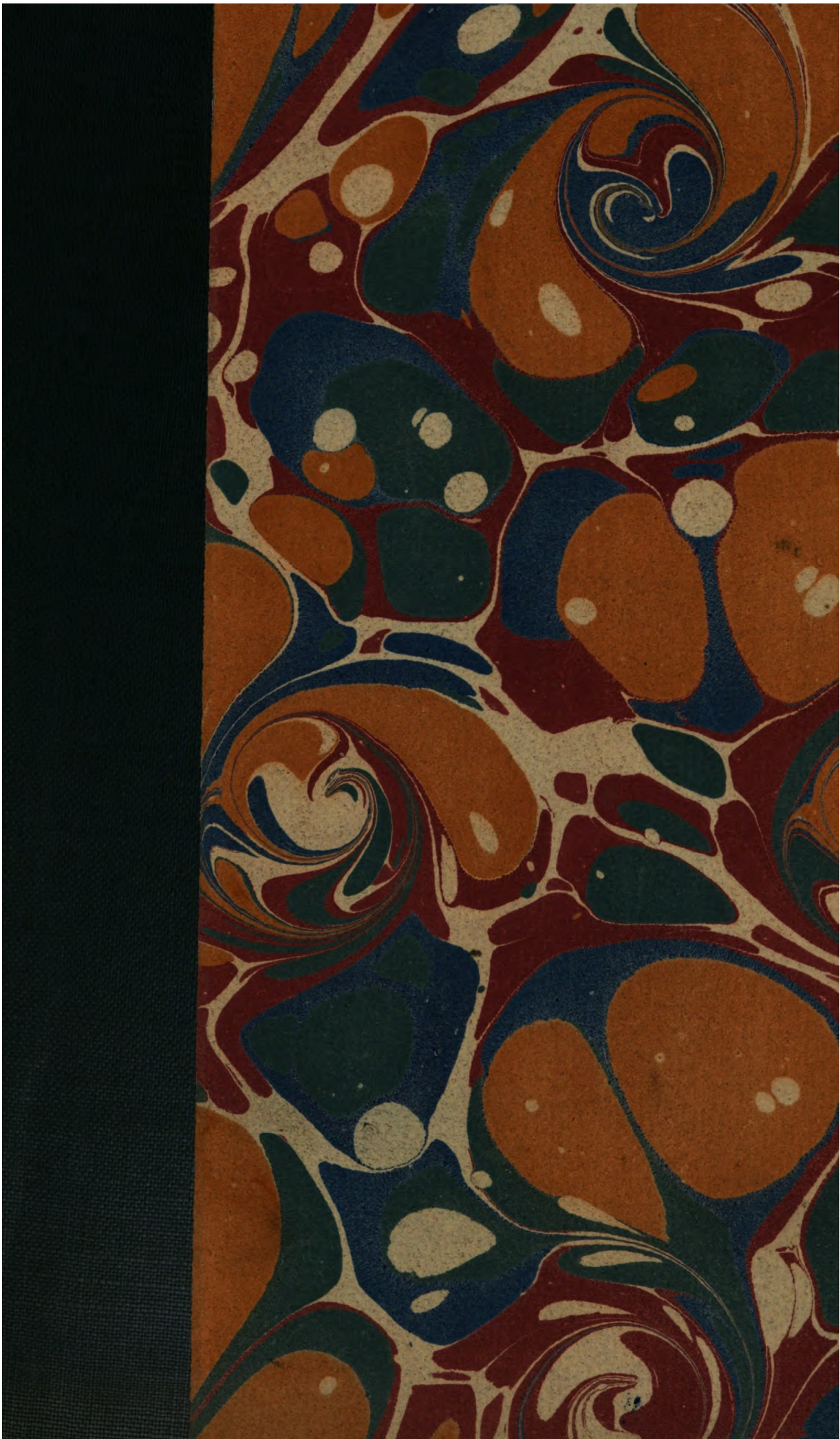
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Fiscaller M. 241



P O E M S.

W I T H

N O T E S.

BY JOHN WALTERS,

SCHOLAR OF JESUS COLLEGE,

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TO THE
P R I N C I P A L,
F E L L O W S,
A N D S C H O L A R S,
OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXFORD,
THIS VOLUME OF POEMS,
W R I T T E N
BEFORE THE AGE OF NINETEEN,
IS INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR:
AND HE PRESUMES TO HOPE THEY WILL RECEIVE
THIS SMALL TRIBUTE
OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,
WITH INDULGENCE TO HIS YOUTH,
AND APPROBATION OF HIS DILIGENCE.

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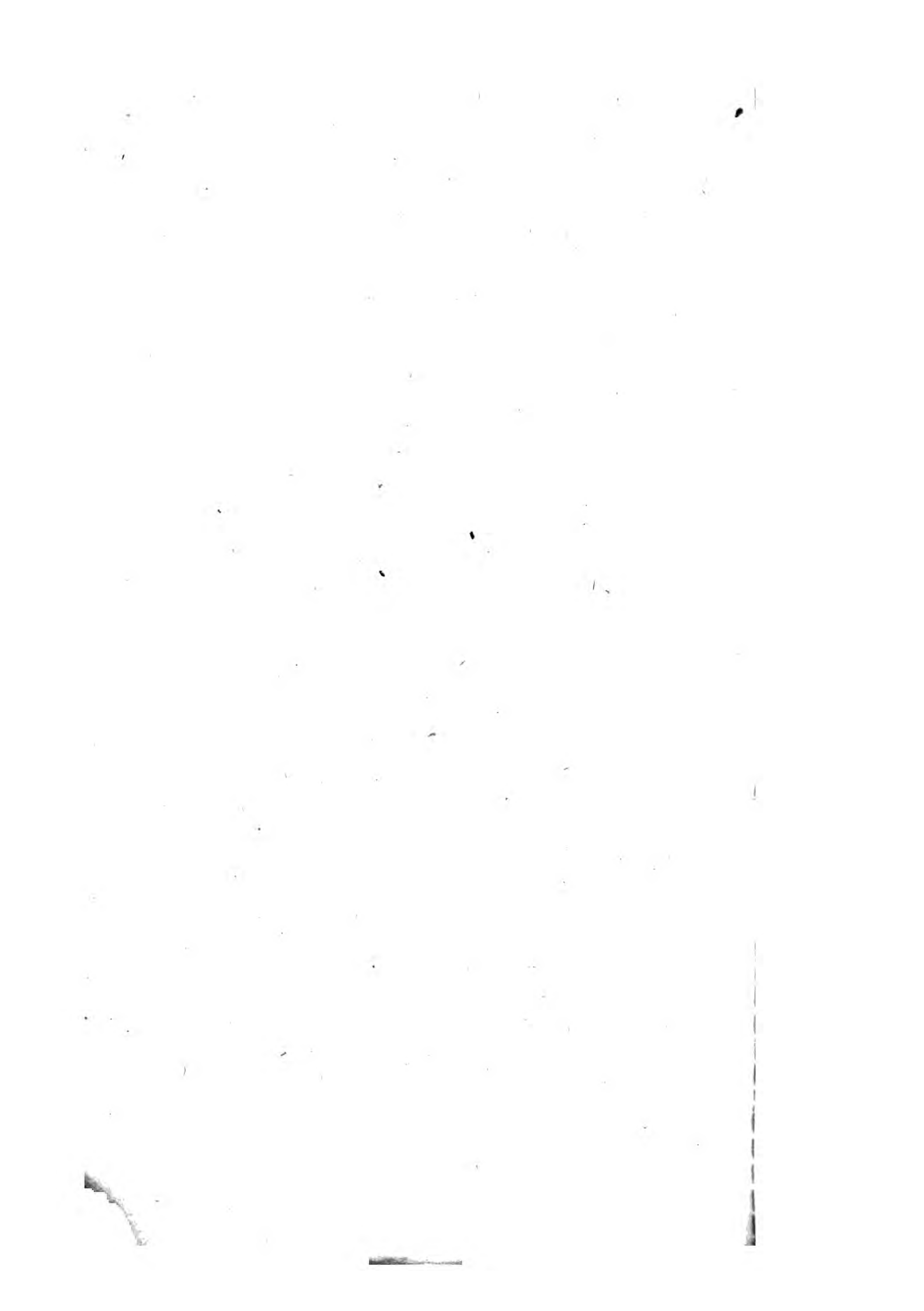
MEMORANDUM

TO : [Illegible]

FROM : [Illegible]

SUBJECT : [Illegible]

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P R E F A C E.

AMONG the various poems, whose leading circumstances and events are built on historical record, or on tradition, where History has furnished the outlines, and has left to Poetry the task of supplying the shade, the colouring, and the expression, those seem to deserve, and to have obtained, the praise of superior excellence, in which the author describes the actions and manners of times farthest remote from his own period.

If that province of poetry, which is purely historical, has seldom been attempted, or has scarce ever been attempted with success, still less frequent, and more unsuccessful, is that species of poetical composition which is confined to the subject of literature. It is the assertion of a critic, whose authority one would be unwilling to dispute, that Hudibras is the most learned poem in the world. In Hudibras, however, learning is not the principal subject: it is introduced indeed almost in every page, but only

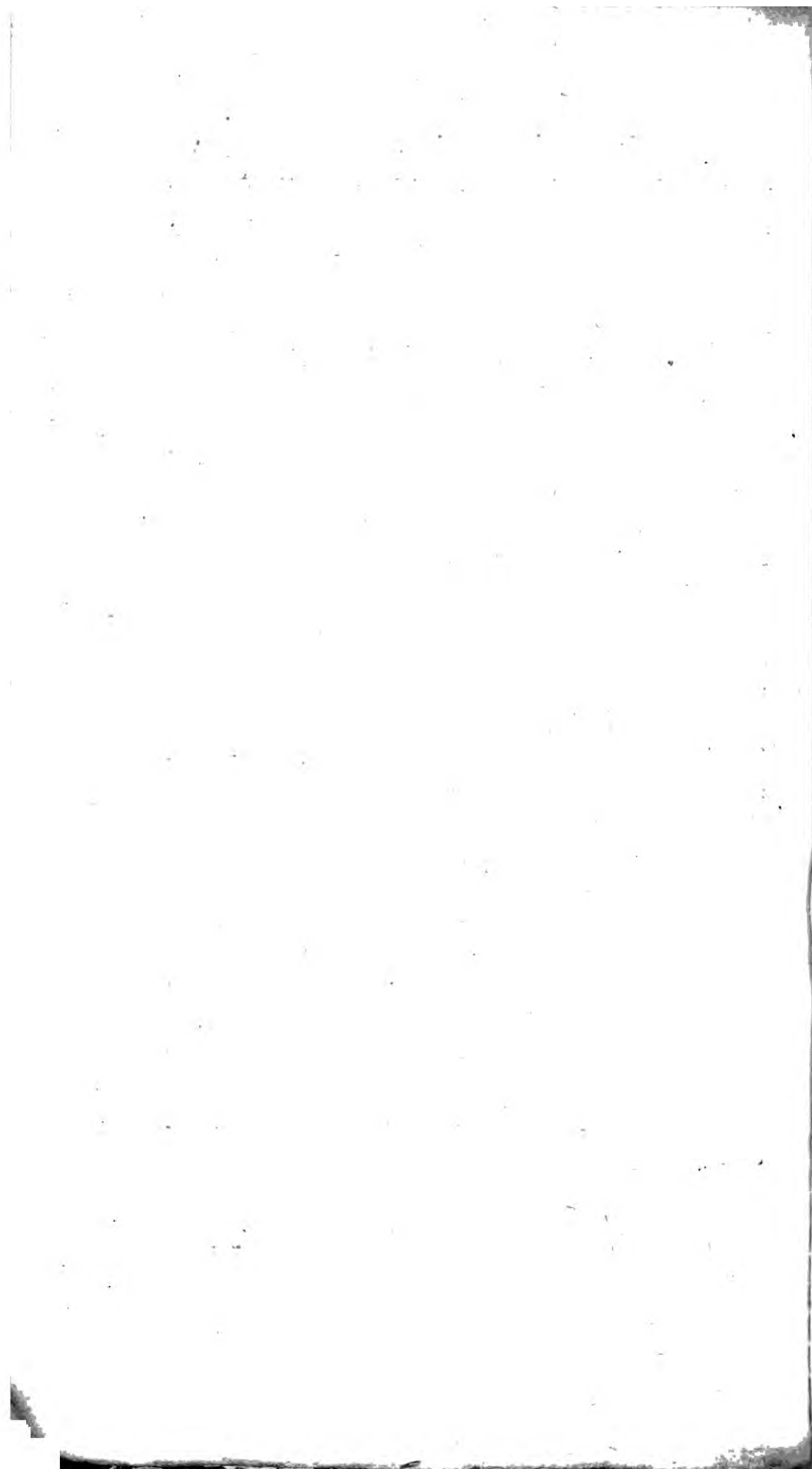
as it serves to diversify the reader's entertainment, to heighten the ridicule, and to form a new and inexhaustible fund for the purposes of burlesque. I believe, therefore, it will be difficult to instance what may properly be called a literary poem, a performance whose subject is learning, whose persons and characters are learned men, and which borrows its images and its allusions from the source whence its events also are derived.

This neglected corner of the poetical world I have ventured to explore. In the progress of discovery, many objects arise which are calculated in a high degree to improve and diffuse knowledge, to excite curiosity, and amuse the fancy. But though the pursuits and the praises of learning be capable of splendor and elevation, yet, with all their advantages of beauty and sublimity, they seldom have power to move the passions, and call forth the affections of the heart.

Under these difficulties, I sat down to compose in verse the history and description of the Bodleian Library. I began my poetical career with all that ardour and confidence which is the result of youth and inexperience. I soon found that my progress must often be retarded, and not seldom suspended, by the unavoidable necessity of enquiring into facts, which have been fully described, and which, among scholars, are generally known. If ever, in any part of the performance, I felt, in the smallest degree, that glow of enthusiasm, without which the
poet

poet prosecutes his labour with little pleasure or advantage; I was quickly constrained to exchange the flattering sensation for the languors of interruption, and the dulness of antiquarian research.

After this enumeration of the disadvantages which it was reasonable to expect from the nature of my subject, it must not be disguised that they have been recompensed, in no small degree, by the opportunity I enjoyed, from my station in the place I have attempted to describe, of gaining an intimate knowledge of its history and its treasures. The pains I have bestowed on this part of my undertaking, will sufficiently appear from the copiousness and multiplicity of the notes. Yet the limits of the present publication have not allowed me to exhaust my materials. To arrange and prepare for the press a large portion of miscellaneous information, in print and manuscript, which tends further to elucidate the former and present state of the Library, will probably be the employment of future leisure. Those particulars cannot surely be unuseful or uninteresting to the friends of science which describe Sir Thomas Bodley, whose observation and influence extended to every department of the literature of his times, and commemorate those illustrious persons who succeeded him in the virtues of his character and the liberal patronage of learning.



T H E

BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

MAJESTIC domes, and scientific shades,
No ruffian foe your solitudes invades :
Receive the humble bard, whose soul aspires
To catch one spark from all your fount of fires ;
Whose soaring thoughts on trembling wings essay 5
A theme ne'er hallow'd in heroic lay ;
Whose boldest verse, and most ambitious aim,
Would rise to half the grandeur of your fame.
 Struck with the sight, I feel a new surprize,
And awe, and wonder meets my dazzled eyes : 10

V. 1.] *The House of the Rolls, The House of Treasures, The Treasury of the Medicines of the Soul*, are the appellations by which the libraries of the East of remotest antiquity were distinguished. Diodorus of Sicily mentions a library built by an Egyptian king in the earliest ages, over the door of which was inscribed Ψυχης Ιατρειον. Whoever is curious to procure information on the subject of libraries, will receive abundant satisfaction from the French Encyclopedie (published at Paris in twenty-eight volumes folio) under the article *Bibliothèque*.

B

Hail,

Hail, classic bowers, where studious silence reigns,
 Where pure Religion her fair offspring trains ;
 Scenes which the noon mature and early morn
 Of science cheers, and all the arts adorn ;
 The tower which all the languages displays 15
 Of ancient eras and of modern days ;
 In whose great Babel graceful Order dwells,
 And rude Confusion's hideous bands repels.

Lead me, some Muse, sweet sister of the Nine,
 Nymphs of these shades, throughout thy haunts divine; 20
 With deep reflection teach me to survey
 The pictur'd splendors of the various way ;
 O teach the active life, historic fame,
 And bounteous deeds of each illustrious name,
 Reveal antiquity's immortal store, 25
 And every archive's rich recess explore.

First on this spot, as ancient bards declare,
 The pious Humphrey rais'd his fabrick fair.

V. 28.] Humphrey the Good, duke of Gloucester, younger brother of Henry V. He was fond of styling himself *Son, brother, and uncle of kings*. He built the Divinity School, and over it the Library (afterwards called the *Humphredian Library*) which he stored with a large collection of books, procured from Italy and France. "The names of which books, together with the letters sent with them, are still extant in the archives of the university." *Ayliffe's Ancient and present State of the University of Oxford*. — N. B. The archives of the university are kept in the tower of the schools.

Not

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. 3

Not then divine Philosophy had known
Fanes of her fame and empires of her own ; 30
The fun of science did not then display
Those beams that chas'd dark error's mists away :
Nor yet was gothic art, nor learning's aid,
Nor old devotion absent from the shade.
Then Oxford, glorying in her hero's name, 35
Felt the glad preface of her future fame :
The generous prince her firm protector stood,
The great, the brave, the learned, and the good :
From cloister'd domes, and each monastic cell,
Where knowledge erst was only wont to dwell, 40
From fam'd Italia's never-failing springs
The stores of rich antiquity he brings,
In walls appropriate the fair prize immures,
Guards with his care, and with his laws secures.
But ah! how soon was Learning doom'd to mourn 45
Her fanes deserted and her laurels torn !

V. 44.] At the foundation of the old library, a body of laws was composed for its government, which Sir Thomas Bodley quotes by the name of the Old Statutes. See Bodley's first draught of the statutes, published by Hearne.

V. 45.] The Humfredian Library had flourished for the space of eighty years, when Edward VI. sent his commissioners to the university with a visitatorial power. Their commission directed them " *To free the university from popery, establish learning, and encourage learned men.*" Instead of adhering to their sovereign's commands, they turned the areas of the schools into common gardens, applied the public revenues to private uses, prohibited logical disputations, abolished academical degrees

4 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

How soon the alter'd, hapless maid deplores
Her charms all rifled, and her pillag'd stores !
Vain were her glories, and the world's applause,
And vain the sanction of protective laws, 50
All that great Humphrey's pious cares had done,
When outrage ends what treacherous fraud begun.
The maids of song and sympathy complain,
While Oxford weeps her woe, but weeps in vain.
Barbarian, stay ! nor tofs the flaming brand : 55
'Tis royal Edward speaks the mild command.
" To Rhedycena's studious haunts repair ;
" Her arts to cherish be your active care :
" Her letter'd sons in all their rights maintain,
" And free from Rome's and Superstition's reign." 60
Each ruthless wretch his sacrilegious hand
Extends, nor heeds his monarch's mild command :
Thro' every shade they spread their deadly bane,
No altar sacred from their force profane ;

as antichristian, destroyed the privileges, and trampled upon the statutes of the university. The students, thus cruelly oppressed, left their studies and the place, and betook themselves to the mechanic trades. The public library, together with the libraries of the colleges, was burnt. The ancient fathers of the church were not spared. All books with red letters in the title page, all books of mathematics, astronomy, &c. in which lines, circles, and other figures were described, were condemned to the flames for their supposed affinity with the magic art.

They

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. 5

They tear the iron lock and linky chain 65

From cells and shelves with volumes stor'd in vain ;

The fell barbarians, fir'd with savage joy,

With impious flames the precious tomes destroy,

Insatiate war with learning's empire wage,

And toil with more than superstitious rage. 70

Ah! see involv'd amid the common doom

The classic sons of Athens and of Rome !

Unblushing falsehood sacred worth defames,

And gives the reverend Fathers to the flames !

The drooping student, exil'd from the bowers 75

Where sooth'd with letter'd ease he past the peaceful hours ;

Where now, sad scene ! neglected Virtue sighs,

Fair Honours cease, and injur'd Reason flies ;

Quits the green walks where oft his steps had rov'd,

The arts he studied, and the muse he lov'd, 80

With many a parting sigh he heaves his breast,

And leaves the paradise he once possess'd.

Her seats deserted, and her piles o'erthrown,

Her academic lawns with weeds o'ergrown,

Sad Oxford sits, with woe's majestic mien, 85

And, silent, mourns the desolated scene.

But, lo, the Muse prepares for instant flight,

And sighs and sickens at the bleeding sight !

Her

6 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

Her steps forlorn, when these lov'd shores we leave,
 Devonia's hospitable vales receive : 90
 Far thro' her meads where silver Ifca stray'd,
 Beneath a laurel's olive-chequer'd shade,
 A blooming boy first breath'd the vital air,
 Still form'd and foster'd by Minerva's care ;
 She strew'd fresh roses for his balmy bed, 95
 She his young lips with fruits ambrosial fed,
 She plucks the leaves that round his arbour grow,
 Then trims, and plants them on his infant brow.
 Hail, Bodley, hail ! thrice favour'd youth ; approv'd
 By Mars ; by Pallas, and the Muse belov'd : 100
 Distinguish'd much for thy long-lineag'd race,
 But more distinguish'd for thy native grace,

V. 99.] Sir Thomas Bodley was born at Exeter, 1544. He was descended in the paternal line from the ancient family of Bodley, or Bodleigh, of Duncombe, near Crediton ; by his mother, from Robert Hone, Esq; of Ottery St. Mary, nine miles from Exeter. On the accession of Mary I. in 1553, he accompanied Mr. Bodley, his father, who was a firm protestant, in his flight to Germany. " My father, in the time of queen Mary, being noted and known to be an enemy to popery, was so cruelly threatened and so narrowly observed by those that maliced his religion" &c. *Sir Tho. Bodley's Life, written by himself, and dated 1609.* He continued some time at Wefel in Cleveland, and afterwards at Frankfort on the Maine. In 1556, he settled at Geneva, which had been newly erected into an university, and was very much frequented by Protestant Refugees from all parts of Europe. Being then only twelve years of age, he carefully attended the lectures of Calvin and Beza in Divinity, of Chevalerius in Hebrew, of Beroaldus in Greek, and also of Robert Constantine, author of the Greek Lexicon, on Homer, " besides my domestical teachers in the house of Philibertus Saracenus, a famous physician in that city, with whom I was boarded." *Bodley's Life.* On

That mighty mind which all the arts refine,
 That foul serene where all the virtues shine.
 Hail, darling hope, while ruinous force invades, 105
 Of injur'd Bellosite's Lycæan shades :
 Thou know'st not, smiling boy, ere yet mature,
 What toils thy tender form must first endure ;
 Ah! doom'd too soon in German towns to wear
 The garb of woe, and exile's wants to bear, 110
 While faith's firm fight the sons of Britain wage
 With Rome and papal Persecution's rage.
 Soon the bright youth, at fam'd Geneva taught,
 The flame of zeal from mouths of sages caught,
 Learnt the sweet flowers of language to recite, 115
 And drank the sacred fount of Hebrew light.

On the death of Mary and accession of Elizabeth in 1558, he returned to England with his father and family.

In 1559 he became a member of Magdalen College, Oxford, under the tuition of Dr. Humphrey, president of that college, and royal professor of divinity. In 1563 took his degree of B. A. In 1564 was admitted Fellow of Merton college. In 1565 read a Greek Lecture in the hall of that college. In 1566 took his degree of M. A. and read natural philosophy in the public schools. He was elected one of the Proctors of the university in 1569, being then twenty-five years of age; and for a long time after supported with dignity the office of Public Orator. In 1576 he quitted Oxford, spent the four ensuing years in making the tour of Europe, and then returned to his college. In 1583 he was appointed Gentleman Usher to queen Elizabeth. In 1585 married a lady of considerable fortune. The same year he was sent by the queen on an embassy to the courts of Denmark, Brunswick, Hesse, &c. In 1588 he received the appointment of English Resident in the United Provinces, and accordingly settled at the Hague, where he assisted at the Council of State, taking place, and giving his vote
 in

8 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

Till, when the glare of Popedom's impious brand
 Had ceas'd to fill with fright the bleeding land,
 Him Britain, freed from Slavery's galling chain,
 Receives and welcomes to her arms again :

120

Him, faintly smiling, Rhedycene admires,
 And courts his presence, and his aid requires ;
 Faint was her smile, for she the spot could tell
 Where late old Latimer, her martyr, fell,
 Bound to the stake where faithful Ridley stood,
 And Cranmer seal'd his precepts with his blood.

125

To Merton's classic halls and ancient seats
 The thoughtful student from the world retreats,
 Oft haunts, at morn and silent eve, the grove,
 Still the blest object of Minerva's love ;

130

in the assemblies, next to Count Maurice. About this time he was charged with a very secret, sudden, and important commission to Henry III. of France. All the letters he was intrusted with on this occasion, were written with the queen's own hand; and he was not allowed one servant to attend him. In 1597 he left the United Provinces, and at the same time retired from all state employments, having for the space of thirteen years executed commissions of the utmost importance with a diligence, precaution, and success, that have never been surpassed in the whole *corps diplomatique*. He was repeatedly intreated by the lord treasurer Burleigh to accept the post of Secretary of State, but he resolutely declined the offer. For the same year that he retired from the political, he became a distinguished member of the literary world. Then it was that he began his Library, which was completed and opened to the university in 1602. In 1604 he received the honour of knighthood from James I. His death, which happened in 1612, was lamented by the university in a volume of poems, entitled *Iusta Funebria Ptolemai Oxoniensis*. At the same time was spoken and published his funeral oration by the Public Orator.

A volume

She still in Mentor's faithful form appears,
 The guide and guardian of his youthful years ;
 He with her lore instructs the rising age,
 And paints the charms of Græcia's golden page,
 With her sage precepts fraught and sacred fires 135
 To honours, meed of worth approv'd, aspires.
 See him, at length, th' impartial powers display
 Of public trust and magisterial sway.
 Oh hear how bold and strong, he wins the heart
 With graceful action and persuasive art, 140
 By listening throngs applauded, lov'd, and fear'd,
 While from his lips the public voice is hear'd !
 Oft as beneath the structure's arch-crown'd gate
 The long procession mov'd in solemn state,

A volume of poems, entitled *Bodleionnema*, and a funeral oration (spoken over his grave by Mr. John Hales) were printed on the same occasion by Merton college. He was buried with academical honours in Merton college choir, where a monument is erected to his memory. "Over him is erected a monument of black and white marble, on which is placed his effigies, in a scholar's gown, surrounded with books; and at the four corners stand Grammar, Rhetoric, Music, and Arithmetic. On each hand of his effigies stands an angel; that on the left holds out to him a crown; and that on the right a book open, in which are these words, *Non delebo nomen ejus de libro vitæ*, i. e. *I will not blot his name out of the book of life*. Underneath is the figure of a woman, sitting before the stairs of the old library, holding in one hand a key, and in the other a book, wherein the greatest part of the alphabet appears; and behind are seen three small books shut, inscribed with the names of *Priscianus*, *Diomedes*, and *Donatus*." *Biogr. Brit.* In order to explain more clearly the events of Sir Thomas's political life, I shall present the reader with the following extracts from Camden's *History of the Life and Reign of Queen Elizabeth*. "Unde hæc ma-

From the gay pomp he turns his anxious eye 145

To that sad spot where Gloster's ruins lie :

Oft at the hour of silence and of rest,

Great future plans revolving in his breast,

Unconscious, rapt in thought, with wishful gaze,

Amid the awful solitude he strays. 150

Still as he views, a fairer prospect cheers

Thro' the dark mists of interposing years ;

Firm are his hopes to reach the distant goal,

And fix'd the mighty purpose of his soul.

And yet, O Bodley, here awhile must cease 155

Thy promis'd triumph of the arts of peace ;

For lo, in alien courts and foreign lands

Thy country claims thee, and thy queen commands.

lorum femina in Anglia sparsa fuerunt, non latuit Elizabetham, quæ Guisios exitiosam in protestantium religionem, Gallorum regem, et ipsam, conjurationem aperte jam fecisse viderat. Illa contra ut fædus a protestantibus ad religionem tuendam iniretur, Tho. Bodleium ad Danorum Regem, Electorem Palatinum, Duces Saxonix, Wirtembergæ, Brunswici, Luneburgæ, Marchionem Brandenburgi. et Landgravium Hessiæ mittit, jubetque, inter alia, ut Danorum Regem obiter moneret, ipsius in primis interesse, Guisiorum conatibus occurrere, quum cognato Lotharingiæ Duci, Daniæ regnum asserere non dubitaverint, utique Christiæ secundi Regis Danorum e filia nepoti; nec ipsum Lotharingum hoc dissimulasse, quum Elizabethæ nuptias haud ita pridem ambiret." Camden's Elizabeth, published by Hearne, vol. II. " Gallum suis rebus diffidentem, per Thomam Bodleium clam submissum confirmavit." Idem, vol. III. " Effexius palam indignanter stomachatus est quod, dum abesset, Robertus Cecilius in secretarium adscitus; cui muneri ille jam pridem Thomam Bodleium, ob spectatam in Belgicis rebus prudentiam, tantis congestis laudibus ut maxime idoneum commendaverat, et Cecilio tam odiosis comparationibus detraxerat, ut nec visum Reginæ (quæ jam

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. 11

Nor blame, nor yet the tedious hours deplore
 That hold thee absent from thy native shore : 160
 As year on rolling year successive came,
 Still grew thy wealth, thy wisdom, and thy fame ;
 Britain thy toils with gratitude regards,
 And great Eliza with her smiles rewards.
 Still fraud and faction at thy presence bend, 165
 And peace and honours all thy steps attend.
 Soon hadst thou ris'n to pomp, an ampler store
 Of wealth amass'd, and climb'd to heights of power.
 Ambition's fields their golden gleams display,
 And high-born Cecil points the flowery way : 170
 In vain, nor mist of wealth or power can blind,
 Nor tongue of Cecil bend thy fixed mind :

jam cæpit minus probare quos ille maxime commendavit) Bodleium in secretarium admittere, nec thesaurario collegam filio adjungere, quod destinarant, priusquam ex immodicis illis ab Essexio laudationibus eum in Essexii partes pellectum suspicarentur." Idem, Vol. III. In the same volume Camden announces the establishment of the library, and places the founder so high in the scale of excellence, that " illustri æternaque laude, dum literæ fuerint, inter maximos et de literis meritissimos jure optimo sit concelebrandus." " Sir Thomas had all the qualities of a Mæcenas; he was an excellent scholar himself, a lover of learning in others, and a proprietor of a very plentiful estate." *Ayliffe*. " He was so diligent, that (as he wrote to Dr. Tho. James, his first library-keeper) there was not 400 pounds worth of books in England fit for a library, which were not actually placed therein; and that he would endeavour for them also." Idem. Dr. James, in pursuance of Sir Thomas's instructions, went to Cambridge, with a view to improve the institution by an accurate estimate and observation of the libraries of that university. John Bill, an intelligent bookseller, was sent to the marts of Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, for the purchase of foreign books.

12 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

The form of Science with new pride to grace,
 And her fall'n diadem on her brow replace,
 To hail with triumph her return, is thine, 175
 And hang her holy fanes with ornaments divine.

The hero comes ! exulting Oxford cries ;
 He comes ! glad Isis from her shores replies.
 Hail, blest ambition, generous thirst of fame ;
 Hail, patriot Bodley,—awe-inspiring name ! 180
 Each fading scene his joyous presence cheers,
 The glooms all vanish, and new day appears.
 Old Humphrey's walls on firmer base to rise
 He bids, and lifts them nearer to the skies.

On gilded roofs the arms Oxonian shine, 185
 Triumphal arches grace the bold design,

The following passages are copied from Sir Thomas's Letters to Dr. James, published by Mr. Hearne. " Because I have been disappointed of my hopes of books from out of Turkey, I do intend, ere be long, to send a scholar of set purpose, who is very well studied both in the Hebrew and Arabick tongues, whose errand shall be only, to seek out books for the library. I am likewise determined to send another to Spain, whereof I will tell you more hereafter." Letter 70. " The sickness here in London, will not suffer me to stay the binding of the books, which I would willingly do, having newly received more out of Italy." Letter 80. " As yet the lamb-skin gown hath not been seen by his majesty. But he knoweth that I have it, and I expect every hour to be sent for to the court. If those books at Windsor may not be had without his majesty's privity and leave, I suppose I shall resolve to let them alone. For although they be worthy the having, yet I cannot think it fit, unless the gift were greater, to be a suiter for them. For it may be a hindrance to me, if hereafter I shall renew, which I purpose, God willing, my petition to his highness for performance of his promise made to me in Oxon." Letter 85. *N. B.* King James I. had promised

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. 13

Above, the spiring turrets heaven invade,
 Extends, beneath, the graceful colonnade,
 The gothic windows all their pride display,
 Their golden splendors in the face of day. 190

At length, from Bodley's bounty-bearing hands
 The vacant shell its promis'd wealth demands:
 Still the fair structures, labour'd all in vain,
 A mass of lifeless beauty must remain,
 Unless his hand with life's immortal fire, 195

Promethean spark! th' external frame inspire;
 His powerful hand the fair external frame
 Invigorates with wisdom's active flame;
 From learning's various magazines he pours
 Of many an age the congregated stores, 200

promised leave to select from the royal libraries such books as were not then in the Bodleian. "I had no sooner sent my former letter to the carrier, but John Bill was returned, who hath been only at Sevil, but hath brought good store of books from thence. His purpose was at first to have visited all other like places and universities, where any books were to be gotten. But the people's usage towards all of our nation is so cruel and malicious, as he was utterly discouraged for this time." Letter 104. "The sending of any book out of the library may be assented to by no means; neither is it a matter that the university or vice-chancellor are to deal in. It cannot stand with my publick resolution with the university, and my denial made to the bishop of Gloucester and the rest of the Interpreters in their assembly in Christ-Church, who requested the like at my hands, for one or two books." Letter 112. "It may be, ere be long, I will to Eaton myself to see Sir H. Savile, and then will endeavour to get those Windfor books, and if need shall so require, I will crave his furtherance to that purpose." Letter 128. "The young Landgrave of Hesse is gone to see Cambridge, and comes to Oxon from thence: where I make no doubt but such

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To her lov'd cause devotes his useful days,
 Tries all his art, and all his power displays,
 Bids cloisters old their ample tribute fend,
 Each prince implores, solicits every friend,
 On purer model plans the ancient laws ; 205
 And bravely zealous in the glorious cause,
 From cares of state and false ambition free,
 O Science, consecrates himself to thee.

Now dedal Printing pours her copious store,
 Replete with wisdom's various-letter'd lore ; 210
 Their voice her hundred tongues concording raise,
 And all conspire to speak their patron's praise.
 Ne'er knows the zealous monk such joys divine,
 Whilst trembling prostrate at the altar'd shrine

such order will be taken, if Mr. Vice-chancellor get a-foot, which I wish from the bottom of my heart, as he shall take a great liking of the university's entertainment. There has not hitherto been any young prince more welcome to his highness and the court, nor carried himself with better grace." *Ibid.* "I am to let you understand that the Venetian ambassador is to take his journey for Oxon to-morrow, and I think will be there on Friday night. The chiefest cause of his going is to see the library, where, if you shall think it good, and it stand with the liking of Mr. Vice-chancellor (who shall be advertised of it from Sir Dudley Carleton) it will not do amiss, that you bid him welcome yourself with some compendious speech, when he cometh to see the library." Letter 130. "I can see no good reason to alter my opinion for excluding such books as almanacks, plays, and an infinite number that are daily printed of very unworthy matters; and such as methinks both keeper and under-keeper should disdain to seek out to deliver to any man. Haply some plays may be worthy the keeping: but hardly one in forty. For it is not alike in English plays and others of other nations. Because they are most esteemed for learning the

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. 15

Some martyr's aid all fervent he implores, 215

And the dear reliques of his faint adores ;

As wiser Bodley feels, whose pious care

More sacred reliques heaps on shrines more fair ;

While sage Antiquity bestows her prize,

Rich hoards of time-worn manuscripts supplies, 220

From Europe's various climes her trophies brings,

Her treasuries unlocks, and opens all her springs.

Nor does the hero's generous soul disclaim

Heirs of his worth and partners of his fame :

Hence royal patrons grace the classic shade, 225

And modest merit lends its humbler aid.

Blest sons of fame, with each perfection crown'd,

For arts, for virtue, and for birth renown'd,

the languages, and many of them compiled by men of great fame for wisdom and learning; which is seldom or never here among us. Were it so again, that some little profit might be reaped (which God knows is very little) out of some of our play-books, the benefit thereof will nothing near countervail the harm that the scandal will bring upon the library, when it shall be given out that we stuffed it full of baggage books." Letter 167. "The good proceeding of my building is the best kind of musick that I desire to hear." Letter 170. "Sir Thomas Knevet and Sir Peter Young have dealt very much underhand to stop the king's grant of his books: wherein I know not as yet how well I shall speed. But two days past I wrote a letter to be shewed to the king himself; whereupon I shall know whereto I may trust. And if I may not enjoy that gift of his manuscripts, I doubt I shall not undertake that Collation of the Fathers." Lett. 177. "The bearer hereof is the son of Drufius the Hebrician of Friseland. He purposeth a while to sojourn in Oxon, and withal upon liking, to teach either privately or publickly (as he shall be set to work) the Hebrew tongue, wherein, as likewise in the Chaldee and Syriack, his skill is extraordinary, and likewise

Your brows may chaplets ever-blooming bind,
 Due to th' heroic heart and manly mind, 230
 Due to each lasting monument that stands
 Here fix'd and brighten'd by your patron hands.

likewise in Greek. I have promised to recommend him unto you for his access unto the library. In which regard I would request you to deal in my name with Mr. Vice-chancellor, that he may be there admitted after a while. His desire is to common in Gloucester-hall, for which I recommend him unto Mr. Principal. He will be able to stead you about the titles of your Hebrew books to your full satisfaction. I pray you use him with all kindness for my sake." Letter 182. "I think your brother is this day sworn lord chief justice, and fargeant Tounfield lord chief baron, *quod bonum faustumque sit tibi et tuis.*" Letter 188. "The bearer hereof, Josippus Barbatus, was born at Memphis in Egypt, and comes recommended from the lord of Canterbury to Mr. Vice-chancellor, to the end he might read the Arabian tongue in Oxon, which is natural to him: as withal he speaketh French and Italian very readily, also Latin well enough to explicate his mind; being likewise, as I guess, of a kind and honest disposition. I would be glad to understand that he might be provided of a competent entertainment to keep him in Oxon, lest Cambridge should endeavour, as I make account they would, to draw him unto them." Letter 213. "Sir, I pray you let me intreat you to send your man to Mr. James, and to tell him from me, that Mr. Coryat, the famous traveller, will be at the Act; and sith he hath bestowed one of his books on the library, which is in the custody of Mr. Thomas Allen, I would request him to send for it, and to place it for the time in some such place in the library, as he may seem to have magnified the author and the book." Letter 230, *To Anonymous.*

The following are all the writings of Sir Thomas Bodley, of which I have been able to procure any intelligence.

I. His Life, written by himself, in the year 1609. This book was first printed in quarto, at Oxford, with a short prologue and epilogue in prose, in the year 1647. It was republished by Mr. Hearne, in his *Reliquiæ Bodleianæ*; or, *some genuine Remains of Sir Thomas Bodley, &c.* octavo, London, 1703.

II. A Letter of Advice to his Cousin, Sir Francis Bacon, then on his travels.

III. Another Letter to the same, dated *Fulham, Feb. 19, 1607*, on his *Cogitata et Visa*, which he had sent for the private perusal of Sir Thomas,

Your wreaths, ye Muses, hang round Savile's bust,
 And strew your flowers on Cotton's marbled dust,
 O'er hapless Raleigh drop the grateful tear, 235
 And Dorset—names to Oxford ever dear.

Thomas, previous to publication. It contains a criticism of that treatise of Sir Francis in particular, and remarks on his studies in general. Two letters from this great man to Sir Thomas Bodley are extant, from each of which an extract is subjoined. "The second copy I have sent unto you; not only in good affection, but in a kind of congruity, in regard of your great and rare desert of learning. For books are the shrines where the saint is, or is believed to be. And you having built an ark to save learning from deluge, deserve propriety in any new instrument or engine whereby learning should be improved or advanced."

Letter to Sir Thomas Bodley, sent with his Book of Advancement of Learning.

"Sir, In respect of my going down to my house in the country, I shall have miss of my papers, which I pray you therefore to return unto me. You are, I bear you witness, slothful, and you help me nothing: so as I am half in conceit that you affect not the argument; for myself, I know well, you love and affect. I can say no more to you but, *Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ*. If you be not of the lodgings chalked up (whereof I speak in my preface) I am but to pass by your door. But if I had you but a fortnight at Gorhambury, I would make you tell me another tale; or else I would add a cogitation against libraries, and be revenged on you that way."

Letter to Sir Thomas Bodley, after he had imparted to him a Writing intituled Cogitata et Visa.

IV. A Letter to Sir John Scudamore. In a copy of the *Remains*, in the Bodleian library, is stuck a manuscript note from the Rev. Mr. Matthew Gibson, to Mr. Hearne, which is here subjoined. "There is in the lady Scudamore's archives, an original letter of Sir Thomas Bodley's to his intimate friend Sir John Scudamore, giving Sir John a particular account of the exercises performed by the university before king James, when his majesty came to see the library; which letter I look upon to be valuable; and if you do so too, a copy of it is at your command. M. Gibson."

V. Two hundred and twenty-nine Letters to Dr. James, his first librarian, with one to Dr. Rives, vice-chancellor; published in the the *Remains*, from the original manuscripts preserved in the Bodleian library.

Dorset, illustrious chief, who rais'd on high
 The bust of Bodley's muse-lov'd memory ;
 Bade him, great lord of all the rich domain,
 High on the throne of his own palace reign, 240
 His sacred presence all the scene pervade,
 Prince, guardian, priest, and genius of the shade.
 Her absence still the Muse impatient mourns,
 And to her Bodley, fill'd with joy, returns.
 Their great Mæcenas him the Nine proclaim, 245
 And on their temple's front inscribe his name.
 At length when seven revolving years expir'd,
 And each had seen him with his toils untir'd,

VI. The First Draught of the Library Statutes in English (also published in the *Remains*) ; afterwards translated into Latin by Dr. Budden, principal of Gloucester-hall, and incorporated with the statutes of the university.

VII. An Account of an Agreement between Queen Elizabeth and the United Provinces (in 1585), wherein she supported them, and they stood not to their agreement: written (in 1594) by Sir Tho. Bodley. Published by Hearne, at the end of vol. III. of Camden's Elizabeth.

V. 237.] In 1605, Thomas Sackville, earl of Dorset, chancellor of the university, erected a statue in the library to the memory of the founder, against the arch contiguous to the studies of the librarians.

V. 246.] Two years before his death, Sir Thomas Bodley built the eastern wing of the library, with the proscholium beneath, on the front of which, opposite the tower of the schools, and underneath the principal window of the library, which commands a view of the quadrangle, the university caused the following inscription to be engraved in large golden characters; QUOD FELICITER VORTAT, ACADEMICI OXONIENSES, BIBLIOTHECAM HANC VOBIS REIPUBLICÆQUE LITERATORUM, T. B. P.

V. 247.] The library was opened on November 8, 1602, with great pomp and solemnity. The whole university was present in procession. On this day the visitation of the library is annually held, when the trustees

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. 19

Th' auspicious morn, O Rhedycene, arrives
That to thy form thy proudest triumph gives, 250
That opes the portals of these fanes sublime,
Displays to view the treasur'd spoils of time,
Devotes the lofty pile, with just decree,
To virtue, fame, to science, and to thee.

Lo, a long train of sages and of peers! 255
Their much lov'd Bodley in the midst appears.
Admiring awe descends upon the throng,
Fix'd is each eye, and silent every tongue:
Which with chief praise shall gratitude extol—
Or Bodley's mighty dome, or Bodley's mightier soul? 260
Then many a sage, who erst, with anguish keen,
Opprest by rapine's iron hand had seen
These sacred seats, whose academic wreath
Shrunk at the blast of faction's pois'nous breath,
Had seen eclips'd, and wrapt in rest supine, 265
The sun of science hide his orb divine;
Saw in these seats at length, forlorn no more,
Art, beauty, peace, their ancient reign restore,
Saw the glad sunbeams chase the clouds away,
Burst from the gloom, and break the dark array. 270

trustees, who are the vice-chancellor, the professors, and the proctors, examine the state of the library, and severally inspect the books; and afterwards (as the founder has provided in his statutes) receive a handsome entertainment at the vice-chancellor's lodgings, with a genteel present to each for his trouble.

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Then many a youth, with emulative aim
And hopes ingenuous fir'd of future fame,
With warmth unusual felt his fancy climb,
With rising rapture view'd the scene sublime,
Admiring view'd the vast machine arise 275
In bright display before his wondering eyes,
Full wide diffus'd around the mighty dome
New conquests view'd, and triumphs yet to come,
And hop'd ere long in learning's fields to gain 280
The glorious palm, and range the boundless plain.

Oh then what thoughts, too big to be express'd,
Heav'd the warm heart in every glowing breast!
Its zeal, at length, each eager tongue displays,
In grateful accents of impassion'd praise.
Till virtuous Bodley comes with conscious pace, 285
With modest dignity, and manly grace;
Soothes, moves, alarms, by turns, the listening throng,
While charm'd attention dwells upon his tongue!

“ Your zeal, my friends, and warmth sincere repays
Your Bodley's merits with too partial praise : 290
What are the gifts your generous thanks approve,
What, but the pledge of duty and of love?
May nobler far our Rhedycene attend,
Nurse of our youth, and of our age the friend!

Yes,

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, 21

Yes, schools, and fanes, and theatres sublime 295
I view high-mounting thro' the vists of time!
Sages shall bid thy towers, Urania, rise,
There read the language of the starry skies;
Art's high museums shall with joy contain
Rich tribute sent from nature's wide domain. 300
But ne'er let bounty's liberal hand impart
The pride of science and the pomp of art.
Let students hence each useful maxim draw,
And join the views of justice and of law.
Let Phyfick here employ her early care, 305
Learn in this school her prowess to prepare,
Hence falling forth, in wisdom's sacred robe,
From real monsters free the subject globe.
Let Learning here in no false charms be dress'd,
But wear the modest matron's decent vest; 310
Be hers the care to check th' ignoble strife
Of pride, and teach the useful arts of life,
To mend the heart, and cultivate the mind,
To bless, to polish, and improve mankind.
But chief may HE, the power whose laws divine 315
Time, thought, and space with flaming bounds confine,
Who bids what'er the artist's plaffic hand
Hath wrought, thro' many a distant age to stand,

Or

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Or arm'd with ruinous haste and swift decay
Sweeps every mouldering monument away ; 320
May HE, well pleas'd, this classic scene behold,
Scene of discoveries new and reliques old ;
Well pleas'd that here the holy priest prepares
His soul for piety's illustrious cares,
Here fills his mind with all the precious store 325
Of life, and blest Religion's sacred lore,
Here each victorious weapon first employs
Whose force the atheist brood of Sin destroys,
Here her gigantic form triumphant treads
Down to the earth with all her hydra heads, 330
Drags from the tenfold gloom, with matchless sway,
The hell-born monster to the blaze of day,
And clad in Truth's immortal arms o'erthrows
Th' embattled legion of Religion's foes :
Or hence to humbler paths of life descends, 335
The guide, the friend of all her faithful friends,
Instructs their steps to chuse the arduous road
That tends to endless joy's divine abode,
No more thro' error's winding walks to stray,
And points to Heaven, and leads, himself, the way. 340
Such be the glories whose strong influence cheers,
And crowns with sweet success, the work of years :

So

So shall each youth each wish ingenuous gain,
 And say that Bodley has not liv'd in vain."

While yet he speaks, lo yon aerial throng, 345
 Descend with softest symphony of song!

Believe the muse, she saw them downward fly,
 Tho' unobserv'd by every vulgar eye.

Sweet Poesy, and Language, blooming fair,
 And bright Religion's awful form was there; 350

That form of faintly look and musing mien,
 Which fancy's eye contemplative hath seen

Pacing these shades that wear the moss of time,
 Long iles, and studious walks of thought sublime;

Her decent limbs in flowing mantle drest, 355
 A shining, various, emblem-pictur'd vest,

Where art hath lightly trac'd, with mimic toil,
 The storied rites of dark Mohammed's guile;

The sapphire heavens in sevenfold order rise,
 And wide extend the vales of paradise, 360

Where pleasure gay with youth eternal roves,
 And Houries dancing thro' the balmy groves:

There Scythian Lama aw'd the savage horde,
 Himself a brute, by grosser brutes ador'd;

To Sol her incense prostrate Persia paid, 365
 Nor knew the God by whom that sun was made;

There

There black Styx, lingering thro' the drear abodes,
 And old Olympus with his hundred gods ;
 Egypt, for worship of her herds abhor'd,
 Bent at the shrine of Apis, mighty lord ! 370

There Indian Brama with his monstrous plan—
 Ten million years before the world began !
 All in huge throng, tumultuous, crowding came,
 And faiths that made Religion but a name.
 With scorn indignant fraught, and conscious pride, 375
 She casts the fable-tiffued robe aside :

Where nobler scenes in brighter prospect rise
 Th' immortal virgin turns her beaming eyes ;
 There on the cross, to human woes consign'd,
 Stood forth confess the Saviour of mankind, 380

Apostles tost on life's tempestuous flood,
 And altars stain'd with many a martyr's blood ;
 And in her train is seen the Muse who sings
 Of Sion's mount and Salem's sacred springs,
 Thro' palmy vales of rich Idumè roves, 385

And cedar'd Lebanon's ambrosial groves ;
 And on her brow a thorny crown she wears,
 And in her hand the sacred code she bears,
 And soars in thought to heaven's angelic quire,
 Enraptur'd, listening to a seraph's lyre. 390

Behold

Behold where, next of all th' aerial throng,
 At awful distance moves the Queen of Song ;
 And in her hand she bears a garland green
 To bind the brows of beauteous Rhedycene.

Nor far behind, in all her charms array'd, 395
 Charms half conceal'd, and half to view display'd,
 The mighty Power of Languages appears,
 Young in the spring of many a thousand years.

There too Astræa shone, of smile severe ;
 Her beam was balanc'd, and her sword was bare. 400

Her shield the Goddess of the Healing Art
 Upholds, and baffles Death's impetuous dart ;
 Before her flee Disease, and Care, and Pain,
 And skilful sages form her reverend train.

Then Hunter's eye (had Hunter then been born, 405

Then had his brow the branch Pæonian worn)

Had wondering view'd, confest to him alone,

The Greek, of soul congenial with his own,

Old priest of health, who taught the Coan youth

The precepts pure of medicinal truth, 410

Whose art ev'n now HIS well-skill'd voice recalls

In fam'd Augusta's scientific walls :

There too the sage, around whose hoary head

Thrice fifty years their healthful bloom had shed,

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From roots of sovereign power and various use 415

Galen, wife Roman, drew the healing juice ;

From Egypt's vales and rich Arabia's shore

His gums and balsams skill'd Serapion bore.

Far in yon nook in studious filence see

The reverend form of hoar Antiquity ; 420

There all alone she takes her private stand,

And holds her dateless volume in her hand :

Hence the smooth graces of the rhetor's tongue,

Sweet verse by deathless poets whilom sung ;

Each classic wreath in learning's golden age 425

By bard Italian twin'd or Grecian sage ;

Hence hoary chronicles and legends old,

With purple sprent, with azure, and with gold,

(Bright hues which erst thro' many a volume shone,

To all the artists of our days unknown) ; 430

Grants, charters, rolls, in rural mansions kept,

Where long th' hereditary stores had slept ;

From cells monastic and from towers antique,

All in this fane a safe asylum seek.

Serene Philosophy of brow sublime, 435

And History loaded with the spoils of Time,

Mathesis with her golden compass came,

To grace THE TEMPLE OF IMMORTAL FAME.

And

And now, blest patriot, heir of true renown,
 Thro' Europe's climes thy favourite name hath flown, 440
 Thy deeds divine to half the world displays,
 Sublimely wafted on the wings of praise :
 And, ah! too soon the Nymphs, who smiling came,
 Drawn by the splendor of thy mighty name,
 To grace the noble triumph, and adorn 445
 The votive rites of that illustrious morn,
 With their glad presence consecrate the vow,
 And crown with laureate wreaths their patron's brow ;
 Advance in sad assemblage to deplore
 Their patron, friend, their Bodley now no more! 450
 With cypress wreaths and fresh festoons of flowers
 In ancient Merton's monumental bowers
 To hang thy hallow'd tomb, and round the shrine
 The olive branch and greenest laurel twine.
 Farewel ! great mortal ; Virtue's darling son ; 455
 Wise architect of Fame's imperial throne !
 Nor bold Ambition with her golden wand,
 Nor firen Pleasure with her silken band,
 Nor all the pangs of patience-wearying Pain
 Could damp thy ardour, or thy toils restrain. 460
 Thy lov'd Oxonia, weeping o'er thy herse,
 Pours her last tribute of desponding verse,

Calls all her weeping Muses round thy tomb,
 To praise thy memory, and lament thy doom;
 Calls the meek Dryads of her studious shade 465
 With honours due to bring their mournful aid,
 From secret arbours of the classic grove,
 And every garden's fancy-crown'd alcove,
 From coral grotts where Naiads wont to sport
 And royal Isis holds her watery court; 470
 All these she calls to raise the marble bust
 O'er her lov'd Ptolemey's illustrious dust,
 The solemn rites with pensive pleasure sees,
 And annual honours to his shade decrees;
 Such rites she pays, as when in regal walls 475
 A George, an Edward, or an Alfred falls;
 Hence shalt thou last, embalm'd in deathless rhyme,
 Nor Envy, nor the ruffian hand of Time,
 Nor rust of ages shall erase thy name
 From the vast volume of the rolls of fame. 480
 Come then, ye sons of virtue and of power,
 Who rose to solace, in her darken'd hour,

V. 474.] The same day on which the Library was opened, the Bodleian speech, in commemoration and praise of the founder, is spoken in the school of natural philosophy. It was instituted by Dr. John Morris, canon of Christ-church, who directed five pounds to be annually paid for the purpose, to a master of arts of that college. Mr. Edmund Smith, the poet, has on this occasion distinguished himself in the province of an orator. His Bodleian speech is printed in an edition of his works in folio.

Your

Your much lov'd Rhedycene, a duteous throng,
 Come, friends of science, and adorn my song :
 Safe in your care, a long auspicious reign 485
 The studious mother hop'd, nor hop'd in vain ;
 In You HIS generous care and filial love
 She strove to trace, with sad remembrance strove.
 Him first we sing, who first advanc'd to place
 New monuments on learning's ancient base, 490
 High in the fane his votive trophies hung,
 With characters of every alien tongue
 Richly pourtray'd, with tints of eastern die,
 And gothic art's fantastick imagery ;

V. 489.] Archbishop Laud, chancellor of the university, gave 1300 MSS. written in more than twenty languages. " All this while archbishop Laud had sent into the east to buy up oriental manuscripts, as also into Germany, from whence many excellent manuscripts were gotten from the Swedish soldiers, who had ravaged the libraries there." Ayliffe. In 1639, archbishop Laud gave five caskets of coins, each furnished with its peculiar class. Here it may be proper to observe, that in 1657, R. and W. Freke, of Hannington in Wiltshire, gave a very valuable collection of coins, with a costly cabinet for their reception. A history of archbishop Laud's chancellorship of the university, is printed in folio, in which are extant some letters sent by him from the tower to his vice-chancellor concerning academical affairs, in which he expresses an unremitting zeal and affection for that seat of religion and learning, whose welfare and safety he always preferred to his own. In contemplating the fate of this great man, it is impossible to approach him without awe and admiration at that hour, when, on the scaffold, he forgot the peculiar hardship of his own fate in the apprehensions of those calamities which then threatened, and soon after most cruelly invaded, the English church and his favourite university of Oxford.

At

At whose strong summons, with a loud acclaim, 495
 Hither the Languages to council came,
 All that e'er issued from the mouth of man
 From western Thule to remote Japan ;
 Who in these walls, with jewels rare beset,
 Built the first cell of yon proud cabinet ; 500
 Behold, where pearls diffuse a gleam around,
 With minted wealth each casket's cells abound,
 Seals, medals, coins, in burnish'd ranks behold
 High wrought of brass, of silver, and of gold,
 Gems richly glowing with a thousand dies, 505
 With beryl green the purple jacinth vies,
 There the strong diamond's golden splendors play,
 And yellow topaz sheds a softer day.
 But not that Bodley's archives rare have shone
 With precious metal, or more precious stone, 510
 Our praise we deem : lo, wide throughout the shade
 High cities, chiefs, and mighty kings display'd !
 Cities, so fam'd of yore for arts and arms,
 Where ancient Science deck'd her radiant charms,

V. 496.] An inscription in the library over the Laudian MSS. informs us, that they are written in the following languages, viz. Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Egyptian, Ethiopian, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Saxon, English, and Irish.

Where

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. 31

Where Commerce deign'd, with Plenty, to reside, 515
 Dwelt in the streets, and travel'd on the tide ;
 Kings crown'd with state, and arm'd with potent sway,
 Who learnt and taught true justice to obey,
 The trophied car in fields of conquest whirl'd,
 Or curst, like Nero curst, a subject world : 520
 While thus old Art's barbaric spoils arise,
 The ken of penetrating Thought discries
 The chosen ornaments, th' immortal few
 Of other ages, pass in bright review,
 Conspire their friend, their patron to applaud, 525
 And crown their triumph with the name of LAUD.
 Illustrious martyr ! whom nor woe-worn breast,
 Nor loss of power or liberty repress ;
 Whose spirit flew on duty's wings to guard,
 O British Athens, thee his sacred ward ; 530

V. 530.] The subsequent quotation will give sufficient proof of the archbishop's affection to the university. " Being resolved to free St. Mary's church from the inconveniences and profanation which the continual keeping of the public convocations and congregations in it must be attended with (for they were then held in that church), he erected a stately and most elegant pile at the west end of the divinity-school and Bodleian library: the lower part whereof was for the keeping of the convocations and other public meetings of the university: and the upper part, opening into the public library, was for the reception of books; in which are deposited his own MSS. Mr. Selden's library, &c.—He had also projected to clear the great square between St. Mary's church and the schools, where now stands the Radcliffe library; and to have raised a fair and capacious room upon pillars; the upper part to serve for convocations and congregations; the lower for
 a walk

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Ev'n when contending with the hour of death
 Or life's last verge he figh'd his parting breath—
 Oh, be thou ever blest, he cried, and free!
 And pour'd his warmest, latest pray'r for thee.

His too the hand which all thy wants supplied, 535
 And gave thy schools a Pocke and a Hyde;
 And still the influence of his watchful eye
 Bestows a White their absence to supply;
 White, who inspir'd with learning's genuine flame,
 Treads in their steps and emulates their fame, 540

a walk or place of conference, in which students of all sorts might confer together, when they resorted to the schools, the library, or upon any other public occasion. But the owners of the houses there not being willing to part with them, he was forced to drop that grand design." Biogr. Brit.

V. 535.] Among many other great benefits conferred by him on this seat of letters, the establishment of his Arabic professorship deserves to be particularly remembered, not only for the excellence of the institution, but for the eminent scholars it has called forth in the province of eastern literature, whose talents might otherwise have been confined to the composition of a voluminous treatise of logic, or an unprofitable system of scholastic divinity. For the illustration of some passages in p. 32. and p. 33. it is requisite to inform the reader, that a Translation, with Notes, of *A General History of Egypt, collected by Abdollatifh, a learned physician of Bagdad, during his travels in that country,* will be shortly published by the Rev. J. White, Laudian Professor of Arabic. The original work is written in the Arabic language, and is preserved in the Bodleian Library. We may expect to receive from the same learned hand a Translation of *The Civil and Military Institutes of Timour, or Tamerlane the Great,* written by himself, from a Persian MS. in the Museum of Dr. William Hunter.

V. 536.] Dr. Pocke was the first of those eminent Professors who have adorned the Arabic chair.

Who

Who here deep-searching thro' each eastern age
 First met, great Bagdad, thy instructive sage,
 Who now, with him, all Egypt's vales explores,
 Culls each rare shrub on Nile's sev'n-channel'd shores,
 And thro' lone avenues, by all else untried, 545
 Climbs the tall pyramid's gigantic side.
 Or fancy-borne the distant scenes descries
 Where Samercand's imperial domes arise,
 Whence Europe's dread, and Asia's proudest boast,
 The world's great Timour led his Scythian host; 550
 Timour, who oft the trump of conquest blew
 In realms where Rome's swift eagle never flew,
 Who his bright trophies built on plains unknown
 To the brave bands of Philip's warlike son;
 Blest patriot prince, in whom we view combin'd 555
 The daring heart and cultivated mind,
 Around whose throne the Virtues gently tread,
 And all the Arts by sacred Science led.
 Hence the great legislator's royal lore,
 To Ind and Persia now confin'd no more, 560
 Learn'd Skill shall soon exhibit with a smile
 To Europe's climes, but chief to Albion's isle;
 And first the charms of mightiest majesty,
 And genuine fame, shall strike great George's eye;

Those charms that once their powerful influence shed, 565
 And wide the arts of peace and empire spread,
 When Ignorance, from caves Cimmerian hurl'd,
 In darkness brooded o'er this western world ;
 Those charms that went with mercy's soothing sound
 To lift the prostrate captive from the ground, 570
 Gave humble gratitude to Pride, and stole
 The hostile fang from Fury's vengeful soul,
 Each realm subjected with a strong command,
 Then cheer'd, improv'd, and humaniz'd the land :
 Great prince of Macedon, be Homer thine,— 575
 On Britain's happier throne let Timour's glories shine !

The eastern world of science to descry,
 That world conceal'd so long from Europe's eye ;
 In blest Britannia's roseate lap to pour
 All Asia's letters in a copious shower ; 580
 On the green marge of Isis' hallow'd shore,
 Which Rome and Athens only grac'd before,
 To fix her arts, her learning, and her lays,
 Was, mighty Pococke, thy distinguish'd praise.
 Long had the Jews to this indignant land 585
 Dealt partial forth, with envy's jealous hand,

V. 585.] " All editions of the sacred original were published under the care of the Jews themselves ; and in the first periods of the Reformation little more was aimed at, than to interpret, according to the ideas

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While yet the Faithful saw with clouded fight,
A scanty beverage from the fount of light.
Long had the Moors, as ancient story shows,
At once the friends of learning and the foes, 590
Thro' their dim telescope to conquer'd Spain
Disclos'd the Pœons of Medina's plain,
Mark'd to the Muse of Europe's earlier age
The gems that blaze in wild Arabia's page,
The charms untam'd that in her poets shine, 595
The golden sands that tinge their streams divine,
But faintly mark'd—the genuine ardour fail'd,
The spirit vanish'd, and the soul exhal'd.
Great Pocke rose, and in his powerful hand
He held, 'twas Oxford's gift, a magic wand; 600
He strikes the rock; the living waters burst
In floods, and quench the keen, Tantalean thirst,

ideas of the Jews, that text which the Jewish editions exhibited." White's Sermon, recommending a Revival of the English Translation of the Old Testament, p. 6.

V. 589.] The Saracens of Arabia, more usually called the Moors, came over from Africa into Spain, which they ravaged with all the violence of barbarism. They were, however, the first who introduced into Europe the exotic literature of the East. They imported many works of the physicians, and some of the poets, of Arabia.

V. 599.] "The Arabic language in particular was introduced into Europe by Erpenius of Leyden, and into England by Pocke, who travelled into the East about the same time with Golius the disciple of the former, and brought back with him a knowledge of the eastern tongues that has never been surpassed." White's Sermon, p. 11.

Swift to thy channels, argent Isis, glide,
 And learn to mingle with thy claffic tide :
 Here too, from ports of the far Levant borne, 605
 Our shelves his tomes of various tongues adorn,
 Hence fir'd our youths frequent the sacred shore,
 And joy to drink where Pococke drank before.
 Immortal sage, for mildeft worth approv'd,
 By other climes, and other faiths, belov'd; 610
 Their Mufti thee the Languages proclaim,
 And pure Religion glories in thy name.

V. 605.] Dr. Pococke's very valuable collection of MSS. in the Arabic, Perfian, and other oriental languages, was purchased in 1693 by the univerfity, in whose poffeffion it now remains a lafting monument of his induftry and his learning, and a diftinguifhed ornament of the Bodleian Library.

V. 609.] There is a "character given of Mr. Pococke in a letter to Mr. Selden, written from Aleppo in the year 1632 by Mr. Wandesford, then refiding there. *You commended, fays he, a diligent and able gentleman, Mr. Pococke, to me, who hath enabled himfelf very much in the Arab tongue. I have no other comfort but in him for converse. And indeed his nature is fo fweet and amicable, I owe much to you for the commands you laid upon me to receive him.* Even the Mahometans themfelves, with whom he was acquainted, were fo charmed with his fhining virtue, his amazing induftry, and moft agreeable converfation, that they were extremely unwilling to part with him." Twells's Life of Dr. Pococke.—No encomium on this moft eminent fcholar, and, what is better, moft amiable and excellent man, can be adequate to the idea of him, which will arife from the unadorned recital of his Works, his Travels, and the Events of his Life. The admirers, however, of his character muft receive the higheft gratification from the perufal of Mr. Smith's celebrated Ode, which is now called forth to more univerfal notice by the mafterly remarks of Dr. Johnson.

V. 611.] The great linguift and lexicographer Jouhari, a native of the Eaft, is ftyled by the Arabic writers *Imam Allogati*, the Mufti or High-Prieft of the Languages. I have feen in the poffeffion of Mr. Profefor White

'Twas where old Ebor hears hoarse Humber's flood,
 A holy tower in gothic grandeur stood ;
 Thither each fane on Anglia's northern shore 615
 Rich in the reliques of the days of yore,
 Had sent, just object of her anxious fears,
 The hoarded wealth of half a thousand years ;
 Each high descent and rich possession told
 In Time's long registers and annals old ; 620
 Then from the dust of his monastic chest
 Old Britton starting forth, for shelter prest,
 And Doomsday fought a firmer citadel,
 Tho' loath to leave his abbey's wonted cell ;

White, a seal, with a head of Pococke, and this inscription in the original characters. Phatallah, his Scheich, or master in Arabic, did not hesitate to pronounce him as great a proficient in the language as the Musti of Aleppo. " Nor did this Mahometan Doctor (says Mr. Twells) ever forget his excellent scholar, even to the last moment of his life. For in the year 1670, Mr. Huntingdon, in his first letter to Mr. Pococke from Aleppo, writes thus: *Your old Scheich, who died several years since, was always mindful of you, and expressed your name with his last breath. He was still telling the good opinion he had of you, that you were a right honest man, and that he did not doubt but to meet you in Paradise under the banner of our Jesus.*"

V. 613.] " During the siege (of York), St. Mary's tower, wherein many foundation charters and other grants relating to the monasteries in Yorkshire and other northern counties were deposited, being accidentally blown up; Sir Thomas [afterwards Lord] Fairfax recovered as many of those valuable pieces as he could, rewarding very generously such soldiers as brought any of them to him. He had before employed Roger Dodsworth to copy out great numbers of them, allowing him an annuity of 40l. per annum during his life; by which means they were preserved from irrecoverable ruin, and make a very considerable part of the *Monasticon Anglicanum*. All the said Dodsworth's collections and MSS. amounting in the whole to 162 volumes, were afterwards be-
 queathed

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For fierce Rebellion's rage and falchion bare 625
 Had left, alas ! no safe asylum there.
 Strong was the tower, and with superior pride
 The efforts vain of human force defied ;
 But Art infernal spreads her dark design
 Thro' the drear chambers of the secret mine ; 630
 Fir'd is the train ; the dire explosion sends
 Upwards its rage, and the strong fabrick rends ;
 The records fair of Albion's ancient weal,
 Which time had stamped with his Saxon seal,
 All perish ! shatter'd flies the precious store, 635
 Toft in the sulph'ry flame's tempestuous roar.
 Hail Dodsworth ; thou, whose sage foreboding mind
 Foresaw the deed by impious hate design'd,

queathed by the Lord Fairfax to the Bodleian Library at Oxford." Biogr. Brit.—N. B. Additional to these, there are 28 other manuscript volumes in the Fairfax collection. "As the Abbey of St. Mary was so situated as to be defended from the common robbers, many of the religious houses in this county (especially those to the north and east of this place, where robbers or the Scots used to make invasions) reposed the chief of their charters and records in its tower ; which in the siege of York, A. D. 1644, was blown up, and many of the records were thereby destroyed ; but such as were legible were gathered out of the rubbish by one Thomas Tomson, at the imminent hazard of his life ; and after passing through several hands, are now become the property of William Roundel, esquire, an eminent physician at this city, to whom the world in general is much indebted ; and I am in particular, much obliged for the perusal and copying of about eighteen hundred of them." Burton's Monast. Ebor. Compare Drake's History of York, in pref. and p. 575, and Gough's Anecdotes of British Topography, under *Yorkshire*.

Whose

Whose faithful pen to many a future age
Transmits each scroll in thy recording page : 640
These reliques, Fairfax, 'twas thy joy to raise,
Nor shall the Muse forget thy share of praise ;
For thine the hand that bore yon trophies, all
Now hung so high on Bodley's votive wall ;
But why, at Naseby's field and Marston flood, 645
Why was that hand imbru'd in British blood ?
A guilty source the bounteous stream bestows,
And o'er the gift a gloom congenial throws.

Now the tir'd Muse suspends her bold essay,
Looks back, and wonders at the length of way ! 650
Yet unexplor'd what labyrinths remain,
What novel scenes extend along the widening plain !
Wavering and startled at the sight I stand,
The loose pen trembling in my doubtful hand,
Nor know what toil our onward course attends, 655
Nor where the wonderful confusion ends.
So when Hyperion's car thro' many a zone
Had whirl'd the late-repenting Phaeton,
When the pale youth by the fierce coursers tost
Vast fields of ether had already crost, 660
New constellations met his shuddering view,
Thro' spheres unknown and nameless worlds he flew,
Yet

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Yet hop'd, while all in vain his strain'd eyes roll'd,
To reach that goal which he must ne'er behold.

Inspire me, Genii blest, whate'er your name, 665
Who from these roofs repel the hungry flame,
Whose guardian care each day its influence brings,
And hovers o'er the shade with nightly wings.
Hoar Time, at distance, mourns his fruitless toil,
Nor dares to violate your hallow'd foil ; 670
Check'd is his progress by your strong command,
And his broad scythe hangs useless in his hand.
Ye, whom so oft your bard in visions views,
Oh, with fresh fancy prompt the drooping Muse !
For you could silence war's tumultuous roar, 675
And awe the chief who ne'er was aw'd before :
Ev'n Cromwel's rugged soul relenting stands,
And the same impulse chains his iron-hearted bands ;
Your magic voice restrains the furious foe,
And loud proclaims, no farther shalt thou go ! 680
Nay, rebel pride would with ambition vain
'Mid Bodley's sons an envied rank maintain,

V. 677.] When Oxford was besieged in the grand rebellion, Cromwel had resolved to beat down the buildings of the university. The walls of the Library still retain marks of cannon balls. The horrid resolution was prevented from taking effect by the interposition and dissuasions of bishop Wilkins, then warden of Wadham college.

And

And in those consecrated books of fame
 Inscribe a parricide's detested name ;
 But noble indignation's patriot rage 685
 From the huge tome hath torn the guilty page.

While scenes like these a gloom of thought supply,
 A fairer leaf attracts my wandering eye :
 In many a purer page the names are found
 Of sages, prelates wife, and chiefs renown'd. 690

V. 683.] Two volumes of vellum in folio, embossed with the academical and founder's arms, which Sir Thomas Bodley appointed to be the register of benefactors and their donations, as a perpetual monument of their munificence, and the gratitude of the university.

V. 686.] After the murder of King Charles, the Usurper created himself chancellor of the university, and bestowed a benefaction of manuscripts on the Library, which I conjecture, was registered in the benefaction-book, with the titles of Lord Protector, &c. as a leaf, recording the donations of that period, appears to have been torn out, which must have happened, I conclude, at the Restoration. Immediately preceding this mutilation, which some will be inclined to blame and others to commend, a page appears which was covered, probably at the same time, with a kind of paste; this being rubbed off discovers to the reader, that the two or three books there enumerated were given by *Hugh Peters, chaplain to his most serene highness the Lord Protector.*

V. 687.] In my search of printed books and manuscripts for the illustration of my subject, I met with a poetical description of the state of Oxford in 1648, by Dr. John Allibond: *Rustica Academia Oxon. nuper reformatæ in Visitatione fanaticæ Octobris sexto, A. D. 1648, Descriptio: cum Comitibus ibidem anno sequente; et aliis notatu non indignis.* 4^o. Lond. impens. G. Redmayne. No date. The edition of this book, which the Bodleian Library possesses, must have been printed in, or after, 1691, for it is prefaced with a short account of the author, extracted from Wood's *Facti*, which were first published in that year. "This worthy Doctor, who was a Buckinghamshire man born, and lately the chief master of the free school joining to Magdalen college, was a most excellent Latin poet and philologist, and hath published *Rustica Academia* &c. 'Tis a Latin poem, and was twice printed in 1648. He died at

Hail Digby, crown'd with glory's virtuous prize;
 Great Selden, hail, in various learning wife;
 Sage Rawlinson, with all thy princely store,
 Deep-skill'd in Britain's antiquarian lore;

Bradwell in Gloucestershire, of which place he was rector, 1658."
 Wood's Fasti. Stanza 11. and 12.

Conscendo orbis illud decus,
 Bodleio fundatore;
 Sed intus erat nullum pecus,
 Excepto janitore.
 Neglectos vidi libros multos,
 Quod minime mirandum;
 Nam inter bardos tot et stultos,
 There's few could understand 'em.

He describes the university reduced to so deplorable a condition, that the traveller might soon enquire for *Oxonium in Oxonio*.

V. 691.] Sir Kenelm Digby presented a benefaction of Greek and other MSS. collected on the Continent. By his death, which happened in France, England was unfortunately deprived of the best part of his Museum, which accompanied him in his travels, and, as he did not enjoy the rights of naturalization, became forfeit to the French king.

V. 692.] Our collection is greatly enriched and adorned by "the excellent study of the learned John Selden, Esq; late of the Inner Temple, London. Tho' tis to be lamented that his whole library was not given by his executors, according to his intention once: for the fire of the Temple destroyed in one of their chambers eight chests full of the registers of abbeys, and other manuscripts relating to the History of England; tho' most of his law books are still safe in Lincoln's Inn." Ayliffe.

V. 693.] Richard Rawlinson, D. C. L. F. R. S. and F. S. A. died 1755, the 65th year of his age. His heart is deposited, as his will directs, in an urn in the chapel of St. John's college, where he was educated. This society now enjoys near one thousand pounds per annum of his bounty. He left to the university several estates, after the term of forty years, for founding and establishing an Anglo-Saxon Lecture or Professorship; the rents arising from those estates during that term to be laid out in freehold lands of inheritance for establishing a salary for the Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum. He left to the Library all his manuscripts, with a fine collection of antique vessels, matrices, foreign seals,

Illustrious Tanner, in whose faithful page 695

We read the wisdom of each darker age,

Whose mind sagacious and far-searching ken

Pierc'd the thick gloom that wrapt the sacred scene ;

Godwyn, of strongest mind, yet gentlest heart,

Whose boundless genius rang'd the fields of art ; 700

All hail !—your glories, by no age surpass,

Beyond the period of your dome shall last,

seals, and English coins and medals. In this valuable museum of the Rawlinsonian manuscripts, which open a wide field to the antiquary, are several volumes of original letters and other MSS. of Mr. Hearne. See the *Deed of Trust and Will of Richard Rawlinson*. 8vo. London, 1755.

V. 695.] Dr. Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph, author of the *Notitia Monastica*, died 1735. He bequeathed to the library his noble collection of manuscripts, a rich feast for those who are curious in the history and antiquities of Great-Britain,

V. 699.] “ The single name of my dear friend Mr. Godwyn, compels me *terc iterum in lacrymas*. His humanity, modesty, candour, probity, and integrity, his inoffensive behaviour and unblameable life, justly endeared him to all his acquaintance. In the course of a long correspondence he furnished me with many and very valuable materials; and I flatter myself that the friendship, assistance, and approbation of Mr. Godwyn, will be no discredit to the author or his work. His singular and unaffected modesty prevented the public from receiving any benefit from his labours; but he never refused his assistance to his friends. His death was a public and irreparable loss to his friends, to his college, to the university, and to the republic of learning.” Hutchins’s *History of Dorsetshire*, Pref. p. 7. “ The Reverend Charles Godwyn, B. D. fellow of Baliol college, Oxford, grandson to Dr. Francis Godwyn, bishop of Hereford, and great grandson to Dr. Francis Godwyn, bishop of Bath and Wells, was born at Chepstow in Monmouthshire, and educated at Bristol. He died 23 April, 1770, and left a well-chosen and valuable library, and a large collection of ancient and modern coins, and the bulk of his fortune, to the university of Oxford.” *Ibid.* Notes.—Mr. Wise published his splendid Catalogue of the Bodleian Cabinet in 1750. But the library did not then possess the rich collection of coins of Mr. Godwyn, which was bestowed with his books at his death.

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Succeeding bards shall spread your fair renown,
And on your praises learn to build their own.

Lo, these the sons of fame, who rais'd so high 705
These stately piles, proud neighbours of the sky!
Rob'd the gay roofs in all their gilded pride,
Each better gift, each choicer charm supplied.
Thus blest Pandora, all-accomplish'd fair,
For bards have feign'd thee heaven's peculiar care, 710
What envied bliss, celestial nymph, was thine,
Some matchless present from each power divine!
Kind Venus gave her mien, her form, her face,
Her cestus fraught with every smiling grace;
Hermes, the heavenly purpose to fulfil, 715
Form'd thy young thought with art's inventive skill;
Pallas thy pride of female grace refin'd,
And gave th' immortal empire of the mind.

Now let my steps th' ascent with ardour climb
Where yon proud Gallery rears its roof sublime; 720

V. 720.] The Picture Gallery began to be built about the year 1610, by the liberality of Sir Thomas Bodley. It extends three sides of the quadrangle of the schools, and was originally intended, and is in a great measure used, for the reception of books, when the library is found to be over-stocked. In this room, besides the pictures, statues, busts, &c. are now repositied the manuscript collections of Tanner and Rawlinson, together with the printed books in octavo and duodecimo of Crynes and Godwyn.

Where

Where beauteous Art with winning smiles persuades
 My keen pursuit thro' all her winding shades,
 Who, while I gaze upon her modest charms,
 My love engages and my fancy warms :
 Unrival'd queen ! in variegated vest 725
 By the fair hands of two young Graces drest,
 Thy handmaids ; they with flowers thy tresses twine,
 And crown thee with their ornaments divine ;
 Quaint Sculpture here her warm creation shows,
 Soft Painting there with tints unnumber'd glows, 730
 To deck their mistress both their skill impart,
 All nature's empress, heav'n-instructed Art !
 Both to her smiles with fond regard repair,
 Trace her light steps, and mark her easy air.
 She every sense with varying passion fires
 By turns, advances now, and now retires,
 Still beauteous, in a thousand shapes is seen, 735
 With milder modest grace, or bold majestic mien.

Along yon storied wall, an ancient band,
 Oxford, thy venerable fathers stand :
 The artist's magic pencil, fond to trace
 The living features of each awful face, 740
 Back from the tomb each honour'd image brings,
 Arm'd knights, and royal dames, and purpled kings,
 And

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And holy prelates, all, whose active soul
 Plann'd the fair parts that form thy wondrous whole.
 Thy first great Alfred, founder of thy reign, 745
 His sceptre waves, and leads the stately train ;
 There view sage Bodley, mid the ranks enroll'd,
 At his right hand a splendid station hold ;
 Immortal pair! tho' distant eras claim
 The envied honour of each lofty name, 750
 Yet jealous Time, to part your golden reign,
 Hath his long ages interpos'd in vain ;
 Your forms, lo! Fancy, fill'd with transport, views
 Join'd by the hands of Painting and the Muse,
 Sees Alfred, like Augustus, brave and wise, 755
 And Bodley, laureate chief, like great Mæcenas rise.
 Here oft the pencil's ancient energy
 Strikes the young artist's ever-lingering eye ;

V. 749.] Over the gallery door is hung the picture of Sir Thomas Bodley, and next him King Alfred, founder of University college; then the succeeding founders of the colleges in chronological order. Over Sir Thomas's picture is read the following inscription. *Posteris et Æternitati sacrum. Thomæ Bodlei quicquid mortale tabella, Ingentemque animam Bibliotheca refert: underneath, Hospes rogatus siste, Bodleiumque loci genium et musarum Mæcenatem ultra Cæsares Augustum, qui Bibliothecam molemque hanc stupendam condidit, intuere. Hoc volebam nescius ne esses. Vale.*

V: 757.] A catalogue of the pictures in this gallery was first composed by Mr. Hearne, and printed in his *Account of some Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford*. Catalogues have since been frequently reprinted. In Hearne's account are also enumerated near two hundred heads of great men, who have distinguished themselves in all ages, countries,
 and

Brave youths and virgins fair this haunt approve,
 Regard each portrait with a look of love, 760
 Admire what valour grasp'd of old the lance,
 What peerless beauty deck'd the measur'd dance;
 Illustrious chiefs, who warm with patriot flame,
 Fought in the fields of freedom and of fame;
 High dames, while Virtue's British empire stood, 765
 Who won the praise of *learn'd*, and *fair*, and *good*.

Thou too, great Pembroke, thou shalt share my song,
 To thee no vulgar meeds of fame belong:
 Tho' James and Peace repress the generous fires
 Which valour kindles and which youth inspires, 770
 Chaining those limbs of more than mortal size
 That won so oft at tournaments the prize,

and professions, painted on the gallery wall close to the ceiling. Of these no account has been published since 1725, tho' Mr. Hearne asserts that some of them are found to agree with heads depicted in old manuscripts, while the modern portraits of the same persons, executed by masters, appear to be nothing more than the offspring of the painter's fancy.

V. 766.] Underneath this marble herse
 Lies the subject of all verse;
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
 Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
 Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN. JOHNSON.

V. 767.] William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain of the Household, and Chancellor of the University, in the reign of James I.

Nor

Nor give thy hand to strike th' impatient blow,
 And crush the taunts of England's haughty foe;
 Yet conquests, fraught with more sublime delight, 775
 To fresher-laurel'd fields thy steps invite;
 Thee Rhedycena chose her much-lov'd lord,
 More nobly fam'd for science than the sword;
 Thy statued brass from thy own Wilton brought,
 In nature's noblest mold by genius wrought, 780

V. 779.] "In brass, designed by Peter Paul Rubens, and cast by Hubert le Soeur a Frenchman, the same who did the equestrian statue of Charles I. at Charing-crofs.—Weight 1600."—Catalogue of the Pictures. This noble statue was presented by Thomas Earl of Pembroke, and brought to Oxford from Wilton-house, in 1723. It is elevated on a pedestal of marble encompassed with iron rails. It stands in that part of the gallery (from which it is distinguished by two magnificent arches) which forms a part of the tower of the schools, and was built by the great earl himself. In the same division are erected the statues of Venus de Medicis and Apollo de Belvidere, taken from the originals, the former in metal glazed over with a white wash, the latter in plaister of Paris. Here are also placed the busts of Zeno, Aristides, Phocion, Cicero, and the Duke of Marlborough.—For what I am about to relate, I have no other authority than a report, which I have not been able to trace back to certainty. Two gentlemen of rank in the university dined at lord Pembroke's. The earl was assiduous in shewing them the curiosities of Wilton-house. This statue of his great ancestor was then of the number. The noble owner hinted to them his intention of sending it a present to Oxford. One of the doctors (for such, it seems, was their dignity) willing to confirm his lordship in so generous a design, proposed to carry the head, which is taken off and fastened on at pleasure, with them in their chariot, lest it should be injured by a rougher mode of conveyance. Accordingly, the head set out that very day for Oxford, where it was soon after joined by its *corps de reserve*. Whether the account here recited be founded on fact or not, it serves to bring to mind the reflection, that for want of some such innocent artifice, promised gifts of value have often been long delayed, and not seldom finally withheld, from the public.

And

And to thy lofty throne of marble led
 Where the broad arch extends above thy head ;
 There in the splendid tower thy bounty made
 Thy prince-like presence dignifies the shade,
 On fabled gods, and chiefs of high renown, 785
 Thy awful visage looks superior down ;
 Tho' graceful Phœbus, and tho' Venus fair,
 Tho' mighty Marlborough's breathing bust be there,
 Thy golden sun obscures the ambient host,
 And in thy stronger blaze their fainter orbs are lost. 790

And well, bright hero, to her Pembroke's shade
 Might grateful Oxford's duteous rites be paid ;
 For oft her walks the noble patron trode,
 And at her shrine his votive gifts bestow'd ;
 Those works divine, which here his bounty plac'd, 795
 Old Græcia with her golden pencil trac'd ;
 With those, her convent's legendary lore,
 On towering Athos built or Hæmus hoar,
 Devotion lov'd her monkish heap to swell,
 And holy Leisure stor'd her studious cell : 800

V. 795] At the instance of Archbishop Laud, he bestowed a library of ancient and modern Greek manuscripts which he had purchased, and which had been collected, with great labour and expence, by Lewis Baroccio, a learned Venetian, in the provinces of Greece and on the coast of the Adriatic.

50 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

Sleep on in pride, in plenty, and in peace,
Ye gloomy haunts of ignorance and ease;
Tho' your dark piles usurp the sacred scene
Where classic glory's ancient seats have been,
Where her bold lyre the Muse Mæonian strung, 805
Where Plato reason'd, and where Pindar sung;
Tho' your dull sons with Hunn-like fury spurn
Each holy-sculptur'd altar, storied urn,
Each chamfer'd pillar, and each marble bust
Of hapless Græcia, prostrate in the dust; 110
Yet in your vaults the pilgrim, who explores
The wealth of Hellepont's deserted shores,
Shall oft with joy and deepest reverence raise
The museful hours of learning's happier days,
Whate'er of Græcian sapience was design'd 115
By Virtue's friends, the guardians of mankind,
Whate'er the strains of ancient bards unfold,
Whate'er the tongues of dauntless patriots told,
Whate'er adorn'd the grave historic page,
Hoar with the dust of many a gothic age. 820
Such were the stores which prostrate Greece supplied,
Old treasures, once the great Baroccio's pride:
And soon her son's much-envied wealth to gain
Imperial Venice hop'd, but hop'd in vain,

In

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. 51

In vain display'd her high, appropriate shrine; 825
What shade, immortal Rhedycene, but thine,
Was worthy to receive the rich supplies,
And who but Pembroke to bestow the prize?
Hence to yon lone retreat the Muse retires,
Each casket views, and all the views, admires; 830
Pleas'd with the twilight venerable shade
Where cunning Art her semblant fancies play'd.
But chief what claims her blameless voice of praise,
And throws a gleam of lustre o'er my lays,
Behold this high-wrought chair triumphant shine, 835
The richest relick on the sacred shrine;
Carv'd from the English Argo's prow sublime
That stood the storms of many a varied clime;
That prow which erst the British hero bore
Thro' oceans keel had never plow'd before, 840
Where Palinure had shudder'd to proceed,
And Typhis trembled at the daring deed:

V. 825.] The Bessarion Library at Venice.

V. 829.] Within the gallery are two studies for the use of the librarians, in which were formerly repositd the coins and medals, with other antique rarities. In one of these is now preserved the naval chair, a remnant of the Golden Hind, in which Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the globe.

V. 841-2.] Palinure and Typhis, the former the pilot of Æneas, the latter of the Argonautic expedition.

The hoary Sea-gods of that boundless plain
 Rous'd roughly from their old, pacific reign
 With voice of Britain's thunder and of man, 845
 Woke from that sleep which with the world began,
 Enrag'd their violated realms deplor'd,
 Those realms till then by mortals ne'er explor'd,
 Call'd all their hundred storms from long repose ;
 The storms, with rude obedience, seek their foes, 850
 From chambers of th' unfathomable deep
 Their field of floods, the southern tropic, sweep,
 The bark with famine, death, disease, and pain
 Besiege, and all the monsters of the main—
 Vain rage !—the British oak superior braves 855
 The howl of tempests, and the roar of waves ;
 The chief, whose soul no dangers could appal,
 Steers his bold course around the subject ball,
 Crown'd with a branch from Fornia's new-found plain
 Returns to Albion's long-left shores again ; 860
 'Twas his, what bold Columbus but began,
 'Twas his to realise the glorious plan,
 To Europe's wondering sages to display,
 Illum'd at length by truth's immortal ray,

V. 859.] Sir Francis Drake discovered California, giving it the name of New Albion, and there planted the standard of England. The King of the country placed his crown on the head of the English Captain.

The

The tale poetic Fancy lov'd to tell, 865

The dream of Science in her moonlight cell.

Now to the shades of Rhedycene remov'd,

Far from the roar of elements she lov'd,

In Bodley's seats the British Argo deigns

(Of British Argo now whate'er remains), 870

Neptunian trophy, deigns her years to close

In letter'd filence and in safe repose,

Tells her wide wanderings, and her hero's fame,

And proudly decks her tablet with his name.

Hither perchance, in nautic annals told, 875

Some storm-beat Wallis, or some Byron bold,

V. 867.] On the subject of this chair the following lines are left us by Mr. Cowley.

To this great ship, which round the world has run,
 And match'd in race the chariot of the sun,
 This Pythagorean ship, for it may claim
 Without presumption so deserv'd a name,
 By knowledge once and transformation now
 In her new shape, this sacred port allow.
 Drake and his ship could not have with'd from fate
 A happier station or more blest estate;
 For lo, a feat of endless rest is giv'n,
 To her in Oxford, and to him in heav'n.

V. 870.] The Golden Hind having lain in state for many years at Deptford, and having suffered great decays, was at length broken up, and made into the chair, gaining by its revival in a new form an increase of fame and duration.

V. 873.] The above lines of Mr. Cowley are engraved on an iron plate fastened to the chair. The exergue of the plate contains the same thoughts translated into Latin verse, by the author of the English: dated 1662.

Some

Some Phipps, who brav'd the pole's deep-frozen mouth,
 Some Cooke, the great Columbus of the south,
 Sons of the wave, and monarchs of the main,
 The mighty Drakes of George's naval reign; 880

His life's great voyage o'er, the laurel won,
 And his long race of fame immortal run,
 A pilgrim hoar to Bodley's stately dome
 Of these perchance some happier chief shall come,
 Raptur'd shall read the hero's high renown, 885

Atchievements, rival'd only by his own,
 With joy the staff of proud command shall quit,
 Drake, in thy Chair with soaring soul shall fit,
 Yield on this shrine the tribute of his breath,
 Goal of his glory, and his bed of death! 890

Each other beauty past unheeded by,
 The shade we soon relinquish with a sigh :
 Where yon gay tower, by Architecture's hands
 Adorn'd with every grace, majestic stands,
 With taller grandeur mounts above the dome, 895
 Our steps at length thro' high-arch'd mazes come.
 Lo, this the tower, to whose secure recess,
 Which all the sister arts conspire to bless,

V. 893.] The tower of the schools.

Near

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. 55

Near whose dim windows the recluse may find
A gloom congenial with his musing mind, 900
Great Savile erst divine Urania led,
And bound the wreath of triumph round her head !
Savile, who bore in Bodley's toils a part,
And shar'd each joy, each sorrow of his heart,
He to this mansion led th' immortal maid, 905
And round her throne a blaze of charms displayed :
All-beauteous queen ! thy glories ever shine,
And fam'd Chaldæa boasts thy birth divine !
There oft in youth's gay dawn and fancy's prime
Thou wost to mark the measur'd course of time ; 910
When slowly fail'd the twilight hour of ev'n,
Thy canopy the azure vault of heav'n,
Whose starry gems pour'd splendor o'er the scene,
Stretch'd on the mansion's roof, thy couch serene,
Thou lov'dst till morn in silent trance to lie, 915
And hold blest converse with the spheres on high.
Thence, when young science, source of true delight,
More wide diffus'd her beam of heavenly light,

V. 901.] Sir Henry Savile, founder of the Astronomy and Geometry Professorships, furnished the Savile Study, an apartment in the school tower, with printed books and manuscripts of different languages and in all sciences. The highest room of the tower is set apart for astronomical observations.

To

56 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

To other realms thy glories far extend,
 And Greece and Latium for thy smiles contend. 920
 Then from great Hiero's scientific bowers,
 To the bright tops of Syracusa's towers,
 Thy hand full oft at midnight lov'd to lead
 The silent steps of thoughtful Archimede :
 Where learn'd Manilius lay, thy wonders stole 925
 In nightly visions on his raptur'd soul :
 Thou too, immortal maid, the muse of fire
 Whose heav'n-taught lore Aratus did inspire,
 And bade the bard those azure fields explore,
 Where ev'n bold Thought had ne'er presum'd before. 935
 At length from lost Hesperia's ruin'd seats
 To Albion's isle, and Rhedycene's retreats,
 And Savile's lofty towers, with new delight,
 Thy glad wing hastens thy auspicious flight.
 What tho' ere long these walls thou cease to view 935
 Where many a year of peace and glory flew,
 Where first, familiar with the radiant sky,
 Thy own great Bradley caught thy beaming eye ;
 Tho' brighter seats, if brighter seats can be,
 Thy Rhedycene ev'n now prepares for thee ; 940

V. 940.] The use of the tower for astronomical purposes is now superseded by the erection and establishment of the Observatory. It is designed to ornament the top of the building with Atlas supporting the

Tho' there old Atlas, plac'd on high, shall bear
 Above thy head each wonder-teeming sphere,
 And eight great Winds shall swell the trump of fame
 Around thy throne with Hornsby's fav'rite name ;
 Yet still the youth who this fair pile surveys 945
 Shall here confess the poverty of praise,
 Shall visit still the Tower by fame extol'd,
 By kings and nobles fortified of old ;
 Smit with big wonder, in the muse's shade
 Shall view the dreadful spoils of war display'd, 950
 Pikes, with whose points the strong battalion shone,
 Ere yet the brisker bayonet was known,
 Loud drums that now forget their custom'd rage,
 And muskets frowning with the rust of age.
 There shall he view, and with a sigh deplore, 955
 What gloom o'erspread fair learning's days of yore ;
 Those days when dire rebellion's steely gleam,
 Besieg'd the walls of England's Academe ;
 Those days when injur'd Oxford's trembling hand,
 Long, long reluctant, arm'd her filial band! 960

the heavens. The faces of the edifice will be decorated with the principal Winds blowing their conchs, on the model of the tower of the Winds at Athens.

V. 948.] A part of this tower was built by king James I. another by the earl of Pembroke.

V. 950.] In the Savile Study is kept the university armory, which was formed during the troublesome times of Charles I. and James II.

58 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

Leave then the gloom that veils the fullen scene ;
 Lo, where the tower's far brighter boast is seen !
 Lo, proudly seated on their thrones sublime,
 The five fair daughters of the tyrant Time :
 Them Græcia bore in her Lycæan grove, 965
 Hesperia nurs'd them with a parent's love.
 See on her massive base the Tuscan stand,
 And wield a giant sceptre in her hand :
 Next in her order's loftier seat is seen
 The mighty Dorian's form, majestic queen ! 970
 Then with new joy Ionia's charms we trace,
 Ionia, deck'd with every matron grace ;
 Till softer Corinth's virgin fingers spread
 Th' acanthus veil that shades her beauteous head,
 For whose bright locks the smiling seasons bring 975
 The foliage gay of incense-breathing spring :
 Now on thy tower's broad front exalted stand
 Thou last and fairest of the beauteous band !
 Thy sister train on thee their gifts bestow,
 Each holds her wreath, and binds it on thy brow. 980
 To grace with learning's old magnificence
 Of royal pedantry the vain pretence,

V. 964.] The orders of architecture have been thus characterised ;
 The Tuscan, gigantic bulk ; the Doric, Herculean strength ; the Ionic,
 matronal grace ; and the Corinthian, virgin beauty,

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. 59

A plodding James on glory's wings to raise,
Strong Sculpture's hand its plastic power displays :
What generous arm will seize from learning's throne 985
Th' usurper crown'd with honours not his own ?
Will teach the radiant queen of arts divine
Herself to prostrate at a nobler shrine ?
Will teach thy eager voice, immortal Fame,
To swell thy trump with George's dearer name ? 990
Thy eager voice with rapture shall obey,
The sounds sublime to Rhedycene convey ;
The list'ning Zephyrs of thy court shall hear,
And swiftly bear them to thy Bodley's ear.

Thrice welcome found ! the wonted charm returns, 995
And all my breast again transported burns :
Once more thy name its pristine force imparts,
And leads me to thy arsenal of arts,
Bids me again thy monuments explore,
Thy works admire, and all thy steps adore. 1000
Then hail, majestic piles ! your dazzling praise
Might smooth and lift to dignity my lays,

V. 983.] James I. is enthroned under a magnificent canopy, between the pillars of the Corinthian order. On the right hand of the throne stands Fame blowing her trumpet ; on the left is seen the University kneeling to the king.

60 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

And tongues might fire with many a nobler thought,
To speak the strains of poesy untaught.
Nor seldom fancy's whisper soft persuades 1005
At morn and eve to visit your sweet shades :
Or thro' the gloom by the lone muses led,
The midnight mansion frowning o'er my head,
I trace my path : along th' enchanted ground
Rest broods o'er all, and silence sleeps profound; 1010
All save the active mind, whose troubled view
Sees airy shapes in gliding groups pursue.
Hark ! the shrill breath of silver harps I hear—
The soft, faint cadence dies upon my ear !
No more the ancient bard of Britain loves 1015
Th' immortal arbours of Elyfian groves ;
Here pours romantic melodies around,
And whisp'ring walls repeat the warbled sound.
Lo, where my ken far penetrates the gloom,
Of more majestic form a Spirit come ! 1020
'Tis he !—great Bodley's shade, who joins the train,
Who hangs with charm'd attention on the strain,
And hears, at times, his own immortal praise,
The noblest theme that animates the lays.

Why should I tell, how in this rich retreat 1025
Each muse, with joy, hath claim'd an humble feat ;

Or

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. 61

Or borne sublime on Pindar's eagle wing,
Striking bold descants from his Theban string,
How matchless Cowley, glory's laureat heir,
Here lov'd the chain of ornament to wear : 1030
That chain, fit emblem of those days obscure
Which clouded letter'd life, not then mature ;
That chain, at length, rude age's gothic band,
Remov'd by civil culture's easy hand.
The dusky trappings send, where Learning rails 1035
With low-born rage, and Jesuit gloom prevails.
Here no such zeal the scholar's breast invades,
No impotence of mean revenge persuades
To blot the hostile page with fable hue,
Shed from the source of guilt's malignant dew. 1040
Thou fane sublime of Memory and the Nine,
Thou blooming fruit of Bodley's vow divine !
Chain'd in her cave, Oblivion long shall know
In thee her firm, unconquerable foe.

V. 1029.] Mr. Cowley presented to the library a folio edition of his works, to which is prefixed, in the author's own hand writing, a Pindaric Ode to the Bodleian Library, with whose *chain of ornament* he poetically wishes to be invested.

V. 1039.] It has not been unusual with the Jesuits of Italy and other countries to blacken with ink the forels of books written by the Protestants; for the reception of which they allotted the most gloomy part of their libraries.

For



For thou art fraught with beauty's magic smiles, 1045
 And sage instruction crowns thy gorgeous piles.
 Now all around, of far inferior size,
 Behold thy great satellites arise!
 First Clarendon thy proud attendant stands,
 And eager executes thy lov'd commands, 1050
 From thee receives his frequent task assign'd,
 And still returns it, from his fire, refin'd.
 For thee yon pile, with flowers of painting fraught,
 Where raptur'd Sheldon hears what Bodley taught,
 Its broad, bold front expands with grace divine, 1055
 The theatre where all thy glories shine.
 And lo, fam'd Radcliffe's Dome, with fainter rays,
 Her lustre lost in thy superior blaze,
 Hides her diminish'd head, nor dares to claim
 The younger honours of a sister's name. 1060
 Hence to the fane we turn, where Faith dispels
 The gloom of guilt, and dear Devotion dwells;
 The fane where letter'd Horne delights to raise
 The voice of musick to his maker's praise;
 Illumes the strains in vales of Hebron sung, 1065
 When Judah's harp imperial David strung;
 Assists the quire when loud Hosannas rise,
 And swells the chorus that ascends the skies.

Ev'n

Ev'n now the zephyrs court thy beauteous towers
 From neighb'ring Exeter's ambrosial bowers, 1070
 And thro' thy ivy-border'd windows bring
 The smile, the fragrance, and the voice of spring.
 Yes, domes of Bodley, still your reliques rare
 Are fairest deem'd where every scene is fair.
 Your grateful bard, with silent pensive pace, 1075
 Your iles, a nightly visitant, will trace :
 And oft I trace : tho' thro' the high-arch'd dome
 No blue-ey'd lamp illumine the midnight gloom ;
 With pleasing awe the sacred floor I tread,
 And hold high converse with th' illustrious dead: 1080
 Blest shades, with whom each hour so sweetly glides,
 My friends, my kind companions, and my guides !
 For you can smooth the melancholy brow,
 And gild the hour of solitude and woe,

V. 1078.] By the Bodleian statutes it is expressly forbidden to bring fire or candle, on any pretence whatever, into the library.

V. 1082.] *Mes bons amis, mes compagnons, mes guides,
 Illustres Morts, parmi vous je reviens
 Goûter en paix, dans vos doux entretiens,
 Des plaisirs purs, délicats, et solides.
 Je viens jouir ; je viens charmer le tems.
 Ce tems, si court, a des langueurs mortelles
 Quand l'ame oisive en compte les instans ;
 C'est le travail qui lui donne des aîles.*

MARMONTEL.

The

64 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

The haunt of sorrow, and the bed of care, 1085
 And cheer the hopeless heart of cold despair!
 Can ease the pangs of cruel love's controul,
 And speak the words of comfort to the soul,
 Tho' the false world abandon with a frown
 The youth to fortune and to fame unknown, 1090
 You still are friends when all the rest are fled,
 And lift the drooping neighbour of the dead.
 Yours too the page, where oft renown'd I note
 The well-stor'd libraries of times remote;
 Those times, when Alexandria, mighty queen! 1095
 Taught by her gracious Ptolemey, was seen
 To build her hundred towers of learning high,
 And lift her lord in praises to the sky;
 Or when the conquer'd world's fam'd empress Rome
 To her lov'd Phoebus rear'd a sacred dome, 1100
 Enthron'd him in his Palatine abodes,
 And mix'd her great Augustus with the gods.
 On the same spot behold supremely grand
 The Vatican, her modern triumph, stand!
 There high ambition's helm tho' learning guides, 1105
 And her proud Pontiff o'er the pile presides;
 Yet nobler patrons dignify my rhyme,
 Stores richer far, and mansions more sublime.

Fam'd

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. 63

Fam'd toils of Rome's and Egypt's ancient days,
Your towers are fall'n, and all obscur'd your praise. 1110
These happier seats no fraud shall dare annoy,
No rage invade, no Amru's brand destroy :
Yes, they shall last to bless Britannia's shore
When Rome's proud Vatican shall be no more.

Lo, this the shrine, which Europe's realms around 1115
With all the gifts of Helicon have crown'd :
The shrine, where Philadelphia's filial hand
Pour'd the rich tribute of Sylvania's land :
Oh soon may peace the union sweet revive,
And teach the generous Briton to forgive! 1120
Soon may the vanquish'd sons of Gaul and Spain
Bring their due offerings to these shrines again !

These arduous heights Oxonia's offspring views,
And asks no other mountain of the muse.
Lo, these the shades where Jones did first descry 1125
All Asia's quire, the maids of melody :
By them the bard in visions led along
First tun'd in British vales the Persian song ;
Till borne on high he hastes to Delhi's grove,
And shades resounding with the voice of love, 1130

V. 1112.] Amru was the officer, who, by the command of the Caliph Omar, destroyed the libraries of Alexandria.

V. 1117.] The Royal Society of Philadelphia presented to the library their American Philosophical Transactions.

66 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

Or rests in Aden's bowers his weary wing,
 Or Schiraz blooming in perennial spring,
 Where melting Hafiz lov'd his lute to play,
 And Beauty's ear hath listen'd to the lay.
 Thro' these lov'd shades the poet's glance pursues 1135
 The fleeting footsteps of the English Muse:
 Blest nymph, who late her musing Warton led
 To these dim cells, where sleep her sacred dead;
 Old bards, a serious, venerable throng
 Who fram'd of yore the rude, romantic song, 1140
 Love's legend lays ere moral Gower chose,
 Or England's Ennius, fabling Chaucer rose.
 The minstrel band with many a pleasaunt tale,
 Wak'd from their dreams, their lov'd historian hail—
 Immortal Warton, on whose honour'd brow 1145
 The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
 Lodona now forgets the halcyon day
 She form'd the theme of Pope's melodious lay,
 And triumphs that her alder'd banks along
 Her Naiads listen'd to thy youthful song; 1150
 Tho' now thy step of contemplation treads
 The coral grots of Isis' velvet meads,
 Or in the shade of Cherwel's osier bowers
 The muses mingle with thy happy hours:

Glad

Glad Nature smiles where-e'er thy paths are found, 1155

Pieria blooms, and Fancy sports around ;

Thee the sweet Muse of sentiment inspires,

And manly Genius warms with all his fires.

Oh had thy hand, which bound with laurel stem

The gleam of Alfred's golden diadem, 1160

In strains, of deathless praise the sure presage,

Inscrib'd full deep on glory's living page

Great Bodley's useful deeds and honour'd name,

And dress'd the champion for the lists of fame !

Oh had thy hand—but happier thou proceed 1165

Where better fates thy lofty genius lead.

Yet well I know, thy muse will oft repeat

Her grateful visit to this lov'd retreat :

Meanwhile, thy pensive mind, high-favour'd bard,

Full oft with deepest reverence shall regard 1170

Bodley, of learning's helm the stedfast guide,

Britannia's boast, and Oxford's darling pride.

His early dawn, o'ercast by Slavery's reign,

Chill-handed Exile strove to damp in vain :

Soon to her laurel'd walks and sacred springs 1175

Th' enamour'd youth conducting Science brings :

Britannia's cause, not false Ambition's guile,

Detain'd the hero in her courts awhile ;

68 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

There, friend to peace, with garlands crown'd he stood,
With garlands guiltless of his country's blood : 1180
In Rhedycene, to classic cares confign'd,
While future deeds exalt his mighty mind,
With placid eye reflecting on the past,
He found the haven of his life at last :
His country's love, in all his acts exprest, 1185
Still glow'd untam'd within his filial breast ;
Him Virtue fir'd with many a lofty thought,
And Time's great pupil, sage Experience, taught.

EPISTLE

Yet, gentle virgin, still thy care shall be,
 Tho' far from peace they wander and from thee,
 The mind of virtue and the soul sincere; 15
 Nor fear to go, for Talbot meets thee there.

How rare, O Talbot, is thy lot, to live
 Blest with each gift that bounteous Heaven can give!
 With fortune, health; with youth, a manly mind
 By education's genuine lore refin'd! 20
 That guardian genius, who thy conduct guides,
 Smil'd on thy birth, and o'er thy life presides,
 To Oxford's towers thy young impatience led,
 And bound the wreath of science round thy head.
 Soon came the wish that won thy willing heart, 25
 To mark thro' Europe each politer art.
 First to thy view fair France her charms display'd
 Her vales, her plains, her hills in vines array'd;
 Her vine-clad hills, where Nature, smiling, pours
 A gay profusion and exhaustless stores; 30
 Her vine-clad hills, where every muse might sing,
 And poets wanton in perennial spring.

Such were the scenes that charm'd thy amorous fight,
 Those fields of joy, those gardens of delight!
 Then peace and plenty whisper'd in the gales, 35
 And stretch'd for Gallia's shore the friendly sails,

Then

Then Britain's rocks o'erhung the stormy main,
And ev'n loud ocean roll'd betwixt in vain.

But lo, proud Power, more fierce, more dreadful far,
At length unlocks the brazen gates of war, 40

Yields to the steeds of Havock's car the reins,
And giant Horror, fatal fiend! unchains,

Whose thirsting vengeance in this dark sojourn
For five long lustrums heaven had doom'd to mourn :

The fatal fiend in thunders rushes forth. 45
Fierce as the tempests of his native north,

Climbs the tall cliffs, and waves with horrid hand
His black broad banner o'er the bleeding strand,

The angry beacon fires, with silent dread
Beheld far-blazing on the mountain's head, 50

Th' expanded bosom of the deep deforms,
Roars in each furge, and swells the founding storms.

Commerce and Science, hapless maids! no more
Mount the swift bark, and sail from shore to shore :

They seek their ports; alas, in vain! for there 55
Dwells death with war, and famine with despair :

Their towns they seek; but there with sad surprize
They mark the towering battlements arise :

Last to their fields, with hopes of peace, they fly,
Till camps and castles strike th' astonish'd eye; 60

There

There for the woodland shade and crystal flood,
 They mark the groves of steel and streams of blood :
 The Harmonies unstring their useleſs lyres,
 And Art's fair empire o'er the realms expires.

But, O my ſtrains, to milder themes return, 65
 Not yet the flaming tides of battle burn ;
 In gentler, happier ſcenes, while yet we may,
 Awhile forget the dangers of the day,
 Each boaſt, each beauty of the Gallic ſhore
 With curious ſearch, while yet we may, explore. 70

Soon to thy fight majeſtic Paris roſe,
 Where Seine, Burgundian ſtream, triumphant flows :
 Serenely ſmiling at his ſacred ſide
 See Science, tended by the Arts, reſide !
 Then 'twas thy care a people to ſurvey, 75
 Ingenious, courtly, volatile, and gay :
 Theirs is the land, where youthful Fashion ſtrays,
 Where Luxury her filken pride diſplays,
 Where Pleaſure reigns,—but Freedom is not found,
 The plant that only blooms on Britiſh ground : 80
 Plant of celeftial growth, what honours thine—
 Thy flowers immortal, and thy root divine !

But hence we haſte to ſeek the wintry plains,
 The land of old Helvetia's hardy ſwains,

Whoſe

T. M. T A L B O T, Esq. 73

Whose arms the Julian legions long withstood, 85

And bath'd the chains, that Rome had forg'd, in blood.

They ne'er, with hands in kindred wounds imbrued,

Th' imperial eagle's dreadful track pursued

O'er heaps of dead, with whom they once were free,

(Sad reliques of expiring liberty!) 90

But still the smiles that Cæsar's brow display'd,

With fullen frowning majesty repay'd.

Like them, their rough Descendants, fam'd in arms,

Whom the same soul of dauntless valour warms,

Still to the charge advance with martial rage, 95

But, ah! no more in freedom's fields engage:

Intent no more their country's rights to save,

With palms inglorious crown'd, and meanly brave,

From their own Alps and native mountains far,

They wake the rage of mercenary war, 100

And bend, as onward sweeps their Pyrrhic dance,

The Corfic neck beneath the yoke of France.

Guide of their march, Ambition lifts her eye,

And waves her glitt'ring oriflamb on high.

Meanwhile the faithless Gaul with proud command 105

Invades the rights of sinking Switzerland;

Ill-fated realm! adorn'd by freedom's reign,

By courage arm'd, by nature fenc'd, in vain!

L

To

To vanquish Rome, with conquest's nobler claim,
O'er your rude rocks the son of Carthage came. 110

But baser Bourbon's avarice of sway,
That stoops with false protection to betray,
With fraudulent arts, and vengeance more severe,
Halts on the rock, and plants her standard there. 114

At length must Rome th' instructive tour complete,
The seat of arts, of empire once the seat.

Hail, lov'd Italia : on thy classic ground

Still, nurs'd by peace, the liberal arts abound.

Here Architecture's regal roofs arise,

And taller temples meet their kindred skies. 120

Here Music breathes her heavenly airs around,

While Painting lives, and listens to the sound.

But say, doth life inspire that ancient band,

Or the bold fancy of the sculptor's hand ?

See Jove and thunder shake th' Olympian throne, 125

Soft Venus smile, and stern Alcides frown ;

See where young Ammon forms proud Persia's walls,

And, great in death, unconquer'd Julius falls !

Tho' from false fame their forms ideal sprung,

In dreams created, and in fable sung, 130

Or to the silence of the tomb convey'd

Their mortal frames in dust are long decay'd ;

Here

Here still the lasting lineaments we trace,
Nor can the waste of time th' immortal traits deface.

But oh, my faint, unequal lays despair 135

To speak the praise of Italy the fair :

Those vales where fam'd Florentian Arno flows,

Those groves and plains of plenty and repose,

Whose rich perfumes ambrosial scents diffuse,

Whose fruits nectareous flame with golden hues ! 140

Such are the scenes that Europe's garden yields,

Rival of old Elyfium's fabled fields.

Smit with surprife, behold the painter stand,

And his true pencil fail the master's hand !

The chifel oft its patient stroke suspend, 145

While Art and Nature, rival queens, contend !

Mufic awhile in wondrous magic bound

Forgets her power of foul-enchanting found ;

But soon, impatient to be filent long,

Declares her transport in a flood of fong, 150

With louder voice refumes her firen ftrains,

And joins the general chorus of the plains.

And yet, O Talbot, may their charms no more

Withdraw thine eye from Albion's peaceful shore ;

No more detain thee from thy native ifle, 155

Bleft with thy country's fond, maternal fmile.

For thee the nymphs of Cambria's vales shall bring
 The fruits of Autumn and the flowers of Spring,
 For thee the vine adorn each green alcove, 159
 For thee the orange blush in Margam's breathing grove.
 Here shalt thou find the plants exotic rise
 Whose vernal bloom with soft Italia vies,
 Shalt find, if truth their rival charms compare,
 Hills, vales, and groves, and gardens full as fair.
 Yon hill, these groves, this garden's cool cascade, 165
 Where erst in youth thy fond affection stray'd,
 Of thy long absence from their shades complain,
 And court thee to their solitudes again :
 Return (they seem with silent voice to say),
 Protract no longer thy unkind delay ; 170
 Leave the gay courts of Paris and of Rome,
 And bring their taste, their arts, and learning home.
 If still thy long-reluctant heart refuse,
 Deaf to the voice of no impartial muse,
 Lo, soft Compassion woos thee to her arms, 175
 And fore Distress thy pitying breast alarms ;
 Distress, that weeps, and points to yonder plain,
 Oft hear'd by thee, but never hear'd in vain :
 See, to their sheds the trembling peasants fly,
 Black thunders roll tempestuous o'er the sky ! 180
 See

See, from the clouds th' impetuous floods descend ;
 In vain the walls and faithless roofs defend ;
 Th' unsparring deluge sweeps the ruin'd plain,
 And wafts their lost possessions to the main :
 On whom shall they now fix their gloomy eyes ? 185
 On thee—the grateful multitude replies.

Thy fires in senates and in fields renown'd,
 With olive wreaths and war-won laurels crown'd,
 True to their prince, and champions of the laws, 199
 They fought and conquer'd in their country's cause ;
 Oft round their warrior lords the hardy swains
 Took arms, and march'd embattled on the plains ;
 For still, at liberty's inspiring call,
 A train of heroes pour'd from Margam's hall,
 Now, all alone, all silent in the grave 195
 Repose the good, the eloquent, the brave :
 Their fame, their worth, their memory Time invades,
 And Fate surrounds them with her tenfold shades.,
 From the dark vault, where each great Mansel lies,
 On thee we turn our all-expecting eyes ; 200
 Thee from their tombs the sacred dead implore
 Their steps to follow, and their fame restore.
 Hard is the task (a task for few design'd),
 But heaven hath blest thee with a noble mind :

A mind

A mind that prompts the generous tear to flow, 205
 And melting feels the pang of kindred woe ;
 That sacred deems the bounds of right and wrong,
 And with abhorrence shuns the guilty throng ;
 That knows with hate demerit to pursue,
 And glories to reward whene'er rewards are due. 210

To thee hath heaven the sacred task assign'd,
 To introduce the arts that bless mankind,
 To seat the liberal arts on Cambria's shore,
 The arts, to Cambria little known before.
 Led by thy hand, majestic Sculpture deigns 215
 To leave the Tuscan for Glamorgan's plains :
 See, Architecture's graceful form appears,
 And all the desert with her presence cheers !
 The gothic glooms her near approaches flee,
 And leave the shades to science and to thee. 220

Whate'er thy lot assign'd by partial fate,
 Fix'd in a public or a private state ;
 To gain in senates well-deserv'd applause,
 And rise a patriot in thy country's cause ;
 To lead, if Britain call, and George command, 225
 In future fields thy brave domestic band ;
 Or the dear blessings of a social life,
 A blooming offspring and a tender wife :

Whate'er

T. M. TALBOT, Esq. 79

Whate'er thy purpose, in whate'er degree,
Still virtuous fame shall thy great object be. 230
So may the Powers, propitious, ever shed
Their choicest, noblest influence on thy head :
So shall thy brows with palms of peace be crown'd,
So shalt thou live—lov'd, honour'd, and renown'd.

THE DEATH OF
L O R D C H A T H A M.

BLEST son of fame, illustrious shade, farewell !
Our grief sincere the plaintive muse shall tell.
While Britons weep o'er thy funereal bier
(To thee what Briton may refuse a tear ?)
In solemn strain, my weeping numbers, flow, 5
And blend my sorrow with a nation's woe.
If care paternal might incline the scale,
Or patriot love o'er fate could once prevail,
If sweet persuasion could prolong thy breath,
And draw attention from the ear of death, 10
Thou still might'st hope, O Chatham, to preside,
Persuade our senates and our councils guide,
Still bid the heat of furious party fall,
And check the taunts of proud perfidious Gaul,
Once more might'st bid the vengeful thunders roar, 15
Once more expand the brazen throat of war.

But,

L O R D C H A T H A M.

81

But oh, no longer shall thy voice preside,
 Persuade our senates and our councils guide,
 Nor bid the heat of furious party fall,
 Nor check the taunts of proud, perfidious Gaul, 20
 No more shall bid the vengeful thunders roar,
 No more expand the brazen throat of war.

To thee Britannia owes her martial fame,
 To thee her mighty, formidable name,
 To thee the deeds by gallant Granby done, 25
 To thee the spoils at rich Havanna won,
 All wide-extended Canada to thee,
 And many an isle that crowns the Indian sea.
 So deep a wound did Britain once sustain
 When Wolfe expir'd victorious on the plain : 30
 Then every weeping muse conspir'd to tell
 How soon the chief, and how lamented, fell :
 But Chatham falls with years and honours crown'd,
 Alike in warfare and in peace renown'd.

Such were the themes my pensive hours essay'd 35
 In great Eliza's muse-devoted shade*,
 When, lo ! of stately mien and radiant hue
 A queen-like form was present to my view :

* Jesus College, founded by Queen Elizabeth.

'Twas she!—bright heirefs of distinguish'd praise,
 The virgin pride of Albion's elder days; 40
 And such she seem'd, in princely robes array'd,
 As when, in genuine pride of fame display'd,
 To fields of fight she led her warlike train,
 And trod, with lion port, † Tilburia's plain.

Are these, mistaken youth, the chosen strains 45
 (Her awful accent still my soul retains)
 Are such the thoughts that patriot love inspires,
 And this the voice that Britain's ear desires?
 While dire Sedition waves her flaming brand,
 And fierce Rebellion lifts her impious hand, 50
 While perjur'd Gallia threatens her rival state,
 And wakes from long repose her ancient hate,
 While the stern sons of haughty-crested Spain
 With new Armadas crowd th' indignant main;
 To the sad mourners of the gloomy day 55
 Shall sorrow pour her elegiac lay;
 Shall grief incessant charge the troubled air,
 And load the gales with sighs of deep despair?
 Vain is our fame, in vain is Britain brave,
 If one death ruins, or one life can save. 60

† When this nation was alarmed by the approach of the Spanish Armada, the Queen animated with her presence the forces collected at Tilbury.

Let laurel'd bards bestow the votive verse,
 And high-born chiefs surround the scutcheon'd herse :
 But let no mournful strain be hear'd to rise,
 No tear of anguish stain the warrior's eyes.
 Oh rather let the master's skilful hand 65
 Strike the great triumphs of his bold command,
 The standards that his trophied tombs adorn,
 Mid storm and death from Gallic ramparts torn.
 And O ye chiefs, of whom the sacred trust
 To lay in earth his consecrated dust, 70
 O chiefs, if e'er his eloquence divine
 Inspir'd your souls with glory's firm design,
 Ye great, with awe attend, O hear, ye brave,
 The hero's voice invokes you from the grave :
 O save my country ! rouse your ancient flames ! 75
 That voice now still more eloquent proclaims.
 May Heaven our Albion's fav'rite planet bear
 Far from the path of Bourbon's blazing star !
 That fatal comet, lights of Europe, shun,
 By mad ambition whirl'd too near the sun ; 80
 Portending plagues, and wing'd with fate, it flies,
 And sweeps to swift destruction o'er the skies.

ALAN T. (B40) 11701

T H E

VISION OF SLANDER AND INNOCENCE.

A FRAGMENT.

T H E R E piping Folly tun'd, in vacant mood,
Her cuckow strain, and chime'd her tinkling bells.
Next to the gloom of caves and dusky vaults
Wander'd my eye, where Love lay pining pale,
Where laugh'd wild Frenzy, and where rav'd Despair.
There too stalk'd Slander, hideous fiend, unseen,
And from her fowl tongue, like the dog of hell,
Shed her black venom on the virgin robe
Of young unweeting Innocence.
The venom black flow'd frustrate to the ground,
By her unheeded, nor one stain impress'd;
And the white robe shone whiter than before.
Strait busy Rumour, who stood list'ning by

Of

SLANDER AND INNOCENCE. 12 85

Of all unnotic'd, caught the loathsome draught.

If haply aught her greedy thirst escap'd,

Sour-visag'd Envy, witlefs Idlenefs,

And wanton Cruelty, her constant train,

Were near, to drink the lees she left behind.

Drunk with the deadly dregs, the rout profane

Spread their false tales thro' all the busy crowd 20

That throngs the spacious dome.

Last to the injur'd maid's astonish'd ear

Rumour her whisper brought, in friendship's guise

Concealing all the malice of her soul,

False whisper, tainted with her venom'd breath. 25

The virgin's brow one momentary blush

O'erspread, one sudden start impell'd her frame—

For ah, th' imputed crime, whose mention pain'd

Her modest breast, was horrible to tell!

Soon her fair cheek its wonted smile serene 30

Resumes; she calms her breast, and musing mild

Lifts her bright eye to heaven. Meanwhile around

Rush Pain, and Want, and Death, a ghastly group

In terrors clad: shaking their bloody thongs

Fierce Furies rave: with half-averted eye 35

Came cool Contempt; and, ah! still more severe,

Came

Came scornful Pity, with a frown suppress'd ;
 And Persecution's cruel crushing hand.

But lo, eternal Truth from heaven descends,
 And all her radiance o'er the gloom extends !
 Smit by her beam, the fiends, a guilty crowd,
 Shoot down to Hell, their native curst abode.
 While Innocence exalts her conscious eyes
 Where hymns of Angels greet her from the skies,
 Then wings with transport her triumphant way
 To the blest kingdoms of immortal day.

ON RELIGION.

WHO rapt in prayer his morn'g hour employs
A triple portion of true bliss enjoys ;
How blest, when heavenward all his spirit flies,
And holds high converse with his kindred skies !
Less wise, less happy he, whose grosser mind 5
Sleeps in th' embrace of flesh confin'd,
Nor prayers nor praises to the altar brings,
Nor pays his tribute to the King of kings.

Sublime Religion, still thy power increase,
And teach my steps to tread the paths of peace : 10
Oh from thy heaven descend, thrice welcome guest,
Pour thy sweet solace o'er my troubled breast,
Heal with thy balm affliction's countless woes,
And lull each erring passion to repose !
Our journey past, Life's portals we unbar 15
Led by the light of thy celestial star :
Thine the soft soothing voice, whose whispers calm
Bear on their healing wings green Gilead's balm ;
The golden chain, that climbs the blest abode
Of heaven, and links us to the throne of God ! 20

To

To Miss T—— of OXFORD.

ON HER SHELL-WORK,

REPRESENTING THE INTERVIEW

Of PROSPERO and MIRANDA in the CELL*.

WITH fond regard the scene I view
Which Shakespeare's mighty genius drew,
While female Fancy's rival store
Imparts a charm unfelt before.

O would that great magician deign

5

To lend awhile his golden pen,
Then would I point each secret spot,
Each coral cave, and pearly grot,

Where the blue tides of ocean spread,

Or Avon wears his ancient bed,

10

Whence the rich spar, the crystal bright,
The golden-glittering marcasite,

* See the Tempest, Act I. Scene II.

A dorn

To Miss T— of OXFORD. 89

Adorn the curious cell, that stands
The boast of young Miranda's hands.

And first behold the maid admir'd 15
In sweet simplicity attir'd,

The rose that blushes all unseen
'Mid the desert's wildest green!

Oh that Ferdinand were by,
From his own Miranda's eye 20

With soothing sympathy sincere
To kiss the silver-shedding tear!

Yet oh forbear to wipe away
A tear that shines with pity's ray,

Nor from the virgin's breast remove 25
The gentle sigh of filial love!

Whoe'er th' enchanting scene shall view,
Shall catch the pleasing charm anew,

Impatient shall resolve the while
To seek the poet's desert isle, 30

And wish for Ariel's wings, to dwell
In magic Prosper's lonely cell.

Fair architect, your plastic art,
That thro' the eye can touch the heart,

Embellish fiction's wildest theme, 35
And realise the poet's dream;

N

With

90 To Miss T—— of OXFORD.

With brightest fancy's potent spell
Hath built the hoar magician's cell,
Where oft he waves his sudden wand ;
And with your graceful-flowing hand 40
Supplied each volume's wondrous store
Where still he cons his mystic lore :
Yours is the charm, with flowery bloom
That animates the rocky gloom ;
That peoples the enchanted grove 45
With Virtue, Science, Beauty, Love,
Far in the desert shades retir'd ;
And makes Miranda more admir'd.

S O N G T O T H E B I R D S .

SWEET Birds, whose fongs and woodnotes wild
Chear my walk at morning mild,

While I trace, the hayfield round,
The margin of this grassy mound ;

Full pleasant are your lays to me, 5

Gentle warblers, fond and free ;
More welcome far than vernal showers ;

Chanted from your happy bowers

Built on Cherwel's alder'd edge
Mid the hawthorn-blooming hedge : 10

Sweet Birds, those bowers no more shall be
To you retreat, or joy to me :

As late near yon unfullied stream

I fram'd my fond poetic theme,
Near my path, upon the ground, 15

Recent from the cruel wound,

N 2

Fallen

SONG TO THE BIRDS

Fallen from his native spray,
 A bleeding linnet panting lay.
 Fly, fly, sweet Birds, these limits fly,
 For see, your barb'rous foe is nigh, 20
 And aims at your devoted breath
 His iron weapon charg'd with death !
 Wretch of rude and rugged foul,
 Stranger to pity's soft controul,
 Who violates the rural glee 25
 Of Nature's sweetest minstrelsy,
 Who banishes the race of love,
 The tuneful tenants of the grove,
 Unpeoples all the vocal ground,
 And desolates the hills around ! 30
 Ye Thrushes blythe, whose mattin strains
 Melodise the lonely plains ;
 Ye Nightingales, the woods among,
 Where warbles wild your midnight song,
 If e'er my fond, enamour'd ear 35
 Hath lov'd your siren plaints to hear,
 If e'er my steps have lov'd to tread
 The dewy vale and moonlight mead,
 Where the lone mate in craggy dell
 Bemoans her absent philomel, 40
 Or

SONG TO THE BIRDS. 93

Or to the trees in piteous strains
Still of her plunder'd nest complains :
And all ye various-plumed train
Who haunt the stream or wing the plain :
Hence, gentle Birds, spontaneous flee 45
With peace, with safety, and with me,
And seek with me the distant vales
That smooth the rugged brow of Wales,
Where of hills a mighty mound
Rears its magic circle round : 50
There in some villa's calm recess
Health my careless days shall bless,
There lead me forth at break of morn,
Ere sounds the hunter's bugle horn,
There oft shall win my willing ear 55
Your unbought harmony to hear ;
Yet my grateful hand shall pay
With due reward your carols gay,
And to your bills the crumbs afford
That fall from my unpamper'd board, 60
And build for you the winter shed,
The wicker'd roof and mossy bed.
To your arbour's private home,
Hither, gentle wanderers, come ;

Thro'

SONG TO THE BIRDS.

Thro' the copse and by the streams 65
 Tune your nature-prompted themes ;
 And to the charmed ear of spring
 Such enchanting descants sing
 As may beguile affliction's tear,
 Such as innocence may hear ; 70
 Soft as the gales young Zephyr brings,
 Or the plumage of your wings ;
 Far sweeter than the feeble note
 Warbled from an eunuch's throat,
 Far sweeter than the lisping lays 75
 Which the frown Flattery pays,
 At her late and early hour,
 On the golden shrine of Power.
 When the shades of evening come
 Here the busy bees shall hum, 80
 Here shall range the thymy beds
 When her dews young morning sheds,
 And love my limits lone and still
 More than Hybla's honey'd hill.
 These hives, the green parterres among, 85
 Be your cells, industrious throng ;
 Nor from your nectar-streaming hoard
 Refuse, to grace my simple board,

A portion

SONG TO THE BIRDS. 95

A portion due, content that here

No drone invades your dulcet cheer, 90

No creeping flames your hives annoy,

Nor music lures you, to destroy.

You too, ye feather'd tribes of air,

The same security shall share ;

Here shall dread no secret net 95

Mid the thorny thicket fet,

Nor kites, nor hawks, a bloody throng,

Nor griping vulture's talon strong,

Who taught by man, with rage refin'd,

Devour their own devoted kind. 100

Say, sylvan quire, what dire offence

Hath stain'd your native innocence,

That danger thus, with ceaseless course,

Pursues your flight, your haunts explores ?

Oft have I seen your callow care 105

Hard-struggling in the birdlime snare :

So the rash youth, in grief I said,

If once the paths of vice be tread,

Caught in the toils of treachery

In vain long labours to be free: 110

But ne'er hath pride your minds possess'd,

Harmless offspring of the nest,

Nor

SONG TO THE BIRDS.

Nor folly e'er your hearts beguil'd,
 Nor guilt disgrac'd your manners mild,
 Which still to active instinct true 115
 Kind Nature's simple paths pursue.

Nor these the only ills you bear,
 Wing'd inhabitants of air :
 From danger and from death you fly,
 Alas ! to loss of liberty ; 120

Condemn'd to leave your native groves,
 Unfinish'd songs, and feather'd loves,
 Condemn'd to change your airy downs
 For busy streets of peopled towns :
 Long, long the drooping captive dwells 125

In cruel cages, grated cells,
 Oft wishful views some distant tree,
 And pants, and flutters to be free,
 With grief and rage would fain expire,
 And leaves a plume on every wire. 130

L I F E.

A N E L E G Y.

FA I R are the scenes that Nature's empire yields,
The stores that all her happy haunts adorn,
The vernal breeze of fragrance in her fields,
The smile of evening, and the blush of morn ;

Fair are life's placid cares, its social hours,
Its fond endearments, and its mild repose,
The peace of pure affection's nuptial bowers,
And all the joys domestic comfort knows :

Fair are the beams of friendship's bright'ning eye,
Sweet modesty, and ignorance of art,
The soul enlarg'd of warm philanthropy,
And beauty's bloom, and youth's ingenuous heart.

O

Yes,

Yes, they are fair, and fraught with large delight,
 Yes they are themes my ferious soul admires ;
 May Time's rude hand ne'er sweep them from my fight,
 Nor quench the zeal of virtue's young desires !

Reflection comes, with truth's impartial frown,
 And all the vifionary scene destroys,
 Tears the bright gems from Fancy's glittering crown,
 And mars the prospect of our promis'd joys.

In vain the Muse hath built her fairy plan,
 Severe Philosophy contracts her brow,
 Th' illusion mocks, and tells unthinking man
 How vain the hope of happiness below.

But tho' nor calm Reflection's form appear,
 Nor sage Philosophy her lore impart,
 Yet deep Experience, rugged nurse, is near
 To stamp her lesson on the bleeding heart.

Behold how soon the transient scenes recede,
 How soon rich Autumn's golden gleams decay,
 Cold Winter desolates the pictur'd mead,
 And all the bright creation fades away !

But

But ah! that each sweet passion should expire,
 The luxury of tender thought be o'er!
 Lost the soft thrill of innocent desire!
 And love, and youth, and beauty be no more!

Their fleeting influence no new morn recalls,
 By Death night-fetter'd in his iron cave,
 No spring restores, but ruthless fate intralls
 Deep in th' eternal winter of the grave.

Oft as the tombs I trac'd with silent tread,
 That lie forlorn and ev'n without a name,
 And here may sleep some virtuous heart, I said,
 Tho' ne'er recorded by the voice of fame.

Some Howard here may sleep, whose pitying breast
 At wants and woes he could not heal, repin'd,
 In his pale shroud some Hanway here may rest,
 Unblest with power to benefit mankind.

See where, in dust, the orphans pale have lay'd
 Their parent's couch, their parent now no more!
 And the wan bride, in widow weeds array'd,
 With deepest anguish her lost lord deplore!

Ah see how low the son of genius lies,
Requies in sad obscurity his breath,
In the fair dawn of fancy doom'd to feel
The cruel, cold, arresting hand of death!

Far other prospects cheer'd his opening morn,
To hope's glad eye far other scenes arose,
Life's noon mature, which joy and fame adorn,
And her calm evening crown'd with due repose.

But him, blest youth, feverer scenes await,
Sore-drooping sickness seals his mournful doom,
He lies with pangs of unrelenting fate
Opprest, and borne untimely to the tomb.

Unknown to fame (but fame he ne'er desir'd),
Far from the vale where his young steps had rovd,
No pitying look from her his soul admir'd,
No strain of solace from the muse he lov'd.

But hark! what sound bursts on th' imperfect strain?
The bell's flow, plaintive, melancholy breath
Pours its big voice along the listening plain,
And pealing sounds the solemn knell of death:

Thee

Thee too, Aurelia, thee Death's clay-cold hand
Leads young and beauteous to his dreary bower,
For thee the graves their sacred glooms expand,
Breathe on thy bloom, and blight thy opening flower :

While yon pale maid, with sorrow-streaming eyes,
With tears that warm from wounded friendship flow,
Kneels on the turf, and O blest shade ! she cries,
And bursts into an extasy of woe.

Soft Sympathy beholds ; and on the scene,
Life's mournful picture, sheds the pitying tear ;
Sore troublous thoughts meanwhile with anguish keen
Seize the sad soul of comfortless despair.

Yet oh, revive ! behold with milder gleam
Hope's joyful day-spring in the east arise
To cheer our path, till joy's immortal beam
Descend in full effulgence from the skies !

Each dark distrust, each gloomy fear dispel
From the pure breast which holy hope inspires ;
Hear Addison in dying whispers tell,
Lo, in what peace a Christian's life expires !

Beyond

Beyond the joys of life, beyond the tomb,
Exalt the soul to endless joys above,
Where Virtue dwells, with Beauty's heavenly bloom,
Unfading Youth, and everlasting Love.

How poor, how sunk will then these worlds appear!
Then, when yon dazzled orb shall fail to shine,
When Nature's voice no more shall charm the ear,
Loft in the spheres of harmony divine.

Reflection pains no more the musing mind,
Sad Elegy no more awakes the sigh:
Fain would I leave these transient scenes behind,
And lift a strain of triumph to the sky.

T H E
P R O G R E S S O F R E L I G I O N .

Addressed to the Hon. and Right Rev.

THE LORD BISHOP OF LANDAFF.

RELLIGIO, primum quæ fonte erupit eöo
Atque nova illuxit propriis Galilæidos arvis,
Romanum sensim patuit vulgata per orbem ;
Et jam, parva licet, discrimina multa, dolores
Ausu pati est multos, viresque acquirit eundo. 5
Ecce illam tandem variis erroribus actam
Huc illuc, folium Romæque orbisque petentem
Ambitione mala, humanis dare rebus habenas!
Quæque prius fuerat simplex, pia, pura, modesta,
Sinceraque fide spectabilis ; inde superba, 10
Impura

Impura, atque novi spectabilis extat amore.

Quicquid at ingenui aut puri restaret in illa,

Quicquid adhuc rectumq; decensq; probumq;—recessit,

Et nostris tandem felicibus appulit oris.

O, aliis longe felicior Anglia terris!

15

O, alias una ante omnes Ecclesia felix!

Quæ, cultrix Christi, Christique imitata benignum

Exemplar, nullis cruciatibus afficit hostes,

Quales Roma parat, poscens cum sanguine pœnas.

Illa superba sedet folio, fraudesque dolosque

20

Exercet fallax, mendaciaque improba fingit,

Sub pedibusque videt populos regesque potentes.

Illam quid memorem tentasse beata polorum

Atria, cœlorumque quod arroget impia claves

Ipsa sibi, magnumque aliis præcludat olympum?

25

Quid memorem quales furiarum pessima pœnas

Poscat, non oræ nisi nomine nota Britannæ?

Scilicet hæc (fit fera licet) Vindicta sequetur

Crimina; non ultra miseras affligere terras

TERRARUM DOMINAM longum patietur; at illa

30

Cum casu graviore trahet lapsura ruinam.

Jam dicenda aliis adeo hæc ingrata relinquo,

Et propero nostris advertere lumina terris—
 Aspice, quot, quales habeat pulcherrima valles
 Anglia! quot montes habeat, fylvasque comantes, 35
 Fluminaque et fontes, et cætera gaudia ruris :
 Ecce, domus passim surgunt, passim oppida et urbes,
 Magnorum passimque palatia magna virorum :
 Hic nec bruma nimis glaciale frigore sævit
 Horrida, nec nimis solis fervoribus æstas : 40
 Hic artes tutæ efflorent ; viget auspice cultu
 Cum studiis doctrina suis, laurosque camœnæ
 Castaliæ et certas sedes novère beatæ.
 Sed quanquam fit pacis amans, tamen aspera bello
 Gens est; et firmæ cui stat sententia mentis, 45
 Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.
 Sed majora loquor; regit hic in pectore virtus,
 Hic mentem pietas, pietas præclara, fidesque
 Exæquat cælo, et cælo pro munere donat.
 Sed non illa animos, non libera corda coercet; 50
 Solus amor regnat, solus parere paratis
 Imperat, indigenasque regit sine lege volentes,
 Cùmque nimis Gallos sol religionis adurat,
 Hispanosque Italosque et cætera plurima regna ;
 Dùmque suo similis Boreæ Norvegia friget, 55
 Daniaque armatisque obsessæ Suecia ventis ;

Anglia nostra viget, medioque beata tepore

Nec frigus nimium patitur nimiosve calores :

Illa etiam, placidis Zephyri spirantibus auris,

Parturit, et gremio diffundit libera flores

60

Et fructus ; firmamque fidem sanctamque themista,

Cælestes et opes et religionis amorem.

B O T A N Y.

SCIRE POTESTATES HERBARUM.—VIRGIL.

SANGUINE non madidos campos, non vulnera lethi,

Sed viridem, meliori audaces omine, terram

Herbarumque sacro celebramus carmine vires ;

Quas gaudens ipsa e gremio natura feraci

Fundit opes, spargitque benigno copia cornu : 5

Hæ grave mortis iter fistunt, pelluntque phalanges

Morborum, requiemque ferunt dulcemque salutem.

Tu, Natura, adfis, mihi tu, Botaneia, canenti ;

Vestra cano ; vestros cupio penetrare recessus.

O utinam liceat per florea rura, per hortos 10

Sæpe mihi errare ! et spirantes suaviter herbas

Carpere sæpe manu ! lætis tot millia campis
 Nascuntur, pratique udis, et vallibus imis,
 Montibus et summis, fylvis, genialibus hortis,
 Quot nulla potuit complectier arte poeta. 15

Ista ego de rerum et naturæ divite gaza
 Seligo, quæ possint numeris tractata nitere.

Vos docti juvenes, et Apollinis arte periti,
 Nostris vos studiis placidas advertite mentes :
 Cernere erit vobis quodcunque scientia felix 20
 Herbarum profert mirabile ; cernere vobis
 Quas pariat plantas, miris virtutibus auctas,
 Terra ferax. Nec vos vastum tranabitis æquor ;
 Nec multas, flores fruticesque herbasque legendo,
 Visetis terras : mihi pars erit ista laboris. 25

Cùm primùm subiit terris argentea proles,
 Mutatisque ætas decefferat aurea rebus ;
 Fatali insolitum Pandoræ è pyxide mundum
 Morborum stipata cohors invasit, et alis
 Sublata infernis, instructa doloribus, ægris 30
 Passim fata ferens mortalibus, undique rerum
 Deformans faciem, sese omnibus intulit oris.
 Tum primùm sensit contagia morbidus aër ;
 Tum primùm genus humanum languescere cœpit,

Vita

Vita brevis facta est, et mors increbuit atra. 35

Ecce! venit Pestis; secum, eheu! mille dolores,

Funera mille trahens; et verbere sævit acuto.

Tuffis anhela venit; cui funestissima tabes

Fit comes, et tacito confumit corpora letho.

Tum veniunt Febres; veniunt Arthritis et Hydrops; 40

Et Cancri nigris vastantes membra venenis;

Atque Phthifēs veniunt; et plurima mortis imago.

Sed pater omnipotens, ægros miseratus agrestes,

Te, Botaneia, vocat: "Cælis descende beatis;

"Vade (ait) et lapsis fer opem placidissima rebus." 45

Tum Botaneia potens celso descendit Olympo

(Quam Phæbo Tellus peperit fæcunda), capeffens

Iussa Jovis, lapsisque parat succurrere rebus;

Et cum rore venit de cælo manè cadenti;

En, venit, èque solo plantas herbasque feraci 50

Innumeras vocat, et medicos facit omnibus usus,

Atque potestates, et munera mille medendi.

Tum prima, ante alias, vitales hauriit auras

Ambrosia, antiquis eadem Panacea poëtis

V. 54.] The herb Panacea, sometimes called Ambrosia, is described by the ancient writers of natural philosophy as an universal remedy for all the disorders of the human frame. The moderns, less credulous, ridicule the idea of its virtues, and doubt its very existence, ascribing it to the same class in the *SYSTEMA NATURÆ* with the mistletoe of the druids.

Dicitur,

Dicitur, et primos meritò fortitur honores: 55
 Hanc, priscis notam medicis, non nostra tulerunt
 Sæcula; vel, si usquam tulerint, ignara tulerunt.
 Nascitur in terris quoque Balsamon: inde Medela,
 Pharmacon inde venit, quod fumit ab æthere nomen.
 Hoc sanare potens deformia corpora tabe, 60
 Seminecesque homines expectanti eripere orco.
 Et cum Buglossâ natum est Nepenthe sorore,
 Nectareum Nepenthe, soporiferumque Papaver,
 Et fatuam Elleborus gaudens sanare phrenesin:
 Curarum atrarum quæ formidabile sternunt 65
 Omne agmen, mentisque solent mulcere dolorem.
 Nata quoque est, medicis quæ Serpentaria Radix
 Dicitur; hanc jactat fervens Titane propinquo
 Americæ tractus, proprioque triumphat honore:
 Herba potens: siquem per apricos vipera campos 70
 Caudifona (hei misero!) lethali dente momordit;
 Auxilium præsens præbet, certamque salutem

V. 58.] Sterne's Balsamic Ether, the only prescription that operates effectually in this disease, being conveyed by the breath to the lungs, the seat of consumption.

V. 63.] Nepenthe is mentioned by the naturalists of antiquity, as a potion endued with such magical qualities, as to take away all remembrance of pain and misfortune. According to Homer, it was an Egyptian plant, which Helen employed to fascinate those whom she had involved in calamity.

V. 67.] The snake-root of America, celebrated for its quality of curing the poisonous bite of the rattle-snake.

Illa

Illa suam ; è membris trahit immedicabile virus,
 Spemque refert insperatæ blandissima vitæ.
 Hei mihi, quòd demens belli civilis Enyo, 75
 Et veniâ extimulata licentia, dira facultas
 Quidlibet audendi, atque ipsis fatale venenum
 Infusum venis, et feditiosa libido
 Nullâ arte, et nullis fuerit medicabilis herbis !
 Hei mihi, quod duro jubeat prudentia jussu, 80
 Publica et ipsa salus, vitium prohibere vagari
 Latiùs, et ferro, heu ! ferro præscindere morbum !
 Jamque Chelidonia, et simili virtute decorum
 Marrubium, nec vi præstans Colubrina minori,
 Creverat : has memorant, aliis cum pluribus, herbas 85
 Esse venenosas, medicamina fortia Cancris.
 Dira lues, cancer ! causæ latuère ; per ossa
 Inserpit, rodensque artus depascitur omnes :
 Scilicet (ut fama est, et nos quoque vidimus ipsi) 89
 Hunc Cancrum aut illæ, modò quas numeravimus herbæ,
 Aut aliæ quædam, è membris traxère potentes
 Semefis ; subitòque omnis de corpore morbus
 Fugit quippe dolorque, et lux peritura revixit.
 Proveniunt aliæ in terris felicibus herbæ,
 Innumeræ, et medicis pariter virtutibus auctæ. 95
 Has inter surgit Betonica ; docta Podagram

Curare,

Curare, atque oculos cœcâ caligine mersos,
 Vulneraque, et multos longo insuper ordine morbos.
 Mollibus et fuccis, teneris et amabilis herbis
 Althæa, infectam quæ crudi sanguinis undam 100
 Temperat, ac fibras violento verberare tortas
 Emollit, miserisque levat cruciatibus artus.
 Et Cæstura potens capitis lenire dolores.
 Scorbutumque macrum depellere fortis Anonis.
 Calthaque variolas, oculos Euphrasia cæcos, 105
 Panarin Herba-paris, valido medicamine curans.
 Herbaque Saxifragum latè celeberrima, et oris
 Quem cortex nostris longinqua Peruvia mittit.
 Lamia quid memorem ; quid amaro Abfinthia succo ; 109
 Quid Malopen ; Malvam ; et florem cui nomen Adonis ;
 Crescentem aut lætis latè Meliloton in hortis ;
 Verbascum taceo, nec de Plantagine dicam,
 Ipse sagax Temefon cujus de viribus olim
 Differuit latè : fortissima salvia, fractum
 Restaurare valens senium ; Terebinthus, Oliva, 115
 Juniperusque alium quàm me meruère poetam.
 Plantaque, quæ nobis ex omnibus una videtur
 Senfili esse, viget ; viget inviolabilis : aufit

V. 112.] A Greek physician, of whom nothing more is known than that he wrote a treatise on the virtues of the plantain.

Impia

Impia siqua manus plantam violare pudicam ;
 Continuò refugas stringit castissima fibras, 120
 Seque repentè tenax foliorum valvula claudit.

Has præter Botaneia alias confurgere plantas
 Jussit, Theffalici perfusas tabe veneni,
 Ultrices scelerum : videas Aconita, cicutas,
 Solanum lethale, et Tartareum Napellum, 125
 Atque viris Strygnon deliria sæva ferentem,
 Et reliquas nasci, quot miscuit impia Circe.
 Membra hinc corporibus languentia, pallor in ore ;
 Hinc morbi atque lues, hinc fata et funera passim
 Libera per terras necnon impunè vagantur. 130

Sed ne fortè nimis sævirent nigra venena,
 Crescere quæ nigris possint obstare venenis
 Herbas diva jubet : Nepetam, Rutamque salubrem :
 Illarum egregios novit Rex Ponticus usus,
 His notis didicit contemnere toxica vana. 135

V. 134.] Mithridates, king of Pontus, had so effectually fortified his constitution against poisons by antidotes and preservatives, that when he had resolved to destroy himself, he could find no venom strong enough to take effect, and was obliged to have recourse to his sword. He was the inventor of the famous antidote, which still retains his name. The receipt for composing it (says Mr. Chambers), written with his own hand, being found in his cabinet, was carried to Rome by Pompey. It was transfused into poetry by Damocrates, a learned physician, and was afterwards translated by Galen, from whom we have it.

Et cum Spondyliis confurgit Phrynion almis,
Et qui Cretæâ Dictamnus crescit in Idâ.

Hæc Botaneia gerit : sed adhuc non parva laboris
Pars infecta manet : varias qui nosceret herbas
Digerere, et medicam curaret providus artem, 140
Deerat adhuc. Fertur jam tunc Epidauria tellus
Egregium tenuisse senem, multâ arte peritum,
Laurigero Phœbo Nymphâque Coronide natum :
Huic medicæ commissæ artes ; huic traditur omne
Herbarum imperium. Venère exinde magistri 145
Phyllirides Chiron, Amythaoniusque Melampus :
Hos dein excipiunt Podalirius atque Machaon.
Tum venit Hippocrates, medicinæ maximus autor,
Præcipuè sed enim de te, Theophraste, filere
Crediderim esse nefas ; de te, qui primus et audax 150
Mandâsti fidis studia hæc dulcissima chartis ;
Scire potestates herbarum usumque medendi

V. 137.] The medical plant Dictamnus, or Dittany, much praised by the ancients, in prose and poetry, for extracting arrows and healing the wounded part: according to their accounts, it grew only in a corner of Crete. M. Tournefort, who visited that island, describes it as an indigena, and adds, that it continues in bloom during the greatest part of the year.

V. 142. Esculapius, the pupil of Chiron, and the fabulous deity of physic.

V. 149.] Theophrast of Eresus, a celebrated moral and natural philosopher, among whose works is extant a history of plants in ten books.

Qui

Qui docuisti omnem, præceptaque docta dedisti,
 Naturæque omnes penitus penetrare recessus. 154
 Tandem oritur quoque Nicander Colophonius : ille
 Ostendit quibus antidotis, quibus artibus usus
 Corpore quis possit depellere triste venenum.
 Clarescunt tandem longo post tempore famâ
 Virgiliusque, Macerque, et Plinius, et Columella :
 Tu, Macer, egregio qui primus in Aone turbâ 160
 Herbarum varias cecinisti carmine vires ;
 Tu, Macer, unus abes ; nostro te te invidet ævo
 Improba fors, et edax, magis improba forte, vetustas ;
 De te, si jam fortè fores, præclare, superstes,
 Illustres medici de te, ceu fonte perenni, 165
 Gauderent naturæ amplas expromere gazas.
 Jamque Dioscorides, quo non prudentior alter

V. 155.] Nicander of Colophon, a Greek grammarian, physician, and poet, whose only remaining works are his *Theriaca* and *Alexipharmaca* in heroic verse.

V. 160.] *Emilius Macer*, of Verona, a Latin poet. He wrote books on plants, birds, and serpents, which are lost. Ovid has preserved his memory in the following distich of the tenth elegy of his fourth book de *Tristibus*.

Sæpe suas volucres legit mihi grandior ævo,
 Quæque nocet serpens, quæ juvat herba, Macer.

About two centuries ago a spurious Macer was put forth in Germany, and strenuous attempts were made to create a belief of its authenticity. But the imposition is too manifest to admit of a doubt.

V. 167.] *Dioscorides*, a well-known physician, who lived in Nero's reign, and wrote seven books on the *materia medica*.

Viribus herbarum fuccisque potentibus uti,
 Ortus erat, latè et medicas extenderat artes.
 Jamque Galenus adest, validis radicibus usus ; 170
 Qui didicit modico victu et medicamine multo
 Vitam in perpetuos producere Nestoris annos.
 Mox nebulæ terris et nubila tempora surgunt,
 Cunctarumque simul rudis ignorantia rerum,
 Atraque nox : redeunt contagia ; sævit ubique 175
 (Heu, meminisse piget) duræ inclementia mortis.
 Tum triste exilium passa est Botaneia, nec usquam
 Invenit tutum hospitium certosve penates.
 Tunc illam per agros montanaque rura vagantem
 Humani generis memorant misisse caducam 180
 Tutelam , et curam brutis animalibus omnem,
 Innocuis ovibus, placidis posuisse juvencis.
 Tradidit illa suam fidis pastoribus artem,
 Quâ curare greges, quâ noxia pabula possint
 Effugere. Hinc patuit, validi medicamine succi 185
 Utilis, Alpinos inter neglecta recessus,
 Agricolis vix nota, vagis vix nota capellis
 Herbula, vimque suam viles expromsit ad usus.

V. 170.] For some mention of Galen, see the Bodleian Library, v. 414. in the 25th page of this collection.

V. 188.] See the Eclogues of Baptist Mantuan.

Tunc illam, ut perhibent, Arabum incultissima tellus
 Accepit profugam, et folatia præbuit hospes, 190
 Illam ægram fovit prompto medicaminis usu
 Serapion prudens, et Averroes, atque Avicenna.
 Auspice sed Trago, tandem Botaneia revixit,
 Atque novas visa est paulatim fumere vires.
 Ex gelidis illam latebris, ex montibus illam 195
 Per sylvas, perque irriguos Dalecampius hortos,
 Herbosos per agros demum deduxit ovantem.
 Tum fortunato clarissima nomina mundo
 Consurgunt, nostram longè exuperantia musam.
 Dodonæus adest, cui Cæsalpinus amicum 200

V. 192.] Serapion was a learned Arabian Physician. See Bodleian Library, p. 26. v. 418. Averroes and Avicenna were also Arabians, celebrated for their medical and philosophical knowledge, and flourished in Spain. They wrote commentaries on Aristotle and the other Greek naturalists, which are preserved among the oriental treasures of our libraries.

V. 193.] Jerom Bock, a German, was the reviver of Botany in Europe, after it had participated the common fate of literature during the long reign of ignorance and barbarism. In the pride of returning science it was usual for the learned to translate their names from the language of their country, into Greek or Latin words of similar import. Accordingly, this father of modern botany is known to writers on that art by the name of Tragus, while his original appellation is as much forgotten as that of Erasmus Desiderius, or Philip Melancthon.

V. 196.] James Delechamp, a Norman physician, and polite scholar, flourished in the sixteenth century. He wrote a general history of plants in French, in eighteen books, and published the natural history of Pliny with the addition of notes.

V. 200.] I. Rambert Dodoneè was born at Mechlin in 1518, studied physic at Louvain, and afterwards made the tour of the most eminent universities of France and Italy. He is mentioned with particular
 praise

Addit se comitem, et fimiles acquirit honores.

Tum venêre Columna, et Clufius, atque Lobellus ;

praise for his great knowledge of plants, in which science his works are various. II. Andrew Cefalpin, an Italian philosopher, practised the medical art at Pifa, wrote sixteen books of plants, was appointed first physician to Pope Clement the eighth, and died at Rome in 1603, at the age of eighty-four.

V. 203.] I. Fabius Columna, a learned and ingenious naturalist, of a Neapolitan family, flourished at Rome in the beginning of the seven-teenth century. He published a collection of rare plants, natives of the Italian climate, and also compiled notes on the natural history of Mexico of Hernandez. To the botanical treatise, printed in quarto and dated Rome, 1606, is prefixed a beautiful engraving of the author, in the compartments of which the artist has displayed his fancy in emblematical devices, not without allusions to the name.

II. Charles Clufius, a native of Arras, an officer in the court of Vienna, and superintendant of the imperial gardens, flourished in the latter part of the sixteenth century. In his younger days he studied jurisprudence at Louvain, but soon attached himself entirely to physic and the cultivation of the botanical art. For this purpose he travelled in France, Spain, and Germany. His chorographical description of France, composed during the journey, is printed in the Geography of Ortelius. The works of Clufius in botany and the materia medica, are various, and were all printed at the Plantin Press. To his history (with plates) of uncommon plants which he observed in Austria, Hungary, and the neighbouring provinces, is prefixed the following eulogium of the great Lipsius.

Qui solus veterem novamque Floram,
 Et solus veterem novamque Hygeiam
 Pernovisti, et ad intimos recessus
 Naturæ penetraſti, amice Cluſi ;
 Qui quod noſter habet, quod alter orbis,
 Solus mente capis, ſtylo recludis ;
 Quam nos Pannonici tui labores
 Juvant ! Pannonicas quibus per oras
 Herbarum agmina mille, mille florum
 Sedulus legis ; et legenda nobis,
 Nec legenda modo, ſed et videnda,
 Iſthoc porrigis in brevi libello,
 Docto, Jupiter, et bono libello !
 Quem qui non amat æſtimatque lector,

Non

Qui sæpe excultis furc'los fruticesque viretis
 Felici posuère manu floresque tenellos.

Non amat veterem novamque Floram,
 Non amat veterem novamque Hygeiam.

Another botanical work of Clusius is introduced by some elegant complimentary verses written by Gruter, from which I copy the first and last stanza.

STANZA 1.

Vos O radices, vos O cum floribus herbæ,
 Pulchræque ramis arbores,
 Nunc agite, ambrosii fucci exhalate sapes,
 Nunc pandite altius comas.

STANZA 6.

Annuite: una deum nam si Glaucum facit herba,
 Quid non simul præstabitis,
 Vos O radices, vos O cum floribus herbæ,
 Pulchræque ramis arbores?

Daniel Heinsius has also employed his masterly pen on the same subject of praise.

The epitaph of Clusius written by Peter Cunæus, and printed in a little book of memorial verses on the subject of his death, has so much classical elegance and original merit, and contains a strain of sentiment so different from what is usually found in monumental inscriptions, that I feel an irresistible temptation to send it to the press.

S C A Z O N.

Hospes, sepulchrum quisquis aspicias nostrum,
 Hic æviternum crede ver in hac urnâ
 Croco rubente flosculisque spirare.
 Ego ille saxo condor hoc, inexpletâ
 Qui mente dudum sciscitabar, in campis
 Quæ procreatrix vis inerret, et magnum
 Hoc corpus animet; quæ libido pertentet
 Terram, serenâ nocte quum levi cœlum
 Humore rorat, aut Favonius lætas
 Florum papillas purpurantium sufflat.
 Non studia vulgi me, nec asperæ curæ
 Tenuère; non me mane togula sudatrix
 Per inquietas divitum fores egit:
 Sed, dum ferè omnes diligenter hic errant,
 Ego inter herbas fufus, è domo Ditis

Siccis

Doctorem hinc major mihi nascitur ordo virorum : 205

Exoritur nostræ Morifonus gloria gentis,

Et semper famâ notiffimus ille Sherardus,

Siccis capillis innocentiam prisci
 Ruris reduxi. Sic mihi dies grati
 Fulsere; sic plus octies decem messes
 Et tres peregi: quum interim neque tussis,
 Malusve languor, nec gravedo me putris
 Quassavit; oculos usque dum meos tandem
 Dies supremus visque sævior fati
 Graviore somno pressit, et semel longam
 Dormire noctem jussit, heu, nimis longam!
 Lex ista vitæ est fixa: quam licet dudum
 Fugisse jam viderer, haud tamen fugi.
 Feramus, hospes, hæc acerba: debentur
 Majora morti corpora: illa, quam stare
 Suâ putamus mole, jam labat Terra
 Nutatque. Nata quæ fuere non mirum est
 Perire; perit hoc, ecce! quod fuit semper.

Clusius died at Leyden in 1609. His funeral oration was pronounced by Everard Vorstius, professor of physic and rector magnificus of that university. It is related that he took a long journey to see and be acquainted with the great Melancthon. He was the intimate friend of Joseph Scaliger, and Peter Lotichius the German poet. He was twice in Britain, where he acquired the friendship of Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Francis Drake, from the latter of which great men, and from his naval associates, he procured much curious information concerning the botanical treasures of the new world.

III. Matthew de Lobel, a physician of Lisle, and botanographer to king James I. author of several treatises on the art he professed.

V. 236.] "Robert Morison, a native of Aberdeen, studied physic in France, where he particularly applied himself to botany. He in a short time became so great a proficient, that he was appointed superintendant of the royal garden at Blois. In 1660 he came to England, and was made botanical professor to Charles II. and overseer of his gardens. He was afterwards chosen professor of botany at Oxford, where he read several courses of lectures in that science, in the middle of the physic garden." *Granger's Biogr. History of England*. Dr. Morison was born in 1620, wrote several large works of repute on the subject of his art, and died in London in 1683.

V. 207.] Dr. Dillenius published in two large volumes in folio, London,

Egregiusque tuus, felix Rhedycena, Bobartus.

Exoritur Raiusque ingens, et Slônus; ambo

London, 1732, a catalogue of the plants in the garden of Dr. James Sherard (Fellow of the Royal Society and of the College of Physicians) at Eltham in Kent. This great patron and cultivator of botany was the brother of Dr. William Sherard, professor of physic. A fine copy of the two volumes here mentioned, with the plates coloured to the life, is kept in the Archives of Coins of the Bodleian Library. I have seen a catalogue of the plants in the royal garden at Paris, and in the Dutch botanical gardens, 8vo. London, 1689, edited by a person of the same name with the latter of the learned brothers.

V. 208.] "*Beneath the head [of Bobart], which is dated 1675, is this distich;*

*Thou German prince of plants, each year to thee
Thousands of subjects grant a subsidy.*

Jacob Bobart, a German, whom Dr. Plot styles an excellent gardener and botanist, was, by the Earl of Danby, founder of the physic garden at Oxford, appointed the first keeper of it. One singularity I have heard of him from a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, that, on rejoicing days, he used to have his beard tagged with silver. He died the 4th of February, 1679, in the eighty-first year of his age. He had two sons, Tillemant and Jacob, who both belonged to the physic garden. It appears that the latter succeeded him in his office." *Granger's Biogr. History of England.*

"Mr. Jacob Bobart [junior], botany professor of Oxford, did about forty years ago, find a dead rat in the physic garden, which he made to resemble the common picture of dragons, by altering the head and tail, and thrusting in taper sharp sticks, which distended the skin on each side till it mimicked wings. He let it dry as hard as possible. The learned immediately pronounced it a dragon; and one of them sent an accurate description of it to Magliabechi, librarian to the grand duke of Tuscany: several fine copies of verses were wrote on so rare a subject: but at last Mr. Bobart owned the cheat; however, it was looked upon as a master-piece of art, and, as such, deposited in the Museum, or Anatomy-school, where I saw it some years after." *Grey's Notes on Hudibras.*

V. 209.] I. John Ray, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of the Royal Society, London. He died 1706, at the age of seventy-eight. He made the tour of Britain in pursuit of botanical knowledge. He also travelled in the *Low Countries, Germany, Italy, and France*, and has left *Observations, topographical, moral, and physiological,*

Naturæ studiis et Apollinis arte periti,

210

Addentes ambo decus immortale Britannis :

Bôrhavique simul Batavis memorabile nomen,

Pontederæque suis Patavinis, atque Rivini

Germanis, et honos Gallæ Tornfortius oræ.

made during that journey. His principal work is his history of plants, which contains his admired system of the vegetable kingdom.

II. Sir Hans Sloane, Bart. of Scotch extraction, born in Ireland, founder of the British Museum, President of the Royal Society and of the College of Physicians. He was born 1660, and died 1752. An account of his great work, the Natural History of Jamaica, is given in the Philosophical Transactions.

V. 212.] Dr. Herman Boerhaave, Professor of Physic in the University of Leyden, succeeded Dr. Paul Hérmán in the physic garden there, of which he published a more complete catalogue than had been given by his predecessor.

V. 213.] I. Julius Pontedera, a native of Pisa, professor of botany in the university of Padua. In his *Compendium Tabularum Botanicarum* are described 272 plants which he had discovered in Italy. This book was printed in quarto, Padua, 1718, and also contains a letter on botanical subjects which he addresses *ad cl. virum Guilielmum Sherardum Anglum, botanicorum nostræ ætatis principem*. In the beginning of this letter he says "Florentia nobis redditæ literæ fuerunt, afferentes te jam Italia excessisse, rectoque cursu petiisse Gallias, ut his peragratis, ac deinde non diu apud Belgas commoratus, tandem post tot annos in exoptatam patriam navigares." It likewise appears from this letter that Dr. Sherard had travelled in Greece, and that his name was held in the highest repute by the learned of Europe. Pontedera has also written *Anthologia, sive de Floris naturâ libri tres*, with plates, printed in quarto, 1720. The same volume contains eleven botanical dissertations delivered in the year 1719, in the public garden at Padua. The language is elegant and the matter entertaining:

II. Dr. Augustus Quirinus Rivinus, professor of botany and pathology in the university of Leipsic, editor of the medical and physiological works of Langius, in two volumes folio, Leipsic, 1704. Schelhammer has addressed to him and Ray, a book suggesting a new plan or system of the classes of plants.

V. 214.] Joseph Pitton de Tournefort, professor of botany in the royal garden of plants, and of physic in the royal college, and member

ber

Couleiumque novis præcingere tempora lauris 215
 Mufa suum cupiat, qui carminis ordine dolci
 Herbarum cecinit vires, floresque rubentes
 Delicias hortorum, et cætera gaudia ruris :
 Illum quæque dryas fertis sylvestribus, illum
 Chloris odora velit circumdare munere florum, 220
 Et Pomona velit tantarum præmia laudum
 Largiri arboreos fructus ; præsentibus herbis
 Ipsa velis, Botaneia, tuum servare poetam.
 Hermannum quoque solertem, Rhædumque sagacem,

ber of the academy of sciences, at Paris. He was an enthusiast in his profession, and was led by his favourite pursuit over Europe and part of Asia. He wrote *Elemens de Botanique* and other excellent treatises, the only productions of the period in which he lived, that had merit to dispute the prize with the system of Ray. "It was this passion that caused Tournefort to brave the dangers of the great deep, to scale mountains, penetrate caverns, and traverse deserts. It carried our countryman Ray through most parts of Europe; improved his health, cheared and prolonged his life, and amply rewarded him for his labours by the mere pleasure of the pursuit. It made Lister incomparably more happy under a hedge in Languedoc, than when he saw the romantic beauties of Versailles, though recommended by all the charms of novelty." *Granger's Biogr. Hist. of England, Supplement, Notes, p. 112.*

V. 215.] Of Cowley's poem, entitled six books of plants, the two first treat of herbs, the third and fourth of flowers, and the two last of trees.

V. 224.] I. Dr. Paul Herman, professor of physic and botany in the university of Leyden, was born at Hall in Saxony, 1640. He made the tour of Europe at an early period, for the purpose of acquiring practical knowledge in natural history, and was created doctor of physic at Padua, 1670. In 1672, he sailed from Holland, and did not return to Europe, till he had travelled in Africa, Ceylon, and the Indies. While he continued in the island of Ceylon, ever intent on his favourite study, he was elected to the professorship at Leyden, the

Gesnerosque duos, et nomina magna Gerardos, 225

Et Bauhinorum nunquam delebile nomen,

functions of which were executed by Dr. Hotton, till his return in 1680; when he delivered before the university his inaugural oration on the use of gardens, and the pleasures they produce. A Latin ode, which has been much admired for its classical beauties, was addressed to him on his return from the east by our countryman Dr. Hannes, and is published in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. Boerhaave bestows the following praises on his great predecessor. "Dictu impossibile atque incredibile est, quot expensas fecerit, quot itinera susceperit, quot deambulationes instituerit, quot literas scripserit, quot commercii et permutationum modos adhibuerit, quot volumina exaraverit, quot tabulas pingendas curaverit, ut nova semper divitiarum accessione splendorem academix pulchriorem conciliaret." In 1727, the author of this character published in quarto at Leyden, a history, with an elegant engraving, of the garden, and a catalogue of the plants it contained.

II. Henry van Rheede, governor of the Dutch East Indies, author of the *Hortus Malabaricus*, in twelve volumes folio.

V. 225.] I. Conrad Gesner, of Zurich, in Switzerland, called the Pliny of Germany, wrote several treatises on different branches of physic and natural history. Some of his letters on medical, physiological, and other subjects, were published by Caspar Bauhin. His catalogue of the writers de *Re Herbaria* is prefixed to an edition of the *Herbal of Tragus*. Of the other Gesner I know nothing more than that he is recorded as an eminent writer on natural history, particularly zoology.

II. "John Gerard, a surgeon in London, was the greatest English botanist of his time. He was many years retained as chief gardener to Lord Burleigh, who was himself a great lover of plants, and had the best collection of any nobleman in the kingdom: among these were many exotics introduced by Gerard. In 1597, he published his *Herbal*, which was printed at the expence of J. Norton, who procured the figures from Frankfort, which were originally cut for Tabermontanus's *Herbal* in High Dutch. In 1633, Thomas Johnson, an apothecary, published an improved edition of Gerard's book, which is still much esteemed." *Granger's Biogr. History of England*. The other Gerard was a physician and naturalist of Antwerp.

V. 226.] Caspar Bauhin, a physician of Basil, lived in the 15th and 16th century, and wrote the *Pinax Theatri Botanici* and other learned works. John Bauhin lived also at Basil, and is a voluminous writer. His *Prodromus Theatri Botanici* is his principal performance. The names of both these great men are held in the highest veneration by the lovers of natural philosophy.

Bradleium, commune decus nullique secundum,
 Grantaque Martinum quem nutrix fovit alumnum,
 Hic memorare libet : sed eorum facta camœnâ
 Ornare excultâ, dignasque expendere laudes, 230
 Non opis est nostræ. Quæ docti carminis unquam,
 Denique quæ valeat verborum copia dives
 Æquare illorum clarissima facta virorum ?
 Quis poterit meritos expendere laudis honores ?
 Illos herbiferis vegetabilis accipit hortis 235
 India, læta illos septemplete flumine Nili
 Accipit Ægyptus, nec inani nomine dicta
 Florida, gramineis illos Europa viretis,
 Africaque, et tractus alio sub sole jacentes.
 Hos jactat Botaneia viros, hæc nomina jactat, 240
 Nomina perpetuò ad feros mansura nepotes.
 Nec magnos tantùm illa viros, nec nomina tantùm ;
 Sed sedes proprias, sed certos illa penates.
 Theffala non Tempe, biferive rosaria Pæsti,

V. 227.] Richard Bradley, F. R. S. a well known writer on planting and gardening.

V. 228.] John Martyn, F. R. S. Professor of Botany at Cambridge, the annotator on the Georgics and Pastorals of Virgil. See an account of his life and writings prefixed to his posthumous dissertations on the Eneid, lately published by his son.

V. 244.] I. For a description of the vale of Tempe, see the note on v. 25 of *Landough*. II. This hemistich is borrowed from Virgil, after whom it has been used by Ovid and Martial. Pæstum is a town in Italy, where, as Servius avers in serious prose, roses blow twice in the year.

The

Jam nec Tantalicos, nec Adonidis, Alcinoive, 245
 Hesperidumve hortos queritur Botaneia relictos :
 Est caput, australis quæ sese tendit in altum
 Africa ; quod circum, Nereia numina, nymphæ
 Nant cœtu faciles, et sub maris æquora ludunt ;
 Oceanusque pater raucis immurmurat undis : 250
 Illic ter felix cultu viret hortus amico,
 Qui teneris plantis Phœbique potentibus herbis,
 Floribus, et variâ naturâ dives abundat.
 Jamque Parisiacus celebrari postulat hortus
 Carmine, Lugdunensis et Upsaliensis ; amœni, 255
 Irrigui, variumque halantes veris amomum.
 Quos omnes multo studio, multâ arte virorum
 Nobilium coluère manus doctique labores ;

The place is now called Pesti, and has been distinguished by the praises of the Latin poets for the peculiar fragrance of its roses and other flowers.

V. 245.] Alcinous, king of the island of Corcyra (now Corfu). His garden is described in the seventh book of Homer's *Odyssey*. We can form no very grand idea of the gardening of the Greeks, when the old poet tells us, that the μέτρος ὀρχαίων of Alcinous measured four acres of ground.

V. 246.] It is related among the fictions of the heathen mythology, that the daughters of the astrologer Hesperus (the brother of Atlas) kept an orchard in Mauritania, in which trees were planted whose branches were loaded with golden fruit.

V. 251.] The industry of the Dutch has established a botanical garden at the Cape of Good Hope, a spot which the English abandoned for its unfruitfulness. Of late, some philosophical excursions from the Cape have been made into the countries of southern Africa, which abounds with curious plants unknown to the European climates.

V. 255.] I. On the academical garden at Leyden, I present my reader with

Quos omnes nemorum Natura virentibus umbris,
 Utilibusque herbis, et floribus auxit odoris. 260
 Sed vel major honos cultam in regione Britannâ
 Te, Botaneia, manet : locus est ubi surgit in altum
 Divitiis Augusta potens, Augusta triumphis
 Eximia, et multos dudum celebrata per annos :

with the following extract from Dr. Hannes's ode on Dr. Herman's return from the east.

Urbs Leyda, centum fertilis artium,
 Mire sagaces percutit hospites,
 Quotcunque deducit per hortum
 Elyfio minus invidentem.

Hac parte surgunt (heu, celeres mori!)
 Flores, et omnis copia narium,
 Felix odoranti placere,
 Dum pariter placet intuenti.

Hac parte, terrâ matre remotior,
 Vertex decentum tollitur arborum,
 Quales in Adami beatis
 Ordinibus potuere nasci :

Myrtus polita, et Pierio choro
 Quæsitâ merces laurea, nec minus
 Quæsitâ vitis, et perempto
 Fida comes domino cupressus ;

Et multa sylvæ filia nobilis
 Pulchre explicatur ; quæ mihi, quæ tibi
 Subtus recumbenti coronam
 Exhibeat foliis, et umbram.

Locatus illo fospes in angulo,
 O quale carmen pollice ducerem
 Humi reclinis, inter undas,
 Inter aves, pariter sonoras.

MUSÆ ANGLICANÆ, Vol. I.

II. It would be superfluous to explain how much the physic garden of the university of Upsal has flourished under the care of the great Linnæus.

Hunc

Hunc propter villâ fe Chelsea tollit amœnâ, 265
 Nil vel majus habens medico, vel amœnius, horto.
 Hic etiam, longè jamnunc majora canamus,
 Hic ubi florentis nutritrix præclara juventæ
 Oxonia exurgit sublimibus alta columnis;
 Arboribus felix medicus patet ordine pulchro 270
 Hortus ad aspectus; quem circumlabitur amnis,
 Cæruleis Chervellus aquis; atque irrigat omnem.
 Dulce solum! latèbræ dulces! et semper amœni
 Delicias magnâ præbentes ruris in urbe!
 Mirari licet hic stirpes, fruticesque decentes, 275

V. 265.] The physic garden at Chelsea was prepared for the study of botany in 1673, by the Company of Apothecaries of London. In 1721, Sir Hans Sloane gave them the freehold of the garden, which was his property, on condition of their presenting annually fifty new plants which had been cultivated there the preceding year, to the Royal Society, till the number of two thousand should be completed.

V. 270.] Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby, "purchased a piece of ground by the river Cherwell, opposite to Magdalen College, which he encompassed with a curious wall of square polished stone, and replenished with a great variety of plants and herbs proper for the study of physic and botany." *Biogr. Brit.* "In order to put this noble design into execution, he purchased for the sum of 250 l. five acres of ground, in the place mentioned above, which had formerly served for a burying place to the Jews (residing in great numbers at Oxford, till they were expelled England by king Edward I. in 1290). His right and title to that piece of land he conveyed to the university on the 27th of March 1622. And the ground being first considerably raised to prevent its being overflowed by the river Cherwell, the heads of the university laid the first stones of the walls on the 25th of July following. They were finished in 1633, being fourteen feet high; and cost the noble benefactor about 5000 l. The entrance into the garden is on the north side under a stately gate, the charge of building which amounted to between 500 l. and 600 l." *Ibid. Notes.*

Et

Et plantas licet, et plantarum gaudia flores ;

Omnes, quot per agros spatiosa Britannia profert ;

Nec tantùm fœtus quos nostra Britannia profert

Jactat, et indigenas ; sed quæque exotica planta

Hïc viret, æternique virebit munere veris. 280

Quicquid habet viridi in gremio latiffima tellus,

Mundi quicquid habent immenfi quatuor oræ,

Quicquid in extremo deferta habet infula ponto,

Omnia sponte adfunt ; hïc denique cernitur ingens

Plantarum series et vix numerabilis ordo. 285

Gramineam huc mittit prolem gelidiffima tellus

Suecia ; difficiles dura huc Lapponia stirpes,

Brumæ horrore rigens et nescia vere remitti ;

Quæ bene mutato didicere tepescere cælo

Scilicet, atque suâ meliùs regione carere. 290

Quin etiam frutices, quos fervida parturit ora

Quæque dies medius flagrantibus æstuat horis,

Horti dulcis amore, solum natale relinquunt,

Et patriam quærunt nostro sub sole jacentem :

His (ne temperies foret intolerabilis) ignis 295

Suppeditat Phæbum absentem radiosque negatos.

In medio fedet et geniali præfidet horto

Omnipotens Botaneia, deæ conjuncta Saluti.

Quas non radices, quæ non medicamina blanda,

Auxilii quid non utraque area lata ministrat ! 300

Has equidem accumulavit opes, hæc mænia struxit,

Otia et hæc olim fecit Danverfius heros ;

Atque hortum implevit donis, hortoque Bobartum

Præfecit. Dignas tali pro munere grates

Quis referet memor, et monumenta perennia ponet ? 305

Munere pro tali non illius immemor unquam

Fiet docta corona, cohors studiosa juventæ ;

Quæ nunc per fylvas Academi umbrasque filentes

Herbarum varias gaudent perquirere vires,

Et jamnunc retegunt Naturæ arcana parentis. 310

Aspice, ut herbofo e gremio liberrima tellus

Innumeras effundat opes ! quot in arbore poma,

Quot lætis in agris viridantes præferat herbas !

Nempe salutiferos omnes nascuntur in usus,

Ut requiem auxiliumque ferant mortalibus ægris : 315

In tanto numero nihil est quod inutile dicas.

Ecce, patent latè Libyæ fitientis arenæ,

Immensæ, steriles, et lumina læsa fatigant ;

Per campos nec aves volitant, nec flumina currunt,

Nulla armenta boant, nulli balatibus implent 320

Arva greges ; sed Chondrillam, Lotonque, Bryumque

Parturiunt ; aliquisque solo fuit usus in illo.

Jam jam ad purpurei violaria veris, ad ipsum

Mente

Mente feror Pæstum, adque herbosa cacumina Baldi,
 Te duce, Pona, sequor, campoque potimur aprico, 325
 Naturæque ingens expanditur, ecce, volumen!
 Plurima miratus, quem florem et gramina cespes
 Quæ patriat video, et, quamvis exilibus, ortis
 Undique divinum tacitus lego numen in illis.

Jam latè celebrem Botaneia extenderat artem, 330
 Imperium, et famam: sed adhuc (ita fata tulerunt)
 Exoriturus erat, celebrem qui latiùs artem,
 Latiùs imperium, famamque extendere possit.
 Quam verùm ante alias patriam colet ille beatam?
 Quæ regio in terris tantum sortitur honorem? 335
 Tempore quo natus; quo denique nomine dictus,
 Qui famâ egregius toto celebrabitur orbe?
 En! Linnæus erit. Sexus, discrimina, classes,

V. 325.] In 1601, John Pona, an apothecary of Verona in Italy, published at Antwerp a botanical description of mount Baldus, with a prefatory epistle to his friend Clusius. This favourite hill, which is frequently mentioned with particular praises in the *Poemata Italorum*, rises in the neighbourhood of the river Athesis and the lake Benacus. The description consists of a little tour or excursion from Verona, which is contiguous, round the mountain. The ingenious traveller detains his reader at every stage of his progress with a brief and elegant account of the scene. We are first conducted to the valley, which he first describes, and then gives us a detail of the plants it produces. We next proceed to the plain, of which, in like manner, we receive in the first place an account in general terms, and then a particular recital of its botanical productions. Thus also are we led to climb the ascent, or ramble along the banks of the river, till we arrive at the end of our journey, where he leaves us filled with regret at parting with so agreeable a companion.

Nomina Linnæus primus dedit omnibus herbis,
 Et genera, et species; et certâ lege coegit: 340
 Scilicet ut medici melius dignoscere cunctas;
 Ex cunctis meliùs componere pharmaca possint.
 Sed quid opus laudum scriptoribus atque poetis?
 Quæ regio, Linnæe, tui non plena laboris?
 Donec erit pratum producens graminis herbam, 345
 Donec erunt patulis auro fulgentia poma
 Arboribus, flosque irriguis nascetur in hortis,
 Donec erunt tractus plantaria viva ferentes,
 Tu, Linnæe ingens, cunctis memoraberis oris.
 Non ignota tui mihi nunc occurrit imago; 350
 Occurris mihi qualis eras spectabilis, ipsum
 Phylliriden habitu referens ad flumina Salæ;
 Qualis eras in agris quæ fert caput Hølmia cælo,
 Aurea veridicæ pandens oracula Floræ,
 Doctorum series mox affuit omine dextro 355
 Strenua, Linnæi cupido vestigia gressu

V. 352.] The city and university of Upsal in Sweden, is situate on the banks of the river Sala, which flows into the Mellar lake.

V. 353.] Stockholm, the chief city.

V. 356.] To enumerate all the pupils of Linnæus who have risen to eminence, would be to give the names of the greater part of the philosophers (travellers, naturalists, &c.) who have distinguished themselves in the present age. Some have ennobled their memories by their learned and laborious researches in distant quarters of the globe. Others have been received with particular honours in different parts of Europe. And a few there have been, whose names add no inconsiderable splendor to the literary annals of this country.

Nota

Nota legens, tanto nequaquam indigna magistro.

Tu quoque, tu nostris studiis, rex magne Georgi,
 Arrides, doctosque, ex omni parte, benignâ
 Voce viros accerfis, et ardua cœpta capeffi 360
 Dignaque rege jubes; peregrinas quærere terras,
 Atque domum ex illis exotica dona referre
 Præcipis: olli auris australia littora tendunt
 Optatis; peragrant loca devia, nullius antè
 Trita solo; errantque audaces maria omnia circum, 365
 Et dulces gelidis quærunt in montibus herbas,
 Nix ubi sæva, geluque, et inertia frigora brumæ.
 Heroas tantos non vexit Jasonis Argo.
 Quas herbas reperit, quæ munera larga salutis
 Solander retulit prudens, et Bankius heros! 370
 Qui patriæ fines atque otia blanda relinquens,
 Scire potestates varias variasque figuras
 Malluit herbarum: mox et succedit uterque
 Forsterus: pariterque omnes telluris abunde
 Omniparentis opes, fœtusque, et vellera plusquàm 375
 Aurea, et Indorum læti spolia ampla reportant.
 Nonnullos etiam borealibus appulit oris

V. 358.] The voyages of captain Cooke and lord Mulgrave are so well known, that I think it needless to say any thing by way of explanation.

Arctoo

Arctoo propiùsque polo Botaneia volentes.

Vos Phæbo et Musis meritò dilecta juvenus,
Nostris vos studiis placidas advertite mentes :
En, dabitur vobis, quicquid Botaneia benigna
(Cui nunc insolitos læti instauramus hõnores)
Proferat in terris mirabile, discere ; vobis
Scire potestates herbarum usumque medendi,
Et rapidos mortis propellere posse triumphos.

38

L A N D O U G H :

LANDOUGH: *

A LOCO-DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

By DANIEL WALTERS,

HEAD SCHOLAR of COWBRIDGE SCHOOL.

YE frolic Nymphs who leave the defart hills,
Charm'd by the murmurs of descending rills
Where fair Landough enjoys her rural reign
And smiles the loveliest village on the plain ;

* This poem, which, had its place been determined by its merit, would have appeared at the head of this collection, was written by my brother in 1779, at the age of seventeen.

V. 3.] Pronounced Landòff. The subject of these lines is a village in Glamorganshire. The name, according to its etymological import, signifies the *Church of Doche*. *Lan* is the Welsh word for the former: the latter is a saint of the Romish calendar. Leland in his *Itinerary*, writes that Tochau, Dochau, or Doche, came on an embassy from the bishop of Rome to Lucius of Britain, the first Christian king.

“ Landough, where is a village, and a castle much in ruin on a hill.

Sir

Whose whisper'd voice so oft your poet leads 5
 In fairy dreams thro' Thaw's elysian meads ;
 Be present, Nymphs : your beauteous groves I sing
 Green in the breathing bloom of tender spring ;
 To you these groves, these pictur'd meads belong,
 Thrice copious subject of my youthful song. 10

O fay, ye swains so blest, ye favour'd few,
 To bounteous Heaven what grateful praise is due,
 That thus from envy free, from low-born strife,
 From all the cares of fame-pursuing life,
 Ours is the empire of these halcyon plains, 15
 Where still to smile ambrosial Flora deigns,
 And olive-scepter'd Peace, and joyful Plenty reigns ! }

This too the haunt of many a virgin Muse,
 Tho' all too coy they still my vows refuse,
 And here perchance some happier bard shall rise 20
 Crown'd with their fairest wreath, their amplest prize,
 Who oft beneath yon elm at evening laid
 Shall call them round to celebrate the shade.

Sir Edward Carne bought this lordship of the Earl of Winchester that now is.

Against this village is a bridge of stone called *Pont Landoche*." *Leland's Itinerary*.

V. 6.] A river which rises at the hamlet of Newton, passes by the town of Cowbridge, and takes its course from Landough to the port of Aberthaw, which lies at the distance of five or six miles, on the coast of the Severn channel. It is called in English Thaw, in Welsh Thaw-an or Dawon, and in the language of poetry Davona.

" At

Vain were the toil to tempt the stormy main
 For Arcady or Tempe's velvet plain, 25
 Or aught the genial land of Asia yields,
 Or blest Arabia's aromatic fields :
 Lo here, rich weft of Nature's dedal loom,
 On their soft beds the flowers spontaneous bloom ;
 Here, as in Canaan's blissful land of yore, 30
 Flows milk, and virgin honey's balmy store ;

“ At the mouth of Thawan, shiplets may come into the haven.

The west march goeth up by Thawan side on the east ripe [bank] almost to Cowbridge, and that is four miles off: and this ground is low about the ripe side, and full of meadows and pasture ground; and in some places half a mile from the ripe, is some wood.

From the mouth of Thawan to Cowbridge along by the ripe self, and more by west from the ripe, is very good corn and grass.”

Leland's Itinerary.

[V. 25.] Elian, in his first book of Miscellaneous History (or, in modern phrase, Historical Anecdotes), has drawn a beautiful picture of the vale of Tempe in Thessaly. It lies, he tells us, between Olympus and Ossa. It extends five miles in length: its breadth is inconsiderable. Ivy and the shrub smilax, which flourish here in great abundance, climb and shade the rocky ascent on both sides, and present a very romantic prospect to the eye. The river Peneus, which is here increased by a confluence of streams, flows like oil (*ελαιω δίκην*) through the middle of the valley. The banks are covered with groves of bay, plane, beech, poplar, and cypress, which afford the traveller a cool retreat, and whose branches are inhabited by the most musical song-birds. In short, the vale of Tempe is described by the writers of antiquity as abounding with all that gratifies the eye, the ear, or the smell. Those who took their pleasure on the Peneus, which was navigable, were charmed with the odours of shrubs and flowers from the shore. This delightful spot was held sacred to the gods, and received additional fragrance from the incense burnt on the altars. See Catullus's poem on the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, v. 285. See also the eighth chapter of Pliny's fourth book of Natural History, and Strabo's Geography, book the ninth, in the account of Thessaly.

T

Here,

Here, useful lesson`to unthinking man,
 The painful bee pursues her frugal plan,
 In cultur'd gardens builds her fragrant cell,
 Or loves in haunts of ancient oaks to dwell, 35
 And roves, with ceaseless buzz, from flower to flower,
 And sips ambrosial dews from every woodbine bower.

The pasture's marge where deep Davona laves,
 And imitates Meander's winding waves,
 Pleas'd with the scene each Naiad's steps are flow, 40
 And ev'n the flood forgets awhile to flow :
 Along those broider'd banks full oft I rove
 Beneath the glooms of yon umbrageous grove,
 While muse-taught raptures animate my heart
 And pensive pleasures to my soul impart. 45

Nor lies Landough one long continued plain
 Smooth as the surface of the Severn main,
 Nor one vast mount, like Snowdon steep and high,
 That boldly bids defiance to the sky ;
 But here with ever-new delight we see 50
 The endless charms of rich variety :
 At times ascend yon shrubby hill to view
 Our prospect's distant bound of mountains blue ;
 Thence, when the shades grow short and noonbeams glow,
 Seek the cool shelter of the vales below ; 55

Vales,

Vales, where so oft, as eve's late phantoms flee,
 The sylvan Nymphs I've seen, or seem'd to see :
 " Stay, Nymphs"—but, ah ! each transient trace is gone,
 They fly, they leave me in the glades alone,
 Fleet as the winds that shake their leafy woods, 60
 Or the swift currents of their native floods.

Nor feldom, wrapt in fancy's fairest theme,
 I trace the marge of clear Calviga's stream,
 While nodding groves their dews nocturnal shed,
 And brood with silent horror o'er my head : 65
 While, piercing thro' the trees their lucid way,
 On the pure stream the pale-eyed Moonbeams play,
 And philomel, from Crable's towering height,
 Charms with her plaints the sacred noon of night.

Lo these the lawns, along whose gladsome green, 70
 Where taught to toil our frequent steps are seen,

V. 63.] A brook which empties itself at Landough into the river Thaw. This is the real name of the rivulet, divested of its original harshness by the supply of a Latin termination.

V. 68.] A romantic wood, which lies on the demesne of Beauper Castle, and borders on the meadows through which the river flows. Whence it receives its name is uncertain. *Le* or *lhe* is the Welsh word for *place*. From a rock in this wood, overhung with trees and shrubs, issues a fine spring of water, large enough to turn a moderate mill-wheel, which is cold in summer, and in winter of a lukewarm temperature. I have seen a short piece of poetry, of some merit, written about fifty years ago by the Rev. Mr. Christopher Roberts of St. Athan, in praise of *Ffynnon Crable*, or the Fountain of Crable, whose medicinal virtues he had experienced.

We blend with life's dull cares each harmless joy,
 In rural games our vacant hours employ ;
 Early to brakes and furzy fields repair,
 And chase with eager hounds the timorous hare ; 75
 Or from his den the felon Reynard force,
 Defeat his wiles, arrest his onward course ;
 The false decoy and meshy net prepare,
 And make the birds our captives in the snare ;
 Or with the baited hook's too tempting food 80
 Allure the scaly offspring of the flood.

Tho' here inventive Jones, great son of fame,
 Hath deign'd to mark no marble with his name,
 Tho' here no cloud-envelop'd structure stand
 That rose to heaven at Wren's sublime command ; 85
 Yet all around in glad surprize we view
 What tasks the sons of industry pursue,
 View the neat charms of every pleasing part
 That boast a grace beyond the reach of art :
 Witness ye tufted groves, umbrageous bowers, 90
 Irriguous meads, and banks of fragrant flowers,
 Ye rich enclosures, and luxuriant plains,
 And cots, the palaces of peaceful swains.
 On these sweet scenes might Genius ever gaze,
 And lose in rapture all the power of praise, 95

Might

A LOCO-DESCRIPTIVE POEM. 141

Might mark the landscape with amaze, and then
Drop from his hand the pencil and the pen.

On yon proud eminence our Castle stands,
And towers superior o'er the subject lands,
Here sees the lawns, and there the lofty wood . . . 100
That frowns from high at Thaw's meandering flood :
Hence vales, and plains, and villages we view,
The widening prospect hills on hills renew :
Here Art, in Nature's dress, delights to please
With all her charms of elegance and ease ; . . . 105
The walls, the groves, the gardens, all declare
Chaste beauty, void of pomp's superfluous glare,
Where Skill accomplish'd with a master's hand
What Taste directed, and what Genius plann'd.

Let nervous Denham's magic numbers still . . . 110
Rehearse the praises of his Cooper's Hill,
Let muse-led Pope his Windsor Forest sing
In all the pride of autumn and of spring :
Immortal bards, I envy not your strains
While my young Muse can range her native plains : 115

V. 98.] Landough Castle, the seat of colonel Edmondson.

V. 112.] To Windsor Forest, in Warburton's edition of Pope, is prefixed a plate, which represents the poet led by the muse.

Tho'

Tho' hopeless to increase their due renown,
 And ev'n unanxious to exalt her own ;
 Yet did my verse like stronger Denham's glow,
 Or smoother Pope's harmonious numbers flow ;
 Then should no other daring Muse invade 120
 The honours of this song-deserving shade,
 Then should no sylvan feat more brightly shine,
 No fabled grove be dearer to the Nine ;
 Thy stream, Landough, in song should ever flow,
 And thy own laurels bind thy bard's immortal brow. 125

V. 123.] Ne quis sit lucus quo se plus jactet Apollo.

The Sixth Eclogue of Virgil.

A P P E N D I X.

MR. HEARNE has preserved the following Letter from Sir Henry Savile to Sir Robert Cotton, who had promised a donation to the Bodleian Library.

“ S I R,

“ I HAVE made Mr. Bodley acquainted with your kind and friendly offer, who accepteth of it in a most thankful manner; and if it pleaseth you to appoint to-morrow at afternoon, or upon Monday or Tuesday next some hour likewise after dinner, we will not fail to be with you at your house for that purpose. And remember I give you fair warning, that if you hold any book so dear, as that you would be loath to have him out of your sight, set him aside before hand. For my own part, I will not do that wrong to my judgment as to chuse of the worst if better be in place; and beside you would account me a simple man. But to leave jesting, we will any of the days come to you, leaving, as great reason is, your own in your own power freely to retain or dispose. True it is, that I have raised some expectation of the quality of your gift in Mr. Bodley, whom you shall find a gentleman in all respects worthy of your acquaintance. And so with my best commendations I commit you to God. This St. Peter's Day.

“ Your very assured friend,

“ COURT.

“ HENRY SAVILE.”

From this letter, and without any other foundation, a modern writer has thought proper to draw inferences extremely injurious to the character of Sir Thomas Bodley. The reader will see that such a suggestion must proceed either from want of candour or want of sense.

The

The subsequent quotations are the preface and postscript, to which the note in p. 16 refers.

“ T O T H E R E A D E R .

“ WHEN the great restorer of learning, our munificent benefactor
 “ Sir Thomas Bodley, made the happy exchange of the troubles of
 “ this life with the glories of a better, the University, according to
 “ the greatness of his merits, and their loss, in solemn grief and sad-
 “ ness attended at his obsequies. But lest the uncharitable censure of
 “ the world should apprehend our thankfulness buried in the same grave
 “ with him, and cold as his dead ashes, in that we pay no after tribute
 “ to so engaging a desert, we bring to the altar of Eternity that part of
 “ him which yet doth, and ever must survive: a monument freed from
 “ the laws of time and ruin; supported with the vigour of that name
 “ which hath a seminal strength within itself to make whole volumes
 “ live. But lest the judging and severer eye, viewing the nakedness of
 “ this relation, may thence despise the poorness of our endeavour;
 “ that I may speak the work above all scorn, above all praise, it was
 “ his own. Nor durst we call that draught in question which felt
 “ the hand of so exact a master; but with awe looked on it, as on the
 “ fabric of an ancient temple, where the ruin furthers our devotion,
 “ and gaudy ornaments do but profane the sad religion of the place.
 “ 'Tis true, it favours not the language of our age, that hath the art
 “ to murder with a smile, and fold a curse within a prayer, but speaks
 “ the rhetoric of that better world, where virtue was the garb, and
 “ truth the compliment. Those actions are of low and empty worth,
 “ that can shine only when the varnish of our words doth gild them
 “ over. The true diamond sparkles in its rock, and in despite of
 “ darkness makes a day. Here then you shall behold actions with the
 “ same integrity set down as they were first performed; a history de-
 “ scribed as it was lived; a counsellor that still admitted religion to
 “ the cabinet, and in his active aims had a design on heaven; a
 “ spirit of that height, that happiness, as in a private fortune to
 “ outdo the famed magnificence of mighty princes, whilst his single
 “ work clouds the proud fame of the Egyptian library, and shames
 “ the tedious growth of the wealthy Vatican. I know how hard a task
 “ it will be to persuade any to copy out from this fair pattern. How-
 “ ever, we cannot yet so far despair of ingenuousness, as not to expect,
 “ even from the unconcerned disinterested reader, a clear esteem and
 “ just resentment of it. If we gain but this, we shall in part rest satis-
 “ fied; in an age so wholly lost to vice, conceiving it a great degree
 “ of virtue, to confess the lustre of that good which our perverse
 “ endeavours still avoid.” * * * * *

“ Thus

“ Thus far our noble author of himself; who, like to the first
“ penman of sacred history, seems to survive his grave, and to de-
“ scribe unto us his own death. For having finished that great work,
“ which future times shall ever honour, never equal, he yielded to his
“ fate, as being unwilling the glory of that deed should be deflowered
“ by the succession of an act less high than it. On the 29th of January,
“ in the year 1612, his pure soul attained the freedom of its own di-
“ vinity; leaving his borrowed earth, the sad remainder of innocence
“ and frailty, to be deposited in Merton College, who had the happi-
“ ness to call his education hers, and to be entrusted with so dear a
“ pledge of immortality.”

Bodleian Library, ver. 605, Lévant. For placing the accent on the first syllable I have high poetical authority. See Paradise Lost.

Ver. 1146. Pope's Essay on Criticism.

Soon after I had brought the poem on the Bodleian Library to a conclusion, that noble institution received a very large accession to its revenues. By this liberal supply, which is annual, and to which all ranks and degrees in the University are contributory in their due proportions, the Library is freed from its dependence on fortuitous bounty, and is no longer subject to the revolutions that happen in the annals of literature. This event so highly desirable, was produced by the public spirit of Gentlemen who had, on former occasions, rendered important services to the cause of Learning and the University, and who by this recent and more eminent instance of their attachment, have ensured to the Library a perpetual fund of literary wealth and splendor.

T H E E N D.



