

The poems of Mark Akenside, M.D / [Mark Akenside].

Contributors

Akenside, Mark, 1721-1770.
Dyson, Jeremiah, 1722-1776.

Publication/Creation

London : Printed by W. Bowyer and J. Nichols: and sold by J. Dodsley, 1772.

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/vq59fwrx>

License and attribution

This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.

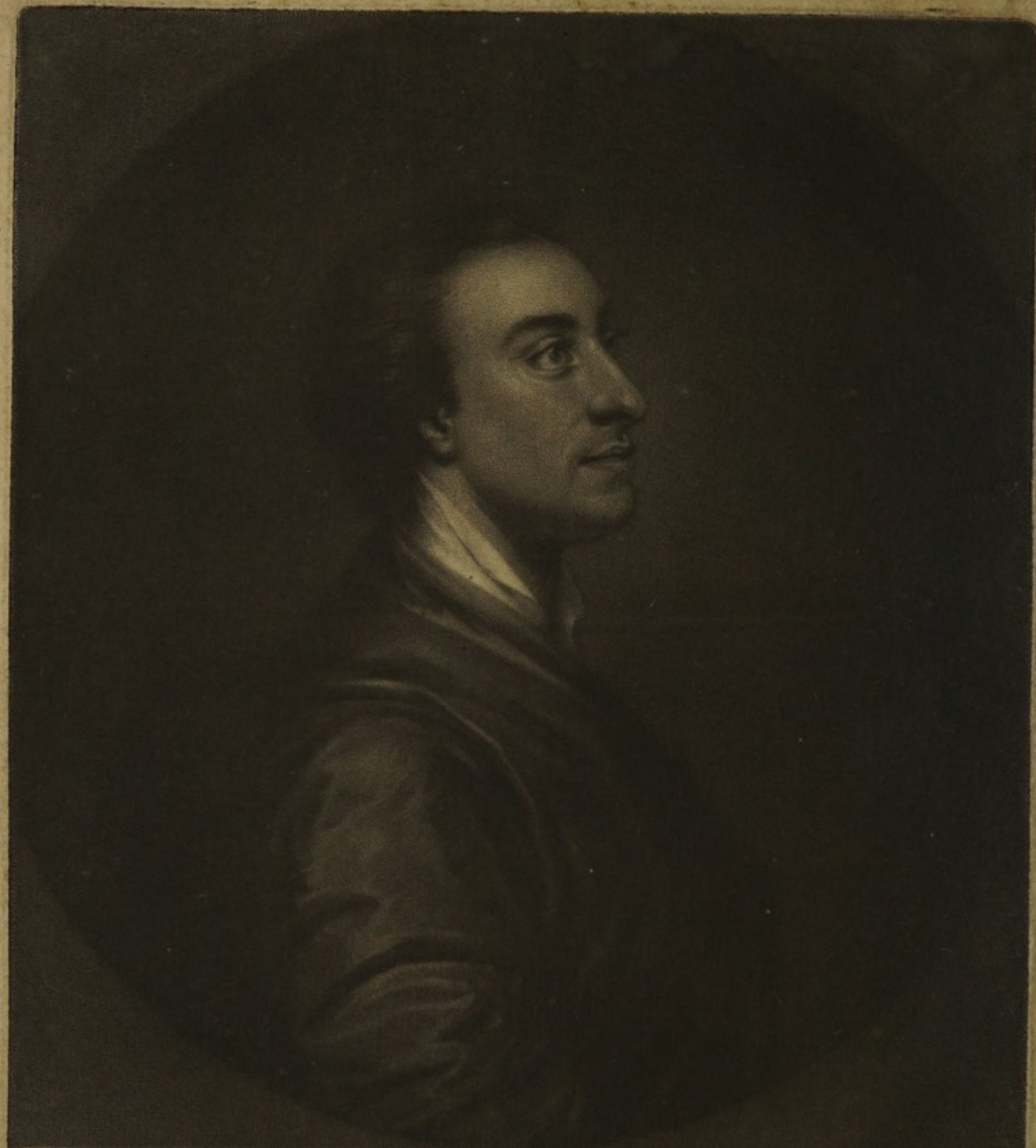


Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>



10,457/c





And pin'd 1754.

C. Fisher sculp. 1770.

MARK AKENSIDE

ÆTATIS XXXV.

THE
P O E M S
OF
MARK AKENSIDE, M. D.

L O N D O N,

PRINTED BY W. BOWYER AND J. NICHOLS:

AND SOLD BY J. DODSLEY, IN PALL MALL.

MDCCLXXII.

35564



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

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

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

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

the

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

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

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

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

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

CONTENTS.

C O N T E N T S.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

[As first published.]

T HE Design,	p. 3
Book the First,	p. 9
Book the Second,	p. 35
Book the Third,	p. 69
Notes on the Three Books,	p. 97

THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

[On an enlarged Plan.]

The General Argument,	p. 115
Book the First,	p. 117
Book the Second,	p. 149
Book the Third, [unfinished,]	p. 179
Book the Fourth, [a Fragment,]	p. 203

ODES ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Ode I. Preface,	p. 213
II. On the Winter Solstice,	p. 216
III. To a Friend, unsuccessful in Love,	p. 221
IV. Affected Indifference. To the same,	p. 225
V. Against Suspicion,	p. 226
	VI. Hymn,

Ode VI. Hymn to Cheerfulness,	p. 230
VII. On the Use of Poetry,	p. 237
VIII. On leaving Holland,	p. 240
IX. To Curio,	p. 245
X. To the Muse,	p. 251
XI. On Love, to a Friend,	p. 253
XII. To Sir Francis Henry Drake, Baronet,	p. 257
XIII. On Lyric Poetry,	p. 261
XIV. To the Honorable Charles Townshend, from the Country,	p. 266
XV. To the Evening Star,	p. 269
XVI. To Caleb Hardinge, M. D.	p. 274
XVII. On a Sermon against Glory,	p. 276
XVIII. To the Right Honorable, Francis Earl of Huntingdon,	p. 278

B O O K T H E S E C O N D.

Ode I. The Remonstrance of Shakespeare, supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre Royal, while the French Comedians were acting by Subscription,	p. 289
II. To Sleep,	p. 294
III. To the Cuckow,	p. 297
IV. To the Honorable Charles Townshend, in the Country,	p. 299
V. On Love of Praise,	p. 308
VI. To William Hall, Esquire, with the Works of Chaulieu,	p. 310
VII. To the Right Reverend Benjamin Lord Bishop of Win- chester,	p. 313
VIII.	p. 317
IX. At Study,	p. 319
X. To Thomas Edwards, Esquire, on the late Edition of Mr. Pope's Works,	p. 321
XI. To the Country Gentlemen of England,	p. 324
XII. On recovering from a Fit of Sicknefs, in the Country,	p. 333
XIII. To the Author of Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg,	p. 337
Ode	

C O N T E N T S;

xi

Ode XIV. The Complaint,	p. 339
XV. On Domestic Manners, [unfinished,]	p. 340
Notes on the Two Books of Odes,	p. 343

H Y M N T O T H E N A I A D S.

Argument,	p. 348
The Hymn,	p. 349
Notes,	p. 363

I N S C R I P T I O N S.

I. For a Grotto,	p. 371
II. For a Statue of Chaucer at Woodstock,	p. 372
III.	p. 373
IV.	p. 374
V.	p. 375
VI. For a Column at Runnymede,	p. 376
VII. The Wood-nymph,	p. 377
VIII.	p. 378
IX.	p. 380

T H E

P. 222

O. N. V. The Compiler,

P. 240

N. V. On the History of the

P. 243

Notes on the History of the

HUMAN TO THE HUMAN

P. 248

A. N. V. The Compiler,

P. 249

The History

P. 251

Notes

INSCRIPTIONS

P. 251

I. The Compiler,

P. 252

II. The History of the Compiler at the

P. 253

The

P. 254

The

P. 255

The

P. 256

VI. The Compiler at the

P. 257

VII. The Compiler at the

P. 258

VIII.

P. 259

IX.

THE

THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.
A
POEM.
IN THREE BOOKS.

Ἄσπετος μὲν ἐστὶν ἀνθρώπῳ τὰς παρὰ τῷ θεῷ χάριτας ἀτιμαζέειν.

ΕΠΙΚΤ. apud Arrian. II. 23.

Published in the Year MDCCXLIV.

B

THE

STANDARD

OF

THE CLIMATE

OF THE

WORLD

BY

JOHN

WILSON

B

T H E
D E S I G N.

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

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

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

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

In executing this general plan, it was necessary first of all to distinguish the Imagination from our other faculties; and in the next place to characterize those original forms or properties of being, about which it is conversant, and which are by nature adapted to it, as light is to the eyes, or truth to the understanding. These properties Mr. *Addison* had reduced to the three general classes of greatness, novelty, and beauty; and into these we may analyse every object, however complex, which, properly speaking, is delightful to the imagination. But such an object may also include many other sources of pleasure; and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a stronger impression by reason of this concurrence. Besides which, the imitative arts, especially poetry, owe much of their effect to a *similar* exhibition of properties quite *foreign* to the imagination, insomuch that in every line of the most applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external senses, or truths discovered to the understanding, or illustrations of contrivance and final causes, or, above all the rest, with circumstances proper to awaken and engage the passions. It was therefore necessary to enumerate and exemplify these different species of pleasure; especially that
from

from the passions, which, as it is supreme in the noblest work of human genius, so being in some particulars not a little surprizing, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing an allegory to account for the appearance.

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

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

and of the secondary pleasure, as it is called, arising from the resemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature. After which, the work concludes with some reflexions on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral usefulness in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of composition which prevails in this piece, little can be said with propriety by the author. He had two models; that antient and simple one of the first *Græcian* poets, as it is refined by *Virgil* in the *Georgics*; and the familiar epistolary way of *Horace*. This latter has several advantages. It admits of a greater variety of stile; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of conversation; and, especially with the assistance of rhyme, leads to a closer and more concise expression. Add to this the example of the most perfect of modern poets, who has so happily applied this manner to the noblest parts of philosophy, that the public taste is in a great measure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the subject before us, tending almost constantly to admiration and enthusiasm, seemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic and figured stile. This too appeared more natural, as the author's aim was not so much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as, by exhibiting the most engaging prospects of nature, to enlarge and harmonize the imagination, and by that means insensibly dispose the minds of men to a similar taste and habit of thinking in religion, morals, and civil life. 'Tis on this account that he is so careful to point out the benevolent intention of the Author of nature in every principle of the human constitution here insisted on; and also to unite the moral excellencies of life in the same point of view with the meer external objects of good taste; thus recommending them in common to our natural propensity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The same views

have

have also led him to introduce some sentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the subject ; but, since they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of *Virgil*, the faultless model of didactic poetry, will best support him in this particular. For the sentiments themselves, he makes no apology.

There is a plan to introduce some new laws which may perhaps be
 looked upon as not quite right to the public; but, since they have
 an obvious relation to the security of the public, the public must
 of course acquiesce, with all regard to this particular. For the
 government is bound, in such a case, to follow the public.

T H O M A S

BOOK THE FIRST

THE

P L E A S U R E S

O F

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

BOOK THE FIRST.

C

A R G U M E N T

O F

T H E F I R S T B O O K.

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

T H E

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

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
 Of nature touches the consenting hearts
 Of mortal men ; and what the pleasing stores
 Which beauteous imitation thence derives
 To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil ; 5
 My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
 Of musical delight ! and while i sing
 Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain
 Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
 Indulgent Fancy ! from the fruitful banks 10
 Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
 Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
 Where Shakespeare lies, be present : and with thee
 Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
 Wafting ten thousand colours through the air, 15

Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
 She blends and shifts at will, through countless forms,
 Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
 Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
 Wilt thou, eternal Harmony ! descend 20
 And join this festive train ? for with thee comes
 The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
 Majestic Truth ; and where Truth deigns to come,
 Her sister Liberty will not be far.
 Be present all ye Genii, who conduct 25
 The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,
 New to your springs and shades : who touch his ear
 With finer sounds : who heighten to his eye
 The bloom of nature, and before him turn
 The gayest, happiest attitude of things. 30

Of have the laws of each poetic strain
 The critic-verse imploy'd ; yet still unsung
 Lay this prime subject, though importing most
 A poet's name : for fruitless is the attempt,
 By dull obedience and by creeping toil 35
 Obscure to conquer the severe ascent
 Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
 Must fire the chosen genius ; nature's hand
 Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
 Impatient of the painful sleep, to soar 40
 High

High as the fummit ; there to breathe at large
Æthereal air : with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes
To this neglected labour court my song ;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task 45
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtile and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muses bids explore,
Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man, 50
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before. 55

From heaven my strains begin ; from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night 60
The moon suspended her serener lamp ;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore ;
Then liv'd the almighty One : then, deep-retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms, 65
The

The forms eternal of created things ;
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
 The mountains, woods and streams, the rowling globe,
 And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
 Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd, 70
 His admiration : till in time compleat,
 What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
 Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
 Of life informing each organic frame,
 Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves ; 75
 Hence light and shade alternate ; warmth and cold ;
 And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
 And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
 Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims 80
 Of social life, to different labours urge
 The active powers of man ; with wise intent
 The hand of nature on peculiar minds
 Imprints a different byass, and to each
 Decrees its province in the common toil. 85
 To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
 The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
 The golden zones of heaven : to some she gave
 To weigh the moment of eternal things,
 Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain, 90
 And

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

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch 110
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, founded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; even so did nature's hand
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind: 115

So

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

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms. 140
With

With love and admiration thus inflame
 The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
 To three illustrious orders have referr'd ;
 Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
 The poet's tongue confesses ; the sublime, 145
 The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn !
 I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring. 150

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast creation ; why ordain'd
 Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;
 But that the omnipotent might send him forth 155
 In fight of mortal and immortal powers,
 As on a boundless theatre, to run
 The great career of justice ; to exalt
 His generous aim to all diviner deeds ;
 To chase each partial purpose from his breast ; 160
 And through the mists of passion and of sense,
 And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
 To hold his course unflinching, while the voice
 Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
 Of nature, calls him to his high reward, 165

The applauding smile of heaven? Elfe wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour to embrace 170
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross controul of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view, 175
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rowling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth 185
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars 190
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun

Beholds

Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light ; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd 195
She darts her swiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets ; through its burning ſigns
Exulting meaſures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light, as with a milky zone, 200
Inveſts the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
The empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode ;
And fields of radiance, whoſe unfading light
Has travell'd the profound fix thouſand years, 205
Nor yet arrives in ſight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates the eternal depth below ;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong ſteep
She plunges ; ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſwallow'd up 210
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the ſovran maker ſaid,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown, 215
Power's purple robes, nor pleaſure's flowery lap,
The ſoul ſhould find enjoyment : but from theſe

Turning disdainful to an equal good,
 Through all the ascent of things inlarge her view,
 Till every bound at length should disappear, 220
 And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
 Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
 The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
 Of nature to perfection half divine, 225
 Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
 Should fath's unkindly fogs depress to earth
 Her tender blossom; choak the streams of life,
 And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
 Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares 230
 The obedient heart far otherwise incline.
 Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
 Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
 To brisker measures: witness the neglect
 Of all familiar prospects, though beheld 235
 With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
 Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
 Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
 For such the bounteous providence of heaven,
 In every breast implanting this desire 240
 Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
 With unremitted labour to pursue

Those

Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
 In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
 To paint its power? For this the daring youth 245
 Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
 In foreign climes to rove: the pensive sage,
 Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
 Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
 The virgin follows, with enchanted step, 250
 The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
 From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
 Unmindful of the happy drefs that stole
 The wishes of the youth, when every maid
 With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night 255
 The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
 Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
 Breathing astonishment! of witching rhimes,
 And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
 Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd 260
 The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
 Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
 Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
 At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
 The torch of hell around the murderer's bed. 265
 At every solemn pause the croud recoil
 Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
 With shivering sighs: till eager for the event,

Around

Around the beldame all arrear they hang,
 Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd. 270

But lo! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
 Where Beauty onward moving claims the verse
 Her charms inspire: the freely-flowing verse
 In thy immortal praise, o form divine,
 Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty, thee 275
 The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
 The mossy roofs adore: thou, better sun!
 For ever beamest on the enchanted heart
 Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
 Poetic. Brightest progeny of heaven! 280
 How shall I trace thy features? where select
 The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom?
 Hasten then, my song, through nature's wide expanse,
 Hasten then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
 Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains, 285
 Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
 To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
 With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,
 And range with him the Hesperian field, and see
 Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove, 290
 The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
 Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
 With purple ripeness, and invest each hill

As

As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume, 295
Where gliding through his daughter's honour'd shades,
The smooth Penéus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan powers,
Of Nymphs and Fauns; where in the golden age 300
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan: while round their choral steps
Young Hours and genial Gales with constant hand
Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial dews,
And spring's Elyfian bloom. Her flowery store 305
To thee nor Tempe shall refuse; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
From thy free spoil. O bear then, unprov'd,
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs 310
Intice her forth to lend her angel-form
For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn; 315
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks: disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip,

Where

Where winning smiles and pleasures sweet as love, 320
With sanctity and wisdom, tempering blend
Their soft allurements. Then the pleasing force
Of nature, and her kind parental care
Worthier i'd sing: then all the enamour'd youth,
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre 325
Should throng attentive, while i point on high
Where Beauty's living image, like the morn
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd, 330
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
And each cœrulean sister of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band 335
Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
Of young desire with rival-steps pursue
This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words. 340
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of Superstition dress'd in Wisdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; i do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth 345
To

To fright you from your joys, my cheerful song
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chace,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health 350
And active use are strangers? Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lye;
To hide the shame of discord and disease, 355
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind 360
Still most illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract 365
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
The integrity and order of their frame, 370
When all is well within, and every end

Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heaven,
 The lovely miniftrefs of truth and good
 In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
 And beauty dwells in them, and they in her, 375
 With like participation. Wherefore then,
 O fons of earth! would ye diffolve the tye?
 O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
 Seek ye thofe flowery joys with which the hand
 Of lavish fancy paints each flattering fcene 380
 Where beauty feems to dwell, nor once inquire
 Where is the fansion of eternal truth,
 Or where the feal of undeceitful good,
 To fave your fearch from folly! Wanting thefe,
 Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace, 385
 And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
 Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
 Of youthful hope that fhines upon your hearts,
 Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
 To learn the lore of undeceitful good, 390
 And truth eternal. Though the poisonous charms
 Of baleful fuperftition guide the feet
 Of fervile numbers, through a dreary way
 To their abode, through defarts, thorns and mire;
 And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn 395
 To mufe at laft, amid the ghofly gloom
 Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloifter'd cells;
 To

To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,
And to the screaming owl's accursed song
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart ; 400
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
Could my ambitious hand intertwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay, 405
Then should my powerful verse at once dispell
Those monkish horrors : then in light divine
Disclose the Elyfian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom nature charms, through blooming walks,
Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams, 410
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
Led by their winged Genius and the choir
Of laurell'd science and harmonious art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine,
Where truth conspicuous with her sister-twins, 415
The undivided partners of her sway,
With good and beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious pleasure's languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot-rage,
O let us not a moment pause to join 420
That godlike band. And if the gracious power
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew

The tuneful spirit; then through all our paths,
 Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre 425
 Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead,
 When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
 Of luxury's allurements; whether firm
 Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
 To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve, 430
 And wake the strong divinity of soul
 That conquers chance and fate; or whether struck
 For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
 Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
 To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise; 435
 To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
 And bless heaven's image in the heart of man.

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

Doth

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

Where

Where dawns the high expression of a mind: 475
By steps conducting our inraptur'd search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd. 480
Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here inthron'd,
Cœlestial Venus, with divinest airs, 485
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, o man! does this capacious scene 490
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the croud of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove 495
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair 500
In

In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just? 505
 The graceful tear that streams for others woes?
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings 510
 Of innocence and love protect the scene?
 Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
 Where nature works in secret; view the beds
 Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
 That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms 515
 Of atoms moving with incessant change
 Their elemental round; behold the seeds
 Of being, and the energy of life
 Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
 Then to the secrets of the working mind 520
 Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
 Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
 Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
 That saw the heavens created: then declare
 If aught were found in those external scenes 525
 To move thy wonder now. For what are all

The

The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms, 530
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; the ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act 535
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame 540
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant fire, 545
To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue, rising from the awful depth
Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth; 550
And dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract,

With

With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
 The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
 The ingenuous youth, whom solitude inspires 555
 With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
 Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
 That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
 Of harmony and wonder : while among
 The herd of servile minds, her strenuous form 560
 Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
 And through the rolls of memory appeals
 To ancient honour, or in æt serene,
 Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
 Of public power, from dark ambition's reach 565
 To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece ! whose faithful steps
 Well-pleas'd I follow through the sacred paths
 Of nature and of science ; nurse divine
 Of all heroic deeds and fair desires ! 570
 O ! let the breath of thy extended praise
 Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
 Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
 Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
 That soothes this vernal evening into smiles, 575
 I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
 Of strife and low ambition, to attend
 Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,

By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
Descend, propitious! to my favour'd eye; 580
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted spear 585
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike fires
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way 590
Through fair Lycæum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store 595
Of these auspicious fields, may i unblam'd
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime: while far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aspiring, i unlock
The springs of ancient wisdom; while i join 600
Thy name, thrice honour'd! with the immortal praise
Of nature, while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

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

A R G U M E N T

O F

T H E S E C O N D B O O K.

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

T H E

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

W H E N shall the laurel and the vocal string
Refume their honours? When shall we behold
The tuneful tongue, the Promethéan hand
Aspire to ancient praise? Alas! how faint,
How slow the dawn of beauty and of truth 5
Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night
Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
Beneath the furies of rapacious force;
Oft as the gloomy north, with iron-swarms
Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves, 10
Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works
Of liberty and wisdom down the gulph
Of all-devouring night. As long immur'd
In noon-tide darkness by the glimmering lamp,
Each muse and each fair science pin'd away 15
The

The fordid hours : while foul, barbarian hands
 Their myſteries profan'd, unſtrung the lyre,
 And chain'd the ſoaring pinion down to earth.
 At laſt the muſes roſe, and ſpurn'd their bonds,
 And wildly warbling, ſcatter'd, as they flew, 20
 Their blooming wreaths from fair Valcluſa's bowers
 To Arno's myrtle border and the ſhore
 Of ſoft Parthenope. But ſtill the rage
 Of dire ambition and gigantic power,
 From public aims and from the buſy walk 25
 Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
 Of penetrating ſcience to the cells,
 Where ſtudious eaſe conſumes the ſilent hour
 In ſhadowy ſearches and unfruitful care.
 Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts 30
 Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,
 To prieſtly domination and the luſt
 Of lawleſs courts, their amiable toil
 For three inglorious ages have reſign'd,
 In vain reluctant : and Torquato's tongue 35
 Was tun'd for ſlavish pæans at the throne
 Of tinſel pomp : and Raphael's magic hand
 Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
 The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
 To blind belief ; while on their proſtrate necks 40
 The ſable tyrant plants his heel ſecure,

But

But now behold! the radiant æra dawns,
When freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endless years on Albion's happy shore
In full proportion, once more shall extend 45
To all the kindred powers of social bliss
A common mansion, a parental roof.
There shall the virtues, there shall wisdom's train,
Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of old,
Embrace the smiling family of arts, 50
The muses and the graces. Then no more
Shall vice, distracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste and scorn
Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,
The patriot-bosom; then no more the paths 55
Of public care or intellectual toil,
Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
In gloomy state be trod: the harmonious Muse
And her persuasive sisters then shall plant
Their sheltering laurels o'er the bleak ascent, 60
And scatter flowers along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
To pierce divine philosophy's retreats,
And teach the Muse her lore; already strove
Their long-divided honours to unite, 65
While tempering this deep argument we sang
Of truth and beauty. Now the same glad task
Impends;

Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
 We hasten to recount the various springs
 Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin 70
 Their grateful influence to the prime effect
 Of objects grand or beauteous, and inlarge
 The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,
 Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
 To raise harmonious fancy's native charm? 75
 So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,
 Glows not her blush the fairer? While we view
 Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
 Gush through the trickling herbage, to the thirst
 Of summer yielding the delicious draught 80
 Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy brink
 Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
 With sweeter music murmur as they flow?

Nor this alone; the various lot of life
 Oft from external circumstance assumes 85
 A moment's disposition to rejoice
 In those delights which at a different hour
 Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring,
 When rural songs and odours wake the morn,
 To every eye; but how much more to his 90
 Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
 Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,

When

When first with fresh-born vigour he inhales
 The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed fun
 Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life 95
 Chafing oppressive damps and languid pain!

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

Assume a different lustre, through the brede
Of colours changing from the splendid rose
To the pale violet's dejected hue.

120

Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,
That springs to each fair object, while we trace
Through all its fabric, wisdom's artful aim
Disposing every part, and gaining still
By means proportion'd her benignant end?
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps
The lamp of science through the jealous maze
Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her secret honours: whether in the sky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers
That wheel the penfile planets round the year;
Whether in wonders of the rowling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,
Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,
Ye scan the counsels of their author's hand.

125

130

135

What, when to raise the meditated scene,
The flame of passion, through the struggling soul
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vast of size,
With fiercer colours and a night of shade?
What? like a storm from their capacious bed

140

The

The founding seas o'erwhelming, when the might
 Of these eruptions, working from the depth
 Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
 Even to the base; from every naked sense 145
 Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
 Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil
 Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times
 To hide the feeling heart? Then nature speaks
 Her genuine language, and the words of men, 150
 Big with the very motion of their souls,
 Declare with what accumulated force,
 The impetuous nerve of passion urges on
 The native weight and energy of things.

Yet more: her honours where nor beauty claims, 155
 Nor shews of good the thirsty sense allure,
 From passion's power alone our nature holds
 Essential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
 Rouzes the mind's whole fabric; with supplies
 Of daily impulse keeps the elastic powers 160
 Intensely poiz'd, and polishes anew
 By that collision all the fine machine:
 Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees
 Incumbering, choak at last what heaven design'd
 For ceaseless motion and a round of toil. 165
 —But say, does every passion thus to man

Administer delight? That name indeed
 Becomes the rosy breath of love; becomes
 The radiant smiles of joy, the applauding hand
 Of admiration: but the bitter shower 170
 That sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,
 But the dumb palsy of nocturnal fear,
 Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
 Of panting indignation, find we there
 To move delight?—Then listen while my tongue 175
 The unalter'd will of heaven with faithful awe
 Reveals; what old Harmodius wont to teach
 My early age; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
 Within his learned mind whate'er the schools
 Of wisdom, or thy lonely-whispering voice, 180
 O faithful nature! dictate of the laws
 Which govern and support this mighty frame
 Of universal being. Oft the hours
 From morn to eve have stolen unmark'd away,
 While mute attention hung upon his lips, 185
 As thus the sage his awful tale began.

'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
 When spotless youth with solitude resigns
 To sweet philosophy the studious day,
 What time pale autumn shades the silent eve, 190
 Musing i rov'd. Of good and evil much,

And

And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd;
 When starting full on fancy's gushing eye
 The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
 That hour, o long belov'd and long deplor'd! 195
 When blooming youth, nor gentlest wisdom's arts,
 Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
 Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears
 Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave;
 Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell 200
 Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul
 As with the hand of death. At once the shade
 More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
 With hoarser murmuring shook the branches. Dark
 As midnight storms, the scene of human things 205
 Appear'd before me; desarts, burning sands,
 Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen south,
 And desolation blasting all the west.
 With rapine and with murder: tyrant power
 Here sits enthron'd with blood; the baleful charms 210
 Of superstition there infect the skies,
 And turn the sun to horror. Gracious heaven!
 What is the life of man? Or cannot these,
 Not these portents thy awful will suffice?
 That, propagated thus beyond their scope, 215
 They rise to act their cruelties anew
 In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed.

The

The universal sensitive of pain,
The wretched heir of evils not its own!

Thus I impatient; when, at once effus'd, 220
A flashing torrent of celestial day
Burst through the shadowy void. With slow descent
A purple cloud came floating through the sky,
And pois'd at length within the circling trees,
Hung obvious to my view; till opening wide 225
Its lucid orb, a more than human form
Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,
And instant thunder shook the conscious grove.
Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
And all the shining vision stood reveal'd. 230
A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,
Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Æthereal: there in mystic signs ingrav'd, 235
I read his office high and sacred name,
Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
The godlike presence; for athwart his brow
Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words 240
Like distant thunders broke the murmuring air.

Vain

Vain are thy thoughts, o child of mortal birth !
 And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span
 Capacious of this universal frame ?
 Thy wisdom all-sufficient ? Thou, alas ! 245
 Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord
 Of nature and his works ? to lift thy voice
 Against the sovran order he decreed,
 All good and lovely ? to blaspheme the bands
 Of tenderness innate and social love, 250
 Holiest of things ! by which the general orb
 Of being, as by adamantine links,
 Was drawn to perfect union and sustain'd
 From everlasting ? Hast thou felt the pangs
 Of softening sorrow, of indignant zeal 255
 So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish
 The ties of nature broken from thy frame ;
 That so thy selfish, unrelenting heart
 Might cease to mourn its lot, no longer then
 The wretched heir of evils not its own ? 260
 O fair benevolence of generous minds !
 O man by nature form'd for all mankind !

He spoke ; abash'd and silent i remain'd,
 As conscious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd
 Before his presence, though my secret soul : 265
 Disdain'd

Disdain'd the imputation. On the ground
I fix'd my eyes; till from his airy couch
He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand
My dazzling forehead, Raise thy sight, he cry'd
And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue. 270

I look'd, and lo! the former scene was chang'd;
For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,
A solitary prospect, wide and wild,
Rush'd on my senses. 'Twas an horrid pile
Of hills with many a shaggy forest mix'd, 275
With many a fable cliff and glittering stream.
Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
The brown woods wav'd; while ever-trickling springs
Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
The crumbling soil; and still at every fall 280
Down the steep windings of the channel'd rock,
Remurmuring rush'd the congregated floods
With hoarser inundation; till at last
They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
Of that high desert spread her verdant lap, 285
And drank the gushing moisture, where confin'd
In one smooth current, o'er the lilled vale
Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils
Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,
Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-incircling mound 290
As

As in a sylvan theatre inclos'd
 That flowery level. On the river's brink
 I spy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
 Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
 Of osiers. Now the western sun reveal'd 295
 Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
 And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
 On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
 That cheer'd the solemn scene. My listening powers
 Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung, 300
 And wondering expectation. Then the voice
 Of that celestial power, the mystic shew
 Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

Inhabitant of earth, to whom is given
 The gracious ways of providence to learn, 305
 Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear—
 Know then, the sovran spirit of the world,
 Though self-collected from eternal time,
 Within his own deep essence he beheld
 The bounds of true felicity complete; 310
 Yet by immense benignity inclin'd
 To spread around him that primæval joy
 Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,
 And sounded through the hollow depth of space
 The strong, creative mandate. Strait arose 315

These heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effusive kindled by his breath divine
Through endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
From him its portion of the vital flame,
In measure such, that, from the wide complex 320
Of coexistent orders, one might rise,
One order, all-involving and intire.
He too beholding in the sacred light
Of his essential reason, all the shapes
Of swift contingency, all successive ties 325
Of action propagated through the sum
Of possible existence, he at once,
Down the long series of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd,
To every living soul of every kind 330
The field of motion and the hour of rest,
That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
To universal good: with full accord
Answering the mighty model he had chosen,
The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds 335
That lay from everlasting in the store
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
By one exertion of creative power
His goodness to reveal; through every age,
Through every moment up the tract of time 340
His parent-hand with ever-new increase

Of

Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd
 The vast harmonious frame: his parent-hand,
 From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
 To men, to angels, to cœlestial minds 345
 For ever leads the generations on
 To higher scenes of being; while supply'd
 From day to day with his enlivening breath,
 Inferior orders in succession rise
 To fill the void below. As flame ascends, 350
 As bodies to their proper center move,
 As the pois'd ocean to the attracting moon
 Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
 Devolves its winding waters to the main;
 So all things which have life aspire to God, 355
 The fun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
 Center of souls! Nor does the faithful voice
 Of nature cease to prompt their eager steps
 Aright; nor is the care of heaven withheld
 From granting to the task proportion'd aid; 360
 That in their stations all may persevere
 To climb the ascent of being, and approach
 For ever nearer to the life divine.

That rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawn
 Fresh-water'd from the mountains. Let the scene 365
 Paint in thy fancy the primæval seat

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

The

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

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

Rich

Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
 The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes,
 To chafe the cloud of sadness. More sublime 420
 The heavenly partner mov'd. The prime of age
 Compos'd her steps. The presence of a god,
 High on the circle of her brow inthron'd,
 From each majestic motion darted awe,
 Devoted awe! till, cherish'd by her looks 425
 Benevolent and meek, confiding love
 To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.
 Free in her graceful hand she pois'd the sword
 Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown
 Display'd the old simplicity of pomp 430
 Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
 White as the sunshine streams through vernal clouds,
 Her stately form invested. Hand in hand
 The immortal pair forsook the enamel'd green,
 Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light 435
 Gleam'd round their path; cœlestial sounds were heard,
 And through the fragrant air æthereal dews
 Distill'd around them; till at once the clouds
 Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew
 Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse 340
 Of empyréan flame, where spent and drown'd,
 Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan
 What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes

Indur'd

Indur'd not. Bending down to earth i flood,
With dumb attention. Soon a female voice, 445
As watry murmurs sweet, or warbling shades,
With sacred invocation thus began.

Father of gods and mortals ! whose right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well-pleas'd 450
I seek to finish thy divine decree.
With frequent steps I visit yonder seat
Of man, thy offspring ; from the tender seeds
Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve
The latent honours of his generous frame ; 455
Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot
From earth's dim scene to these æthereal walks,
The temple of thy glory. But not me,
Not my directing voice he oft requires,
Or hears delighted : this enchanting maid, 460
The associate thou hast given me, her alone
He loves, o Father ! absent, her he craves ;
And but for her glad presence ever join'd,
Rejoices not in mine : that all my hopes
This thy benignant purpose to fulfil, 465
I deem uncertain ; and my daily cares
Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee
Still farther aided in the work divine.

She

She ceas'd ; a voice more awful thus reply'd.
O thou ! in whom for ever i delight, 470
Fairer than all the inhabitants of heaven,
Best image of thy author ! far from thee
Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame ;
Who soon or late shalt every work fulfil,
And no resistance find. If man refuse 475
To hearken to thy dictates ; or allur'd
By meaner joys, to any other power
Transfer the honours due to thee alone ;
That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste,
That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold. 480
Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil ;
Go then ! but let not this thy smiling friend
Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold !
With thee the son of Nemesis i send ;
The fiend abhorr'd ! whose vengeance takes account 485
Of sacred order's violated laws.
See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
Controul his cruel phrenzy, and protect 490
Thy tender charge ; that when despair shall grasp
His agonizing bosom, he may learn,
Then he may learn to love the gracious hand

Alone

Alone sufficient in the hour of ill,
 To save his feeble spirit; then confess 495
 Thy genuine honours, o excelling fair!
 When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
 Of this avenging dæmon, all the storms
 Of night infernal, serve but to display
 The energy of thy superior charms 500
 With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,
 And shining clearer in the horrid gloom..

Here ceas'd that awful voice, and soon i felt
 The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve
 Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire 505
 Sheltering my eye-lids. Looking up, i view'd
 A vast gigantic spectre striding on
 Through murmuring thunders and a waste of clouds,
 With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
 Relentless frowns involv'd. His savage limbs 510
 With sharp impatience violent he writh'd,
 As through convulsive anguish; and his hand,
 Arm'd with a scorpion-lash, full oft he rais'd
 In madness to his bosom; while his eyes
 Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shook 515
 The void with horror. Silent by his side
 The virgin came. No discomposure stirr'd

Her features. From the glooms which hung around
 No stain of darkness mingled with the beam
 Of her divine effulgence. Now they stoop 520
 Upon the river-bank ; and now to hail
 His wonted guests, with eager steps advanc'd
 The unsuspecting inmate of the shade.

As when a famish'd wolf, that all night long
 Had rang'd the Alpine snows, by chance at morn 525
 Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke
 Of some lone village, a neglected kid
 That strays along the wild for herb or spring ;
 Down from the winding ridge he sweeps amain,
 And thinks he tears him : so with tenfold rage, 530
 The monster sprung remorseless on his prey.
 Amaz'd the stripling stood : with panting breast
 Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
 Of helpless consternation, struck at once,
 And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld 535
 His terror, and with looks of tenderest care
 Advanc'd to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
 Her awful power. His keen, tempestuous arm
 Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage
 Had aim'd the deadly blow : then dumb retir'd 540
 With fullen rancour. Lo ! the sovran maid
 Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,

Till

Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek ;
 Then grasps his hands, and cheers him with her tongue.

O wake thee, rouse thy spirit ! Shall the spite 545
 Of yon tormentor thus appall thy heart,
 While i, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
 To rescue and to heal ? O let thy soul
 Remember, what the will of heaven ordains :
 Is ever good for all ; and if for all, 550
 Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
 And soothing sunshine of delightful things,
 Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft misled
 By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
 Of reason wander through a fatal road, 555
 Far from their native aim : as if to lye
 Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait
 The soft access of ever-circling joys,
 Were all the end of being. Ask thyself,
 This pleasing error did it never lull 560
 Thy wishes ? Has thy constant heart refus'd
 The filken fetters of delicious ease ?
 Or when divine Euphrosyné appear'd
 Within this dwelling, did not thy desires
 Hang far below the measure of thy fate, 565
 Which i reveal'd before thee ? and thy eyes,
 Impatient of my counsels, turn away

To drink the soft effusion of her smiles?
Know then, for this the everlasting fire
Deprives thee of her presence, and instead, 570
O wise and still benevolent! ordains
This horrid visage hither to pursue
My steps; that so thy nature may discern
Its real good, and what alone can save
Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill 575
From folly and despair. O yet lov'd!
Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
Thy scatter'd powers; nor fatal deem the rage
Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,
While i am here to vindicate thy toil, 580
Above the generous question of thy arm.
Brave by thy fears and in thy weakness strong,
This hour he triumphs: but confront his might,
And dare him to the combat, then with ease
Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns 585
To bondage and to scorn: while thus inur'd
By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,
The immortal mind, superior to his fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the solid base of this great world, 590
Rests on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds!
Ye waves! ye thunders! rowl your tempest on;
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!

Till

Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
 Be loosen'd from their seats ; yet still serene, 595
 The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck ;
 And ever stronger as the storms advance,
 Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,
 Where nature calls him to the destin'd goal.

So spake the goddess ; while through all her frame 600
 Cœlestial raptures flow'd, in every word,
 In every motion kindling warmth divine
 To seize who listen'd. Vehement and swift
 As lightening fires the aromatic shade
 In Æthiopian fields, the stripling felt 605
 Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,
 And starting from his languor thus exclaim'd.

Then let the trial come ! and witness thou,
 If terror be upon me ; if i shrink
 To meet the storm, or falter in my strength 610
 When hardest it besets me. Do not think
 That i am fearful and infirm of soul,
 As late thy eyes beheld : for thou hast chang'd
 My nature ; thy commanding voice has wak'd
 My languid powers to bear me boldly on, 615
 Where'er the will divine my path ordains
 Through toil or peril : only do not thou

Forfake

Forsake me ; o be thou for ever near,
 That i may listen to thy sacred voice,
 And guide by thy decrees my constant feet. 620
 But say, for ever are my eyes bereft ?
 Say, shall the fair Euphrosyné not once
 Appear again to charm me ? Thou, in heaven !
 O thou eternal arbiter of things !
 Be thy great bidding done : for who am i, 625
 To question thy appointment ? Let the frowns
 Of this avenger every morn o'ercast
 The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp
 With double night my dwelling ; i will learn
 To hail them both, and unrepining bear 630
 His hateful presence : but permit my tongue
 One glad request, and if my deeds may find
 Thy awful eye propitious, o restore
 The rosy-featur'd maid ; again to cheer
 This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles. 635

He spoke ; when instant through the sable glooms
 With which that furious presence had involv'd
 The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
 Swift as the lightening flash ; the melting clouds
 Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene 640
 Euphrosyné appear'd. With sprightly step

The

The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,
And to her wondering audience thus began.

Lo! i am here to answer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! i come 645
With joyful tidings; we shall part no more—
Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the stream
Repeats the accents; we shall part no more.
O my delightful friends! well-pleas'd on high 650
The father has beheld you, while the might
Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd
Your equal doings; then for ever spake
The high decree: that thou, celestial maid!
Howe'er that grievous phantom on thy steps 655
May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more
Shalt thou, descending to the abode of man,
Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyné behind.

She ended; and the whole romantic scene 660
Immediate vanish'd; rocks, and woods, and rills,
The mantling tent, and each mysterious form
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
When sun-shine fills the bed. A while i stood
Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power 665
Who

Who bade the visionary landscape rise,
 As up to him i turn'd, with gentlest looks
 Preventing my enquiry, thus began.

There let thy foul acknowledge its complaint
 How blind, how impious! There behold the ways 670
 Of heaven's eternal destiny to man,
 For ever just, benevolent and wise:
 That virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursu'd
 By vexing fortune and intrusive pain,
 Should never be divided from her chaste, 675
 Her fair attendant, pleasure. Need i urge
 Thy tardy thought through all the various round
 Of this existence, that thy softening soul
 At length may learn what energy the hand
 Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide 680
 Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
 To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
 Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
 So often fills his arms; so often draws 685
 His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
 O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds,
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
 That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise 690
 Of

Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the croud
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below 695
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast 700
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock, 705
Drops lifeless down: o! dearest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers 710
To this their proper action and their end?
—Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye
Led by the glimmering taper moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs 715
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame

For Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of heaven and earth furveys the immortal page,
Even as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul, 720
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust and tremble at the frown. 725
Of curst ambition; when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires,
Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian pride
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majesty of rule, 730
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust 735
And storied arch, to glut the coward-rage
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more, 740
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
When

When ruthless rapine from the hand of time
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
 To sweep the works of glory from their base; 745
 Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
 Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
 Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
 Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
 That clasp the mouldering column; thus defac'd, 750
 Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow, 755
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress? Or would'st thou then exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd 760
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
 And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
 And says within himself, "i am a king,
 " And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
 " Intrude upon mine ear?—" The baleful dregs 765
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 Blest be the eternal ruler of the world!

Defil'd to such a depth of fordid shame
The native honours of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of its fire.

770

E N D O F B O O K I I.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N.
BOOK THE THIRD.

A R G U M E N T

O F

T H E T H I R D B O O K.

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

T H E

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

B O O K T H E T H I R D.

WHAT wonder therefore, since the indearing ties
Of passion link the universal kind
Of man so close, what wonder if to search
This common nature through the various change
Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame 5
Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
With unresisted charms? The spacious west,
And all the teeming regions of the south
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair, 10
As man to man. Nor only where the smiles
Of love invite; nor only where the applause
Of cordial honour turns the attentive eye
On virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course
Of things external acts in different ways. 15

Cn.

On human apprehensions, as the hand
Of nature temper'd to a different frame
Peculiar minds; so haply where the powers
Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge
The images of things, but paint in all 20
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In nature; there opinion will be true,
And action right. For action treads the path
In which opinion says he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and opinion gives 25
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colours and distorted lines. 30
Is there a man, who at the sound of death
Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up,
And black before him; nought but death-bed groans
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink
Of light and being, down the gloomy air, 35
An unknown depth? Alas! in such a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country; nor the pomp
Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice
Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes 40
The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame;

Will

Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country? And in act
Will he not chuse to be a wretch and live? 45
Here vice begins then. From the enchanting cup
Which fancy holds to all, the unwary thirst
Of youth oft swallows a Circæan draught,
That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of reason, till no longer he discerns, 50
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that spurn him from the throne;
And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
The empire of the soul: thus pale revenge
Unsheaths her murderous dagger; and the hands 55
Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
The tragic muse discloses, under shapes 60
Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease or pomp,
Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
Those lying forms which fancy in the brain
Engenders, are the kindling passions driven,
To guilty deeds; nor reason bound in chains, 65
That vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
With solemn pageants, folly mounts the throne,

And plays her idiot-anticks, like a queen.
 A thousand garbs she wears; a thousand ways
 She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far 70
 With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
 I sing of nature's charms, and touch well-pleas'd
 A stricter note: now haply must my song
 Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
 In lighter strains, how folly's aukward arts 75
 Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
 The sportive province of the comic muse.

See! in what crouds the uncouth forms advance:
 Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
 Our careful search, and offer to your gaze, 80
 Unask'd, his motley features. Wait awhile,
 My curious friends! and let us first arrange
 In proper order your promiscuous throng.

Behold the foremost band; of slender thought,
 And easy faith; whom flattering fancy sooths 85
 With lying spectres, in themselves to view
 Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
 That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
 They spread their spurious treasures to the sun,
 And bid the world admire! but chief the glance 90
 Of wishful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,

And

And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
In number boundless as the blooms of spring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty shades
By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up 95
For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
With formal band, and fable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial splendor, steely pikes and swords
Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes 100
Inwrought with flowery gold, assume the port
Of stately valour: listening by his side
There stands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms, 105
And sulphurous mines, and ambush: then at once
Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
And asks some wondering question of her fears.
Others of graver mien; behold, adorn'd
With holy ensigns, how sublime they move, 110
And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes
Take homage of the simple-minded throng;
Ambassadors of heaven! Nor much unlike
Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
That mantles every feature, hides a brood 115
Of politic conceits; of whispers, nods,
And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy schemes,

And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
 Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
 Pour dauntless in and swell the boastful band.

120

Then comes the second order ; all who seek
 The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
 Darts through the thin pretence her squinting eye
 On some retir'd appearance which belies
 The boasted virtue, or annuls the applause
 That justice else would pay. Here side by side
 I see two leaders of the solemn train

125

Approaching : one a female old and grey,
 With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
 Pale as the cheeks of death ; yet still she stuns
 The sickening audience with a nauseous tale ;
 How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
 How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd !

130

Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart ;
 Such is her terror at the risques of love,

135

And man's seducing tongue ! The other seems
 A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,
 And fordid all his habit ; peevish want

Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
 He stalks, resounding in magnific phrase

140

The vanity of riches, the contempt
 Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,

Ye

Ye grave associates ! let the silent grace
 Of her who blushes at the fond regard
 Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold 145
 The praise of spotless honour : let the man
 Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
 And ample store, but as indulgent streams
 To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits
 Of joy, let him by juster measures fix 150
 The price of riches and the end of power.

Another tribe succeeds ; deluded long
 By fancy's dazling optics, these behold
 The images of some peculiar things
 With brighter hues resplendent, and portray'd 155
 With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
 Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
 Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms ;
 Hence oft obtrusive on the eye of scorn,
 Untimely zeal her witless pride betrays ! 160
 And serious manhood from the towering aim
 Of wisdom, stoops to emulate the boast
 Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,
 Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds and shells !
 Not with intenser view the Samian sage 165
 Bent his fixt eye on heaven's intenser fires,
 When first the order of that radiant scene

Swell'd

Swell'd his exulting thought, than this surveys
 A muckworm's entrails or a spider's fang.
 Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd, 170
 Attends that virgin form, and blushing knees,
 With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,
 To win her coy regard: adieu, for him,
 The dull engagements of the bustling world!
 Adieu the sick impertinence of praise! 175
 And hope, and action! for with her alone,
 By streams and shades, to steal these sighing hours,
 Is all he asks, and all that fate can give!
 Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
 Thee, dreaded cenfor, oft have i beheld 180
 Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
 Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils
 Of sly derision! till on every side
 Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
 Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves 185
 Of folly. Thy once formidable name
 Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
 In scoffs and mockery bandied from the lips
 Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
 So oft the patient victims of thy scorn. 190

But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent fate,
 Of all the muse's empire hath assign'd

The

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

Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile
 Of bland imagination, folly's train
 Have dar'd our search : but now a dastard-kind
 Advance reluctant, and with faltering feet 210
 Shrink from the gazer's eye : infeeble hearts
 Whom fancy chills with visionary fears,
 Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
 Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
 Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave 215
 Who droops abash'd when sullen pomp surveys
 His humbler habit ; here the trembling wretch

Unnerv'd

Unnerv'd and struck with terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears,
At every dream of danger : here subdued 220
By frontless laughter and the hardy scorn
Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject soul,
Who blushing half resigns the candid praise
Of temperance and honour ; half disowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride ; 225
And hears with fickle smiles the venal mouth
With foulest licence mock the patriot's name.

Last of the motley bands on whom the power
Of gay derision bends her hostile aim,
Is that where shameful ignorance presides, 230
Beneath her fordid banners, lo ! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, confusion straight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path, 235
O'erturning every purpose ; then at last
Sit down dismay'd, and leave the entangled scene
For scorn to sport with. Such then is the abode
Of folly in the mind ; and such the shapes
In which she governs her obsequious train. 240

Through

Through every scene of ridicule in things
 To lead the tenour of my devious lay;
 Through every swift occasion, which the hand
 Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
 Distends her fallying nerves and choaks her tongue; 245
 What were it but to count each crystal drop
 Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
 Of May distill? Suffice it to have said,
 Where'er the power of ridicule displays
 Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form, 250
 Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
 Strikes on the quick observer: whether pomp,
 Or praise, or beauty, mix their partial claim
 Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
 Where foul deformity are wont to dwell; 255
 Or whether these with violation loath'd,
 Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
 The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end, the almighty fire
 In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt, 260
 These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
 Educating pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
 The tardy steps of reason, and at once
 By this prompt impulse urge us to depress

The giddy aims of folly? Though the light 265
 Of truth flow-dawning on the inquiring mind,
 At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,
 How these uncouth disorders end at last
 In public evil! yet benignant heaven,
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears 270
 To thousands; conscious what a scanty pause
 From labours and from care, the wider lot
 Of humble life affords for studious thought
 To scan the maze of nature; therefore stamp'd
 The glaring scenes with characters of scorn, 275
 As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown,
 As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

Such are the various aspects of the mind—
 Some heavenly genius, whose unclouded thoughts
 Attain that secret harmony which blends 280
 The æthereal spirit with its mold of clay;
 O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
 That searchless nature o'er the sense of man
 Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,
 The inexpressive semblance of himself, 285
 Of thought and passion. Mark the fable woods
 That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow;
 With what religious awe the solemn scene
 Commands your steps! as if the reverend form

Of Minos or of Numa should forsake 290
 The Elyfian feats, and down the embowering glade
 Move to your pausing eye! Behold the expanse
 Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds
 Flit o'er the heavens before the sprightly breeze:
 Now their grey cincture skirts the doubtful sun; 295
 Now streams of splendor, through their opening veil
 Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn
 The ærial shadows; on the curling brook,
 And on the shady margin's quivering leaves
 With quickest lustre glancing; while you view 300
 The prospect, say, within your cheerful breast
 Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth
 With clouds and sun-shine chequer'd, while the round
 Of social converse, to the inspiring tongue
 Of some gay nymph amid her subject train, 305
 Moves all obsequious? Whence is this effect,
 This kindred power of such discordant things?
 Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone
 To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers
 At first were strung? Or rather from the links 310
 Which artful custom twines around her frame?

For when the different images of things
 By chance combin'd, have struck the attentive soul
 With deeper impulse, or connected long,

Have drawn her frequent eye; howe'er distinct 315
 The external scenes, yet oft the ideas gain
 From that conjunction an eternal tie,
 And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind
 Recall one partner of the various league,
 Immediate, lo! the firm confederates rise, 320
 And each his former station strait resumes:
 One movement governs the consenting throng,
 And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,
 Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.
 'Twas thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold, 325
 Two faithful needles, from the informing touch
 Of the same parent-stone, together drew
 Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
 With fatal impulse quivering to the pole:
 Then, though disjoin'd by kingdoms, though the main 330
 Rowl'd its broad surge betwixt, and different stars
 Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
 The former friendship, and remember'd still
 The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
 Which one possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet knew 335
 The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
 He found its path and fix'd unnerring there.
 Such is the secret union, when we feel
 A song, a flower, a name, at once restore
 Those long-connected scenes where first they mov'd 340
 The

The attention : backward through her mazy walks
Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,
To temples, courts or fields ; with all the band
Of painted forms, of passions and designs
Attendant : whence, if pleasing in itself, 345
The prospect from that sweet accession gains
Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind.

By these mysterious ties the busy power
Of memory her ideal train preserves
Intire ; or when they would elude her watch, 350
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
Of dark oblivion ; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to present,
Before the curious aim of mimic art,
Their largest choice : like spring's unfolded blooms 355
Exhaling sweetness, that the skillful bee
May taste at will, from their selected spoils
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse
Of living lakes in summer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bordering shade, and sun-bright heavens 360
With fairer semblance ; not the sculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he whose birth the sister powers of art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind ; 365
Than.

Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve
The seal of nature. There alone unchang'd,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial sweets: the trembling chord
Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear, 370
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length
Indow'd with all that nature can bestow,
The child of fancy oft in silence bends 375
O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things;
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder. By degrees, the mind 380
Feels her young nerves dilate: the plastic powers
Labour for action: blind emotions heave
His bosom; and with loveliest frenzy caught,
From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,
From heaven to earth. Anon ten thousand shapes, 385
Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before him. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed they come: the eternal heavens
Disclose their splendors, and the dark abyss
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze 390
He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
Their

Their different forms ; now blends them, now divides,
 Inlarges and extenuates by turns ;
 Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
 And infinitely varies. Hither now, 395
 Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
 With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
 Begins to open. Lucid order dawns ;
 And as from Chaos old the jarring feeds
 Of nature at the voice divine repair'd 400
 Each to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd
 Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
 Sprung up the blue serene ; by swift degrees
 Thus disentangled, his entire design
 Emerges. Colours mingle, features join, 405
 And lines converge : the fainter parts retire ;
 The fairer eminent in light advance ;
 And every image on its neighbour smiles.
 A while he stands, and with a father's joy
 Contemplates. Then with Promethéan art, 410
 Into its proper vehicle he breathes
 The fair conception ; which, imbodied thus,
 And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
 An object ascertain'd : while thus inform'd,
 The various organs of his mimic skill, 415
 The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,
 The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,

Beyond

Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
 By that expressive semblance, while in fight
 Of nature's great original we scan 420
 The lively child of art; while line by line,
 And feature after feature we refer
 To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
 Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
 Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love 425
 Doubts where to chuse; and mortal man aspires
 To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
 Of gathering hail with limpid crusts of ice
 Inclos'd and obvious to the beaming sun,
 Collects his large effulgence; strait the heavens 430
 With equal flames present on either hand
 The radiant visage: Persia stands at gaze,
 Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
 The snowy-vested feer, in Mithra's name,
 To which the fragrance of the south shall burn, 435
 To which his warbled orisons ascend.

Such various bliss the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
 Favour'd of heaven! while plung'd in fordid cares,
 The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine:
 And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke 440
 Young love and smiling wonder shrink away
 Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns

Condemns

Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,
 Perhaps even now, some cold, fastidious judge
 Casts a disdainful eye; and calls my toil, 445
 And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
 The dream of folly. Thou, grave censor! say,
 Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
 Of dulness hang too heavy on thy sense,
 To let her shine upon thee? So the man 450
 Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of heaven,
 Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision tells
 Of the gay-colour'd radiance flushing bright
 O'er all creation. From the wise be far
 Such gross unhallow'd pride; nor needs my song 455
 Descend so low; but rather now unfold,
 If human thought could reach, or words unfold,
 By what mysterious fabric of the mind,
 The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound
 Result from airy motion; and from shape 460
 The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.
 By what fine ties hath God connected things
 When present in the mind, which in themselves
 Have no connection? Sure the rising sun
 O'er the cerulean convex of the sea, 465
 With equal brightness and with equal warmth
 Might roll his fiery orb; nor yet the soul
 Thus feel her frame expanded, and her powers

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

But were not nature still endow'd at large
 With all which life requires, though unadorn'd 480
 With such enchantment ? Wherefore then her form
 So exquisitely fair ? her breath perfum'd
 With such æthereal sweetness ? whence her voice
 Inform'd at will to raise or to depress
 The impassion'd soul ? and whence the robes of light 485
 Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
 Than fancy can describe ? Whence but from thee,
 O source divine of ever-flowing love,
 And thy unmeasur'd goodness ? Not content
 With every food of life to nourish man, 490
 By kind illusions of the wondering sense
 Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
 Or music to his ear : well-pleas'd he scans

The

The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
 Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain; 495
 Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
 And living lamps that over-arch his head
 With more than regal splendor; bends his ears
 To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
 Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought, 500
 Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
 Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
 Than space, or motion, or eternal time;
 So sweet he feels their influence to attract
 The fixed soul; to brighten the dull glooms 505
 Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
 Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
 The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
 Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells
 Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils, 510
 A visionary paradise disclos'd
 Amid the dubious wild: with streams, and shades,
 And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,
 Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal powers 515
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust

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

His will, obsequious, whether to produce 545
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects : one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild ;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightening fires 590
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky ;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below 555
The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool 560
Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of flighted vows and love's disdain.
Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day :
Consenting Zephyr sighs ; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious ; mute the groves ; 565
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn..
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

Oh ! blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the Siren ! not the bribes

Of

Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils 570
Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the inliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights 575
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Indows at large whatever happy man 580
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim, 585
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distills her dews, and from the filken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn. 590
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain 595
From

From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her powers 600
 Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love, 605
 This fair-inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On nature's form, where, negligent of all 610
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind
 Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms 615
 Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
 Would fordid policies, the barbarous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
 Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds 620
 And rowling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The:

The elements and seasons: all declare
 For what the eternal maker has ordain'd
 The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine: he tells the heart, 625
 He meant, he made us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being; to be great like him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself 630
 Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
 And form to his, the relish of their souls.

E N D O F B O O K I I I.

N O T E S

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

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY

540 EAST 58TH STREET

CHICAGO, ILL. 60637

TEL. 733-1611

1968

OF THE

LIBRARY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF THE

LIBRARY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF THE

LIBRARY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF THE

LIBRARY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF THE

LIBRARY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF THE

LIBRARY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

N O T E S

O N T H E

F I R S T B O O K.

VER. 151. *Say, why was man, &c.*] In apologizing for the frequent negligences of the sublimest authors of Greece, *Those god-like geniuses*, says *Longinus*, were well assured, that Nature had not intended man for a low-spirited or ignoble being: but bringing us into life and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory; she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension. Whence it comes to pass, that even the whole world is not an object sufficient for the depth and rapidity of human imagination, which often sallies forth beyond the limits of all that surrounds us. Let any man cast his eye through the whole circle of our existence, and consider how especially it abounds in excellent and grand objects, he will soon acknowledge for what enjoyments and pursuits we were destined. Thus by the very propensity of nature we are led to admire, not little springs or shallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and, much more than all, the Ocean, &c. *Dionys. Longin. de Sublim.* § xxiv.

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

Ver. 204. *Whose unfading light, &c.*] It was a notion of the great Mr. *Huygens*, that there may be fixed stars at such a distance from our solar system, as that their light should not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

Ver. 234. ——— the neglect

Of all familiar prospects, &c.] It is here said, that in consequence of the love of novelty, objects which at first were highly delightful to the mind, lose

that effect by repeated attention to them. But the instance of *habit* is opposed to this observation; for *there*, objects at first distasteful are in time rendered intirely agreeable by repeated attention.

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

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

The pleasure from habit may be merely negative. The object at first gave uneasiness: this uneasiness gradually wears off as the object grows familiar: and the mind, finding it at last intirely removed, reckons its situation really pleasurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

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

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

Ver. 240.

——— *this desire*

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

Ver. 374.

——— *Truth and good are one,*

And beauty dwells in them, &c.] Do you imagine, says Socrates to Aristippus, that what is good is not beautiful? Have you not observed that these appearances always coincide? Virtue, for instance, in the same respect as to which we call

call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beautiful also. In the characters of men we always * join the two denominations together. The beauty of human bodies corresponds, in like manner, with that æconomy of parts which constitutes them good; and in every circumstance of life, the same object is constantly accounted both beautiful and good, inasmuch as it answers the purposes for which it was designed. Xenophon. Memorab. Socrat. l. iii. c. 8.

This excellent observation has been illustrated and extended by the noble restorer of ancient philosophy; see the *Characteristicks*, vol. ii. p. 339 and 422. and vol. iii. p. 181. And another ingenious author has particularly shewn, that it holds in the general laws of nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the sciences. *Inquiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and virtue*, Treat. i. § 8. As to the connection between *beauty* and *truth*, there are two opinions concerning it. Some philosophers assert an independent and invariable law in nature, in consequence of which *all rational beings must alike perceive beauty in some certain proportions, and deformity in the contrary*. And this necessity being supposed the same with that which commands the assent or dissent of the understanding, it follows of course that *beauty* is founded on the universal and unchangeable law of *truth*.

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

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

* This the *Athenians* did in a peculiar manner, by the word *καλοναἰσθησις, καλοναἰσθησις*.

Ver. 548.

Where virtue rising from the awful depth

Of truth's mysterious bosom, &c.]

According to the opinion of those who assert *moral obligation* to be founded on an immutable and universal law, and that which is usually called the *moral sense*, to be determined by the peculiar temper of the imagination and the earliest affociations of ideas.

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

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

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

N O T E S

O N T H E

S E C O N D B O O K.

VER. 19. *At last the muses rose, &c.*] About the age of *Hugh Capet*, founder of the third race of *French* kings, the poets of *Provence* were in high reputation; a sort of strolling bards or rhapsodists, who went about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertaining them at festivals with music and poetry. They attempted both the epic, ode, and satire; and abounded in a wild and fantastic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the *Saracen* wars. These were the rudiments of *Italian* poetry. But their taste and composition must have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by those who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times; such as *Boiardo*, *Bernardo Tasso*, *Ariosto*, &c.

Ver. 21. *Valchusa.*] The famous retreat of *Franciso Petrarcha*, the father of *Italian* poetry, and his mistress *Laura*, a lady of *Avignon*.

Ver. 22. *Aino.*] The river which runs by *Florence*, the birth-place of *Dante* and *Boccaccio*.

Ver. 23. *Parthenope.*] Or *Naples*, the birth-place of *Sannazaro*. The great *Torquato Tasso* was born at *Sorrento* in the kingdom of *Naples*.

Ibid.

— the rage

Of dire ambition, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of *Italy*, and abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century. These at last, in conjunction with the papal power, intirely extinguished the spirit of liberty in that country, and established that abuse of the fine arts which has been since propagated over all *Europe*.

Ver. 30. *Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts, &c.*] Nor were they only losers by the separation. For philosophy itself, to use the words of a noble philosopher, *being thus severed by the sprightly arts and sciences, must consequently grow dronish, insipid, pedantic, useless, and directly opposite to the real knowledge and practice of the world.* Infomuch that a gentleman, says another excellent writer, *cannot easily bring himself to like so austere and ungainly a form: so greatly is it changed from what was once the delight of the finest gentlemen of antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry of public affairs!* From this condition it cannot be recovered

recovered but by uniting it once more with the works of imagination; and we have had the pleasure of observing a very great progress made towards their union in *England* within these few years. It is hardly possible to conceive them at a greater distance from each other than at the Revolution, when *Locke* stood at the head of one party, and *Dryden* of the other. But the general spirit of liberty, which has ever since been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve that influence which the arts of persuasion gave them with the people, by applying them to subjects of importance to society. Thus poetry and eloquence became considerable; and philosophy is now of course obliged to borrow of their embellishments, in order even to gain audience with the public.

Ver. 157. *From passion's power alone, &c.*] This very mysterious kind of pleasure, which is often found in the exercise of passions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by several authors. *Lucretius* resolves it into self-love:

Suave mari magno, &c. lib. ii. 1.

As if a man was never pleased in being moved at the distress of a tragedy, without a cool reflection that though these fictitious personages were so unhappy, yet he himself was perfectly at ease and in safety. The ingenious author of the *Reflections critiques sur la poesie & sur la peinture*, accounts for it by the general delight which the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and inattentive state: and this, joined with the moral approbation of its own temper, which attends these emotions when natural and just, is certainly the true foundation of the pleasure, which, as it is the origin and basis of tragedy and epic, deserved a very particular consideration in this poem.

Ver. 304. *Inhabitant of earth, &c.*] The account of the œconomy of providence here introduced, as the most proper to calm and satisfy the mind when under the compunction of private evils, seems to have come originally from the *Pythagorean* school: but of the ancient philosophers, *Plato* has most largely insisted upon it, has established it with all the strength of his capacious understanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one passage so full and clear on this head, that I am persuaded the reader will be pleased to see it here, though somewhat long. Addressing himself to such as are not satisfied concerning divine providence: *The Being who presides over the whole*, says he, *has disposed and complicated all things for the happiness and virtue of the whole, every part of which, according to the extent of its influence, does and suffers what is fit and proper. One of these parts is yours, O unhappy man, which though in itself most inconsiderable and minute, yet being connected with the universe, ever seeks to co-operate with that supreme order. You in the mean time are ignorant of the very end for which all particular natures are brought into existence, that the all-comprehending nature of the whole may be perfect and happy; existing, as it does, not for your sake, but the cause and reason of your existence, which, as in the symmetry of every artificial work, must*
of

of necessity concur with the general design of the artist, and be subservient to the whole of which it is a part. Your complaint therefore is ignorant and groundless; since, according to the various energy of creation, and the common laws of nature, there is a constant provision of that which is best at the same time for you and for the whole. --- For the governing intelligence clearly beholding all the actions of animated and self-moving creatures, and that mixture of good and evil which diversifies them, considered first of all by what disposition of things, and by what situation of each individual in the general system, vice might be depressed and subdued, and virtue made secure of victory and happiness with the greatest facility and in the highest degree possible: In this manner he ordered through the entire circle of being, the internal constitution of every mind, where should be its station in the universal fabric, and through what variety of circumstances it should proceed in the whole tenour of its existence. He goes on in his sublime manner to assert a future state of retribution, as well for those who, by the exercise of good dispositions being harmonized and assimilated into the divine virtue, are consequently removed to a place of unblemished sanctity and happiness; as of those who by the most flagitious arts have risen from contemptible beginnings to the greatest affluence and power, and whom you therefore look upon as unanswerable instances of negligence in the gods, because you are ignorant of the purposes to which they are subservient, and in what manner they contribute to that supreme intention of good to the whole. Plato de Leg. x. 16.

This theory has been delivered of late, especially abroad, in a manner which subverts the freedom of human actions; whereas Plato appears very careful to preserve it, and has been in that respect imitated by the best of his followers.

Ver. 321. — one might rise,

One order, &c.] See the Meditations of Antoninus and the Characteristics, passim.

Ver. 355. *The best and fairest, &c.*] This opinion is so old, that Timæus Locrus calls the supreme being *δοιμουργὸς τῷ βελτίονι*, the artificer of that which is best; and represents him as resolving in the beginning to produce the most excellent work, and as copying the world most exactly from his own intelligible and essential idea; so that it yet remains, as it was at first, perfect in beauty, and will never stand in need of any correction or improvement. There can be no room for a caution here, to understand the expressions, not of any particular circumstances of human life separately considered, but of the sum or universal system of life and being. See also the vision at the end of the *Theodicée* of Leibnitz.

Ver. 350. *As flame ascends, &c.*] This opinion, though not held by Plato nor any of the ancients, is yet a very natural consequence of his principles. But the disquisition is too complex and extensive to be entered upon here.

Ver. 755. *Philip.*] The Macedonian.

N O T E S

O N T H E

T H I R D B O O K.

VER. 18.

— *where the powers*

Of fancy, &c.] The influence of the imagination on the conduct of life, is one of the most important points in moral philosophy. It were easy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almost all the passions, and mixes with almost every circumstance of action or pleasure. Let any man, even of the coldest head and soberest industry, analyse the idea of what he calls his interest; he will find that it consists chiefly of certain degrees of decency, beauty, and order, variously combined into one system, the idol which he seeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and self-denial. It is on this account of the last consequence to regulate these images by the standard of nature and the general good; otherwise the imagination, by heightening some objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by representing others in a more odious or terrible shape than they deserve, may of course engage us in pursuits utterly inconsistent with the moral order of things.

If it be objected that this account of things supposes the passions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in some a natural and hereditary disposition to certain passions prior to all circumstances of education or fortune; it may be answered, that though no man is born *ambitious* or a *miser*, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which shall render his imagination more liable to be struck with some particular objects, consequently dispose him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain passions of a particular turn. Some men, for instance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vast and magnificent, others on the contrary with the elegant and gentle aspects of nature. And it is very remarkable, that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to this of the imagination; that those who are most inclined to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral. While those who are charmed rather with the *delicacy* and *sweetness* of colours, and forms, and sounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the softer scenes of
virtue

virtue and the sympathies of a domestic life. And this is sufficient to account for the objection.

Among the ancient philosophers, though we have several hints concerning this influence of the imagination upon morals among the remains of the *Socratic* school, yet the *Stoics* were the first who paid it a due attention. *Zeno*, their founder, thought it impossible to preserve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inspecting those pictures or appearances of things, which the imagination offers to the mind (*Diog. Laërt.* l. vii.) The *Meditations* of *M. Aurelius*, and the discourses of *Epictetus*, are full of the same sentiment; insomuch that the latter makes the *Xηρις οἷα δὲ φαντασμάτων*, or *right management of the fancies*, the only thing for which we are accountable to providence, and without which a man is no other than stupid or frantic. *Arrian.* l. i. c. 12. & l. ii. c. 22. See also the *Characteristics*, vol. i. from p. 313. to 321. where this *Stoical* doctrine is embellished with all the elegance and graces of *Plato*.

Ver. 75. — *how folly's awkward arts, &c.*] Notwithstanding the general influence of *ridicule* on private and civil life, as well as on learning and the sciences, it has been almost constantly neglected or misrepresented, by divines especially. The manner of treating these subjects in the science of human nature, should be precisely the same as in natural philosophy; from particular facts to investigate the stated order in which they appear, and then apply the general law, thus discovered, to the explication of other appearances and the improvement of useful arts.

Ver. 84. *Behold the foremost band, &c.*] The first and most general source of ridicule in the characters of men, is vanity, or self-applause for some desirable quality or possession which evidently does not belong to those who assume it.

Ver. 121. *Then comes the second order, &c.*] Ridicule from the same vanity, where, though the possession be real, yet no merit can arise from it, because of some particular circumstances, which, though obvious to the spectator, are yet overlooked by the ridiculous character.

Ver. 152. *Another tribe succeeds, &c.*] Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects disproportioned to their intrinsic value, and inconsistent with the order of nature.

Ver. 191. *But now ye gay, &c.*] Ridicule from a notion of excellence, when the object is absolutely odious or contemptible. This is the highest degree of the ridiculous; as in the affectation of diseases or vices.

Ver. 207. *Thus far triumphant, &c.*] Ridicule from false shame or groundless fear.

Ver. 228. *Last of the, &c.*] Ridicule from the ignorance of such things as our circumstances require us to know.

Ver. 248. — *Suffice it to have said, &c.*] By comparing these general sources of ridicule with each other, and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we may

obtain a general definition of it, equally applicable to every species. The most important circumstance of this definition is laid down in the lines referred to; but others more minute we shall subjoin here. *Aristotle's* account of the matter seems both imperfect and false; τὸ γὰρ γελοῖον, says he, ἐστὶν ἀμαρτήματα τι καὶ αἰσχρὰ, ἀπώδυνον καὶ ἐφθαρτικόν: *the ridiculous is some certain fault or turpitude without pain, and not destructive to its subject.* (*Poët.* c. 5.) For allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many instances of such a fault or turpitude which cannot with any tolerable propriety be called ridiculous. So that the definition does not distinguish the thing designed. Nay farther; even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the destruction of its subject, we may still be sensible of a ridiculous appearance, till the ruin become imminent, and the keener sensations of pity or terror banish the ludicrous apprehension from our minds. For the sensation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas; but a passion or emotion of the mind consequential to that perception. So that the mind may perceive the agreement or disagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, because it is engrossed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that some men think those objects ridiculous, to which others cannot endure to apply the name; because in them they excite a much intenser and more important feeling. And this difference, among other causes, has brought a good deal of confusion into this question.

That which makes objects ridiculous, is some ground of admiration or esteem connected with other more general circumstances comparatively worthless or deformed; or it is some circumstance of turpitude or deformity connected with what is in general excellent or beautiful: the inconsistent properties existing either in the objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the person to whom they relate; belonging always to the same order or class of being; implying sentiment or design; and exciting no acute or vehement emotion of the heart.

To prove the several parts of this definition: *The appearance of excellence or beauty connected with a general condition comparatively sordid or deformed, is ridiculous: for instance, pompous pretensions of wisdom joined with ignorance or folly in the Socrates of Aristophanes; and the ostentations of military glory with cowardice and stupidity in the Thrafo of Terence.*

The appearance of deformity or turpitude in conjunction with what is in general excellent or venerable, is also ridiculous: for instance, the personal weaknesses of a magistrate appearing in the solemn and public functions of his station.

The incongruous properties may either exist in the objects themselves, or in apprehension of the person to whom they relate: in the last-mentioned instance, they both exist in the objects; in the instances from Aristophanes and Terence, one of them is objective and real, the other only founded in the apprehension of the ridiculous character.

The

The inconsistent properties must belong to the same order or class of being. A coxcomb in fine cloaths, bedaubed by accident in foul weather, is a ridiculous object; because his general apprehension of excellence and esteem is referred to the splendour and expence of his dress. A man of sense and merit, in the same circumstances, is not counted ridiculous; because the general ground of excellence and esteem in him is, both in fact and in his own apprehension, of a very different species.

Every ridiculous object implies sentiment or design. A column placed by an architect without a capital or base, is laughed at: the same column in a ruin causes a very different sensation.

And lastly, *the occurrence must excite no acute or vehement emotion of the heart*, such as terror, pity, or indignation; for in that case, as was observed above, the mind is not at leisure to contemplate the ridiculous.

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this description, and whether it comprehend every species and form of the ridiculous, must be determined by repeated applications of it to particular instances.

Ver. 259. *Ask we for what fair end, &c.*] Since it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a natural sense or feeling of the ridiculous, and since so good a reason may be assigned to justify the supreme being for bestowing it; one cannot without astonishment reflect on the conduct of those men who imagine it is for the service of true religion to vilify and blacken it without distinction, and endeavour to persuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cause. Ridicule is not concerned with mere speculative truth or falsehood. It is not in abstract propositions or theorems, but in actions and passions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it; and all these terms are *relative*, implying approbation or blame. To ask them whether *ridicule be a test of truth*, is, in other words, to ask whether that which is ridiculous can be *morally true*, can be just and becoming; or whether that which is just and becoming, can be ridiculous. A question that does not deserve a serious answer. For it is most evident, that, as in a metaphysical proposition offered to the understanding for its assent, the faculty of reason examines the terms of the proposition, and finding one idea, which was supposed equal to another, to be in fact unequal, of consequence rejects the proposition as a falsehood; so, in objects offered to the mind for its esteem or applause, the faculty of ridicule, finding an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When therefore we observe such a claim obtruded upon mankind, and the inconsistent circumstances carefully concealed from the eye of the public, it is our business, if the matter be of importance to society, to drag out those latent circumstances, and, by setting them in full view, to convince the world how ridiculous the claim is: and thus a double advantage is gained; for we both detect the *moral falsehood* sooner than in the way of speculative inquiry, and impress the minds of men.

men with a stronger sense of the vanity and error of its authors. And this and no more is meant by the application of ridicule.

But it is said, the practice is dangerous, and may be inconsistent with the regard we owe to objects of real dignity and excellence. I answer, the practice fairly managed can never be dangerous; men may be dishonest in obtruding circumstances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertent in allowing those circumstances to impose upon us: but the sense of ridicule always judges right. The *Socrates* of *Aristophanes* is as truly ridiculous a character as ever was drawn: — True; but it is not the character of *Socrates*, the divine moralist and father of ancient wisdom. What then? did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philosopher from detecting and disclaiming those foreign circumstances which he had falsely introduced into his character, and thus rendered the satirist doubly ridiculous in his turn? No; but it nevertheless had an ill influence on the minds of the people. And so has the reasoning of *Spinoza* made many atheists: he has founded it indeed on suppositions utterly false; but allow him these, and his conclusions are unavoidably true. And if we must reject the use of ridicule, because, by the imposition of false circumstances, things may be made to seem ridiculous, which are not so in themselves; why we ought not in the same manner to reject the use of reason, because, by proceeding on false principles, conclusions will appear true which are impossible in nature, let the vehement and obstinate declaimers against ridicule determine.

Ver. 285. *The inexpressive semblance, &c.*] This similitude is the foundation of almost all the ornaments of poetic diction.

Ver. 326. *Two faithful needles, &c.*] See the elegant poem recited by Cardinal Bembo in the character of *Lucretius*; *Strada Prolus.* vi. *Academ.* 2. c. v.

Ver. 348. *By these mysterious ties, &c.*] The act of remembering seems almost wholly to depend on the association of ideas.

Ver. 411. *Into its proper vehicle, &c.*] This relates to the different sorts of corporeal mediums, by which the ideas of the artists are rendered palpable to the senses; as by sounds, in music; by lines and shadows, in painting; by diction, in poetry, &c.

Ver. 547. — *One pursues*

The vast alone, &c.] See the note to ver. 18. of this book.

Ver. 558. *Waller longs, &c.*]

*O! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantane shade; and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain, &c.*

WALLER, *Battle of the Summer-Islands*, Canto I.

And again,

*While in the park I sing, the list'ning deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear, &c.*

At *Penshurst*.

Ver.

Ver. 593. — *Not a breeze, &c.*] That this account may not appear rather poetically extravagant than just in philosophy, it may be proper to produce the sentiment of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of men on this head; one so little to be suspected of partiality in the case, that he reckons it among those favours for which he was especially thankful to the gods, that they had not suffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry, lest by that means he should have been diverted from pursuits of more importance to his high station. Speaking of the beauty of universal nature, he observes, that *there is a pleasing and graceful aspect in every object we perceive*, when once we consider its connection with that general order. He instances in many things which at first sight would be thought rather deformities; and then adds, *that a man who enjoys a sensibility of temper with a just comprehension of the universal order — will discern many amiable things, not credible to every mind, but to those alone who have entered into an honourable familiarity with nature and her works.* M. Antonin. iii. 2.

T H E

P L E A S U R E S

O F T H E

I M A G I N A T I O N :

A

P O E M.

THE

STORY OF

THE

AMERICAN

RECORD

OF

THE GENERAL ARGUMENT.

The pleasures of the imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moon-light; or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem. In treating of these pleasures, we must begin with the former class; they being original to the other; and nothing more being necessary, in order to explain them, than a view of our natural inclination toward greatness and beauty, and of those appearances, in the world around us, to which that inclination is adapted. This is the subject of the first book of the following poem.

But the pleasures which we receive from the elegant arts, from music, sculpture, painting, and poetry, are much more various and complicated. In them (besides greatness and beauty, or forms proper to the imagination) we find interwoven frequent representations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumstances proper to move us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other passions. These moral and intellectual objects are described in the second book; to which the third properly belongs as an episode, though too large to have been included in it.

With the above-mentioned causes of pleasure, which are universal in the course of human life and appertain to our higher faculties, many others do generally concur, more limited in their operation, or of an inferior origin: such are the novelty of objects, the association of ideas, affections of the bodily senses, influences of education, national habits, and the like. To illustrate these, and from the whole to determine the character of a perfect taste, is the argument of the fourth book.

Hitherto the pleasures of the imagination belong to the human species in general. But there are certain particular men whose imagination is indowed with powers, and susceptible of pleasures, which the generality of mankind never participate. these are the men of genius, destined by nature to excell in one or other of the arts already mentioned. It is proposed therefore, in the last place, to delineate that genius which in some degree appears common to them all; yet with a more peculiar consideration of poetry: inasmuch as poetry is the most extensive of those arts, the most philosophical, and the most useful.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
OF THE
I M A G I N A T I O N:
BOOK THE FIRST.

MDCCLVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Dedication. The ideas of the supreme being, the exemplars of all things. The variety of constitution in the minds of men; with its final cause. The general character of a fine imagination. All the immediate pleasures of the human imagination proceed either from greatness or beauty in external objects. The pleasure from greatness; with its final cause. The natural connection of beauty with * truth and good. The different orders of beauty in different objects. The infinite and all-comprehending form of beauty, which belongs to the divine mind. The partial and artificial forms of beauty, which belong to inferior intellectual beings. The origin and general conduct of beauty in man. The subordination of local beauties to the beauty of the universe. Conclusion.*

* Truth is here taken, not in a logical, but in a mixed and popular sense, or for what has been called the truth of things; denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper estimate or judgment concerning them.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
OF THE
I M A G I N A T I O N:

BOOK THE FIRST.

WITH what enchantment nature's goodly scene
Attracts the sense of mortals; how the mind
For its own eye doth objects nobler still
Prepare; how men by various lessons learn
To judge of beauty's praise; what raptures fill 5
The breast with fancy's native arts indow'd
And what true culture guides it to renown;
My verse unfolds. Ye gods, or godlike powers,
Ye guardians of the sacred task, attend
Propitious. Hand in hand around your bard 10
Move in majestic measures, leading on
His doubtful step through many a solemn path
Conscious of secrets which to human sight
Ye only can reveal. Be great in him:
And let your favor make him wise to speak 15
Of

Of all your wonderous empire ; with a voice
So temper'd to his theme, that those, who hear,
May yield perpetual homage to yourselves.
Thou chief, o daughter of eternal Love,
Whate'er thy name ; or Muse, or Grace, ador'd 20
By Grecian prophets ; to the sons of heaven
Known, while with deep amazement thou dost there
The perfect counsels read, the ideas old,
Of thine omniscient father ; known on earth
By the still horror and the blissful tear 25
With which thou seizest on the soul of man ;
Thou chief, Poetic Spirit, from the banks
Of Avon, whence thy holy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dewes to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakespear lies, be present. and with thee 30
Let Fiction come ; on her aërial wings
Wafting ten thousand colors ; which in sport,
By the light glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will through countless forms,
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre 35
Whose awful tones controul the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony, descend,
And join this happy train ? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their mystic rites,
Wise Order : and, where Order deigns to come, 40
Her sister, Liberty, will not be far.

Be present all ye Genii, who conduct
Of youthful bards the lonely-wandering step
New to your springs and shades; who touch their ear
With finer sounds, and heighten to their eye 45
The pomp of nature, and before them place
The fairest, loftiest countenance of things.

Nor thou, my Dyson, to the lay refuse
Thy wonted partial audience. What, though first
In years unseason'd, haply ere the sports 50
Of childhood yet were o'er, the adventurous lay
With many splendid prospects, many charms,
Allur'd my heart, nor conscious whence they sprung,
Nor heedful of their end? yet serious truth
Her empire o'er the calm, sequester'd theme 55
Asserted soon; while falsehood's evil brood,
Vice and deceitful pleasure, she at once
Excluded, and my fancy's careless toil
Drew to the better cause. Maturer aid
Thy friendship added, in the paths of life, 60
The busy paths, my unaccustom'd feet
Preserving: nor to truth's recess divine,
Through this wide argument's unbeaten space,
Withholding surer guidance; while by turns
We trac'd the fages old, or while the queen 65
Of sciences (whom manners and the mind

Acknowledge) to my true companion's voice
Not unattentive, o'er the wintry lamp
Inclin'd her scepter, favoring. Now the fates
Have other tasks impos'd. to thee, my friend, 70
The ministry of freedom and the faith
Of popular decrees, in early youth,
Not vainly they committed. me they sent
To wait on pain; and silent arts to urge,
Inglorious: not ignoble; if my cares, 75
To such as languish on a grievous bed,
Ease and the sweet forgetfulness of ill
Conciliate: nor delightful; if the Muse,
Her shades to visit and to taste her springs,
If some distinguish'd hours the bounteous Muse 80
Impart, and grant (what she and she alone
Can grant to mortals) that my hand those wreaths
Of fame and honest favor, which the blest'd
Wear in Elysium, and which never felt
The breath of envy or malignant tongues, 85
That these my hand for thee and for myself
May gather. Meanwhile, o my faithful friend,
O early chosen, ever found the same,
And trusted and lov'd; once more the verse
Long destin'd, always obvious to thine ear, 90
Attend, indulgent. so in latest years,
When time thy head with honors shall have cloth'd

Sacred to even virtue, may thy mind,
 Amid the calm review of seasons past,
 Fair offices of friendship or kind peace 95
 Or public zeal, may then thy mind well-pleas'd
 Recall these happy studies of our prime.

From heaven my strains begin. from heaven descends
 The flame of genius to the chosen breast,
 And beauty with poetic wonder join'd, 100
 And inspiration. Ere the rising sun
 Shone o'er the deep, or 'mid the vault of night
 The moon her silver lamp suspended : ere
 The vales with springs were water'd, or with groves
 Of oak or pine the ancient hills were crown'd ; 105
 Then the great spirit, whom his works adore,
 Within his own deep essence view'd the forms,
 The forms eternal of created things :
 The radiant sun ; the moon's nocturnal lamp ;
 The mountains and the streams ; the ample stores 110
 Of earth, of heaven, of nature. From the first,
 On that full scene his love divine he fix'd,
 His admiration. till, in time compleat,
 What he admir'd and lov'd his vital power
 Unfolded into being. Hence the breath 115
 Of life informing each organic frame :
 Hence the green earth, and wild-resounding waves :

Hence light and shade, alternate ; warmth and cold ;
 And bright autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
 And all the fair variety of things.

120

But not alike to every mortal eye
 Is this great scene unveil'd. For while the claims
 Of social life to different labours urge
 The active powers of man, with wisest care
 Hath nature on the multitude of minds
 Impress'd a various bias ; and to each
 Decreed its province in the common toil.
 To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
 The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
 The golden zones of heaven. to some she gave
 To search the story of eternal thought ;
 Of space, and time ; of fate's unbroken chain,
 And will's quick movement. others by the hand
 She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
 What healing virtue dwells in every vein
 Of herbs or trees. But some to nobler hopes
 Were destin'd : some within a finer mould
 She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame,
 To these the fire omnipotent unfolds,
 In fuller aspects and with fairer lights,
 This picture of the world. Through every part
 They trace the lofty sketches of his hand :

125

130

135

140

In

In earth, or air, the meadow's flowery store,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien
Dress'd in attractive smiles, they see portray'd 145
(As far as mortal eyes the portrait scan)
Those lineaments of beauty which delight
The mind supreme. They also feel their force,
Inamor'd: they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image long renown'd 150
Through fabling Egypt, at the genial touch
Of morning, from its inmost frame sent forth
Spontaneous music; so doth nature's hand,
To certain attributes which matter claims,
Adapt the finer organs of the mind: 155
So the glad impulse of those kindred powers
(Of form, of colour's cheerful pomp, of sound
Melodious, or of motion aptly sped)
Detains the inliven'd sense; till soon the soul
Feels the deep concord and assents through all 160
Her functions: Then the charm by fate prepar'd
Diffuseth its enchantment. Fancy dreams,
Rapt into high discourse with prophets old,
And wandering through Elysium, fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains, of o'ershadowing groves, 165
Whose walks with godlike harmony resound:
Fountains, which Homer visits; happy groves,

Where

Where Milton dwells. the intellectual power,
On the mind's throne, suspends his graver cares,
And smiles. the passions, to divine repose, 170
Persuaded yield: and love and joy alone
Are waking: love and joy, such as await
An angel's meditation. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch;
Whom nature's aspect, nature's simple garb 175
Can thus command; o! listen to my song;
And i will guide thee to her blissful walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her gracious features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of the world's ancient store, 180
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected scenes,
With love and admiration thus inspire
Attentive fancy, her delighted sons
In two illustrious orders comprehend,
Self-taught. from him whose rustic toil the lark 185
Cheers warbling, to the bard whose daring thoughts
Range the full orb of being, still the form,
Which fancy worships, or sublime or fair
Her votaries proclaim. I see them dawn:
I see the radiant visions where they rise, 190
More lovely than when Lucifer displays

His

His glittering forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why impower'd 195
Through life and death to dart his watchful eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of angels and immortal minds,
As on an ample theatre to join 200
In contest with his equals, who shall best
The task atchieve, the course of noble toils,
By wisdom and by mercy preordain'd?
Might send him forth the sovran good to learn;
To chace each meaner purpose from his breast; 205
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the pelting storms of chance and pain,
To hold strait on with constant heart and eye
Still fix'd upon his everlasting palm,
The approving smile of heaven? Else wherefore burns 210
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That seeks from day to day sublimer ends;
Happy, though restless? Why departs the soul
Wide from the track and journey of her times,
To grasp the good she knows not? in the field 215
Of things which may be, in the spacious field.

Of

Of science, potent arts, or dreadful arms,
To raise up scenes in which her own desires
Contented may repose; when things, which are,
Pall on her temper, like a twice-told tale: 220
Her temper, still demanding to be free;
Spurning the rude controul of willful might;
Proud of her dangers brav'd, her griefs indur'd
Her strength severely prov'd? To these high aims,
Which reason and affection prompt in man, 225
Not adverse nor unapt hath nature fram'd
His bold imagination. For, amid
The various forms which this full world presents
Like rivals to his choice, what human breast
E'er doubts, before the transient and minute, 230
To prize the vast, the stable, the sublime?
Who, that from heights ærial sends his eye
Around a wild horizon, and surveys
Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave
Through mountains, plains, through spacious cities old, 235
And regions dark with woods; will turn away
To mark the path of some penurious rill
Which murmureth at his feet? Where does the soul
Consent her soaring fancy to restrain,
Which bears her up, as on an eagle's wings, 240
Destin'd for highest heaven; or which of fate's
Tremendous barriers shall confine her flight
To

To any humbler quarry? The rich earth
Cannot detain her; nor the ambient air
With all its changes. For a while with joy 245
She hovers o'er the sun, and views the small
Attendant orbs, beneath his sacred beam,
Emerging from the deep, like cluster'd isles
Whose rocky shores to the glad sailor's eye
Reflect the gleams of morning: for a while 250
With pride she sees his firm, paternal sway
Bend the reluctant planets to move each
Round its perpetual year. But soon she quits
That prospect: meditating loftier views,
She darts adventurous up the long career 255
Of comets; through the constellations holds
Her course, and now looks back on all the stars
Whose blended flames as with a milky stream
Part the blue region. Empyréan tracts,
Where happy souls beyond this concave heaven 260
Abide, she then explores, whence purer light
For countless ages travels through the abyss
Nor hath in sight of mortals yet arriv'd.
Upon the wide creation's utmost shore
At length she stands, and the dread space beyond 265
Contemplates, half-recoiling: nathless down
The gloomy void, astonish'd, yet unquell'd,
She plungeth; down the unfathomable gulph

Where God alone hath being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For, from the birth 270
Of human kind, the sovran maker said
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fleeting echos of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find contentment; but, from these 275
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through nature's opening walks enlarge her aim,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection fill the scene.

But lo, where beauty, dress'd in gentler pomp, 280
With comely steps advancing, claims the verse
Her charms inspire. O beauty, source of praise,
Of honour, even to mute and lifeless things;
O thou that kindlest in each human heart
Love, and the wish of poets, when their tongue 285
Would teach to other bosoms what so charms
Their own; o child of nature and the soul,
In happiest hour brought forth; the doubtful garb
Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
Too lowly i account, in which to clothe 290
Thy form divine. for thee the mind alone
Beholds; nor half thy brightness can reveal
Through those dim organs, whose corporeal touch

O'er-

O'ershadoweth thy pure essence. Yet, my Muse,
If fortune call thee to the task, wait thou 295
Thy favorable seasons: then, while fear
And doubt are absent, through wide nature's bounds
Expatriate with glad step, and choose at will
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air, 300
To manifest unblemish'd beauty's praise,
And o'er the breasts of mortals to extend
Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the isles
Atlantic, to the rich Hesperian clime,
Fly in the train of Autumn; and look on, 305
And learn from him; while, as he roves around,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches bloom with gold; where'er his foot
Imprints the soil, the ripening clusters swell,
Turning aside their foliage, and come forth 310
In purple lights, till every hillock glows
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou that Thessalian landscape trace,
Where flow Penéus his clear glassy tide
Draws smooth along, between the winding cliffs 315
Of Ossa and the pathless woods unhorn
That wave o'er huge Olympus? Down the stream,
Look how the mountains with their double range
Embrace the vale of Tempe; from each side

Ascending steep to heaven, a rocky mound 320
Cover'd with ivy and the laurel boughs
That crown'd young Phœbus for the Python slain.
Fair Tempe! on whose primrose banks the morn
Awoke most fragrant, and the noon repos'd
In pomp of lights and shadows most sublime: 325
Whose lawns, whose glades, ere human footsteps yet
Had trac'd an entrance, were the hallow'd haunt
Of sylvan powers immortal: where they fate
Oft in the golden age, the Nymphs and Fauns,
Beneath some arbor branching o'er the flood, 330
And leaning round hung on the instructive lips
Of hoary Pan, or o'er some open dale
Danc'd in light measures to his sevenfold pipe,
While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path
Flung showers of painted blossoms, fertile dew, 335
And one perpetual spring. But if our task
More lofty rites demand, with all good vows
Then let us hasten to the rural haunt
Where young Melissa dwells. Nor thou refuse
The voice which calls thee from thy lov'd retreat, 340
But hither, gentle maid, thy footsteps turn:
Here, to thy own unquestionable theme,
O fair, o graceful, bend thy polish'd brow,
Assenting; and the gladness of thy eyes
Impart to me, like morning's wished light: 345
Seen.

Seen through the vernal air. By yonder stream,
 Where beech and elm along the bordering mead
 Send forth wild melody from every bough,
 Together let us wander; where the hills
 Cover'd with fleeces to the lowing vale. 350
 Reply; where tidings of content and peace
 Each echo brings. Lo, how the western fun
 O'er fields and floods, o'er every living soul,
 Diffuseth glad repose! There while i speak
 Of beauty's honors, thou, Melissa, thou 355
 Shalt hearken, not unconscious. while i tell
 How first from heaven she came: how after all
 The works of life, the elemental scenes,
 The hours, the seasons, she had oft explor'd,
 At length her favorite mansion and her throne 360
 She fix'd in woman's form: what pleasing ties
 To virtue bind her; what effectual aid
 They lend each other's power; and how divine
 Their union, should some unambitious maid,
 To all the enchantment of the Idalian queen, 365
 Add sanctity and wisdom: while my tongue
 Prolongs the tale, Melissa, thou may'st feign
 To wonder whence my rapture is inspir'd;
 But soon the smile which dawns upon thy lip
 Shall tell it, and the tenderer bloom o'er all 370
 That soft cheek springing to the marble neck,

Which

Which bends aside in vain, revealing more
What it would thus keep silent, and in vain
The sense of praise dissembling. Then my song
Great nature's winning arts, which thus inform 375
With joy and love the rugged breast of man,
Should sound in numbers worthy of such a theme:
While all whose souls have ever felt the force
Of those enchanting passions, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, and receive once more 380
Their influence, unobscur'd by any cloud
Of vulgar care, and purer than the hand
Of fortune can bestow: nor, to confirm
Their sway, should awful contemplation scorn
To join his dictates to the genuine strain 385
Of pleasure's tongue; nor yet should pleasure's ear
Be much averse. Ye chiefly, gentle band
Of youths and virgins, who through many a wish
And many a fond pursuit, as in some scene
Of magic bright and fleeting, are allur'd 390
By various beauty; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favorable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean, on blest'd religion's feat
Presenting superstition's gloomy form, 395
To dash your soothing hopes: i do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,

Or

Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
And scare you from your joys. my cheerful song
With happier omens calls you to the field, 400
Pleas'd with your generous ardor in the chace,
And warm like you. Then tell me (for ye know)
Doth beauty ever deign to dwell where use
And aptitude are strangers? is her praise
Confess'd in aught whose most peculiar ends 405
Are lame and fruitless? or did nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lye,
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And win each fond admirer into snares,
Foil'd, baffled? No. with better providence 410
The general mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
Thus, to the choice of credulous desire,
Doth objects the completest of their tribe
Distinguish and commend. Yon flowery bank 415
Cloth'd in the soft magnificence of spring,
Will not the flocks approve it? will they ask
The reedy fen for pasture? That clear rill
Which trickleth murmuring from the mossy rock,
Yields it less wholesome beverage to the worn 420
And thirsty traveler, than the standing pool
With muddy weeds o'ergrown? Yon ragged vine
Whose lean and sullen clusters mourn the rage

Of

Of Eurus, will the wine-press or the bowl
Report of her, as of the swelling grape 425
Which glitters through the tendrils, like a gem
When first it meets the sun? Or what are all
The various charms to life and sense adjoin'd?
Are they not pledges of a state intire,
Where native order reigns, with every part 430
In health, and every function well perform'd?

Thus then at first was beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely miniftress of truth and good
In this dark world. for truth and good are one;
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her, 435
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of earth, would ye dissolve the tie?
O! wherefore with a rash and greedy aim
Seek ye to rove through every flattering scene
Which beauty seems to deck, nor once inquire 440
Where is the suffrage of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly? Wanting these,
Lo, beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy 445
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let hope,
That kindliest inmate of the youthful breast,
Be hence appall'd; be turn'd to coward sloth

Sitting

Sitting in silence, with dejected eyes
Incurious and with folded hands. far less 450
Let scorn of wild fantastic folly's dreams
Or hatred of the bigot's savage pride
Persuade you e'er that beauty, or the love
Which waits on beauty, may not brook to hear
The sacred lore of undeceitful good 455
And truth eternal. From the vulgar croud
Though superstition, tyrannies abhorr'd,
The reverence due to this majestic pair
With threats and execration still demands;
Though the tame wretch, who asks of her the way 460
To their celestial dwelling, she constrains
To quench or set at nought the lamp of God
Within his frame; through many a cheerless wild
Though forth she leads him credulous and dark
And aw'd with dubious notion; though at length 465
Haply she plunge him into cloister'd cells
And mansions unrelenting as the grave,
But void of quiet, there to watch the hours
Of midnight; there, amid the screaming owl's
Dire song, with spectres or with guilty shades 470
To talk of pangs and everlasting woe;
Yet be not ye dismay'd. a gentler star
Presides o'er your adventure. From the bower
Where wisdom fate with her Athenian sons,

T

Could

Could but my happy hand intwine a wreath 475
 Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
 Then (for what need of cruel fear to you,
 To you whom godlike love can well command ?)
 Then should my powerful voice at once dispell
 Those monkish horrors ; should in words divine 480
 Relate how favor'd minds like you inspir'd,
 And taught their inspiration to conduct
 By ruling heaven's decree, through various walks
 And prospects various, but delightful all,
 Move onward ; while now myrtle groves appear, 485
 Now arms and radiant trophies, now the rods
 Of empire with the curule throne, or now
 The domes of contemplation and the Muse.
 Led by that hope sublime, whose cloudless eye
 Through the fair toils and ornaments of earth 490
 Discerns the nobler life reserv'd for heaven,
 Favor'd alike they worship round the shrine
 Where truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
 The undivided partners of her sway,
 With good and beauty reigns. O ! let not us 495
 By pleasure's lying blandishments detain'd,
 Or crouching to the frowns of bigot rage,
 O ! let not us one moment pause to join
 That chosen band. And if the gracious power,
 Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song, 500
 Will

Will to my invocation grant anew
 The tuneful spirit, then through all our paths
 Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
 Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead
 When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart 505
 Of luxury's allurements; whether firm
 Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
 To urge free virtue's steps, and to her side
 Summon that strong divinity of soul
 Which conquers chance and fate; or on the height, 510
 The goal assign'd her, haply to proclaim
 Her triumph; on her brow to place the crown
 Of uncorrupted praise; through future worlds
 To follow her interminated way,
 And bless heaven's image in the heart of man. 515

Such is the worth of beauty: such her power,
 So blameless, so rever'd. It now remains,
 In just gradation through the various ranks
 Of being, to contemplate how her gifts
 Rise in due measure, watchful to attend 520
 The steps of rising nature. Last and least,
 In colors mingling with a random blaze,
 Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the forms
 Of simplest, easiest measure; in the bounds
 Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent 525

To fymmetry adds color: thus the pearl
Shines in the concave of its purple bed,
And painted shells along some winding shore
Catch with indented folds the glancing fun.
Next, as we rise, appear the blooming tribes 530
Which clothe the fragrant earth; which draw from her
Their own nutrition; which are born and die;
Yet, in their seed, immortal: such the flowers
With which young Maia pays the village-maids
That hail her natal morn; and such the groves 535
Which blithe Pomona rears on Vaga's bank,
To feed the bowl of Ariconian swains
Who quaff beneath her branches. Nobler still
Is beauty's name where, to the full consent
Of members and of features, to the pride 540
Of color, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame with piercing sense is given,
While active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno: so the steed
With rival swiftness beats the dusty plain, 545
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. What sublimer pomp
Adorns the feat where virtue dwells on earth,
And truth's eternal day-light shines around;
What palm belongs to man's imperial front, 550
And woman powerful with becoming smiles,

Chief

Chief of terrestrial natures ; need we now
Strive to inculcate ? Thus hath beauty there
Her most conspicuous praise to matter lent,
Where most conspicuous through that shadowy veil 555
Breaks forth the bright expression of a mind :
By steps directing our inraptur'd search.
To him, the first of minds ; the chief ; the sole ;
From whom, through this wide, complicated world,
Did all her various lineaments begin ; 560
To whom alone, consenting and intire,
At once their mutual influence all display.
He, God most high (bear witness, earth and heaven)
The living fountains in himself contains
Of beauteous and sublime, with him inthron'd. 565
Ere days or years trod their ethereal way,
In his supreme intelligence inthron'd,
The queen of love holds her unclouded state,
Urania. Thee, o father, this extent
Of matter ; thee the sluggish earth and tract 570
Of seas, the heavens and heavenly splendors feel
Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
Of thy great essence, forth did'st thou conduct
Eternal Form ; and there, where Chaos reign'd,
Gav'st her dominion to erect her seat, 575
And sanctify the mansion. All her works
Well-pleas'd thou did'st behold. the gloomy fires.
Of

Of storm or earthquake, and the purest light
Of summer; soft Campania's new-born rose
And the flow weed, which pines on Russian hills, 580
Comely alike to thy full vision stand:
To thy surrounding vision, which unites
All essences and powers of the great world
In one sole order, fair alike they stand,
As features well consenting, and alike 585
Requir'd by nature ere she could attain
Her just resemblance to the perfect shape
Of universal beauty, which with thee
Dwelt from the first. Thou also, ancient mind,
Whom love and free beneficence await 590
In all thy doings; to inferior minds,
Thy offspring, and to man, thy youngest son,
Refusing no convenient gift nor good;
Their eyes didst open, in this earth, yon heaven,
Those starry worlds, the countenance divine 595
Of beauty to behold. But not to them
Didst thou her awful magnitude reveal
Such as before thine own unbounded sight
She stands, (for never shall created soul
Conceive that object) nor, to all their kinds, 600
The same in shape or features didst thou frame
Her image. Measuring well their different spheres
Of sense and action, thy paternal hand

Hath

Hath for each race prepar'd a different test
Of beauty, own'd and reverenc'd as their guide 605
Most apt, most faithful. Thence inform'd, they scan
The objects that surround them; and select,
Since the great whole disclaims their scanty view,
Each for himself selects peculiar parts
Of nature; what the standard fix'd by heaven 610
Within his breast approves: acquiring thus
A partial beauty, which becomes his lot;
A beauty which his eye may comprehend,
His hand may copy: leaving, o supreme,
O thou whom none hath utter'd, leaving all 615
To thee that infinite, consummate form,
Which the great powers, the gods around thy throne
And nearest to thy counsels, know with thee
For ever to have been; but who she is,
Or what her likeness, know not. Man surveys 620
A narrower scene, where, by the mix'd effect
Of things corporeal on his passive mind,
He judgeth what is fair. Corporeal things
The mind of man impell with various powers,
And various features to his eye disclose. 625
The powers which move his sense with instant joy,
The features which attract his heart to love,
He marks, combines, reposes. other powers
And features of the self-same thing (unless

The

The beauteous form, the creature of his mind, 630
Request their close alliance) he o'erlooks
Forgotten; or with self-beguiling zeal,
Whene'er his passions mingle in the work,
Half alters, half disowns. The tribes of men
Thus from their different functions and the shapes 635
Familiar to their eye, with art obtain,
Unconscious of their purpose, yet with art
Obtain the beauty fitting man to love:
Whose proud desires from nature's homely toil
Oft turn away, fastidious: asking still 640
His mind's high aid, to purify the form
From matter's gross communion; to secure
For ever, from the meddling hand of change
Or rude decay, her features; and to add
Whatever ornaments may suit her mien, 645
Where'er he finds them scatter'd through the paths
Of nature or of fortune. Then he seats
The accomplish'd image deep within his breast,
Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair.

Thus the one beauty of the world intire, 650
The universal Venus, far beyond
The keenest effort of created eyes,
And their most wide horizon, dwells inthron'd
In ancient silence. At her footstool stands

An altar burning with eternal fire 655
 Unfullied, unconsum'd. Here every hour,
 Here every moment, in their turns arrive
 Her offspring; an innumerable band
 Of sisters, comely all; but differing far
 In age, in stature, and expressive mien, 660
 More than bright Helen from her new-born babe.
 To this maternal shrine in turns they come,
 Each with her sacred lamp; that from the source
 Of living flame, which here immortal flows,
 Their portions of its lustre they may draw 665
 For days, or months, or years; for ages, some;
 As their great parent's discipline requires.
 Then to their several mansions they depart,
 In stars, in planets, through the unknown shores
 Of yon ethereal ocean. Who can tell, 670
 Even on the surface of this rowling earth,
 How many make abode? The fields, the groves,
 The winding rivers and the azure main,
 Are render'd solemn by their frequent feet,
 Their rites sublime. There each her destin'd home 675
 Informs with that pure radiance from the skies
 Brought down, and shines throughout her little sphere,
 Exulting. Strait, as travellers by night
 Turn toward a distant flame, so some fit eye,
 Among the various tenants of the scene, 680

Discerns the heaven-born phantom seated there,
And owns her charms. Hence the wide universe,
Through all the seasons of revolving worlds,
Bears witness with its people, gods and men,
To beauty's blissful power, and with the voice 685
Of grateful admiration still resounds:
That voice, to which is beauty's frame divine
As is the cunning of the master's hand
To the sweet accent of the well-tun'd lyre.

Genius of ancient Greece, whose faithful steps 690
Have led us to these awful solitudes
Of nature and of science; nurse rever'd
Of generous counsels and heroic deeds;
O! let some portion of thy matchless praise
Dwell in my breast, and teach me to adorn 695
This unattempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
Which Hesper sheds along the vernal heaven,
If i, from vulgar superstition's walk,
Impatient steal, and from the unseemly rites. 700
Of splendid adulation, to attend
With hymns thy presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant footsteps unprofan'd.
Come, o renowned power; thy glowing mien
Such, and so elevated all thy form, 705
As

As when the great barbaric lord, again
 And yet again diminish'd, hid his face
 Among the herd of satraps and of kings;
 And, at the lightning of thy lifted spear,
 Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils, 710
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
 Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike fires
 Of civil wisdom, thy unconquer'd youth
 After some glorious day rejoicing round
 Their new-erected trophy. Guide my feet 715
 Through fair Lycéum's walk, the olive shades
 Of Academus, and the sacred vale
 Haunted by steps divine, where once beneath
 That ever-living platane's ample boughs
 Ilissus, by Socratic fountains detain'd, 720
 On his neglected urn attentive lay;
 While Boreas, lingering on the neighboring steep
 With beauteous Orithyia, his love-tale
 In silent awe suspended. There let me
 With blameless hand, from thy unenvious fields, 725
 Transplant some living blossoms, to adorn
 My native clime: while, far beyond the meed
 Of fancy's toil aspiring, I unlock
 The springs of antient wisdom: while I add
 (What cannot be disjoin'd from beauty's praise) 730
 Thy name and native dress, thy works beloved

And honor'd: while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

THE

THE
PLEASURES
OF THE
IMAGINATION:
BOOK THE SECOND.

MDCCLXV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction to this more difficult part of the subject. Of truth and its three classes, matter of fact, experimental or scientific truth, (contradistinguished from opinion) and universal truth: which last is either metaphysical or geometrical, either purely intellectual or perfectly abstracted. On the power of discerning truth depends that of acting with the view of an end; a circumstance essential to virtue. Of virtue, considered in the divine mind as a perpetual and universal beneficence. Of human virtue, considered as a system of particular sentiments and actions, suitable to the design of providence and the condition of man; to whom it constitutes the chief good and the first beauty. Of vice and its origin. Of ridicule: its general nature and final cause. Of the passions; particularly of those which relate to evil natural or moral, and which are generally accounted painful, though not always unattended with pleasure.

THE

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

THUS far of beauty and the pleasing forms
Which man's untutor'd fancy, from the scenes
Imperfect of this ever-changing world,
Creates ; and views, inamor'd. Now my song
Severer themes demand : mysterious truth ;
And virtue, sovran good : the spells, the trains,
The progeny of error : the dread sway
Of passion ; and whatever hidden stores
From her own lofty deeds and from herself
The mind acquires. Severer argument : 10
Not less attractive ; nor deserving less
A constant ear. For what are all the forms
Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,
Greatness, or pomp, or symmetry of parts ?
Not tending to the heart, soon feeble grows, 15
As

As the blunt arrow 'gainst the knotty trunk,
Their impulse on the sense: while the pall'd eye
Expects in vain its tribute; asks in vain,
Where are the ornaments it once admir'd?
Not so the moral species, nor the powers 20
Of passion and of thought. the ambitious mind
With objects boundless as her own desires
Can there converse: by these unfading forms
Touch'd and awaken'd still, with eager act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd 25
Her gifts, her godlike fortune. Such the scenes
Now opening round us. May the destin'd verse
Maintain its equal tenor, though in tracts
Obscure and arduous. may the source of light
All-present, all sufficient, guide our steps 30
Through every maze: and whom in childish years
From the loud throng, the beaten paths of wealth
And power, thou did'st apart send forth to speak
In tuneful words concerning highest things,
Him still do thou, o father, at those hours 35
Of pensive freedom, when the human soul
Shuts out the rumour of the world, him still
Touch thou with secret lessons: call thou back
Each erring thought; and let the yielding strains
From his full bosom, like a welcome rill 40
Spontaneous from its healthy fountain, flow.

But

But from what name, what favorable sign,
What heavenly auspice, rather shall i date
My perilous excursion, than from truth,
That nearest inmate of the human soul; 45
Estrang'd from whom, the countenance divine
Of man disfigur'd and dishonor'd sinks
Among inferior things? For to the brutes
Perception and the transient boons of sense
Hath fate imparted: but to man alone 50
Of sublunary beings was it given
Each fleeting impulse on the sensual powers
At leisure to review; with equal eye
To scan the passion of the stricken nerve
Or the vague object striking: to conduct 55
From sense, the portal turbulent and loud,
Into the mind's wide palace one by one
The frequent, pressing, fluctuating forms,
And question and compare them. Thus he learns
Their birth and fortunes; how allied they haunt 60
The avenues of sense; what laws direct
Their union; and what various discords rise,
Or fix'd or casual: which when his clear thought
Retains and when his faithful words express,
That living image of the external scene, 65
As in a polish'd mirror held to view,

Is truth : where'er it varies from the shape
And hue of its exemplar, in that part
Dim error lurks. Moreover, from without
When oft the same society of forms 70
In the same order have approach'd his mind,
He deigns no more their steps with curious heed
To trace ; no more their features or their garb
He now examines ; but of them and their
Condition, as with some diviner's tongue, 75
Affirms what heaven in every distant place,
Through every future season, will decree.
This too is truth : where'er his prudent lips
Wait till experience diligent and slow
Has authoriz'd their sentence, this is truth ; 80
A second, higher kind : the parent this
Of science ; or the lofty power herself,
Science herself : on whom the wants and cares
Of social life depend ; the substitute
Of God's own wisdom in this toilsome world ; 85
The providence of man. Yet oft in vain,
To earn her aid, with fix'd and anxious eye
He looks on nature's and on fortune's course :
Too much in vain. His duller visual ray
The stillness and the persevering acts 90
Of nature oft elude ; and fortune oft
With step fantastic from her wonted walk

Turns

Turns into mazes dim. his sight is foil'd ;
 And the crude sentence of his faltering tongue
 Is but opinion's verdict, half believ'd 95
 And prone to change. Here thou, who feel'st thine ear
 Congenial to my lyre's profounder tone,
 Pause, and be watchful. Hitherto the stores,
 Which feed thy mind and exercise her powers,
 Partake the relish of their native soil, 100
 Their parent earth. But know, a nobler dower
 Her fire at birth decreed her ; purer gifts
 From his own treasure ; forms which never deign'd
 In eyes or ears to dwell, within the sense
 Of earthly organs ; but sublime were plac'd 105
 In his essential reason, leading there
 That vast ideal host which all his works
 Through endless ages never will reveal.
 Thus then indow'd, the feeble creature man,
 The slave of hunger and the prey of death, 110
 Even now, even here, in earth's dim prison bound,
 The language of intelligence divine
 Attains ; repeating oft concerning one
 And many, pass'd and present, parts and whole,
 Those sovran dictates which in farthest heaven, 115
 Where no orb rows, eternity's fix'd ear
 Hears from coeval truth, when chance nor change,
 Nature's loud progeny, nor nature's self

Dares intermeddle or approach her throne.

Ere long, o'er this corporeal world he learns 120

To extend her sway ; while calling from the deep,

From earth and air, their multitudes untold

Of figures and of motions round his walk,

For each wide family some single birth

He sets in view, the impartial type of all 125

Its brethren ; suffering it to claim, beyond

Their common heritage, no private gift,

No proper fortune. Then whate'er his eye

In this discerns, his bold unerring tongue

Pronounceth of the kindred, without bound, 130

Without condition. Such the rise of forms

Sequester'd far from sense and every spot

Peculiar in the realms of space or time :

Such is the throne which man for truth amid

The paths of mutability hath built 135

Secure, unshaken, still ; and whence he views,

In matter's mouldering structures, the pure forms

Of triangle or circle, cube or cone,

Impassive all ; whose attributes nor force

Nor fate can alter. There he first conceives 140

True being, and an intellectual world

The same this hour and ever. Thence he deems

Of his own lot ; above the painted shapes

That fleeting move o'er this terrestrial scene

Looks

Looks up; beyond the adamantine gates 145
 Of death expatiates; as his birthright claims
 Inheritance in all the works of God;
 Prepares for endless time his plan of life,
 And counts the universe itself his home.

Whence also but from truth, the light of minds, 150
 Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
 Of virtue? with the moral colors thrown
 On every walk of this our social scene,
 Adorning for the eye of gods and men
 The passions, actions, habitudes of life, 155
 And rendering earth like heaven, a sacred place
 Where love and praise may take delight to dwell?
 Let none with heedless tongue from truth disjoin
 The reign of virtue. Ere the day-spring flow'd,
 Like sisters link'd in concord's golden chain, 160
 They stood before the great eternal mind,
 Their common parent; and by him were both
 Sent forth among his creatures, hand in hand,
 Inseparably join'd: nor e'er did truth
 Find an apt ear to listen to her lore, 165
 Which knew not virtue's voice; nor, save where truth's
 Majestic words are heard and understood,
 Doth virtue deign to inhabit. Go, inquire
 Of nature: not among Tartarian rocks,

Whither

Whither the hungry vulture with its prey 170
Returns: not where the lion's fullen roar
At noon resounds along the lonely banks
Of ancient Tigris: but her gentler scenes,
The dove-cote and the shepherd's fold at morn,
Consult; or by the meadow's fragrant hedge, 175
In spring-time when the woodlands first are green,
Attend the linnet singing to his mate
Couch'd o'er their tender young. To this fond care
Thou dost not virtue's honorable name
Attribute: wherefore, save that not one gleam 180
Of truth did e'er discover to themselves
Their little hearts, or teach them, by the effects
Of that parental love, the love itself
To judge, and measure its officious deeds?
But man, whose eyelids truth has fill'd with day, 185
Discerns how skilfully to bounteous ends
His wise affections move; with free accord
Adopts their guidance; yields himself secure
To nature's prudent impulse; and converts
Instinct to duty and to sacred law. 190
Hence right and fit on earth: while thus to man
The almighty legislator hath explain'd
The springs of action fix'd within his breast;
Hath given him power to slacken or restrain
Their effort; and hath shewn him how they join 195
Their

Their partial movements with the master wheel
Of the great world, and serve that sacred end
Which he, the unerring reason, keeps in view.

For (if a mortal tongue may speak of him
And his dread ways) even as his boundless eye,
Connecting every form and every change,
Beholds the perfect beauty ; so his will,
Through every hour producing good to all
The family of creatures, is itself
The perfect virtue. Let the grateful swain
Remember this, as oft with joy and praise
He looks upon the falling dews which clothe
His lawns with verdure, and the tender feed
Nourish within his furrows : when between
Dead seas and burning skies, where long unmov'd
The bark had languish'd, now a rustling gale
Lifts o'er the fickle waves her dancing prow,
Let the glad pilot, bursting out in thanks,
Remember this : lest blind o'erweening pride
Pollute their offerings : lest their selfish heart
Say to the heavenly ruler, " At our call
" Relents thy power : by us thy arm is mov'd."
Fools ! who of God as of each other deem :
Who his invariable acts deduce
From sudden counsels transient as their own ;
Nor

Nor farther of his bounty, than the event
Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,
Acknowledge; nor, beyond the drop minute
Which haply they have tasted, heed the source
That flows for all; the fountain of his love 225
Which, from the summit where he sits inthron'd,
Pours health and joy, unfailing streams, throughout
The spacious region flourishing in view,
The goodly work of his eternal day,
His own fair universe; on which alone 230
His counsels fix, and whence alone his will
Assumes her strong direction. Such is now
His sovran purpose: such it was before
All multitude of years. For his right arm
Was never idle: his bestowing love 235
Knew no beginning; was not as a change
Of mood that woke at last and started up
After a deep and solitary slough
Of boundless ages. No: he now is good,
He ever was. The feet of hoary time 240
Through their eternal course have travell'd o'er
No speechless, lifeless desert; but through scenes
Cheerful with bounty still; among a pomp
Of worlds, for gladness round the maker's throne
Loud-shouting, or, in many dialects 245
Of hope and filial trust, imploring thence

The

The fortunes of their people : where so fix'd
Were all the dates of being, so dispos'd
To every living soul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of rest, 250
That each the general happiness might serve ;
And, by the discipline of laws divine
Convinc'd of folly or chastiz'd from guilt,
Each might at length be happy. What remains
Shall be like what is pass'd ; but fairer still, 255
And still increasing in the godlike gifts
Of life and truth. The same paternal hand,
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
Will ever lead the generations on 260
Through higher scenes of being : while, supply'd
From day to day by his invivifying breath,
Inferior orders in succession rise
To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
As vapors to the earth in showers return, 265
As the pois'd ocean toward the attracting moon
Swells, and the ever-listening planets charm'd
By the sun's call their onward pace incline,
So all things which have life aspire to God,
Exhaustless fount of intellectual day, 270
Center of souls. Nor doth the mastering voice
Of nature cease within to prompt aright

Their steps ; nor is the care of heaven withheld
From sending to the toil external aid ;
That in their stations all may persevere 275
To climb the ascent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

But this eternal fabric was not rais'd
For man's inspection. Though to some be given
To catch a transient visionary glimpse 280
Of that majestic scene which boundless power
Prepares for perfect goodness, yet in vain
Would human life her faculties expand
To imbosom such an object. Nor could e'er
Virtue or praise have touch'd the hearts of men, 285
Had not the sovran guide, through every stage
Of this their various journey, pointed out
New hopes, new toils, which to their humble sphere
Of sight and strength might such importance hold
As doth the wide creation to his own. 290
Hence all the little charities of life,
With all their duties : hence that favorite palm
Of human will, when duty is suffic'd,
And still the liberal soul in ampler deeds
Would manifest herself ; that sacred sign 295
Of her rever'd affinity to him
Whose bounties are his own ; to whom none said

“ Create

" Create the wisest, fullest, fairest world,
 " And make its offspring happy ;" who, intent
 Some likeness of himself among his works 300
 To view, hath pour'd into the human breast
 A ray of knowledge and of love, which guides
 Earth's feeble race to act their maker's part,
 Self-judging, self-oblig'd: while, from before
 That godlike function, the gigantic power 305
 Necessity, though wont to curb the force
 Of Chaos and the savage elements,
 Retires abash'd, as from a scene too high
 For her brute tyranny, and with her bears
 Her scorned followers, terror, and base awe 310
 Who blinds herself, and that ill-suited pair,
 Obedience link'd with hatred. Then the foul
 Arises in her strength ; and, looking round
 Her busy sphere, whatever work she views,
 Whatever counsel bearing any trace 315
 Of her creator's likeness, whether apt
 To aid her fellows or preserve herself
 In her superior functions unimpair'd,
 Thither she turns exulting: that she claims
 As her peculiar good: on that, through all 320
 The fickle seasons of the day, she looks
 With reverence still: to that, as to a fence
 Against affliction and the darts of pain,

Her drooping hopes repair : and, once oppos'd
To that, all other pleasure, other wealth 325
Vile, as the dross upon the molten gold,
Appears, and loathsome as the briny sea
To him who languishes with thirst and sighs
For some known fountain pure. For what can strive
With virtue? Which of nature's regions vast 330
Can in so many forms produce to fight
Such powerful beauty? beauty, which the eye
Of hatred cannot look upon secure :
Which envy's self contemplates, and is turn'd
Ere long to tenderness, to infant smiles, 335
Or tears of humblest love. Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
The summer's noontide groves, the purple eve
At harvest-home, or in the frosty moon
Glittering on some smooth sea, is aught so fair 340
As virtuous friendship? as the honor'd roof
Whither from highest heaven immortal Love
His torch ethereal and his golden bow
Propitious brings, and there a temple holds
To whose unspotted service gladly vow'd 345
The social band of parent, brother, child,
With smiles and sweet discourse and gentle deeds
Adore his power? What gift of richest clime
E'er drew such eager eyes, or prompted such

Deep

Deep wishes, as the zeal that snatcheth back 350
From slander's poisonous tooth a foe's renown;
Or crosseth danger in his lion walk,
A rival's life to rescue? as the young
Athenian warrior sitting down in bonds,
That his great father's body might not want 355
A peaceful, humble tomb? the Roman wife
Teaching her lord how harmless was the wound
Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,
Who nothing more could threaten to afflict
Their faithful love? Or is there in the abyfs, 360
Is there, among the adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the boundless void,
Aught that with half such majesty can fill
The human bosom, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate 365
Amid the croud of patriots; and, his arm
Aloft extending like eternal Joye
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook the crimson sword
Of justice in his rapt astonish'd eye, 370
And bade the father of his country hail,
For lo the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free? Thus, through the paths
Of human life, in various pomp array'd
Walks the wife daughter of the judge of heaven, 375
Fair.

Fair virtue ; from her father's throne supreme
 Sent down to utter laws, such as on earth
 Most apt he knew, most powerful to promote
 The weal of all his works, the gracious end
 Of his dread empire. And though haply man's 380
 Obscurer fight, so far beyond himself
 And the brief labors of his little home,
 Extends not ; yet, by the bright presence won
 Of this divine instructress, to her sway
 Pleas'd he assents, nor heeds the distant goal 385
 To which her voice conducts him. Thus hath God,
 Still looking toward his own high purpose, fix'd
 The virtues of his creatures ; thus he rules
 The parent's fondness and the patriot's zeal ;
 Thus the warm sense of honor and of shame ; 390
 The vows of gratitude, the faith of love ;
 And all the comely intercourse of praise,
 The joy of human life, the earthly heaven.

How far unlike them must the lot of guilt
 Be found ! Or what terrestrial woe can match 395
 The self-convicted bosom, which hath wrought
 The bane of others or enslav'd itself
 With shackles vile ? Not poison, nor sharp fire,
 Nor the worst pangs that ever monkish hate
 Suggested, or despotic rage impos'd, 400
 Were

Were at that season an unwish'd exchange :
When the soul loaths herself: when, flying thence
To crouds, on every brow she sees portray'd
Fell demons, hate or scorn, which drive her back
To solitude, her judge's voice divine 405
To hear in secret, haply founding through
The troubled dreams of midnight, and still, still
Demanding for his violated laws
Fit recompence, or charging her own tongue
To speak the award of justice on herself. 410
For well she knows what faithful hints within
Were whisper'd, to beware the lying forms
Which turn'd her footsteps from the safer way :
What cautions to suspect their painted drefs,
And look with steady eyelid on their smiles, 415
Their frowns, their tears. In vain. the dazzling hues
Of fancy, and opinion's eager voice,
Too much prevail'd. For mortals tread the path
In which opinion says they follow good
Or fly from evil: and opinion gives 420
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by fancy, pleasing or deform'd :
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye
With glaring colors and distorted lines. 425
Is there a man to whom the name of death
Brings

Brings terror's ghastly pageants conjur'd up
Before him, death-bed groans, and dismal vows,
And the frail soul plung'd headlong from the brink
Of life and daylight down the gloomy air, 430
An unknown depth, to gulphs of torturing fire
Unvisited by mercy? Then what hand
Can snatch this dreamer from the fatal toils
Which fancy and opinion thus conspire
To twine around his heart? or who shall hush 435
Their clamor, when they tell him that to die,
To risk those horrors, is a direr curse
Than basest life can bring? Though love with prayers
Most tender, with affliction's sacred tears,
Beseech his aid; though gratitude and faith 440
Condemn each step which loiters; yet let none
Make answer for him that, if any frown
Of danger thwart his path, he will not stay,
Content, and be a wretch to be secure.
Here vice begins then: at the gate of life, 445
Ere the young multitude to diverse roads
Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,
Sits fancy, deep enchantress; and to each
With kind maternal looks presents her bowl,
A potent beverage. Heedless they comply: 450
Till the whole soul from that mysterious draught
Is ting'd, and every transient thought imbibes

Of gladness or disgust, desire or fear,
One homebred color : which not all the lights
Of science e'er shall change ; not all the storms 455
Of adverse fortune wash away, nor yet
The robe of purest virtue quite conceal.
Thence on they pass, where meeting frequent shapes
Of good and evil, cunning phantoms apt
To fire or freeze the breast, with them they join 460
In dangerous parley ; listening oft, and oft
Gazing with reckless passion, while its garb
The spectre heightens, and its pompous tale
Repeats with some new circumstance to suit
That early tincture of the hearer's soul. 465
And should the guardian, reason, but for one
Short moment yield to this illusive scene
His ear and eye, the intoxicating charm
Involves him, till no longer he discerns,
Or only guides to err. Then revel forth 470
A furious band that spurn him from the throne,
And all is uproar. Hence ambition climbs
With sliding feet and hands impure, to grasp
Those solemn toys which glitter in his view
On fortune's rugged steep : hence pale revenge 475
Unsheaths her murderous dagger : rapine hence
And envious lust, by venal fraud upborne,
Surmount the reverend barrier of the laws

Which kept them from their prey: hence all the crimes
That e'er defil'd the earth, and all the plagues 480
That follow them for vengeance, in the guise
Of honor, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
Stole first into the fond believing mind.

Yet not by fancy's witchcraft on the brain
Are always the tumultuous passions driven 485
To guilty deeds, nor reason bound in chains
That vice alone may lord it. Oft, adorn'd
With motley pageants, folly mounts his throne,
And plays her ideot antics, like a queen.
A thousand garbs she wears: a thousand ways 490
She whirls her giddy empire. Lo, thus far
With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre
I sing for contemplation link'd with love
A pensive theme. Now haply should my song
Unbend that serious countenance, and learn 495
Thalia's tripping gait, her shrill-ton'd voice,
Her wiles familiar: whether scorn she darts
In wanton ambush from her lip or eye,
Or whether with a sad disguise of care
O'ermantling her gay brow, she acts in sport 500
The deeds of folly, and from all sides round
Calls forth impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
Her province. But through every comic scene

To

To lead my Muse with her light pencil arm'd;
 Through every swift occasion which the hand 505
 Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
 Distends her laboring sides and chokes her tongue;
 Were endless as to sound each grating note
 With which the rooks, and chattering daws, and grave
 Unwieldy inmates of the village pond, 510
 The changing seasons of the sky proclaim;
 Sun, cloud, or shower. Suffice it to have said,
 Where'er the power of ridicule displays
 Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
 Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd, 515
 Strikes on her quick perception: whether pomp,
 Or praise, or beauty be dragg'd in and shown
 Where fordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
 Where foul deformity is wont to dwell;
 Or whether these with shrewd and wayward spite 520
 Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
 The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end the almighty fire
 In mortal bosoms stirs this gay contempt,
 These grateful pangs of laughter; from disgust 525
 Educating pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
 The tardy steps of reason, and at once
 By this prompt impulse urge us to depress

Wild folly's aims? For though the sober light
 Of truth flow-dawning on the watchful mind 530
 At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,
 How these uncouth disorders end at last
 In public evil; yet benignant heaven,
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
 To thousands, conscious what a scanty pause 535
 From labor and from care the wider lot
 Of humble life affords for studious thought
 To scan the maze of nature, therefore stamp'd
 These glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
 As broad, as obvious to the passing clown 540
 As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

But other evils o'er the steps of man
 Through all his walks impend; against whose might
 The slender darts of laughter nought avail:
 A trivial warfare. Some, like cruel guards, 545
 On nature's ever-moving throne attend;
 With mischief arm'd for him whoe'er shall thwart
 The path of her inexorable wheels,
 While she pursues the work that must be done
 Through ocean, earth, and air. Hence frequent forms 550
 Of woe; the merchant, with his wealthy bark,
 Bury'd by dashing waves; the traveller
 Pierc'd by the pointed lightening in his haste;

And

And the poor husbandman, with folded arms,
 Surveying his lost labors, and a heap 555
 Of blasted chaff the product of the field
 Whence he expected bread. But worse than these
 I deem, far worse, that other race of ills
 Which human kind rear up among themselves;
 That horrid offspring which misgovern'd will 560
 Bears to fantastic error; vices, crimes,
 Furies that curse the earth, and make the blows,
 The heaviest blows, of nature's innocent hand
 Seem sport: which are indeed but as the care
 Of a wise parent, who solicits good 565
 To all her house, though haply at the price
 Of tears and froward wailing and reproach
 From some unthinking child, whom not the less
 Its mother destines to be happy still.

These sources then of pain, this double lot 570
 Of evil in the inheritance of man,
 Requir'd for his protection no slight force,
 No careless watch, and therefore was his breast
 Fenc'd round with passions quick to be alarm'd,
 Or stubborn to oppose; with fear, more swift 575
 Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill,
 Where armies land; with anger, uncontroul'd
 As the young lion bounding on his prey;

With

With sorrow, that locks up the struggling heart,
 And shame, that overcasts the drooping eye 580
 As with a cloud of lightening. These the part
 Perform of eager monitors, and goad
 The soul more sharply than with points of steel,
 Her enemies to shun or to resist.
 And as those passions, that converse with good, 585
 Are good themselves; as hope and love and joy,
 Among the fairest and the sweetest boons
 Of life, we rightly count; so these, which guard
 Against invading evil, still excite
 Some pain, some tumult: these, within the mind 590
 Too oft admitted or too long retain'd,
 Shock their frail seat, and by their uncurb'd rage
 To savages more fell than Libya breeds
 Transform themselves: till human thought becomes
 A gloomy ruin, haunt of shapes unblest'd, 595
 Of self-tormenting fiends; horror, despair,
 Hatred, and wicked envy: foes to all
 The works of nature and the gifts of heaven.

But when through blameless paths to righteous ends
 Those keener passions urge the awaken'd soul, 600
 I would not, as ungracious violence,
 Their sway describe, nor from their free career
 The fellowship of pleasure quite exclude.

For

For what can render, to the self-approv'd,
Their temper void of comfort, though in pain? 605
Who knows not with what majesty divine
The forms of truth and justice to the mind
Appear, ennobling oft the sharpest woe
With triumph and rejoicing? Who, that bears
A human bosom, hath not often felt 610
How dear are all those ties which bind our race
In gentleness together, and how sweet
Their force, let fortune's wayward hand the while
Be kind or cruel? Ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn, of her whom long he lov'd, 615
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego 620
Those sacred hours when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture? Ask the croud,
Which flies impatient from the village walk 625
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The savage winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while holy pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand

Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair; 630
While every mother closer to her breast
Catcheth her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud
As one poor wretch, who spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge, 635
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. o! deemest thou indeed
No pleasing influence here by nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No tender charm mysterious, which attracts 640
O'er all that edge of pain the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?
Ask thy own heart; when, at the midnight hour,
Slow through that pensive gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around 645
The reverend volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the sovran power
Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page
Even as a father meditating all 650
The praises of his son, and bids the rest
Of mankind there the fairest model learn
Of their own nature, and the noblest deeds
Which yet the world hath seen. If then thy soul
Join in the lot of those diviner men; 655
Say,

Say, when the prospect darkens on thy view ;
When, sunk by many a wound, heroic states
Mourn in the dust and tremble at the frown
Of hard ambition ; when the generous band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires 660
Lie side by side in death ; when brutal force
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of guardian power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To poor dishonest pageants, to adorn 665
A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee ; when beauteous works,
Rewards of virtue, sculptur'd forms which deck'd
With more than human grace the warrior's arch
Or patriot's tomb, now victims to appease 670
Tyrannic envy, strew the common path
With awful ruins ; when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks, 675
Or female superstition's midnight prayer ;
When ruthless havoc from the hand of time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer stroke
To mow the monuments of glory down ;
Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street 680
Expands her raven wings, and, from the gate

A a

Where

Where senates once the weal of nations plann'd,
 Hiffeth the gliding fnake through hoary weeds
 That clasp the mouldering column: thus when all
 The widely-mournful fcene is fix'd within 685
 Thy throbbing bnfom; when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
 Or dafh Octavius from the trophied car; 690
 Say, doth thy fecret foul repine to tafte
 The big diftrefs? or wouldft thou then exchange
 Thofe heart-ennobling forrows for the lot
 Of him who fits amid the gaudy herd
 Of filent flatterers bending to his nod, 695
 And o'er them, like a giant, cafts his eye,
 And fays within himfelf, "I am a king,
 " And wherefore fhould the clamorous voice of woe
 " Intrude upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt
 Of barbarous ages, that Circæan draught 700
 Of fervitude and folly, have not yet,
 Blefs'd be the eternal ruler of the world!
 Yet have not fo difhonor'd, fo deform'd
 The native judgement of the human foul,
 Nor fo effac'd the image of her fire. 705

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

THE

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

MDCCLXX.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
OF THE
IMAGINATION

BOOK THE THIRD

MCCGEE

THE

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

WHAT tongue then may explain the various fate
Which reigns o'er earth? or who to mortal eyes
Illustrate this perplexing labyrinth
Of joy and woe through which the feet of man
Are doom'd to wander? That eternal mind 5
From passions, wants and envy far estrang'd,
Who built the spacious universe, and deck'd
Each part so richly with whate'er pertains
To life, to health, to pleasure; why bade he
The viper Evil, creeping in, pollute 10
The goodly scene, and with insidious rage,
While the poor inmate looks around and smiles,
Dart her fell sting with poison to his soul?
Hard is the question, and from ancient days
Hath still oppress'd with care the sage's thought; 15
Hath

Hath drawn forth accents from the poet's lyre
 Too sad, too deeply plaintive: nor did e'er
 Those chiefs of human kind, from whom the light
 Of heavenly truth first gleam'd on barbarous lands,
 Forget this dreadful secret when they told 20
 What wonderous things had to their favor'd eyes
 And ears on cloudy mountain been reveal'd,
 Or in deep cave by nymph or power divine,
 Portentous oft and wild. Yet one i know,
 Could i the speech of lawgivers assume, 25
 One old and splendid tale i would record
 With which the Muse of Solon in sweet strains
 Adorn'd this theme profound, and render'd all
 Its darknes, all its terrors, bright as noon,
 Or gentle as the golden star of eve. 30
 Who knows not Solon? last, and wisest far,
 Of those whom Greece triumphant in the height
 Of glory, styl'd her fathers? him whose voice
 Through Athens hush'd the storm of civil wrath;
 Taught envious want and cruel wealth to join 35
 In friendship; and, with sweet compulsion, tam'd
 Minerva's eager people to his laws,
 Which their own goddess in his breast inspir'd?

'Twas now the time when his heroic task
 Seem'd but perform'd in vain: when sooth'd by years 40
 Of

Of flattering service, the fond multitude
Hung with their sudden counsels on the breath
Of great Pisistratus: that chief renown'd,
Whom Hermes and the Idalian queen had train'd
Even from his birth to every powerful art 45
Of pleasing and persuading: from whose lips
Flow'd eloquence which like the vows of love
Could steal away suspicion from the hearts
Of all who listen'd. Thus from day to day
He won the general suffrage, and beheld 50
Each rival overshadow'd and depress'd
Beneath his ampler state: yet oft complain'd,
As one less kindly treated, who had hop'd
To merit favor, but submits perforce
To find another's services prefer'd, 55
Nor yet relaxeth aught of faith or zeal.
Then tales were scatter'd of his envious foes,
Of snares that watch'd his fame, of daggers aim'd
Against his life. At last with trembling limbs,
His hair diffus'd and wild, his garments loose, 60
And stain'd with blood from self-inflicted wounds,
He burst into the public place, as there,
There only, were his refuge; and declar'd
In broken words, with sighs of deep regret,
The mortal danger he had scarce repell'd. 65
Fir'd with his tragic tale, the indignant croud,
To

To guard his steps, forthwith a menial band,
Array'd beneath his eye for deeds of war,
Decree. O still too liberal of their trust,
And oft betray'd by over-grateful love, 70
The generous people! Now behold him fenc'd
By mercenary weapons, like a king,
Forth issuing from the city gate at eve
To seek his rural mansion, and with pomp
Crouding the public road. the swain stops short, 75
And sighs: the officious townsmen stand at gaze
And shrinking give the sullen pageant room.
Yet not the less obsequious was his brow;
Nor less profuse of courteous words his tongue,
Of gracious gifts his hand: the while by stealth, 80
Like a small torrent fed with evening showers,
His train increas'd. till, at that fatal time
Just as the public eye, with doubt and shame
Startled, began to question what it saw,
Swift as the sound of earthquakes rush'd a voice 85
Through Athens, that Pisistratus had fill'd
The rocky citadel with hostile arms,
Had barr'd the steep ascent, and fate within
Amid his hirelings, meditating death
To all whose stubborn necks his yoke refus'd. 90
Where then was Solon? After ten long years
Of absence, full of haste from foreign shores

The

The sage, the lawgiver had now arriv'd :
Arriv'd, alafs, to fee that Athens, that
Fair temple rais'd by him and facred call'd 95
To liberty and concord, now profan'd
By favage hate, or funk into a den
Of flaves who crouch beneath the mafter's fcourge,
And deprecate his wrath and court his chains.
Yet did not the wife patriot's grief impede 100
His virtuous will, nor was his heart inclin'd
One moment with fuch woman-like diftrefs
To view the tranfient ftorms of civil war,
As thence to yield his country and her hopes
To all-devouring bondage. His bright helm, 105
Even while the traitor's impious act is told,
He buckles on his hoary head : he girds
With mail his ftooping breaft : the fhield, the fpear
He fnatcheth ; and with fwift indignant ftrides
The affembled people feeks : proclaims aloud 110
It was no time for counfel : in their fpears
Lay all their prudence now : the tyrant yet
Was not fo firmly feated on his throne,
But that one fhock of their united force
Would dafh him from the fummit of his pride 115
Headlong and groveling in the duft. What elfe
Can re-affert the loft Athenian name
So cheaply to the laughter of the world

Betray'd; by guile beneath an infant's faith
So mock'd and scorn'd? Away then: freedom now 120
And safety dwell not but with fame in arms:
Myself will shew you where their mansion lies,
And through the walks of danger or of death
Conduct you to them. While he spake, through all
Their crouded ranks his quick sagacious eye 125
He darted; where no cheerful voice was heard
Of social daring; no stretch'd arm was seen
Hastening their common task: but pale mistrust
Wrinkled each brow: they shook their heads, and down
Their slack hands hung: cold sighs and whisper'd doubts 130
From breath to breath stole round. The sage mean time
Look'd speechless on, while his big bosom heav'd
Struggling with shame and sorrow: till at last
A tear broke forth; and, O immortal shades,
O Theseus, he exclaim'd, o Codrus, where, 135
Where are ye now? behold for what ye toil'd
Through life? behold for whom ye chose to die.
No more he added; but with lonely steps
Weary and slow, his silver beard depress'd,
And his stern eyes bent heedless on the ground, 140
Back to his silent dwelling he repair'd.
There o'er the gate, his armor, as a man
Whom from the service of the war his chief
Dismisseth after no inglorious toil,

He fix'd in general view. One wishful look 145
 He sent, unconscious, toward the public place
 At parting : then beneath his quiet roof
 Without a word, without a sigh, retir'd.

Scarce had the morrow's sun his golden rays
 From sweet Hymettus darted o'er the fanes 150
 Of Cecrops to the Salaminian shores,
 When, lo, on Solon's threshold met the feet
 Of four Athenians by the same sad care
 Conducted all : than whom the state beheld
 None nobler. First came Megacles, the son 155
 Of great Alcmaeon, whom the Lydian king
 The mild, unhappy Cræsus, in his days
 Of glory had with costly gifts adorn'd,
 Fair vessels, splendid garments, tinetur'd webs
 And heaps of treasur'd gold beyond the lot 160
 Of many sovrans ; thus requiting well
 That hospitable favor which erewhile
 Alcmaeon to his messengers had shewn,
 Whom he with offerings worthy of the God
 Sent from his throne in Sardis to revere 165
 Apollo's Delphic shrine. With Megacles
 Approach'd his son, whom Agarista bore,
 The virtuous child of Clisthenes whose hand
 Of Grecian scepters the most ancient far

In Sicyon fway'd : but greater fame he drew 170
From arms controul'd by justice, from the love
Of the wise Muses, and the unenvied wreath
Which glad Olympia gave. For thither once
His warlike steeds the hero led, and there
Contended through the tumult of the course 175
With skillful wheels. Then victor at the goal,
Amid the applauses of assembled Greece,
High on his car he stood and wav'd his arm.
Silence insu'd : when strait the herald's voice
Was heard, inviting every Grecian youth, 180
Whom Clifthenes content might call his son,
To visit, ere twice thirty days were pass'd,
The towers of Sicyon. there the chief decreed,
Within the circuit of the following year,
To join at Hymen's altar, hand in hand 185
With his fair daughter, him among the guests
Whom worthiest he should deem. Forthwith from all
The bounds of Greece the ambitious wooers came :
From rich Hesperia ; from the Illyrian shore
Where Epidamnus over Adria's surge 190
Looks on the setting sun ; from those brave tribes
Chaonian or Molossian whom the race
Of great Achilles governs, glorying still
In Troy o'erthrown ; from rough Ætolia, nurse
Of men who first among the Greeks threw off 195
The

The yoke of kings, to commerce and to arms.
Devoted; from Theſſalia's fertile meads,
Where flows Penéus near the lofty walls
Of Cranon old; from ſtrong Eretria, queen
Of all Eubæan cities, who, ſublime 200
On the ſteep margin of Euripus, views
Acroſs the tide the Marathonian plain,
Not yet the haunt of glory. Athens too,
Minerva's care, among her graceful ſons
Found equal lovers for the princely maid: 205
Nor was proud Argos wanting; nor the domes
Of ſacred Elis; nor the Arcadian groves
That overſhade Alphéus, echoing oft
Some ſhepherd's ſong. But through the illuſtrious band
Was none who might with Megacles compare: 210
In all the honors of unblemish'd youth.
His was the beauteous bride: and now their ſon
Young Clifthenes, betimes, at Solon's gate
Stood anxious; leaning forward on the arm
Of his great fire, with earneſt eyes that aſk'd 215
When the ſlow hinge would turn, with reſtleſs feet,
And cheeks now pale, now glowing: for his heart
Throbb'd, full of burſting paſſions, anger, grief.
With ſcorn imbitter'd, by the generous boy
Scarce underſtood, but which, like noble ſeeds, 220
Are deſtin'd for his country and himſelf.

In

In riper years to bring forth fruits divine
Of liberty and glory. Next appear'd
Two brave companions whom one mother bore
To different lords ; but whom the better ties 225
Of firm esteem and friendship render'd more
Than brothers : first Miltiades, who drew
From godlike Æacus his ancient line ;
That Æacus whose unimpeach'd renown
For sanctity and justice won the lyre 230
Of elder bards to celebrate him thron'd
In Hades o'er the dead, where his decrees
The guilty soul within the burning gates
Of Tartarus compel, or send the good
To inhabit with eternal health and peace 235
The vallies of Elyfium. From a stem
So sacred, ne'er could worthier scyon spring
Than this Miltiades ; whose aid erelong
The chiefs of Thrace, already on their ways
Sent by the inspir'd foreknowing maid who fits 240
Upon the Delphic tripod, shall implore
To wield their sceptre, and the rural wealth
Of fruitful Chersonesus to protect
With arms and laws. But, nothing careful now
Save for his injur'd country, here he stands 245
In deep sollicitude with Cymon join'd :
Unconscious both what widely-different lots

Await

Await them, taught by nature as they are
To know one common good, one common ill.
For Cimon not his valor, not his birth 250
Deriv'd from Codrus, not a thousand gifts
Dealt round him with a wise, benignant hand,
No, not the Olympic olive by himself
From his own brow transferr'd to sooth the mind.
Of this Pisistratus, can long preserve 255
From the fell envy of the tyrant's sons,
And their assassins dagger. But if death
Obscure upon his gentle steps attend,
Yet fate an ample recompense prepares:
In his victorious son, that other great 260
Miltiades, who o'er the very throne
Of glory shall with Time's assiduous hand
In adamant characters engrave
The name of Athens; and, by freedom arm'd
'Gainst the gigantic pride of Asia's king, 265
Shall all the achievements of the heroes old
Surmount, of Hercules, of all who fail'd
From Thessaly with Jason, all who fought
For empire or for fame at Thebes or Troy.

Such were the patriots who within the porch 270
Of Solon had assembled. But the gate
Now opens, and across the ample floor.

Strait

Straight they proceed into an open space
Bright with the beams of morn: a verdant spot,
Where stands a rural altar, pil'd with fods 275
Cut from the grassy turf and girt with wreaths
Of branching palm. Here Solon's self they found
Clad in a robe of purple pure, and deck'd
With leaves of olive on his reverend brow.
He bow'd before the altar, and o'er cakes 280
Of barley from two earthen vessels pour'd
Of honey and of milk a plenteous stream;
Calling meantime the Muses to accept
His simple offering, by no victim ting'd
With blood, nor sullied by destroying fire, 285
But such as for himself Apollo claims
In his own Delos, where his favorite haunt
Is thence the Altar of the Pious nam'd.
Unseen the guests drew near, and silent view'd
That worship; till the heroic priest his eye 290
Turn'd toward a seat on which prepar'd there lay
A branch of laurel. Then his friends confess'd
Before him stood. Backward his step he drew,
As loth that care or tumult should approach
Those early rites divine: but soon their looks, 295
So anxious, and their hands, held forth with such
Desponding gesture, bring him on perforce
To speak to their affliction. Are ye come,
He

He cried, to mourn with me this common shame?
Or ask ye some new effort which may break
Our fetters? Know then, of the public cause
Not for yon traitor's cunning or his might
Do i despair: nor could i wish from Jove
Aught dearer, than at this late hour of life,
As once by laws, so now by strenuous arms,
From impious violation to assert
The rights our fathers left us. But, alas!
What arms? or who shall wield them? Ye beheld
The Athenian people. Many bitter days
Must pass, and many wounds from cruel pride
Be felt, ere yet their partial hearts find room
For just resentment, or their hands endure
To smite this tyrant brood, so near to all
Their hopes, so oft admir'd, so long lov'd.
That time will come, however. Be it yours
To watch its fair approach, and urge it on
With honest prudence: me it ill beseems
Again to supplicate the unwilling croud
To rescue from a vile deceiver's hold
That envied power which once with eager zeal
They offer'd to myself; nor can i plunge
In counsels deep and various, nor prepare
For distant wars, thus faltering as i tread
On life's last verge, ere long to join the shades

Of Minos and Lycurgus. But behold 325
 What care employs me now. My vows i pay
 To the sweet Muses, teachers of my youth
 And solace of my age. If right i deem
 Of the still voice that whispers at my heart,
 The immortal sisters have not quite withdrawn 330
 Their old harmonious influence. Let your tongues
 With sacred silence favor what i speak,
 And haply shall my faithful lips be taught
 To unfold celestial counsels, which may arm
 As with impenetrable steel your breasts 335
 For the long strife before you, and repel
 The darts of adverse fate. He said, and snatch'd
 The laurel bough, and fate in silence down,
 Fix'd, wrapp'd in solemn musing, full before
 The sun, who now from all his radiant orb 340
 Drove the gray clouds, and pour'd his genial light
 Upon the breast of Solon. Solon rais'd
 Aloft the leafy rod, and thus began.

Ye beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove
 And Memory divine, Pierian maids, 345
 Hear me, propitious. In the morn of life,
 When hope shone bright and all the prospect smil'd,
 To your sequester'd mansion oft my steps

Were

Were turn'd, o Muses, and within your gate
 My offerings paid. Ye taught me then with strains 350
 Of flowing harmony to soften war's
 Dire voice, or in fair colors, that might charm
 The public eye, to clothe the form austere
 Of civil counsel. Now my feeble age
 Neglected, and supplanted of the hope 355
 On which it lean'd, yet sinks not, but to you,
 To your mild wisdom flies, refuge belov'd
 Of solitude and silence. Ye can teach
 The visions of my bed whate'er the gods
 In the rude ages of the world inspir'd, 360
 Or the first heroes acted: ye can make
 The morning light more gladsome to my sense
 Than ever it appear'd to active youth
 Pursuing careless pleasure: ye can give
 To this long leisure, these unheeded hours, 365
 A labor as sublime, as when the sons
 Of Athens throng'd and speechless round me stood
 To hear pronounc'd for all their future deeds
 The bounds of right and wrong. Celestial powers,
 I feel that ye are near me: and behold, 370
 To meet your energy divine, i bring
 A high and sacred theme; not less than those
 Which to the eternal custody of fame
 Your lips intrusted, when of old ye deign'd

With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent 375
The groves of Hæmus or the Chian shore.

Ye know, harmonious maids, (for what of all
My various life was e'er from you estrang'd?)
Oft hath my solitary song to you
Reveal'd that duteous pride which turn'd my steps 380
To willing exile; earnest to withdraw
From envy and the disappointed thirst
Of lucre, left the bold familiar strife,
Which in the eye of Athens they upheld
Against her legislator, should impair 385
With trivial doubt the reverence of his laws.
To Egypt therefore through the Ægean isles
My course i steer'd, and by the banks of Nile
Dwelt in Canopus. Thence the hallow'd domes
Of Saïs, and the rites to Isis paid, 390
I fought, and in her temple's silent courts,
'Through many changing moons, attentive heard
The venerable Sonchis, while his tongue
At morn or midnight the deep story told
Of her who represents whate'er has been, 395
Or is, or shall be; whose mysterious veil
No mortal hand hath ever yet remov'd.
By him exhorted, southward to the walls
Of On i pass'd, the city of the sun,

The

The ever-youthful god. 'Twas there amid
 His priests and sages, who the live-long night
 Watch the dread movements of the starry sphere,
 Or who in wondrous fables half disclose
 The secrets of the elements, 'twas there
 That great Psenophis taught my raptur'd ears
 The fame of old Atlantis, of her chiefs,
 And her pure laws, the first which earth obey'd.
 Deep in my bosom sunk the noble tale;
 And often, while i listen'd, did my mind
 Foretell with what delight her own free lyre
 Should sometime for an Attic audience raise
 Anew that lofty scene, and from their tombs
 Call forth those ancient demigods to speak
 Of justice and the hidden providence
 That walks among mankind. But yet meantime
 The mystic pomp of Ammon's gloomy sons
 Became less pleasing. With contempt i gaz'd
 On that tame garb and those unvarying paths
 To which the double yoke of king and priest
 Had cramp'd the fullen race. At last with hymns
 Invoking our own Pallas and the gods
 Of cheerful Greece, a glad farewell i gave
 To Egypt, and before the southern wind
 Spread my full sails. What climes i then survey'd,
 What fortunes i incounter'd in the realm
 Of

Of Cræsus or upon the Cyprian shore,
The Muse, who prompts my bosom, doth not now
Consent that i reveal. But when at length
Ten times the sun returning from the south
Had strow'd with flowers the verdant earth and fill'd 430
The groves with music, pleas'd i then beheld
The term of those long errors drawing nigh.
Nor yet, i said, will i sit down within
The walls of Athens, till my feet have trod
The Cretan soil, have pierc'd those reverend haunts 435
Whence law and civil concord issued forth
As from their ancient home, and still to Greece
Their wisest, lostiest discipline proclaim.
Strait where Amnisus, mart of wealthy ships,
Appears beneath fam'd Cnossus and her towers 440
Like the fair handmaid of a stately queen,
I check'd my prow, and thence with eager steps
The city of Minos enter'd. O ye gods,
Who taught the leaders of the simpler time
By written words to curb the untoward will 445
Of mortals, how within that generous isle
Have ye the triumphs of your power display'd
Munificent! Those splendid merchants, lords
Of traffic and the sea, with what delight
I saw them at their public meal, like sons 450
Of the same household, join the plainer sort
Whose

Whose wealth was only freedom ! whence to these
Vile envy, and to those fantastic pride,
Alike was strange ; but noble concord still
Cherish'd the strength untam'd, the rustic faith, 455
Of their first fathers. Then the growing race,
How pleasing to behold them in their schools,
Their sports, their labors, ever plac'd within,
O shade of Minos, thy controuling eye !
Here was a docile band in tuneful tones 460
Thy laws pronouncing, or with lofty hymns
Praising the bounteous gods, or, to preserve
Their country's heroes from oblivious night,
Refounding what the Muse inspir'd of old ;
There, on the verge of manhood, others met, 465
In heavy armor through the heats of noon
To march, the rugged mountains height to climb
With measur'd swiftness, from the hard-bent bow
To send resistless arrows to their mark,
Or for the fame of prowess to contend, 470
Now wrestling, now with fists and staves oppos'd,
Now with the biting falchion, and the fence
Of brazen shields ; while still the warbling flute
Presided o'er the combat, breathing strains
Grave, solemn, soft ; and changing headlong spite 475
To thoughtful resolution cool and clear.
Such i beheld those islanders renown'd,

So

So tutor'd from their birth to meet in war
Each bold invader, and in peace to guard
That living flame of reverence for their laws 480
Which nor the storms of fortune, nor the flood
Of foreign wealth diffus'd o'er all the land,
Could quench or slacken. First of human names
In every Cretan's heart was Minos still; 485
And holiest far, of what the sun surveys
Through his whole course, were those primeval seats
Which with religious footsteps he had taught
Their fires to approach; the wild Dictæan cave
Where Jove was born; the ever-verdant meads 490
Of Ida, and the spacious grotto, where
His active youth he pass'd, and where his throne
Yet stands mysterious; whither Minos came
Each ninth returning year, the king of gods
And mortals there in secret to consult 495
On justice, and the tables of his law
To inscribe anew. Oft also with like zeal
Great Rhea's mansion from the Cnossian gates
Men visit; nor less oft the antique fane
Built on that sacred spot, along the banks 500
Of shady Theron, where benignant Jove
And his majestic consort join'd their hands
And spoke their nuptial vows. Alas, 'twas there
That the dire fame of Athens sunk in bonds

I first receiv'd ; what time an annual feast
Had summon'd all the genial country round,
By sacrifice and pomp to bring to mind
That first great spousal ; while the inamor'd youths
And virgins, with the priest before the shrine,
Observe the same pure ritual and invoke
The same glad omens. There, among the croud
Of strangers from those naval cities drawn
Which deck, like gems, the island's northern shore,
A merchant of Ægina i descried,
My ancient host. but, forward as i sprung
To meet him, he, with dark dejected brow,
Stopp'd half-averse ; and, O Athenian guest,
He said, art thou in Crete ; these joyful rites
Partaking ? Know thy laws are blotted out :
Thy country kneels before a tyrant's throne.
He added names of men, with hostile deeds
Disastrous ; which obscure and indistinct
I heard : for, while he spake, my heart grew cold
And my eyes dim : the altars and their train
No more were present to me : how i far'd,
Or whither turn'd, i know not ; nor recall
Aught of those moments other than the sense
Of one who struggles in oppressive sleep
And, from the toils of some distressful dream.
To break away, with palpitating heart,

D d

Weak

Weak limbs, and temples bath'd in death-like dew,
Makes many a painful effort. When at last
The sun and nature's face again appear'd,
Not far I found me; where the public path,
Winding through cypress groves and swelling meads, 535
From Cnossus to the cave of Jove ascends.
Heedless I follow'd on; till soon the skirts
Of Ida rose before me, and the vault
Wide-opening pierc'd the mountain's rocky side.
Entering within the threshold, on the ground 540
I flung me, fad, faint, overworn with toil,

* * * * *

THE

T H E B E G I N N I N G

O F T H E

F O U R T H B O O K

O F T H E

P L E A S U R E S

O F T H E

I M A G I N A T I O N :

MDCCLXX.

D d 2

T H E

THE B. & O. R. R.

OF THE

FOURTH B. & O. R. R.

OF THE

EXETER & U. R. R.

OF THE

AMERICAN R. R.

OF THE

THE B. & O. R. R.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
OF THE
I M A G I N A T I O N:
BOOK THE FOURTH.

ONE effort more, one cheerful fally more,
Our destin'd course will finish. and in peace
Then, for an offering sacred to the powers
Who lent us gracious guidance, we will then
Inscribe a monument of deathless praise, 5
O my adventurous song. With steady speed
Long hast thou, on an untried voyage bound,
Sail'd between earth and heaven: hast now survey'd,
Stretch'd out beneath thee, all the mazy tracts
Of passion and opinion; like a waste 10
Of sands and flowery lawns and tangling woods,
Where mortals roam bewilder'd: and hast now
Exulting soar'd among the worlds above,
Or hover'd near the eternal gates of heaven,
If haply the discourses of the Gods, 15
A curious

A curious, but an unpresuming guest,
Thou might'st partake, and carry back some strain
Of divine wisdom, lawful to repeat,
And apt to be conceiv'd of man below.

A different task remains; the secret paths 20

Of early genius to explore: to trace
'Those haunts where Fancy her predestin'd sons,
Like to the Demigods of old, doth nurse
Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy souls

Who now her tender discipline obey, 25

Where dwell ye? What wild river's brink at eve
Imprint your steps? What solemn groves at noon

Use ye to visit, often breaking forth

In rapture 'mid your dilatory walk,

Or musing, as in slumber, on the green? 30

—Would I again were with you!—O ye dales

Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where

Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,

And his banks open, and his lawns extend,

Stops short the pleased traveller to view 35

Prefiding o'er the scene some rustic tower

Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:

O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook

The rocky pavement and the mossy falls

Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream; 40

How gladly I recall your well-known seats.

Belov'd

Belov'd of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wander'd through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen. 45

Nor will i e'er forget you. nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possess'd me in the dawn
Of life, and fix'd the color of my mind 50
For every future year: whence even now
From sleep i rescue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelm'd
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine 55
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse;
The themes which now expect us. For thus far
On general habits, and on arts which grow
Spontaneous in the minds of all mankind, 60
Hath dwelt our argument; and how self-taught,
Though seldom conscious of their own imploy,
In nature's or in fortune's changeful scene
Men learn to judge of beauty, and acquire
Those forms set up, as idols in the soul 65
For love and zealous praise. Yet indistinct,

In

In vulgar bosoms, and unnotic'd lie
These pleasing stores, unless the casual force
Of things external prompt the heedless mind
To recognize her wealth. But some there are 70
Conscious of nature, and the rule which man
O'er nature holds: some who, within themselves
Retiring from the trivial scenes of chance
And momentary passion, can at will
Call up these fair exemplars of the mind; 75
Review their features; scan the secret laws
Which bind them to each other: and display
By forms, or sounds, or colours, to the sense
Of all the world their latent charms display:
Even as in nature's frame (if such a word, 80
If such a word, so bold, may from the lips
Of man proceed) as in this outward frame
Of things, the great artificer portrays
His own immense idea. Various names
These among mortals bear, as various signs 85
They use, and by peculiar organs speak
To human sense. There are who by the flight
Of air through tubes with moving stops distinct,
Or by extended chords in measure taught
To vibrate, can assemble powerful sounds, 90
Expressing every temper of the mind
From every cause, and charming all the soul

With

With passion void of care. Others mean time
The rugged mass of metal, wood, or stone
Patiently taming; or with easier hand 95
Describing lines, and with more ample scope
Uniting colors; can to general sight
Produce those permanent and perfect forms,
Those characters of heroes and of gods,
Which from the crude materials of the world 100
Their own high minds created. But the chief
Are poets; eloquent men, who dwell on earth
To clothe whate'er the soul admires or loves
With language and with numbers. Hence to these
A field is open'd wide as nature's sphere; 105
Nay, wider: various as the sudden acts
Of human wit, and vast as the demands
Of human will. The bard nor length, nor depth,
Nor place, nor form controuls. To eyes, to ears,
To every organ of the copious mind, 110
He offereth all its treasures. Him the hours,
The seasons him obey: and changeful Time
Sees him at will keep measure with his flight,
At will outstrip it. To enhance his toil,
He summoneth from the uttermost extent 115
Of things which God hath taught him, every form
Auxiliar, every power; and all beside
Excludes imperious. His prevailing hand.

E e

Gives,

Gives, to corporeal essence, life and sense

And every stately function of the soul.

120

The soul itself to him obsequious lies,

Like matter's passive heap ; and as he wills,

To reason and affection he assigns

Their just alliances, their just degrees :

Whence his peculiar honors ; whence the race

Of men who people his delightful world,

Men genuine and according to themselves,

Transcend as far the uncertain sons of earth,

As earth itself to his delightful world

The palm of spotless beauty doth resign.

130

* * * * *

O D E S,

O D E S

O N

S E V E R A L S U B J E C T S.

I N T W O B O O K S.

E e 2

O D E S,

O D E S

o m

SEVERAL SUBJECTS

IN TWO BOOKS

ODES

1. 1

ODES, BOOK THE FIRST.

O D E I.

P R E F A C E.

I.

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
O'erlook the falling stream,
O master of the Latin lyre,
Awhile with thee will i retire
From summer's noontide beam.

II.

And, lo, within my lonely bower,
The industrious bee from many a flower
Collects her balmy dews:
“For me,” she sings, “the gems are born,
“For me their filken robe adorn,
“Their fragrant breath diffuse.”

III. Sweet

III.

Sweet murmurer ! may no rude storm
This hospitable scene deform,
Nor check thy gladsome toils ;
Still may the buds unfullied spring,
Still flowers and sunshine court thy wing
To these ambrosial spoils.

IV.

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail
Her fellow-labourer thee to hail ;
And lucky be the strains !
For long ago did nature frame
Your seasons and your arts the same,
Your pleasures and your pains.

V.

Like thee, in lowly, sylvan scenes,
On river-banks and flowery greens
My Muse delighted plays ;
Nor through the desert of the air,
Though swans or eagles triumph there,
With fond ambition strays.

VI. Nor

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
Nor near the owl's unhallow'd haunts
 Will she her cares imploy ;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From superstition's horrid glooms,
 To day-light and to joy.

VII.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste ;
Nor deigns the lurking strength to taste
 Of any noxious thing ;
But leaves with scorn to envy's use
The insipid nightshade's baneful juice,
 The nettle's fordid sting.

VIII.

From all which nature fairest knows,
The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
 She draws her blameless wealth ;
And, when the generous task is done,
She consecrates a double boon,
 To pleasure and to health.

O D E II.

ON THE WINTER-SOLSTICE,

M.D.CC.XL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains ;
Soon to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his steady reins.
Now, piercing half Potosi's height,
Prone rush the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's silver stores :
While, in some cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How pale the sun ! how thick the air !
Mustering his storms, a fordid host,
Lo, winter desolates the year.

The

The fields resign their latest bloom ;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the streams in music roll :
But snows fall dark, or rains resound ;
And, while great nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human soul.

III.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire :
Harmonious dances, festive songs
Against the spiteful heaven conspire.
Meantime perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play :
At morn their father went abroad ;
The moon is sunk and deep the road ;
She sighs, and wonders at his stay.

IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
And hail the sun's returning force :
Even now he climbs the northern skies,
And health and hope attend his course.
Then louder howl the ærial waste,
Be earth with keener cold imbrac'd,

Yet gentle hours advance their wing ;
 And fancy, mocking winter's might,
 With flowers and dewes and streaming light
 Already decks the newborn spring.

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
 Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
 How soon before thy vernal ray
 Should each unkindly damp recede !
 How soon each hovering tempest fly,
 Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,
 Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
 To rend the forest from the steep,
 Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
 To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain !

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
 Presume o'er nature and her laws :
 'Tis his with grateful joy to use
 The indulgence of the sovran cause ;
 Secure that health and beauty springs
 Through this majestic frame of things,

Beyond

Beyond what he can reach to know ;
And that heaven's all-subduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every state below.

VII.

How pleasing wears the wintry night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead !
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem those awful scenes to tread
Where chiefs or legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp array'd ;
While now i taste the Ionian song,
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Resounding through the olive shade.

VIII.

But should some cheerful, equal friend
Bid leave the studious page awhile,
Let mirth on wisdom then attend,
And social ease on learned toil.
Then while, at love's uncareful shrine,
Each dictates to the god of wine

Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each bosom warm,
While absence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the flow-returning May!

IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth,
When will thy genial star arise?
The auspicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her sylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

X.

And if believing love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then shall my fears, o charming maid,
And every pain of absence die:
Then shall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with sweeter sound

Pursue

Pursue the free Horatian song:
Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
And echo, down the bordering vale,
The liquid melody prolong.

O D E III.

TO A FRIEND, UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

I.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
That wealth can female wishes gain
Had e'er disturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or cost one serious moment's pain,
I should have said that all the rules,
You learn'd of moralists and schools,
Were very useless, very vain.

II. Yet

II.

Yet i perhaps mistake the case—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chace,
You try the tender loss to bear,
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my censure strangely wrong
To count it such a flight affair?

III.

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,
Oft as you seek the well-known grove,
Methinks i see you cast your eye
Back to the morning scenes of love:
Each pleasing word you heard her say,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your struggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your soul intire?
Does wisdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you question each desire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-starting from your eye?
No kindling blush you know not why?
No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan?

V. Away

V.

Away with this unmanly mood !
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whose hand hath seiz'd the favorite good
Which you reserv'd for happier years :
While, fide by fide, the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage, half-afraid,
Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaste, harmonious pair behold ;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth, o tender charms
Well-buried in a dotard's arms !
O equal price of beauty fold !

VII.

Cease then to gaze with looks of love :
Bid her adieu, the venal fair :
Unworthy she your bliss to prove ;
Then wherefore should she prove your care ?
No : lay your myrtle garland down ;
And let awhile the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII. O just :

VIII.

'O just escap'd the faithless main,
'Though driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favor'd steps again,
Behold your better genius stand:
Where truth revolves her page divine,
Where virtue leads to honor's shrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on these your ruling aim,
And time, the fire of manly care,
Will fancy's dazzling colors tame
A soberer dress will beauty wear:
Then shall esteem by knowledge led
Inthroned within your heart and head
Some happier love, some truer fair.

O D E IV.

A F F E C T E D I N D I F F E R E N C E.

T O T H E S A M E.

I.

Y E S: you condemn the perjur'd maid
Who all your favorite hopes betray'd :
Nor, though her heart should home return,
Her tuneful tongue it's falsehood mourn,
Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
Or once dissemble your disdain,
Or listen to the fyren's theme,
Or stoop to love: since now esteem
And confidence, and friendship, is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
When summoning your pride you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or cross her walk with slight respect,

G g

(For

(For so is falsehood best repaid)
 Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
 Why is your struggling tongue so slow?
 What means that darkness on your brow?
 As if with all her broken vow
 You meant the fair apostate to upbraid?

O D E V.

A G A I N S T S U S P I C I O N.

I.

O H fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien;
 And, meditating plagues unseen,
 The forcerefs hither bends:
 Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
 Behold——her garment drops with blood
 Of lovers and of friends.

II. Fly

II.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
I see a pale suffusion rise;
 And soon through every vein,
Soon will her secret venom spread,
And all your heart and all your head
 Imbibe the potent stain.

III.

Then many a demon will she raise
To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways;
 While gleams of lost delight
Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
As lightning shines across the main
 Through whirlwinds and through night.

IV.

No more can faith or candor move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
 Which reason would applaud,
Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
Fancy malignant strives to dress
 Like injury and fraud.

V.

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times :
Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
Which thus you stoop to fear :
Guilt follows guilt : and where the train
Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
What horrors form the rear !

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
Suspicion waits the fullen hour
Of fretfulness and strife,
When care the infirmer bosom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the feats of life.

VII.

But come, forfake the scene unblest'd
Which first beheld your faithful breast
To groundless fears a prey :
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
To charm your doubts away.

VIII. Thron'd

VIII.

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,
What power unseen diffuseth far
 This tendernefs of mind?
What genius smiles on yonder flood?
What god, in whispers from the wood,
 Bids every thought be kind?

IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whose wisdom our untoward frame
 With focial love reftrains;
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Giv'ft us to double all our joys
 And half difarm our pains;

X.

Let univerfal candor ftill,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
 Preferve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One fordid doubt within me raife
 To injure human kind.

O D E VI.

H Y M N T O C H E E R F U L N E S S.

How thick the shades of evening close !
How pale the sky with weight of snows !
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire.
——Alas, in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected scene,
While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins ;
While winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning found
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is there in nature no kind power
To sooth affliction's lonely hour ?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please ?
Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care :

O sweet

O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen,
Affwage the flames that burn my breast,
Compose my jarring thoughts to rest;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye
The year's returning pomp to spy.
He saw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the rosy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
Delighted to survey below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,

And

And, known from that auspicious morn,
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by heaven design'd
To sway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine ;
Thou, Goddess, thy attempering hand
Doth each discordant string command,
Refines the soft, and swells the strong ;
And, joining nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of homebred strife,
Nor fullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deforms the scene where thou art by :
No sickening husband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power ;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waste on thankless heirs :
The officious daughters pleas'd attend ;
The brother adds the name of friend :

By

By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With songs from thee their walks resound;
And morn with welcome lustre shines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
Labors with love's unpitied smart?
Though now he stray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waste the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debase the story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolor'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Can'st yield him happier arts to please,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again:
The Muse for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.

H h

Let

Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have sung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd:
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd:
Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the invivifying gale,
While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell.
Alone he treads the autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He sees the nightly damps ascend,
And gathering storms aloft impend;
He hears the neighbouring furies roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole:
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,

He

He asks a clue for nature's ways ;
But evil haunts him through the maze :
He sees ten thousand demons rise
To wield the empire of the skies,
And chance and fate assume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou, whose pleasing power i sing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring ;
Compose the storm, dispell the gloom,
Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale :
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues each hostile form to rest,
And bids the universe be blest'd.

O thou, whose pleasing power i sing,
If right i touch the votive string,
If equal praise i yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame ;
Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And sooth to peace intruding care.

But most exert thy pleasing power
On friendship's consecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike wisdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cause
Traceth the source of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded smile.
But, if by fortune's stubborn sway
From him and friendship torn away,
I court the Muse's healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent placid themes,
As just the struggling breast may cheer
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

O D E VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

NOT for themselves did human kind
Contrive the parts by heaven assign'd
On life's wide scene to play :
Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill
Can conquer glory's arduous hill,
If fortune close the way.

II.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
Though last and least in fortune's roll,
His proper sphere commands ;
And knows what nature's seal bestow'd,
And sees, before the throne of God,
The rank in which he stands.

III. Who

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who rescu'd nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,
My heart with distant homage views;
Content if thou, celestial Muse,
Did'st rule my natal hour.

IV.

Nor far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat
Stands far remote the bard.
Though not with public terrors crown'd,
Yet wider shall his rule be found,
More lasting his award.

V.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave universal sway:
Where are they?—Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

VI. And

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer shall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow ;
When Sidney shall with Cato rest,
And Russel move the patriot's breast
No more than Brutus now ;

VII.

Yet then shall Shakespeare's powerful art
O'er every passion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne :
Tyrants shall bow before his laws ;
And freedom's, glory's, virtue's cause,
Their dread assertor own.

O D E

O D E VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
 The Belgian Muse's sober feat;
 Where dealing frugal gifts around
 To all the favorites at her feet,
 She trains the body's bulky frame
 For passive, persevering toils;
 And left, from any prouder aim,
 The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
 She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
 Where never mountain zephyr blew:
 The marshy levels lank and bare,
 Which Pan, which Ceres never knew:

The

The Naiads, with obscene attire,
 Urging in vain their urns to flow ;
 While round them chaunt the croking choir,
 And haply sooth some lover's prudent woe,
 Or prompt some restive bard and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom sober care of gain
 Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love :
 She render'd all his boasted arrows vain ;
 And all his gifts did he in spite remove.
 Ye too, the flow-ey'd fathers of the land,
 With whom dominion steals from hand to hand,
 Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
 I go where liberty to all is known,
 And tells a monarch on his throne,
 He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
 Shall i sit down, to part no more ?
 Far from this pale, discolor'd sea,
 That sleeps upon the reedy shore,
 When shall i plough thy azure tide ?
 When on thy hills the flocks admire,
 Like mountain snows ; till down their side
 I trace the village and the sacred spire,
 While bowers and copses green the golden slope divide ?

H. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove,
 Ye blue-ey'd sisters of the streams,
 With whom i wont at morn to rove,
 With whom at noon i talk'd in dreams;
 O! take me to your haunts again,
 The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;
 To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
 To prompt my slumbers in the murmuring shade,
 And sooth my vacant ear with many an airy strain.

H. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
 Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand:
 Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
 Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
 Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre!
 O Phæbus, guardian of the Aonian choir,
 Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
 When all the virgin deities above
 With Venus and with Juno move
 In concert round the Olympian father's throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectress of my lays,
 Elate with whose majestic call
 Above degenerate Latium's praise,
 Above the slavish boast of Gaul,

I dare

I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
 And wanton sloth's ignoble charms,
 The honors of a poet's name
 To Somers' counsels, or to Hamden's arms,
 Thee, freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame,

III. 2.

Great citizen of Albion. Thee
 Heroic valour still attends,
 And useful science pleas'd to see
 How art her studious toil extends.
 While truth, diffusing from on high
 A lustre unconfin'd as day,
 Fills and commands the public eye;
 Till, pierc'd and sinking by her powerful ray,
 Tame faith and monkish awe, like nightly demons, fly.

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour shares:
 Hence dread religion dwells with social joy;
 And holy passions and un sullied cares,
 In youth, in age, domestic life employ.
 O fair Britannia, hail!—With partial love
 The tribes of men their native feats approve,
 Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame:
 But when for generous minds and manly laws
 A nation holds her prime applause,
 There public zeal shall all reproof disclaim.

O D E IX.

T O C U R I O.

M D C C X L I V.

I.

TH R I C E hath the spring beheld thy faded fame
 Since i exulting grasp'd the tuneful shell:
 Eager through endless years to found thy name,
 Proud that my memory with thine should dwell.
 How hast thou stain'd the splendor of my choice!
 Those godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
 Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown?
 What can I now of thee to time report,
 Save thy fond country made thy impious sport,
 Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own?

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckless heart
 Who saw thee from thy summit fall thus low,
 Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
 The public vengeance on thy private foe.
 But, spite of every gloss of envious minds,
 The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's lustre blinds,

Who

Who sagely prove that each man hath his price,
 I still believ'd thy aim from blemish free,
 I yet, even yet, believe it, spite of thee
 And all thy painted pleas to greatness and to vice.

III.

“Thou didst not dream of liberty decay'd,
 “Nor wish to make her guardian laws more strong :
 “But the rash many, first by thee misled,
 “Bore thee at length unwillingly along.”
 Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
 For faith deserted or for cities fold,
 Own here one untry'd, unexampled, deed ;
 One mystery of shame from Curio learn,
 To beg the infamy he did not earn,
 And scape in guilt's disguise from virtue's offer'd meed.

IV.

For saw we not that dangerous power avow'd
 Whom freedom oft hath found her mortal bane,
 Whom public wisdom ever strove to exclude,
 And but with blushes suffereth in her train ?
 Corruption vaunted her bewitching spoils,
 O'er court, o'er senate, spread in pomp her toils,
 And called herself the states directing soul :
 Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd
 With eloquence and reason at his side,
 By strength of holier spells the inchantress to controul.

V. Soon

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends :
 The rescu'd merchant oft thy words resounds :
 Thee and thy cause the rural hearth defends :
 His bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns :
 The learn'd recluse, with awful zeal who read
 Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
 Now with like awe doth living merit scan :
 While he, whom virtue in his blest retreat
 Bade social ease and public passions meet,
 Ascends the civil scene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd :
 We saw thy spirit thro' the senate reign ;
 And freedom's friends thy instant omen heard
 Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.
 Wak'd in the strife the public Genius rose
 More keen, more ardent from his long repose :
 Deep through her bounds the city felt his call :
 Each crouded haunt was stirr'd beneath his power,
 And murmuring challeng'd the deciding hour
 Of that too vast event, the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good powers who look on human kind,
 Instruct the mighty moments as they rowl ;
 And watch the fleeting shapes in Curio's mind,
 And steer his passions steady to the goal.

O Alfred,

O Alfred, father of the English name,
O valiant Edward, first in civil fame,
O William, height of public virtue pure,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye
Behold the sum of all your labors nigh,
Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule secure.

VIII.

'Twas then—O shame! O foul from faith estrang'd!
O Albion oft to flattering vows a prey!
'Twas then—Thy thought what sudden frenzy chang'd?
What rushing palsy took thy strength away?
Is this the man in freedom's cause approv'd?
The man so great, so honour'd, so lov'd?
Whom the dead envy'd and the living blest?
This patient slave by tinsel bonds allur'd?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?
Whom those that fear'd him, scorn; that trusted him, detest?

IX.

O lost alike to action and repose!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Sold to the mockery of relentless foes,
And doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame,
To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deserter's dull exploded part,

To

To flight the favor thou canst hope no more,
 Renounce the giddy croud, the vulgar wind,
 Charge thy own lightness on thy country's mind,
 And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign shore.

X.

But England's sons, to purchase thence applause,
 Shall ne'er the loyalty of slaves pretend,
 By courtly passions try the public cause;
 Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
 O race erect! by manliest passions mov'd,
 The labors which to virtue stand approv'd,
 Prompt with a lover's fondness to survey;
 Yet, where injustice works her wilful claim,
 Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
 Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

XI.

These thy heart owns no longer. In their room
 See the grave queen of pageants, Honor, dwell
 Couch'd in thy bosom's deep tempestuous gloom
 Like some grim idol in a forcerer's cell.
 Before her rites thy sickening reason flew,
 Divine persuasion from thy tongue withdrew,
 While laughter mock'd, or pity stole a sigh:
 Can wit her tender movements rightly frame
 Where the prime function of the soul is lame?
 Can fancy's feeble springs the force of truth supply?

XII. But

XII.

But come: 'tis time: strong destiny impends
 To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd:
 With princes fill'd, the solemn fane ascends,
 By Infamy, the mindful demon sway'd.
 There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
 From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waste,
 For ever through the spacious courts resound:
 There long posterity's united groan
 And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
 Affail the giant chiefs, and press them to the ground.

XIII.

In sight old Time, imperious judge, awaits:
 Above revenge, or fear, or pity, just,
 He urgeth onward to those guilty gates
 The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and August.
 And still he asks them of the hidden plan
 Whence every treaty, every war began,
 Evolves their secrets and their guilt proclaims:
 And still his hands despoil them on the road
 Of each vain wreath by lying bards bestow'd,
 And crush their trophies huge, and rase their sculptur'd names.

XIV.

Ye mighty shades, arise, give place, attend:
 Here his eternal mansion Curio seeks:
 —Low doth proud Wentworth to the stranger bend,
 And his dire welcome hardy Clifford speaks:

K k

“ He

"He comes, whom fate with furer arts prepar'd
 "To accomplish all which we but vainly dar'd;
 "Whom o'er the stubborn herd she taught to reign:
 "Who sooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging power
 "Even to it's last irrevocable hour;
 "Then baffled their rude strength, and broke them to the chain."

XV.

But ye, whom yet wise liberty inspires,
 Whom for her champions o'er the world she claims,
 (That household godhead whom of old your fires
 Sought in the woods of Elbe and bore to Thames)
 Drive ye this hostile omen far away;
 Their own fell efforts on her foes repay;
 Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her's alone:
 Still gird your swords to combat on her side;
 Still frame your laws her generous test to abide;
 And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

XVI.

Protect her from yourselves, ere yet the flood
 Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
 Hath spread that selfish fierceness through your blood,
 Which not her lightest discipline indures:
 Snatch from fantastic demagogues her cause:
 Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:
 A wiser founder, and a nobler plan,
 O sons of Alfred, were for you assign'd:
 Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
 And no sublimer lot will fate reserve for man.

O D E X.

T O T H E M U S E.

I.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,
 Ah why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
 Ah why forsaken thus my breast
 With inauspicious damps oppress'd?
 Where is the dread prophetic heat,
 With which my bosom wont to beat?
 Where all the bright mysterious dreams
 Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
 That woo'd my genius to divinest themes?

II.

Say, goddess, can the festal board,
 Or young Olympia's form ador'd;
 Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
 Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?

Or have melodious airs the power
 To give one free, poetic hour?
 Or, from amid the Elysian train,
 The soul of Milton shall i gain,
 To win thee back with some celestial strain?

III.

O powerful strain! o sacred soul!
 His numbers every sense controul:
 And now again my bosom burns;
 The Muse, the Muse herself returns.
 Such on the banks of Tyne, confess'd,
 I hail'd the fair immortal guest,
 When first she seal'd me for her own,
 Made all her blissful treasures known,
 And bade me swear to follow Her alone.

O D E

O D E XI.

ON LOVE, TO A FRIEND.

I.

NO, foolish youth—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footsteps from the croud,
Lean not to love's enchanting snare;
His fongs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of just renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful spoils
The flowery pomp of ease adorn:
But love unbends the force of thought;
By love unmanly fears are taught;
And love's reward with gaudy cloth is bought.

III. Yet

III.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breast,
The pleasing tale of beauty's praise
In wisdom's lofty language dress'd ;
Of beauty powerful to impart
Each finer sense, each comelier art,
And sooth and polish man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then, from love's deceit secure,
Thus far alone thy wishes tend,
Go ; see the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk descend :
Go, while the golden light serene,
The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene
Becomes the presence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each bosom, each desire commands :
Apollo's lute by Hermes strung
And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine ;
That half the color of thy life is mine.

VI. Yet

VI.

Yet conscious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would i turn my steps away ;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reason's watchful sway.
But thou, my friend—i hear thy sighs :
Alas, i read thy downcast eyes ;
And thy tongue falters ; and thy color flies.

VII.

So soon again to meet the fair ?
So penfive all this absent hour ?
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.
In vain with friendship's flattering name
Thy passion veils its inward shame ;
Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame !

VIII.

Once, i remember, new to love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I sought a gentle maid to prove
What peaceful joys in friendship reign :
Whence we forsooth might safely stand,
And pitying view the lovesick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX. Thus

IX.

Thus frequent pass'd the cloudless day,
To smiles and sweet discourse resign'd ;
While i exulted to survey
One generous woman's real mind :
Till friendship soon my languid breast
Each night with unknown cares possess'd,
Dash'd my coy slumbers, or my dreams distress'd.

X.

Fool that i was——And now, even now
While thus i preach the Stoic strain,
Unless i shun Olympia's view,
An hour unfays it all again.
O friend !—when love directs her eyes
To pierce where every passion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise ?

O D E XII.

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BARONET.

I.

BEHOLD; the Balance in the sky
 Swift on the wintry scale inclines :
 To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
 And the bare pastures Pan resigns.
 Late did the farmer's fork o'erspread
 With recent foil the twice-mown mead,
 Tainting the bloom which autumn knows :
 He whets the rusty coulter now,
 He binds his oxen to the plough,
 And wide his future harvest throws.

II.

Now, London's busy confines round,
 By Kensington's imperial towers,
 From Highgate's rough descent profound,
 Essexian heaths, or Kentish bowers,
 Where'er i pass, i see approach
 Some rural statesman's eager coach

Hurried by senatorial cares :
 While rural nymphs (alike, within,
 Aspiring courtly praise to win)
 Debate their drefs, reform their airs.

III.

Say, what can now the country boast,
 O Drake, thy footsteps to detain,
 When peevish winds and gloomy frost
 The sunshine of the temper stain ?
 Say, are the priests of Devon grown
 Friends to this tolerating throne,
 Champions for George's legal right ?
 Have general freedom, equal law,
 Won to the glory of Nassau
 Each bold Wesssexian squire and knight ?

IV.

I doubt it much ; and guess at least
 That when the day, which made us free,
 Shall next return, that sacred feast
 Thou better may'st observe with me.
 With me the sulphurous treason old
 A far inferior part shall hold
 In that glad day's triumphal strain ;
 And generous William be rever'd,
 Nor one untimely accent heard
 Of James or his ignoble reign.

V. Then,

V.

Then, while the Gascon's fragrant wine
 With modest cups our joy supplies,
 We'll truly thank the power divine
 Who bade the chief, the patriot rise;
 Rise from heroic ease (the spoil
 Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,
 From Belgium to her savior son)
 Rise with the same unconquer'd zeal
 For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
 Her laws defac'd, her shrines o'erthrown.

VI.

He came. The tyrant from our shore,
 Like a forbidden demon, fled;
 And to eternal exile bore
 Pontific rage and vassal dread.
 There sunk the mouldering Gothic reign:
 New years came forth, a liberal train,
 Call'd by the people's great decree.
 That day, my friend, let blessings crown:
 —Fill, to the demigod's renown
 From whom thou hast that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore should we part
 The public and the private weal?)
 In vows to her who sways thy heart,
 Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.

Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
 Or the soft ornaments that speak
 So eloquent in Daphne's smile,
 Whether the piercing lights that fly
 From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
 Haply thy fancy then beguile.

VIII.

For so it is. thy stubborn breast,
 Though touch'd by many a flighter wound,
 Hath no full conquest yet confess'd,
 Nor the one fatal charmer found.
 While i, a true and loyal swain,
 My fair Olympia's gentle reign
 Through all the varying seasons own.
 Her genius still my bosom warms;
 No other maid for me hath charms,
 Or i have eyes for her alone.

O D E XIII.

O N L Y R I C P O E T R Y.

I. 1.

ONCE more i join the Thespian choir,
And taste the inspiring fount again :
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful strain—
And lo, with ease my step invades
The pathless vale and opening shades,
Till now i spy her verdant seat ;
And now at large i drink the fount,
While these her offspring, listening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I see Anacreon smile and sing,
His silver tresses breathe perfume ;
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me listen to his lay ;

Let

Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
 While in smooth dance the light-wing'd Hours
 Lead round his lyre it's patron powers,
 Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
 With louder impulse and a threatening hand
 The * Lesbian patriot smites the founding chords:
 Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
 Ye curs'd of gods and freeborn men,
 Ye murderers of the laws,
 Though now ye glory in your lust,
 Though now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,
 Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cause.

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
 Descends the radiant queen of love:
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move:
 Why is my faithful maid distress'd?
 Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?
 Say, flies he?—Soon he shall pursue:
 Shuns he thy gifts—He soon shall give:
 Slights he thy sorrows?—He shall grieve,
 And soon to all thy wishes bow.

* Alcaeus.

II. 2. But,

II. 2.

But, o Melpomene, for whom
 Awakes thy golden shell again?
 What mortal breath shall e'er presume
 To echo that unbounded strain?
 Majestic in the frown of years,
 Behold, the * man of Thebes appears:
 For some there are, whose mighty frame
 The hand of Jove at birth indow'd
 With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
 As eagles drink the noontide flame,

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
 And clamours far below.—Propitious Muse,
 While i so late unlock thy purer springs,
 And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
 Wilt thou for Albion's sons around
 (Ne'er had'st thou audience more renown'd)
 Thy charming arts imploy,
 As when the winds from shore to shore
 Through Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore,
 Till towns and isles and seas return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did pleasure's lawless throng,
 Oft rushing forth in loose attire,
 Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song
 Pollute with impious revels dire.

* Pindar.

O fair,

O fair, o chaste, thy echoing shade
 May no foul discord here invade :
 Nor let thy strings one accent move,
 Except what earth's untroubled ear
 'Mid all her social tribes may hear,
 And heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
 The fairest flowers of Pindus glow ;
 The vine aspires to crown thy feat,
 And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
 Thy strings adapt their varied strain
 To every pleasure, every pain,
 Which mortal tribes were born to prove ;
 And strait our passions rise or fall,
 As at the wind's imperious call
 The ocean swells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight listens o'er the slumbering earth,
 Let me, o Muse, thy solemn whispers hear :
 When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
 With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
 And ever watchful at thy side,
 Let wisdom's awful suffrage guide
 The tenor of thy lay :
 To her of old by Jove was given
 To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven ;
 'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

IV. I. Oft

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd ease resign'd,
 I quit the maze where science toils,
 Do thou refresh my yielding mind
 With all thy gay, delusive spoils.
 But, o indulgent, come not nigh
 The busy steps, the jealous eye
 Of wealthy care or gainful age;
 Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
 And hold as foes to reason's reign
 Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When friendship and when letter'd mirth
 Haply partake my simple board,
 Then let thy blameless hand call forth
 The music of the Teian chord.
 Or if invok'd at softer hours,
 O! seek with me the happy bowers
 That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
 To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
 To love devoid of jealous pain,
 There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
 A hero bleeding for his native land;
 When to throw incense on the vestal flame
 Of liberty my genius gives command,

M m

Nor

Nor Theban voice nor Lesbian lyre
 From thee, o Muse, do i require ;
 While my presaging mind,
 Conscious of powers she never knew,
 Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
 Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd.

O D E XIV.

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND :

FROM THE COUNTRY.

I.

SAY, Townshend, what can London boast
 To pay thee for the pleasures lost,
 The health to-day resign'd,
 When spring from this her favorite seat
 Bade winter hasten his retreat,
 And met the western wind.

II. Oh

II.

Oh knew'st thou how the balmy air,
The fun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame,
No more would noisy courts engage;
In vain would lying faction's rage
Thy sacred leisure claim.

III.

Oft i look'd forth, and oft admir'd;
Till with the studious volume tir'd
I fought the open day;
And, sure, i cry'd, the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy lay.

IV.

But ah in vain my restless feet
Trac'd every silent shady feat
Which knew their forms of old:
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their rites unfold:

V.

Whether to nurse some infant oak
They turn the slowly-tinkling brook
And catch the pearly showers,
Or brush the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noontide beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

VI.

Such rites, which they with spring renew,
The eyes of care can never view;
And care hath long been mine:
And hence offended with their guest,
Since grief of love my soul oppress'd,
They hide their toils divine.

VII.

But soon shall thy invivifying tongue
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inspire:
Then will the sylvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train,
And listen to my lyre.

VIII. Beneath

VIII.

Beneath yon Dryad's lonely shade
A rustic altar shall be paid,
Of turf with laurel fram'd :
And thou the inscription wilt approve ;
" This for the peace which, lost by love,
" By friendship was reclaim'd."

O D E XV.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd the queen of heaven
With young Endymion stays :
And now to Hesper is it given
Awhile to rule the vacant sky,
Till she shall to her lamp supply
A stream of brighter rays.

II. O Hesper,

II.

O Hesper, while the starry throng
With awe thy path furrounds,
Oh listen to my suppliant song,
If haply now the vocal sphere
Can suffer thy delighted ear
To stoop to mortal sounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial strain
Thee still invoke to shine :
So may the bride's unmarried train
To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With lustre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows must i prefer
To thy indulgent power.
Alas, but now i paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb :
And lo, from thence, in quest i roam
Of Philomela's bower.

V. Propitious

V.

Propitious send thy golden ray,
Thou purest light above :
Let no false flame seduce to stray
Where gulph or steep lie hid for harm :
But lead where music's healing charm
May sooth afflicted love.

VI.

To them, by many a grateful song
In happier seasons vow'd,
These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong :
Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,
Beneath yon copses stood.

VII.

Nor feldom, where the beachen boughs
That roofless tower invade,
We came while her enchanting Muse
The radiant moon above us held :
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the solemn shade.

VIII. But

VIII.

But hark ; i hear her liquid tone.

Now, Hesper, guide my feet
Down the red marle with moss o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green space : on either hand

Inlarg'd it spreads around :
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead.
Inclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark, how through many a melting note

She now prolongs her lays :
How sweetly down the void they float !
The breeze their magic path attends :
The stars shine out : the forest bends :
The wakeful heifers gaze.

XI. Whoe'er

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this sequester'd spot,
If then the plaintive Syren sing,
Oh softly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's disposing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal stage,
What mournful scenes arise :
What ruin waits on kingly rage :
How often virtue dwells with woe :
How many griefs from knowledge flow :
How swiftly pleasure flies.

XIII.

O sacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counsel oft receive,
Bear witness to thy penfive airs,
And pity nature's common cares
Till i forget my own.

O D E XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M.D.

I.

WITH fordid floods the wintry * Urn
 Hath stain'd fair Richmond's level green :
 Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
 No longer a poetic scene.
 No longer there thy raptur'd eye
 The beauteous forms of earth or sky
 Surveys as in their Author's mind :
 And London shelters from the year
 Those whom thy social hours to share
 The Attic Muse design'd.

II.

From Hampstead's airy summit me
 Her guest the city shall behold,
 What day the people's stern decree
 To unbelieving kings is told,
 When common men (the dread of fame)
 Adjudg'd as one of evil name,

* Aquarius.

Before the sun, the anointed head.
 Then seek thou too the pious town,
 With no unworthy cares to crown
 That evening's awful shade.

III.

Deem not i call thee to deplore
 The sacred martyr of the day,
 By fast and penitential lore
 To purge our ancient guilt away.
 For this, on humble faith i rest
 That still our advocate, the priest,
 From heavenly wrath will save the land;
 Nor ask what rites our pardon gain,
 Nor how his potent sounds restrain
 The thunderer's lifted hand.

IV.

No, Hardinge: peace to church and state!
 That evening, let the Muse give law:
 While i anew the theme relate
 Which my first youth inamor'd saw.
 Then will i oft explore thy thought,
 What to reject which Locke hath taught,
 What to pursue in Virgil's lay:
 Till hope ascends to loftiest things,
 Nor envies demagogues or kings
 Their frail and vulgar sway.

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame,
 Lead thou where'er my labor lies,
 And English fancy's eager flame
 To Grecian purity chastize :
 While hand in hand, at wisdom's shrine,
 Beauty with truth i strive to join,
 And grave assent with glad applause ;
 To paint the story of the soul,
 And Plato's visions to controule
 By * Verulamian laws:

* Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, author of the *Novum Organum*.

O D E XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

M D C C X L V I I.

I.

COME then, tell me, sage divine,
 Is it an offence to own
 That our bosoms e'er incline
 Toward immortal glory's throne ?

For

For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

II.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the pass-port to thy heaven;
Follow thou those gloomy ways;
No such law to me was given,
Nor, i trust, shall i deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

O D E

O D E XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

M D C C X L V I I.

I. 1.

THE wise and great of every clime,
Through all the spacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muse her power display'd,
With joy have listen'd and obey'd.
For taught of heaven, the sacred Nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal sense impart:
They best the soul with glory fire;
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire;
And high o'er Fortune's rage inthroned the fixed heart.

I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm
The vengeful bosom to disarm;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.

Can

Can wealth a power like this afford?

Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,

An equal empire claim?

No, Hastings. Thou my words wilt own:

Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known;

Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,

And the blest function of the poet's tongue,

Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour; to assert

From all that scorned vice or slavish fear hath fung.

Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings

Warbling at will in pleasure's myrtle bower;

Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings

By flattering minstrels paid in evil hour,

Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign.

A different strain,

And other themes

From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams

(Thou well can'st witness) meet the purged ear:

Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell

Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear;

To hear the sweet instructress tell

(While men and heroes throng'd around)

How life its noblest use may find;

How well for freedom be resign'd;

And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd.

II. 1. Such

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's strain
 To many a kind domestic train,
 Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
 Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's soul:
 When, every hospitable rite
 With equal bounty to requite,
 He struck his magic strings;
 And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
 And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
 And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,
 Where yet he tunes his charming shell,
 Oft near him, with applauding hands,
 The genius of his country stands.
 To listening gods he makes him known,
 That man divine, by whom were sown
 The seeds of Grecian fame:
 Who first the race with freedom fir'd;
 From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd;
 From whom Plataean palms and Cyprian trophies came.

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age!
 When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought;
 When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
 Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection bought.

O Pindar,

O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me :
 Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine ;
 Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee ;
 Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
 Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan throng :

But that thy song
 Was proud to unfold
 What thy base rulers trembled to behold ;
 Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
 The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame :
 Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.

But thou, o faithful to thy fame,
 The Muse's law did'st rightly know ;
 That who would animate his lays,
 And other minds to virtue raise,
 Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
 Whose verse adorn'd a * tyrant's crimes ?
 Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,
 And lent the imperial ruffian aid ?
 Alas ! not one polluted bard,
 No, not the strains that Mincius heard,

Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
 Dare to the Muse's ear aspire ;

Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
 With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task they hide.

* Octavianus Cæsar.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
 Amid the domes of modern hands :
 Amid the toys of idle state,
 How simply, how severely great !
 Then turn, and, while each western clime
 Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
 So mark thou Milton's name ;
 And add, " Thus differs from the throng
 " The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,
 " Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
 His memory with unholy rage pursues ;
 While from these arduous cares of public weal
 She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his Muse.
 O fool ! to think the man, whose ample mind
 Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey ;
 Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
 The world's most perfect image to display,
 Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
 Unmov'd or cold !
 O fool ! to deem
 That he, whose thought must visit every theme,

Whose

Whose heart must every strong emotion know
 Inspir'd by nature, or by fortune taught;
 That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,
 With false ignoble science fraught,
 Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band;
 That he their dear defence will shun,
 Or hide their glories from the sun,
 Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
 Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
 From public themes the Muse's quire
 Content with polish'd ease retire.
 Where priests the studious head command,
 Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
 To vile ambition's aim,
 Say, what can public themes afford,
 Save venal honors to an hateful lord,
 Reserv'd for angry heaven and scorn'd of honest fame?

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
 To all her valiant sons is known;
 Where all are conscious of her cares,
 And each the power, that rules him, shares;

Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue
 Leaves public arguments un Sung,
 Bid public praise farewell :
 Let him to fitter climes remove,
 Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
 And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O Hastings, not to all
 Can ruling heaven the same endowments lend :
 Yet still doth nature to her offspring call,
 That to one general weal their different powers they bend,
 Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine
 Inform the bosom of the Muse's son ;
 Though with new honors the patrician's line
 Advance from age to age ; yet thus alone
 They win the suffrage of impartial fame.

The poet's name
 He best shall prove,
 Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.
 But thee, o progeny of heroes old,
 Thee to severer toils thy fate requires :
 The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
 The grateful country of thy fires,
 Thee to sublimer paths demand ;
 Sublimer than thy fires could trace,
 Or thy own Edward teach his race,
 Though Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms,
 They led the rustic youth to arms ;
 And kings their stern atchievements fear'd ;
 While private strife their banners rear'd.
 But loftier scenes to thee are shown,
 Where empire's wide-establiſh'd throne
 No private maſter fills :
 Where, long foretold, the People reigns :
 Where each a vaſſal's humble heart diſdains ;
 And judgeth what he ſees ; and, as he judgeth, wills..

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
 The ſwelling democratic tide ;
 To watch the ſtate's uncertain frame,
 And baffle faction's partial aim :
 But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
 To quell that ſervile band, who kneel
 To freedom's baniſh'd foes ;
 That monſter, which is daily found
 Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound ;
 Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counſel knows..

V. 3. 'Tis

V. 3.

'Tis highest heaven's command,
 That guilty aims should fordid paths pursue;
 That what ensnares the heart should maim the hand,
 And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.
 But look on freedom. see, through every age,
 What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd!
 What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,
 Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd!
 For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains
 Of happy swains,
 Which now resound
 Where Scarfdale's cliffs the swelling pastures bound,
 Bear witness. there, oft let the farmer hail
 The sacred orchard which imbowers his gate,
 And shew to strangers passing down the vale,
 Where Candish, Booth, and Osborne fate;
 When bursting from their country's chain,
 Even in the midst of deadly harms,
 Of papal snares and lawless arms,
 They plann'd for freedom this her noblest reign.

VI. 2.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
 Which Nassau gave us all to share,
 Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,
 Could fear have silenc'd freedom's claim.

But

But fear in vain attempts to bind
 Those lofty efforts of the mind
 Which social good inspires ;
 Where men, for this, assault a throne,
 Each adds the common welfare to his own ;
 And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
 Our fields in civil blood imbru'd ?
 When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,
 And half the astonish'd isle was lost ?
 Did one of all that vaunting train,
 Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
 Durst one in arms appear ?
 Durst one in counsels pledge his life ?
 Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife ?
 Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to cheer ?

VI. 3.

Yet, Hastings, these are they
 Who challenge to themselves thy country's love ;
 The true ; the constant : who alone can weigh,
 What glory should demand, or liberty approve !
 But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,
 The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
 Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,
 Lewd brawls and lurking slander, were design'd.

Be

Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise
Oft nobly fways
Ingenuous youth:
But, fought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that sublime award.
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the historian and the bard
Dispose of honor and of scorn;
Discern the patriot from the slave;
And write the good, the wise, the brave,
For lessons to the multitude unborn.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

ODES,

ODES, BOOK THE SECOND.

O D E I.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE:

Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre Royal, while the
French Comedians were acting by Subscription.

M D C C X L I X.

I F, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakespeare's tongue you deign to understand,
Lo, from the blissful bowers where heaven rewards
Instructive sages and unblemish'd bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the stage,
Intent to learn, in this discerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have imbrac'd,
And whither tends your elegance of taste,
That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,
That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn,

P p

That

That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.

What, though the footsteps of my devious Muse
The measur'd walks of Grecian art refuse?
Or though the frankness of my hardy style
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I survey'd and fearless drew.
And say, ye skillful in the human heart,
Who know to prize a poet's noblest part,
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
I saw this England break the shameful bands
Forg'd for the souls of men by sacred hands:
I saw each groaning realm her aid implore;
Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore;
Her naval standard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.
Then too great commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd:
New hopes, new passions, thence the bosom fir'd;
New plans, new arts, the genius thence inspir'd;
Thence every scene, which private fortune knows,
In stronger life, with bolder spirit, rose.

Disgrac'd

Disgrac'd i this full prospect which i drew?
My colours languid, or my strokes untrue?
Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,
Confess'd the living draught of men and things?
What other bard in any clime appears
Alike the master of your smiles and tears?
Yet have i deign'd your audience to intice
With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?
Or have my various scenes a purpose known
Which freedom, virtue, glory, might not own?

Such from the first was my dramatic plan;
It should be your's to crown what i began:
And now that England spurns her Gothic chain,
And equal laws and social science reign,
I thought, Now surely shall my zealous eyes
View nobler bards and juster critics rise,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine,
Our stately Muse more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive speech,
Till rival nations listen at her feet,
And own her polish'd as they own'd her great.

But do you thus my favorite hopes fullfil?
Is France at last the standard of your skill?

Alas for you ! that so betray a mind
Of art unconscious and to beauty blind.
Say ; does her language your ambition raise,
Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phrase,
Which fetters eloquence to scantiest bounds,
And maims the cadence of poetic sounds ?
Say ; does your humble admiration chuse
The gentle prattle of her Comic Muse,
While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
Charg'd to say nought but what the king may hear ?
Or rather melt your sympathizing hearts
Won by her tragic scene's romantic arts,
Where old and young declaim on soft desire,
And heroes never, but for love, expire ?

No. Though the charms of novelty, awhile,
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtless smile,
Yet not for you design'd indulgent fate
The modes or manners of the Bourbon state.
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an augury my hope misleads,
If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
To their light courtship would an audience deign,
Or those chaste matrons a Parisian wife
Chuse for the model of domestic life ;

Or

Or if one youth of all that generous band,
The strength and splendor of their native land,
Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim,
With lying smiles oppression's pomp to see,
And judge of glory by a king's decree.

O blest at home with justly-envied laws,
O long the chiefs of Europe's general cause,
Whom heaven hath chosen at each dangerous hour
To check the inroads of barbaric power,
The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the social world from bonds and shame;
Oh let not luxury's fantastic charms
Thus give the lye to your heroic arms:
Nor for the ornaments of life imbrace
Dishonest lessons from that vaunting race,
Whom fate's dread laws (for, in eternal fate
Despotic rule was heir to freedom's hate)
Whom in each warlike, each commercial part,
In civil counsel, and in pleasing art,
The judge of earth predestin'd for your foes,
And made it fame and virtue to oppose.

O D E

O D E II.

T O S L E E P.

I.

THOU silent power, whose welcome sway
 Charms every anxious thought away ;
 In whose divine oblivion drown'd,
 Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
 Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
 And grief forgets her fondly-cherish'd wound ;
 Oh whither hast thou flown, indulgent god ?
 God of kind shadows and of healing dew,
 Whom dost thou touch with thy Lethæan rod ?
 Around whose temples now thy opiate airs diffuse ?

II.

Lo, midnight from her starry reign
 Looks awful down on earth and main.
 The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
 With all that crop the verdant food,
 With all that skim the crystal flood,
 Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.
 No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers ;
 No wakeful sound the moon-light valley knows,
 Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
 And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose.

III. Oh

III.

Oh let not me alone complain,
Alone invoke thy power in vain !
Descend, propitious, on my eyes ;
Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the courtly statesman's down,
Nor where the miser and his treasure lies :
Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's rest,
Nor those the hireling foldier loves to see,
Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast :
Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me !

IV.

Nor yet those awful forms present,
For chiefs and heroes only meant :
The figur'd brass, the choral song,
The rescued people's glad applause,
The listening senate, and the laws
Fix'd by the counsels of * Timoleon's tongue,
Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways ;
And though they shine in youth's ingenuous view,
The sober gainful arts of modern days
To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it. PLUTARCH.

V.

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care
To banish Love's presentments fair :
Nor rosy cheek nor radiant eye
Can arm him with such strong command
That the young forcerer's fatal hand
Should round my soul his pleasing fetters tie.
Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile
(A lighter phantom, and a baser chain)
Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according strain.

VI.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honorable visions bring,
As sooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he saw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page :
Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treasures, by his art explor'd,
Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling fire his age's hope restor'd.

O D E III.

T O T H E C U C K O W .

I.

O rustic herald of the spring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Fast by the brook i hear thee sing ;
And, studious of thy homely tale,
Amid the vespers of the grove,
Amid the chaunting choir of love,
Thy sage responses hail.

II.

The time has been when i have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade ;
And while thy solemn accent drown'd
Some sweeter poet of the shade,
Thus, thought i, thus the sons of care
Some constant youth or generous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

Q q

III. I said,

III.

I said, "While Philomela's song
 "Proclaims the passion of the grove,
 "It ill beseems a cuckow's tongue
 "Her charming language to reprove"—
 Alas, how much a lover's ear
 Hates all the sober truth to hear,
 The sober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other blest'd,
 When nought but lofty faith can rule
 The nymph's and swain's consenting breast,
 How cuckow-like in Cupid's school,
 With store of grave prudential saws
 On fortune's power and custom's laws,
 Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
 Whom love and hope and fancy sway,
 Who every harsher care disdain,
 Who by the morning judge the day,
 Think that, in April's fairest hours,
 To warbling shades and painted flowers
 The cuckow joins his lay.

O D E IV.

T O

THE HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND
IN THE COUNTRY.

M D C C L.

I. 1.

How oft shall i survey
 This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood shade,
 The vale with sheaves o'erspread,
 The glassy brook, the flocks which round thee stray?
 When will thy cheerful mind
 Of these have utter'd all her dear esteem?
 Or, tell me, dost thou deem
 No more to join in glory's toilsome race,
 But here content imbrace
 That happy leisure which thou had'st resign'd?

I. 2.

Alas, ye happy hours,
 When books and youthful sport the soul could share,
 Ere one ambitious care
 Of civil life had aw'd her simpler powers;
 Oft as your winged train
 Revisit here my friend in white array,
 Oh fail not to display

Q q 2

Each

Each fairer scene where i perchance had part,
 That so his generous heart
 The abode of even friendship may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loss to come,
 I saw from contemplation's quiet cell
 His feet ascending to another home
 Where public praise and envied greatness dwell.
 But shall we therefore, o my lyre
 Reprove ambition's best desire?
 Extinguish glory's flame?
 Far other was the task injoin'd
 When to my hand thy strings were first assign'd:
 Far other faith belongs to friendship's honor'd name.

II. 1.

Thee, Townshend, not the arms
 Of slumbering ease, nor pleasure's rosy chain,
 Were destin'd to detain:
 No, nor bright science, nor the Muse's charms.
 For them high heaven prepares
 Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
 And ne'er would Spenser's hand
 Have deign'd to strike the warbling Tuscan shell,
 Nor Harrington to tell
 What habit an immortal city wears,

II. 2. Had

II. 2.

Had this been born to shield
The cause which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd,
Or that, like Vere, display'd
His redcross banner o'er the Belgian field.

Yet where the will divine
Hath shut those loftiest paths, it next remains,
With reason clad in strains
Of harmony, selected minds to inspire,
And virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never shall the herd, whom envy sways,
So quell my purpose or my tongue controul,
That I should fear illustrious worth to praise,
Because it's master's friendship mov'd my soul.

Yet, if this undissembling strain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleasing sound,
Remember thou that righteous fame
From hoary age a strict account will claim
Of each auspicious palm with which thy youth was crown'd.

III. 1. Nor

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way
Where heaven expects thee, nor the traveller leads,
Through flowers or fragrant meads,
Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.
The impartial laws of fate
To nobler virtues wed severer cares.
Is there a man who shares
The summit next where heavenly natures dwell?
Ask him (for he can tell)
What storms beat round that rough laborious height.

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
Did generous England freedom's throne ordain;
From Alfred's parent reign
To Nassau, great deliverer, wise and bold;
I know your perils hard,
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintry seas,
The night estrang'd from ease,
The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
The indignant heart disdaining the reward

III. 3. Which

III. 3.

Which envy hardly grants. But, o renown,
O praise from judging heaven and virtuous men,
If thus they purchas'd thy divinest crown,
Say, who shall hesitate? or who complain?
And now they sit on thrones above:
And when among the gods they move
Before the sovran mind,
“Lo, these,” he saith, “lo, these are they
“Who to the laws of mine eternal sway
“From violence and fear asserted human kind.”

IV. 1.

Thus honor'd while the train
Of legislators in his presence dwell;
If i may aught foretell,
The statesman shall the second palm obtain.
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiscerning praise,
More glittering trophies raise:
But wisest heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favor and to love?
What, save wide blessings, or averted harms?

IV. 2. Nor

IV. 2.

Nor to the imbattled field
 Shall these achievements of the peaceful gown
 The green immortal crown
 Of valor, or the songs of conquest, yield.
 Not Fairfax wildly bold,
 While bare of crest he hew'd his fatal way,
 Through Naseby's firm array,
 To heavier dangers did his breast oppose
 Than Pym's free virtue chose,
 When the proud force of Strafford he controul'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth?
 What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind
 When (blighted all the promise of his youth)
 The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?
 Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
 Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled swain
 Let menac'd London tell
 How impious guile made wisdom base;
 How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place;
 And how unblest'd he liv'd and how dishonor'd fell.

V. 1. Thence

V. 1.

Thence never hath the Muse
 Around his tomb Pierian roses flung:
 Nor shall one poet's tongue
 His name for music's pleasing labor chuse.
 And sure, when nature kind
 Hath deck'd some favor'd breast above the throng,
 That man with grievous wrong
 Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
 To guilt's ignoble ends
 The functions of his ill-submitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wife
 Nothing can seem but virtue; nor earth yield
 Their fame an equal field,
 Save where impartial freedom gives the prize.
 There Somers fix'd his name,
 Inroll'd the next to William. there shall Time
 To every wondering clime
 Point out that Somers, who from faction's croud,
 The slanderous and the loud,
 Could fair assent and modest reverence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or social arts acquire,
 Nor this majestic weal of Albion's land
 Did aught accomplish, or to aught aspire,
 Without his guidance, his superior hand.
 And rightly shall the Muse's care
 Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
 Whose mind's inamor'd aim
 Could forms of civil beauty draw
 Sublime as ever sage or poet saw,
 Yet still to life's rude scene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near!
 The Muse was never foreign to his breast:
 On power's grave seat confests'd,
 Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.
 And if the blessed know
 Their ancient cares, even now the unfading groves,
 Where haply Milton roves
 With Spenser, hear the enchanted echos round
 Through farthest heaven resound
 Wise Somers, guardian of their fame below.

VI. 3. He

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the Muses powerful art
Exalt the ingenuous heart,
And brighten every form of just and true.
They lend a nobler sway
To civil wisdom, than corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure :
They too from envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to fight
Cloath'd in the fairest colors of the day.

VI. 3.

O Townshend, thus may Time, the judge severe,
Instruct my happy tongue of thee to tell :
And when i speak of one to freedom dear
For planning wisely and for acting well,
Of one whom glory loves to own,
Who still by liberal means alone
Hath liberal ends pursu'd ;
Then, for the guerdon of my lay,
“ This man with faithful friendship,” will i say,
“ From youth to honor'd age my arts and me hath view'd.”

O D E V.

O N L O V E O F P R A I S E.

I.

O F all the springs within the mind
Which prompt her steps in fortune's maze,
From none more pleasing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praise.

II.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears;
Nor any passion, virtue's friend,
So like to virtue's self appears.

III.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can fling,
Who courts the echo that succeeds?

IV. But

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praise, depends ;
To which, of course, it's real price
The judgment of the praiser lends.

V.

If praise then with religious awe
From the sole perfect judge be sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

VI.

With which in character the fame
Tho' in an humbler sphere it lies,
I count that soul of human fame,
The suffrage of the good and wise.

O D E

O D E VI.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQUIRE:

WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
While, fluent as the sky-lark sings
When first the morn allures it's wings,
The epicure his theme pursues:
And tell me if, among the choir
Whose music charms the banks of Seine,
So full, so free, so rich a strain
E'er dictated the warbling Muse.

II.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear
Admires the well-diffembled art
That can such harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;

While

While wit from affectation clear,
Bright images, and passions true,
Recall to thy assenting view
The envied bards of nobler times ;

III.

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong ?
This priest of pleasure, who aspires
To lead us to her sacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her shrine ?
Say (her sweet influence to thy song
So may the goddess still afford)
Doth she consent to be ador'd
With shameless love and frantic wine ?

IV.

Nor Cato, nor Chrysippus here
Need we in high indignant phrase
From their Elysian quiet raise ;
But pleasure's oracle alone
Consult ; attentive, not severe.
O pleasure, we blaspheme not thee ;
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

V. We

V.

We own had fate to man assign'd
Nor sense, nor wish but what obey
Or Venus soft or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Most aptly govern human kind:
Unless perchance what he hath sung
Of tortur'd joints and nerves unstrung,
Some wrangling heretic should plead.

VI.

But now with all these proud desires
For dauntless truth and honest fame;
With that strong master of our frame,
The inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas, ye fires
Of love; alas, ye rosy smiles,
Ye nectar'd cups from happier soils,
—Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

O D E VII.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND
BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.
M D C C L I V.

I. 1.

FOR toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
In every nation Time displays
The palm of honourable praise.
Envy may rail ; and faction fierce
May strive : but what, alas, can those
(Though bold, yet blind and fordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppose,
To faithful story and persuasive verse ?

I. 2.

O nurse of freedom, Albion, say,
Thou tamer of despotic sway,
What man, among thy sons around,
Thus heir to glory hast thou found ?
What page, in all thy annals bright,
Hast thou with purer joy survey'd

S s

Than

Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shines through imposture's solemn shade,
Through kingly and through sacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher blest'd,
Who sent religion, from the palmy field
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the west,
And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth conceal'd,
To Hoadly thus his mandate he address'd :
" Go thou, and rescue my dishonor'd law
" From hands rapacious and from tongues impure :
" Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
" Fell persecution's mortal snares to aid :
" Let not my words be impious chains to draw
" The freeborn soul in more than brutal awe,
" To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by heaven with this command.
The world soon felt it : and, on high,
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the blest unfold
The rising hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame ;
And Somers, when from earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair sequel told.

II. 2. Then

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
 (Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
 And listening ask'd, and wondering knew,
 What private force could thus subdue
 The vulgar and the great combin'd;
 Could war with sacred folly wage;
 Could a whole nation disengage
 From the dread bonds of many an age,
 And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's sword,
 Nor the strong powers to civil founders known,
 Were his: but truth by faithful search explor'd,
 And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.
 Wherever it took root, the soul (restor'd
 To freedom) freedom too for others fought.
 Not monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine,
 Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel shrine
 Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage;
 Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
 Nor synods by the papal Genius taught,
 Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where shall recompence be found?
 Or how such arduous merit crown'd?
 For look on life's laborious scene:
 What rugged spaces lie between
 Adventurous virtue's early toils
 And her triumphal throne! The shade
 Of death, mean time, does oft invade
 Her progress; nor, to us display'd,
 Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power:
 —O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
 On earth arrive, with thankful awe
 We own just heaven's indulgent law,
 And proudly thy success behold;
 We attend thy reverend length of days
 With benediction and with praise,
 And hail Thee in our public ways
 Like some great spirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
 Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd
 Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
 Who rescu'd or preserv'd the rights of human kind,
 O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue

Thee

Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name :
O ! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
May impious gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile ;
Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
Which Thou hast kept intire from force and factious guile.

O D E VIII.

I.

I F rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
That beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to please,
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excell ?

II.

Behold that bright unfullied smile,
And wisdom speaking in her mien :
Yet (she so artless all the while,
So little studious to be seen)

We

We nought but instant gladness know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither music, nor the powers
Of youth and mirth and frolick cheer,
Add half that sunshine to the hours,
Or make life's prospect half so clear,
As memory brings it to the eye
From scenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a satirist could there
Or fault or indiscretion find;
Nor any prouder sage declare
One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
Whose form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanor shows.

V.

This sure is beauty's happiest part:
This gives the most unbounded sway:
This shall inchant the subject heart
When rose and lily fade away;
And she be still, in spite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

O D E IX.

A T S T U D Y.

I.

W H I T H E R did my fancy stray ?

By what magic drawn away

Have I left my studious theme ?

From this philosophic page,

From the problems of the sage,

Wandering thro' a pleasing dream ?

II.

'Tis in vain alas ! i find,

Much in vain, my zealous mind

Would to learned wisdom's throne

Dedicate each thoughtful hour :

Nature bids a softer power

Claim some minutes for his own.

Let

III.

Let the busy or the wise
View him with contemptuous eyes ;
Love is native to the heart :
Guide its wishes as you will ;
Without Love you'll find it still
Void in one essential part.

IV.

Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care ;
Though the pride of my desire
Asks immortal friendship's name,
Asks the palm of honest fame,
And the old heroic lyre ;

IV.

Though the day have smoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leisure known,
Or in social duty spent ;
Yet at eve my lonely breast
Seeks in vain for perfect rest ;
Languishes for true content.

O D E X.

T O
 THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQUIRE:
 ON THE LATE EDITION OF
 MR. POPE'S WORKS.
 M D C C L I.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to restrain
 The licence of a railer's tongue
 Is what but seldom men obtain
 By sense or wit, by prose or song:
 A task for more Herculean powers,
 Nor suited to the sacred hours
 Of leisure in the Muse's bowers.

II.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
 The Muse, the blameless queen, resides:
 Fair fame attends, and wisdom calm
 Her eloquence harmonious guides:
 While, shut for ever from her gate,
 Oft trying, still repining, wait
 Fierce envy and calumnious hate.

T t

III. Who

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds
 Would step one moment forth to heed
 What impotent and savage sounds
 From their unhappy mouths proceed?
 No : rather Spenser's lyre again
 Prepare, and let thy pious strain
 For Pope's dishonor'd shade complain.

IV.

Tell how displeas'd was every bard,
 When lately in the Elyfian grove
 They of his Muse's guardian heard,
 His delegate to fame above ;
 And what with one accord they said
 Of wit in drooping age mislaid,
 And Warburton's officious aid :

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the sordid fate
 To that melodious lyre assign'd
 Beneath a tutor who so late
 With Midas and his rout combin'd
 By spiteful clamor to confound
 That very lyre's enchanting sound,
 Though listening realms admir'd around :

VI. How

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's satiric line
Did farther fuel scarce require
From such a militant divine :
How Milton scorn'd the sophist vain
Who durst approach his hallow'd strain
With unwash'd hands and lips profane,

VII.

Then Shakespear debonnair and mild
Brought that strange comment forth to view ;
Conceits more deep, he said and smil'd,
Than his own fools or madmen knew :
But thank'd a generous friend above,
Who did with free adventurous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove.

VIII.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
The same kind office thou would'st pay,
Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
That future bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy auspicious name,
From each absurd intruder's claim
To keep inviolate their fame.

O D E XI.

TO THE
COUNTRY GENTLEMEN
OF ENGLAND.

MDCCLVIII.

I.

W H I T H E R is Europe's ancient spirit fled?
Where are those valiant tenants of her shore,
Who from the warrior bow the strong dart sped,
Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore?
Freeman and soldier was their common name.
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe:
Who taught the steer the wintry plough to indure,
Now in full councils check'd incroaching power,
And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know.

II. But

II.

But who are ye? from Ebro's loitering sons
To Tiber's pageants, to the sports of Seine;
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye lost, ye self-deserted? whose proud lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and given your swords
To slavish ruffians, hir'd for their command:
These, at some greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod:
These are the public will, the reason of the land.

III.

Thou, heedless Albion, what, alas, the while
Dost thou presume? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how dost thou beguile,
With dreams of hope, these near and loud alarms?
Thy splendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
The praise and envy of the nations round,
What care hast thou to guard from fortune's sway?
Amid the storms of war, how soon may all
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day!

IV. No:

IV.

No : thou art rich, thy streams and fertile vales
Add industry's wise gifts to nature's store :
And every port is crouded with thy sails,
And every wave throws treasure on thy shore.
What boots it ? If luxurious plenty charm
Thy selfish heart from glory, if thy arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
Those gifts, that treasure is no longer thine.
Oh rather far be poor. Thy gold will shine
Tempting the eye of force, and deck thee to thy bane.

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee ?
Girt by the azure tide and thron'd sublime
Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canst see,
With scorn, the fury of each hostile clime
Dash'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields, athwart thy guardian prow
No bold invader's foot shall tempt the strand—
Yet say, my country, will the waves and wind
Obey thee ? Hast thou all thy hopes resign'd
To the sky's fickle faith ? the pilot's wavering hand ?

VI. For

VI.

For oh may neither fear nor stronger love
(Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee, last of many wretched nations, move,
With mighty armies station'd round the throne
To trust thy safety. Then, farewell the claims
Of freedom ! Her proud records to the flames
Then bear, an offering at ambition's shrine ;
Whate'er thy ancient patriots dar'd demand
From furious John's, or faithless Charles's hand,
Or what great William feal'd for his adopted line.

VII.

But if thy sons be worthy of their name,
If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
Let them from conquest, and from servile shame
In war's glad school their own protectors rise.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains,
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful swains,
Now not unequal to your birth be found :
The public voice bids arm your rural state,
Paternal hamlets for your ensigns wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth around.

VIII. Why

VIII.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native post?
Who most their country's fame and fortune share,
'Tis theirs to share her toils, her perils most.
Each man his task in social life sustains.
With partial labours, with domestic gains
Let others dwell: to you indulgent heaven
By counsel and by arms the public cause
To serve for public love and love's applause,
The first employment far, the noblest hire, hath given.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame?
Of Attic chiefs in freedom's war divine?
Of Rome's dread generals? the Valerian name?
The Fabian sons? the Scipios, matchless line?
Your lot was theirs. the farmer and the swain
Met his lov'd patron's summons from the plain;
The legions gather'd; the bright eagles flew:
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd;
The conquerors to their household gods return'd,
And fed Calabrian flocks, and steer'd the Sabine plough.

X. Shall

X.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be lost among mankind?
Shall war's heroic arts no more engage
The unbought hand, the unsubjected mind?
Doth valour to the race no more belong?
No more with scorn of violence and wrong
Doth forming nature now her sons inspire,
That, like some mystery to few reveal'd,
The skill of arms abash'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeless hearts retire?

XI.

O shame to human life, to human laws!
The loose adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell sword without affection draws,
Whose God, whose country, is a tyrant's pay,
This man the lessons of the field can learn;
Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
And every pledge of conquest: while in vain,
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are social arms held out to your free hands:
Too arduous is the lore; too irksome were the pain.

XII.

Meantime by pleasure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright fun and living breeze ye stray;
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's decay.
O blind of choice and to yourselves untrue!
The young grove shoots, their bloom the fields renew,
The mansion asks its lord, the swains their friend;
While he doth riot's orgies haply share,
Or tempt the gamester's dark, destroying snare,
Or at some courtly shrine with slavish incense bend.

XIII.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawless tumult prompts the rustic throng;
That the rude village-inmates now disdain
Those homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas, your fathers did by other arts
Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,
And led in other paths their ductile will;
By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace and heaven's due rites fulfill.

XIV. But

XIV.

But mark the judgement of experienc'd Time,
 Tutor of nations. Doth light discord tear
 A state? and impotent sedition's crime?
 The powers of warlike prudence dwell not there;
 The powers who to command and to obey,
 Instruct the valiant. There would civil sway
 The rising race to manly concord tame?
 Oft let the marshal'd field their steps unite,
 And in glad splendor bring before their fight
 One common cause and one hereditary fame.

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your task disown,
 Though war's proud votaries look on severe;
 Though secrets, taught erewhile to them alone,
 They deem profan'd by your intruding ear.
 Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
 Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
 And mock the old simplicity, in vain:
 To the time's warfare, simple or refin'd,
 The time itself adapts the warrior's mind;
 And equal prowess still shall equal palms obtain.

XVI.

Say then ; if England's youth, in earlier days,
 On glory's field with well-train'd armies vy'd,
 Why shall they now renounce that generous praise ?
 Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride ?
 Though Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand,
 And Albret rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
 With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd,
 Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
 Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd :
 They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound.

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your fathers won ;
 Such glory's dictates in their dauntless breast :
 —Is there no voice that speaks to every son ?
 No nobler, holier call to You address'd ?
 O ! by majestic freedom, righteous laws,
 By heavenly truth's, by manly reason's cause,
 Awake ; attend ; be indolent no more :
 By friendship, social peace, domestic love,
 Rise ; arm ; your country's living safety prove ;
 And train her valiant youth, and watch around her shore.

O D E XII.

ON RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS,
IN THE COUNTRY.
M D C C L V I I I.

I.

THY verdant scenes, O Goulder's hill,
Once more i seek, a languid guest:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breast
Once more i climb thy steep aerial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the springs of life with gentler movement play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
My weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy west or the fresh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
Awak'd i stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,
Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the grove.

III. Now,

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The distant voice of health i hear
Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear.
" Droop not, nor doubt of my return," she cries;
" Here will i, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
" Meet thee beneath yon chefnut bower,
" And lenient on thy bosom pour
" That indolence divine which lulls the earth and skies."

IV.

The goddess promis'd not in vain.
I found her at my favorite time.
Nor wish'd to breathe in any softer clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-slumbering as i lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew,
Then first, o heavenly Muse, unseen for many a day.

V.

In that soft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden star of love.
I saw her hand in careless measures move;
I heard sweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the sacred sound obey'd.
New sunshine o'er my fancy springs,
New colours clothe external things,
And the last glooms of pain and sickly plaint retire.

VI.

O Goulder's hill, by thee restor'd
 Once more to this inliven'd hand,
 My harp, which late refounded o'er the land
 The voice of glory, solemn and severe,
 My Dorian harp shall now with mild accord
 To thee her joyful tribute pay,
 And send a less-ambitious lay
 Of friendship and of love to greet thy master's ear.

VII.

For when within thy shady seat
 First from the sultry town he chose,
 And the tir'd senate's cares, his wish'd repose,
 Then wast thou mine; to me a happier home
 For social leisure: where my welcome feet,
 Estrang'd from all the intangling ways
 In which the restless vulgar strays,
 Through nature's simple paths with ancient faith might roam.

VIII.

And while around his sylvan scene
 My Dyfon led the white-wing'd hours,
 Oft from the Athenian Academic bowers
 Their sages came: oft heard our lingering walk
 The Mantuan music warbling o'er the green:
 And oft did Tully's reverend shade,
 Though much for liberty afraid,
 With us of letter'd ease or virtuous glory talk.

IX. But

IX.

But other guests were on their way,
And reach'd ere long this favor'd grove;
Even the celestial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus, with her all-subduing son,
Whose golden shaft most willingly obey
The best and wisest. As they came,
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And sang their happy gifts, and prais'd their spotless throne.

X.

I saw when through yon festive gate
He led along his chosen maid,
And to my friend with smiles presenting said;
“ Receive that fairest wealth which heaven assign'd
“ To human fortune. Did thy lonely state
“ One wish, one utmost hope confess?
“ Behold, she comes, to adorn and bless:
“ Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy mind.”

O D E XIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE
OF BRANDENBURGH:

M D C C L I.

I.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in counsels or in arms,
Have feldom turn'd their feet from glory's chace
To dwell with books or court the Muse's charms.
Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brought
Some genuine transcript of their calmer thought,
There still we own the wise, the great, or good;
And Cæsar there and Xenophon are seen,
As clear in spirit and sublime of mien,
As on Pharfalian plains, or by the Assyrian flood.

II.

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy aim?
Thy vigils could the student's lamp engage,
Except for this? except that future fame
Might read thy genius in the faithful page?

X x

That

That if hereafter envy shall presume
 With words irreverent to inscribe thy tomb,
 And baser weeds upon thy palms to fling,
 That hence posterity may try thy reign,
 Assert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
 And view in native lights the hero and the king.

III.

O evil foresight and pernicious care!
 Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
 Shall we the lessons of thy pen compare
 With private honor or with public zeal?
 Whence then at things divine those darts of scorn?
 Why are the woes, which virtuous men have borne
 For sacred truth, a prey to laughter given?
 What fiend, what foe of nature urg'd thy arm
 The Almighty of his scepter to disarm?
 To push this earth adrift and leave it loose from heaven?

IV.

Ye godlike shades of legislators old,
 Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wise,
 Ye first of mortals with the blest inroll'd,
 Say did not horror in your bosoms rise,
 When thus by impious vanity impell'd
 A magistrate, a monarch, ye beheld

Affronting

Affronting civil order's holiest bands?
 Those bands which ye so labor'd to improve?
 Those hopes and fears of justice from above,
 Which tam'd the savage world to your divine commands?

O D E XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

AWAY! Away!

Tempt me no more, insidious love:
 Thy soothing sway
 Long did my youthful bosom prove:
 At length thy treason is discern'd,
 At length some dear-bought caution earn'd:
 Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.

I know, i see
 Her merit. Needs it now be shewn,
 Alas, to me?
 How often, to myself unknown,
 The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
 Have i admir'd! How often said,
 What joy to call a heart like her's one's own!

X x 2

III. But,

III.

But, flattering god,
 O squanderer of content and ease,
 In thy abode
 Will care's rude lesson learn to please?
 O say, deceiver, hast thou won,
 Proud fortune to attend thy throne,
 Or plac'd thy friends above her stern decrees?

O D E XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

[U N F I N I S H E D.]

I.

MEEK honor, female shame,
 O! whither, sweetest offspring of the sky,
 From Albion dost thou fly;
 Of Albion's daughters once the favorite fame?
 O beauty's only friend,
 Who giv'st her pleasing reverence to inspire;
 Who selfish, bold desire
 Dost to esteem and dear affection turn;
 Alas, of thee forlorn
 What joy, what praise, what hope can life pretend?

II. Behold;

II.

Behold ; our youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happiness inquire :
Our maids no more aspire
The arts of bashful Hymen to attain ;
But with triumphant eyes
And cheeks impassive, as they move along,
Ask homage of the throng.
The lover swears that in a harlot's arms
Are found the self-same charms,
And worthless and deserted lives and dies.

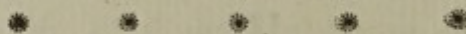
III.

Behold ; unblest'd at home,
The father of the cheerless household mourns :
The night in vain returns,
For love and glad content at distance roam ;
While she, in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull task of cares,
To meet him she prepares,
Through noise and spleen and all the gamester's art,
A listless, harass'd heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

IV. 'Twas

IV.

'Twas thus, along the shore
Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
From many a tongue preferr'd,
Of strife and grief the fond invective lore :
At which the queen divine
Indignant, with her adamantin spear
Like thunder sounding near,
Smote the red cross upon her silver shield,
And thus her wrath reveal'd.
(I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)



THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

NOTES

N O T E S

O N T H E

T W O B O O K S O F O D E S.

B. I. Ode XVIII. Stanza II. 2.] *Lycurgus* the *Lacedæmonian* lawgiver brought into *Greece* from *Asia Minor* the first complete copy of *Homer's* works.—At *Plataea* was fought the decisive battle between the *Persian* army and the united militia of *Greece* under *Pausanias* and *Aristides*.—*Cimon* the *Athenian* erected a trophy in *Cyprus* for two great victories gained on the same day over the *Persians* by sea and land. *Diodorus Siculus* has preserved the inscription which the *Athenians* affixed to the consecrated spoils, after this great success; in which it is very remarkable, that the greatness of the occasion has raised the manner of expression above the usual simplicity and modesty of all other ancient inscriptions. It is this:

ΕΞ. ΟΥ. Γ'. ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ. ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ. ΕΝΕΙΜΕ.
 ΚΑΙ. ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΝΗΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ. ΕΠΕΧΕΙ.
 ΟΥΔΕΝ. ΠΩ. ΤΟΙΟΥΤΩΝ. ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ'. ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.
 ΕΡΓΩΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΠΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΩΝ. ΑΜΑ.
 ΟΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ. ΕΝ. ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΔΟΥΣ. ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ. ΟΛΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.
 ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΩΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΩΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑΓΕΙ.
 ΑΝΔΡΩΝ. ΠΛΗΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ. ΑΣΙΣ. ΤΠ'. ΑΥΤΩΝ.
 ΠΛΗΓΕΙΣ'. ΑΜΦΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΣΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ. ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following translation is almost literal:

Since first the sea from *Asia's* hostile coast!
 Divided *Europe*, and the god of war
 Assail'd imperious cities; never yet,
 At once among the waves and on the shore,
 Hath such a labour been achiev'd by men
 Who earth inhabit. They, whose arms the *Medes*
 In *Cyprus* felt pernicious, they, the same,
 Have won from skilful *Tyre* an hundred ships
 Crouded with warriors. *Asia* groans, in both
 Her hands fore smitten, by the might of war.

Stanza.

Stanza II. 3.] *Pindar* was cotemporary with *Aristides* and *Cimon*, in whom the glory of ancient *Greece* was at its height. When *Xerxes* invaded *Greece*, *Pindar* was true to the common interest of his country; though his fellow citizens, the *Thebans*, had sold themselves to the *Persian* king. In one of his odes he expresses the great distress and anxiety of his mind, occasioned by the vast preparations of *Xerxes* against *Greece*. (*Isthm.* 8.) In another he celebrates the victories of *Salamis*, *Platæa*, and *Himera*. (*Pyth.* 1.) It will be necessary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. First then, he was thought to be so great a favourite of *Apollo*, that the priests of that deity allotted him a constant share of their offerings. It was said of him, as of some other illustrious men, that at his birth a swarm of bees lighted on his lips, and fed him with their honey. It was also a tradition concerning him, that *Pan* was heard to recite his poetry, and seen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near *Thebes*. But a real historical fact in his life is, that the *Thebans* imposed a large fine upon him on account of the veneration which he expressed in his poems for that heroic spirit, shewn by the people of *Athens* in defence of the common liberty, which his own fellow citizens had shamefully betrayed. And, as the argument of this ode implies, that great poetical talents, and high sentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and assist each other, so *Pindar* is perhaps the most exemplary proof of this connection, which occurs in history. The *Thebans* were remarkable, in general, for a slavish disposition through all the fortunes of their common-wealth; at the time of its ruin by *Philip*; and even in its best state, under the administration of *Pelopidas* and *Epaminondas*: and every one knows, they were no less remarkable for great dullness, and want of all genius. That *Pindar* should have equally distinguished himself from the rest of his fellow citizens in both these respects, seems somewhat extraordinary, and is scarce to be accounted for but by the preceding observation.

Stanza III. 3.] Alluding to his *Defence of the people of England* against *Salmasius*. See particularly the manner in which he himself speaks of that undertaking, in the introduction to his reply to *Morus*.

Stanza IV. 3.] *Edward* the Third; from whom descended *Henry Hastings*, third Earl of *Huntingdon*, by the daughter of the Duke of *Clarence*, brother to *Edward* the Fourth.

Stanza V. 3.] At *Whittington*, a village on the edge of *Scarsdale* in *Derbyshire*, the Earls of *Devonshire* and *Danby*, with the Lord *Delamere*, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The house in which they met is at present a farmhouse, and the country people distinguish the room where they sat, by the name of *the plotting parlour*.

B. II. Ode VII. Stanza II. 1.] Mr. *Locke* died in 1704, when Mr. *Hoadly* was beginning to distinguish himself in the cause of civil and religious liberty: Lord
Godolphin

Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by those in power: Lord *Somers* in 1716, amid the practices of the nonjuring clergy against the protestant establishment; and Lord *Stanhope* in 1721, during the controversy with the lower house of convocation.

B. II. Ode X. Stanza V.] During Mr. *Pope's* war with *Theobald*, *Concanen*, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. *Warburton*, the present Lord Bishop of *Gloucester*, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. *Pope* in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his Lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with *Concanen*; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

B. II. Ode XIII.] In the year 1751 appeared a very splendid edition, in quarto, of *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Maison de Brandebourg, à Berlin & à la Haye*; with a privilege signed *FEDERIC*; the same being engraved in imitation of hand-writing. In this edition, among other extraordinary passages, are the two following, to which the third stanza of this ode more particularly refers:

Page 163.] *Il se fit une migration* (the author is speaking of what happened on the revocation of the edict of *Nantes*) *dont on n'avoit guere vu d'exemples dans l'histoire: un peuple entier sortit du royaume par l'esprit de parti en haine du pape, & pour recevoir sous un autre ciel la communion sous les deux especes: quatre cens mille ames s'expatrièrent ainsi & abandonnerent tous leur biens pour detonner dans d'autres temples les vieux pseumes de Clement Marot.*

Page 242.] *La crainte donna le jour à la credulité, & l'amour propre intéressa bientôt le ciel au destin des hommes.*

A R C U M E N T.

H Y M N

TO THE

N A I A D S.

M D C C X L V I.

Y y 2

A R G U M E N T.

The Nymphs, who preside over springs and rivulets, are addressed at day-break, in honor of their several functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the first allegorical deities, or powers of nature; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the rise of things. They are then successively considered, as giving motion to the air and exciting summer-breezes; as nourishing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fullness of navigable rivers, and consequently to the maintenance of commerce; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is represented their favourable influence upon health, when assisted by rural exercise: which introduces their connection with the art of physic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal springs. Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the Muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive: in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.

H Y M N

H Y M N

TO THE

N A I A D S.

O'ER yonder eastern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkness ; and the God of day,
With bright Astræa seated by his side,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting steps ; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs, tarry : and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due,
I leave the gates of sleep ; nor shall my lyre
Too far into the splendid hours of morn
Engage your audience : my observant hand
Shall close the strain ere any fultry beam

Approach.

Approach you. To your subterranean haunts
Ye then may timely steal ; to pace with care
The humid sands ; to loosen from the soil
The bubbling sources ; to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels ; or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon
To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.

Where shall my song begin, ye Nymphs ? or end ?
Wide is your praise and copious—First of things,
First of the lonely powers, ere Time arose,
Were Love and Chaos. Love, the fire of Fate ;
Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,
Who many sons and many comely births
Devour'd, relentless father : 'till the child
Of Rhea drove him from the upper sky,
And quell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd
The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,
And spotless Vesta ; while supreme of sway
Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
Of Tethys sprang the sedgy-crowned race,
Who from a thousand urns, o'er every clime,
Send tribute to their parent ; and from them
Are ye, o Naiads : Arethusa fair,
And tuneful Aganippe ; that sweet name,
Bandusia ; that soft family which dwelt

With

With Syrian Daphne ; and the honour'd tribes
Belov'd of Pæon. Listen to my strain,
Daughters of Tethys : listen to your praise.

You, Nymphs, the winged offspring, which of old
Aurora to divine Aethra bore,
Owns ; and your aid beseecheth. When the might
Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne,
Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
They ask : Favonius and the mild South-west
From you relief implore. Your falling streams
Fresh vigour to their weary wings impart.
Again they fly, disporting ; from the mead
Half ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
To sweep the noxious mildew ; or dispel
Contagious steams, which oft the parched earth
Breathes on her fainting sons. From noon to eve,
Along the river and the paved brook,
Ascend the cheerful breezes : hail'd of bards
Who, fast by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre
Sollicit ; nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd
O'er rushing Anio, with a pious hand
The reverend scene delineates, broken fanes,
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient Time ; and haply, while he scans

The

The ruins, with a silent tear revolves
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.

You too, o Nymphs, and your unenvious aid
The rural powers confess; and still prepare
For you their choicest treasures. Pan commands,
Oft as the Delian king with Sirius holds
The central heavens, the father of the grove
Commands his Dryads over your abodes
To spread their deepest umbrage. well the god
Remembereth how indulgent ye supplied
Your genial dew to nurse them in their prime.

Pales, the pasture's queen, where'er ye stray,
Pursues your steps, delighted; and the path
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
The laughing Chloris, with profusest hand,
Throws wide her blooms, her odors. Still with you
Pomona seeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns,
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant isles
Nysæan or Atlantic. Nor can'st thou,
(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock
The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius, o Lenæan) nor can'st thou

Difown

Disown the powers whose bounty, ill repaid,
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameless Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim;
Nor heed the scoffings of the Edonian band.

For better praise awaits you. Thames, your fire,
As down the verdant slope your duteous rills
Descend, the tribute stately Thames receives,
Delighted; and your piety applauds;
And bids his copious tide roll on secure,
For faithful are his daughters; and with words
Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now
His banks forsaking, her adventurous wings
Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremest isles to bless. And oft at morn,
When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er earth
To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
Stoops lightly-failing; oft intent your springs
He views: and waving o'er some new-born stream
His blest pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,
"Yet," cries the son of Maia, "though recluse
"And silent be your stores, from you, fair Nymphs,
"Flows wealth and kind society to men.
"By you my function and my honor'd name
"Do I possess; while o'er the Boëtic vale,

" Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms
 " By sacred Ganges water'd, i conduct
 " The English merchant : with the buxom fleece
 " Of fertile Ariconium while i clothe
 " Sarmatian kings ; or to the household gods
 " Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore,
 " Dispense the mineral treasure which of old
 " Sidonian pilots fought, when this fair land
 " Was yet unconscious of those generous arts
 " Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime
 " Transplanted to a more indulgent heaven."

Such are the words of Hermes : such the praise,
 O Naiads, which from tongues cœlestial waits
 Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth power :
 And those who, sedulous in prudent works,
 Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
 With noble wealth, and his own seat on earth,
 Fit judgements to pronounce, and curb the might
 Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
 Not vainly to the hospitable arts
 Of Hermes yield their store. For, o ye Nymphs,
 Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
 Of arms to court your friendship? You she owns
 The fair associates who extend her sway
 Wide o'er the mighty deep ; and grateful things

Of you she uttereth, oft as from the shore
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads
To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough
Cantabrian surge; her auspices divine
Imparting to the senate and the prince
Of Albion, to dismay barbaric kings,
The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
Was ever scorn'd by Pallas: and of old
Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy surge,
To drive her clouds and storms; o'erwhelming all
The Persian's promis'd glory, when the realms
Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,
When Libya's torrid champain and the rocks
Of cold Imaüs join'd their servile bands,
To sweep the sons of liberty from earth.
In vain: Minerva on the bounding prow
Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
And shook her burning ægis. Xerxes saw:
From Heracléum, on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the sign
Cœlestial; felt unrighteous hope forsake
His faltering heart, and turn'd his face with shame.

Hail, ye who share the stern Minerva's power ;
Who arm the hand of liberty for war :
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs : yet benign,
Yet mild of nature : to the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witness ; she who saves,
From poisonous cates and cups of pleasing bane,
The wretch devoted to the intangling snares
Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To spread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,
She calls the lingering sluggard from his dreams :
And where his breast may drink the mountain breeze,
And where the fervor of the sunny vale
May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
Beckons his rapid courser. Nor when ease,
Cool ease and welcome slumbers have becalm'd
His eager bosom, does the queen of health
Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board
She guards, presiding ; and the frugal powers
With joy sedate leads in : and while the brown
Ennæan dame with Pan presents her stores ;

While

While changing still, and comely in the change,
Vertumnus and the Hours before him spread
The garden's banquet; you to crown his feast,
To crown his feast, o Naiads, you the fair
Hygeia calls: and from your shelving seats,
And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
To flake his veins: 'till soon a purer tide
Flows down those loaded channels; washeth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking seeds
Of crude disease; and through the abodes of life
Sends vigour, sends repose. Hail, Naiads: hail,
Who give, to labour, health; to stooping age,
The joys which youth had squander'd. Oft your urns
Will I invoke; and frequent in your praise,
Abash the frantic Thyrsus with my song.

For not estrang'd from your benignant arts
Is he, the god, to whose mysterious shrine
My youth was sacred, and my votive cares
Belong; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
His cordial treasures he hath search'd in vain;
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the sun,
(To rouse dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or hush the unquiet breast

Which

Which pines with silent passion) he in vain
Hath prov'd ; to your deep mansions he descends.
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He entereth ; where impurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof ; where through the rigid mine
Your trickling rills insinuate. There the god
From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl
Wafts to his pale-ey'd suplicants ; wafts the feeds
Metallic and the elemental salts
Wash'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink : and soon
Flies pain ; flies inauspicious care : and soon
The social haunt or unfrequented shade
Hears Io, Io Pæan ; as of old,
When Python fell. And, o propitious Nymphs,
Oft as for hapless mortals i implore
Your salutary springs, through every urn
Oh shed your healing treasures. With the first
And finest breath, which from the genial strife
Of mineral fermentation springs, like light
O'er the fresh morning's vapours, lustrate then
The fountain, and inform the rising wave.

My lyre shall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of cœlestial powers,

I frame their language ; and the Muses deign
To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
The Muses (sacred be their gifts divine)
In early days did to my wondering sense
Their secrets oft reveal : oft my rais'd ear
In slumber felt their music : oft at noon
Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,
In field or shady grove, they taught me words
Of power from death and envy to preserve
The good man's name. whence yet with grateful mind,
And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
My vows I send, my homage, to the seats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell :
Where you their chaste companions they admit
Through all the hallow'd scene : where oft intent,
And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefullest repose
To their consoled measure : 'till again,
With emulation all the sounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the song,
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And sweep their lofty strings : those powerful strings
That charm the mind of gods : that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet

Of

Of evils, with immortal rest from cares ;
Affuage the terrors of the throne of Jove ;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings,
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord
Sleeps the stern eagle ; by the number'd notes,
Possess'd ; and satiate with the melting tone :
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
Relents, and sooths his own fierce heart to ease,
Most welcome ease. The fire of gods and men,
In that great moment of divine delight,
Looks down on all that live ; and whatsoe'er
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth and o'er
The interminated ocean, he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,
And troubled at the sound. Ye, Naiads, ye
With ravish'd ears the melody attend
Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves
Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strive
To drown the heavenly strains ; of highest Jove,
Irreverent ; and by mad presumption fir'd
Their own discordant raptures to advance

With

With hostile emulation. Down they rush
From Nyfa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames
Of Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,
With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild
Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air
The ivy-mantled thyrsus, or the torch
Through black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd
With shrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
From every unpolluted ear avert
Their orgies! If within the seats of men,
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
The guardian key, if haply there be found
Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
And hearken to their accents; who aspires
From such instructors to inform his breast
With verse; let him, fit votarist, implore
Their inspiration. He perchance the gifts
Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
May sing in aptest numbers: he the fate
Of sober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
And strong Alcides in the spinster's robes,
May celebrate, applauded. But with you,

A a a

O Naiads,

O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
Must dwell the man whoe'er to praised themes
Invokes the immortal Muse. the immortal Muse
To your calm habitations, to the cave
Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide
His footsteps; and with your unfullied streams
His lips will bathe: whether the eternal lore
Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,
To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In those unfading islands of the blest'd,
Where sacred bards abide. Hail, honor'd Nymphs;
Thrice hail. for You the Cyrenaïc shell
Behold, i touch, revering. To my songs
Be present ye with favorable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.

NOTES

N O T E S

O N T H E

H Y M N T O T H E N A I A D S.

Page 350. l. 11. —Love—

Elder than Chaos.] *Hesiod*, in his *Theogony*, gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldest of beings; though he assigns to Love neither father nor superior; which circumstance is particularly mentioned by *Phædrus*, in *Plato's Banquet*, as being observable not only in *Hesiod*, but in all other writers both of verse and prose: and on the same occasion he cites a line from *Parmenides*, in which Love is expressly stiled the eldest of all the gods. Yet *Aristophanes*, in *The Birds*, affirms, that "Chaos, and Night, and Erebus, and Tartarus, were first; and that Love was produced from an egg, which the fable-winged night deposited in the immense bosom of Erebus." But it must be observed, that the Love designed by this comic poet was always distinguished from the other, from that original and self-existent being the TO ON or ΑΓΑΘΟΝ of *Plato*, and meant only the ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ or second person of the old *Græcian* trinity; to whom is inscribed an hymn among those which pass under the name of *Orpheus*, where he is called *Protogenos*, or the first-begotten, is said to have been born of an egg, and is represented as the principal or origin of all these external appearances of nature. In the fragments of *Orpheus*, collected by *Henry Stephens*, he is named *Phanes*, the discoverer or discloser; who unfolded the ideas of the supreme intelligence, and exposed them to the perception of inferior beings in this visible frame of the world; as *Macrobius*, and *Proclus*, and *Athenagoras* all agree to interpret the several passages of *Orpheus* which they have preserved.

But the Love designed in our text, is the one self-existent and infinite mind, whom if the generality of ancient mythologists have not introduced or truly described in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances; yet, to a modern poet, it can be no objection that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular; though, in other respects, he professeth to imitate their manner and conform to their opinions. For, in these great points of natural theology, they differ no less remarkably among themselves; and are perpetually confounding the philosophical relations of things with the traditionary circumstances of mythic history:

A a a 2

upon

upon which very account, *Callimachus*, in his hymn to *Jupiter*, declareth his dissent from them concerning even an article of the national creed; adding, that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet in the exordium of the old *Argonautic* poem, ascribed to *Orpheus*, it is said, that "Love, whom mortals " in later times call *Phanes*, was the father of the eternally-begotten Night;" who is generally represented by these mythological poets, as being herself the parent of all things; and who, in the *Indigitamenta*, or *Orphic Hymns*, is said to be the same with *Cypris*, or Love itself. Moreover, in the body of this *Argonautic* poem, where the personated *Orpheus* introduceth himself singing to his lyre in reply to *Chiron*, he celebrateth "the obscure memory of Chaos, and the natures which it contained " within itself in a state of perpetual vicissitude; how the heaven had its boundary " determined; the generation of the earth; the depth of the ocean; and also the " sapient Love, the most ancient, the self-sufficient; with all the beings which he " produced when he separated one thing from another." Which noble passage is more directly to *Aristotle's* purpose in the first book of his metaphysics than any of those which he has there quoted, to shew that the ancient poets and mythologists agreed with *Empedocles*, *Anaxagoras*, and the other more sober philosophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion of mankind concerning the necessity of mind and reason to account for the connexion, motion, and good order of the world. For, though neither this poem, nor the hymns which pass under the same name, are, it should seem, the work of the real *Orpheus*; yet beyond all question, they are very ancient. The hymns, more particularly, are allowed to be older than the invasion of *Greece* by *Xerxes*; and were probably a sett of public and solemn forms of devotion: as appears by a passage in one of them, which *Demosthenes* hath almost literally cited in his first oration against *Aristogiton*, as the saying of *Orpheus*, the founder of their most holy mysteries. On this account, they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the *Theogony* of *Hesiod* himself not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble; and the mysterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impression upon the mind, cannot be better expressed than in that remarkable description with which they inspired the *German* editor *Eschenbach*, when he accidentally met with them at *Leipsic*: "Thesaurum me reperisse credidi, says he, & profecto thesaurum reperi. Incredibile dictu quo me sacro horrore afflaverint indigitamenta ista deorum: nam et tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere cogebar, quod vel solum horrorem incutere animo potest, nocturnum; cum enim totam diem consumferim in contemplando urbis splendore, & in adeundis, quibus scatet urbs illa, viris doctis; sola nox restabat, quam *Orpheo* consecrare potui. In abyssum quendam mysteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis descendere videbar, quotiescunque silente mundo, solis vigilantibus astris et luna, μελαμφάτες istos hymnos ad manus sumsi."

1. 11. *Chaos.*] The unformed, undigested mass of *Moses* and *Plato*: which *Milton* calls

“The womb of nature.”

1. 11. *Love, the fire of Fate.*] Fate is the universal system of natural causes; the work of the Omnipotent Mind, or of Love: so *Minucius Felix*: “Quid enim aliud est fatum, quam quod de unoquoque nostrum deus fatus est.” So also *Cicero*, in *The First Book on Divination*: “Fatum autem id appello, quod *Græci* ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ; id est, ordinem feriemque causarum, cum causa causæ nexa rem ex se gignat—ex quo intelligitur, ut fatum sit non id quod superstitiose, sed id quod physice dicitur causa æterna rerum.” To the same purpose is the doctrine of *Hierocles*, in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Destiny. As to the three Fates, or Destinies of the poets, they represented that part of the general system of natural causes which relates to man, and to other mortal beings: for so we are told in the hymn addressed to them among the *Orphic Indigitamenta*, where they are called the daughters of Night (or Love), and, contrary to the vulgar notion, are distinguished by the epithets of gentle, and tender-hearted. According to *Hesiod, Theog.* ver. 904, they were the daughters of *Jupiter* and *Themis*: but in the *Orphic Hymn to Venus*, or Love, that Goddess is directly stiled the mother of Necessity, and is represented, immediately after, as governing the three Destinies, and conducting the whole system of natural causes.

1. 12. *Born of Fate was Time.*] *Cronos*, *Saturn*, or *Time*, was, according to *Apollodorus*, the son of *Cælum* and *Tellus*. But the author of the hymns gives it quite undisguised by mythological language, and calls him plainly the offspring of the earth and the starry heaven; that is, of Fate, as explained in the preceding note.

1. 13. *Who many sons-devour'd.*] The known fable of *Saturn* devouring his children was certainly meant to imply the dissolution of natural bodies; which are produced and destroyed by *Time*.

1. 14, 15. *The child of Rhea.*] *Jupiter*, so called by *Pindar*.

1. 15. *Drove him from the upper sky.*] That *Jupiter* dethroned his father *Saturn*, is recorded by all the mythologists. *Phurnutus*, or *Cornutus*, the author of a little *Greek* treatise on the nature of the gods, informs us, that by *Jupiter* was meant the vegetable soul of the world, which restrained and prevented those uncertain alterations which *Saturn*, or *Time*, used formerly to cause in the mundane system.

1. 16. *Then social reign'd.*] Our mythology here supposeth, that before the establishment of the vital, vegetative, plastic nature (represented by *Jupiter*), the four elements were in a variable and unsettled condition; but afterwards, well-disposed and at peace among themselves. *Tethys* was the wife of the Ocean; *Ops*, or *Rhea*, the Earth; *Vesta*, the eldest daughter of *Saturn*, Fire; and the cloud-compeller, or Ζεύς νεφεληγερέτης, the Air: though he also represented the plastic principle of nature, as may be seen in the *Orphic* hymn inscribed to him.

l. 20. *The sedge-crowned race.*] The river-gods; who, according to *Hesiod's* Theogony, were the sons of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*.

l. 22, 23. *From them, are ye, o Naiads.*] The descent of the Naiads is less certain than most points of the Greek mythology. *Homer*, *Odyss.* xiii. κέποι Διός. *Virgil*, in *The Eighth Book of the Æneid*, speaks as if the Nymphs, or Naiads, were the parents of the rivers: but in this he contradicts the testimony of *Hesiod*, and evidently departs from the orthodox system, which representeth several nymphs as retaining to every single river. On the other hand, *Callimachus*, who was very learned in all the school-divinity of those times, in his hymn to *Delos*, maketh *Peneus*, the great *Theffalian* river-god, the father of his nymphs: and *Ovid*, in *The Fourteenth Book of his Metamorphoses*, mentions the Naiads of *Latium* as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river-gods. Accordingly, the Naiads of particular rivers are occasionally, both by *Ovid* and *Statius*, called by a patronymic, from the name of the river to which they belong.

P. 351. l. 1. *Syrian Daphne.*] The grove of *Daphne* in *Syria*, near *Antioch*, was famous for its delightful fountains.

l. 1, 2. *The tribes below'd by Pæon.*] Mineral and medicinal springs. *Pæon* was the physician of the gods.

l. 4. *The winged offspring.*] The Winds; who, according to *Hesiod* and *Apollodorus*, were the sons of *Astræus* and *Aurora*.

l. 7. *Hyperion.*] A son of *Cælum* and *Tellus*, and father of the Sun, who is thence called, by *Pindar*, *Hyperionides*. But *Hyperion* is put by *Homer* in the same manner as here, for the Sun himself.

l. 10. *Your sallying streams.*] The state of the atmosphere with respect to rest and motion is, in several ways, affected by rivers and running streams; and that more especially in hot seasons: first, they destroy its equilibrium, by cooling those parts of it with which they are in contact; and secondly, they communicate their own motion: and the air which is thus moved by them, being left heated, is of consequence more elastic than other parts of the atmosphere, and therefore fitter to preserve and to propagate that motion.

P. 352. l. 6. *Delian king.*] One of the epithets of *Apollo*, or the Sun, in the *Orphic* hymn inscribed to him.

l. 15. *Chloris.*] The ancient Greek name for *Flora*.

l. 19. *Amalthea.*] The mother of the first *Bacchus*, whose birth and education was written, as *Diodorus Siculus* informs us, in the old *Pelasgic* character, by *Thymætes*, grandson to *Laomedon*, and contemporary with *Orpheus*. *Thymætes* had travelled over *Libya* to the country which borders on the western ocean; there he saw the island of *Nysa*, and learned from the inhabitants, that "*Ammon*, king of *Libya*, was married in former ages to *Rhea*, sister of *Saturn* and the *Titans*;" that he afterwards fell in love with a beautiful virgin whose name was *Amalthea*;
" had

“ had by her a son, and gave her possession of a neighbouring tract of land, wonderfully fertile; which in shape nearly resembling the horn of an ox, was thence called the *Hesperian* horn, and afterwards the horn of *Amalthea*: that fearing the jealousy of *Rhea*, he concealed the young *Bacchus*, with his mother, in the island of *Nysa*,” the beauty of which, *Diodorus* describes with great dignity and pomp of style. This fable is one of the noblest in all the ancient mythology, and seems to have made a particular impression on the imagination of *Milton*; the only modern poet (unless perhaps it be necessary to except *Spenser*) who, in these mysterious traditions of the poetic story, had a heart to feel, and words to express, the simple and solitary genius of antiquity. To raise the idea of his *Paradise*, he prefers it even to

———“ that *Nysæan* isle
Girt by the river *Triton*, where old *Cham*,
(Whom *Gentiles Ammon* call, and *Libyan Jove*)
Hid *Amalthea*, and her florid son,
Young *Bacchus*, from his stepdame *Rhea's* eye.”

P. 353. l. 5. *Edonian band*.] The priestesses and other ministers of *Bacchus*; so called from *Edonus*, a mountain of *Thrace*, where his rites were celebrated.

l. 16. *When Hermes*.] *Hermes*, or *Mercury*, was the patron of commerce; in which benevolent character he is addressed by the author of the *Indigitamenta*, in these beautiful lines:

Ερμῆνι πάντων, κερδέμπορε, λυσιμέριμνε,
Ὅς χερέσθιν ἔχεις εἰρήνης ὄπλον ἀμέμφες.

P. 354. l. 7. *Dispense the mineral treasure*.] The merchants of *Sidon* and *Tyre* made frequent voyages to the coast of *Cornwall*, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin.

l. 22. *Hath he not won*.] *Mercury*, the patron of commerce, being so greatly dependent on the good offices of the *Naiads*, in return obtains for them the friendship of *Minerva*, the goddess of war: for military power, at least the naval part of it, hath constantly followed the establishment of trade; which exemplifies the preceding observation, that “ from bounty issueth power.”

P. 355. l. 4, 5. *Calpe—Cantabrian surge*.] *Gibraltar* and *The Bay of Biscay*.

l. 11. *Ægina's gloomy surge*.] Near this island, the *Athenians* obtained the victory of *Salamis*, over the *Persian* navy.

l. 21. *Xerxes saw*.] This circumstance is recorded in that passage, perhaps the most splendid among all the remains of ancient history, where *Plutarch*, in his *Life of Themistocles*, describes the sea-fights of *Artemisium* and *Salamis*.

P. 357. l. 15. *Thyrus*.] A staff, or spear, wreathed round with ivy: of constant use in the bacchanalian mysteries.

P. 358. l. 13. *Io, Pæan.*] An exclamation of victory and triumph, derived from *Apollo's* encounter with *Python*.

P. 359. l. 13. *Cirrhæa.*] One of the summits of *Parnassus*, and sacred to *Apollo*. Near it were several fountains, said to be frequented by the Muses. *Nysa*, the other eminence of the same mountain, was dedicated to *Bacchus*.

l. 24. *Charm the mind of gods.*] This whole passage, concerning the effects of sacred music among the gods, is taken from *Pindar's* first *Pythian* ode.

P. 361. l. 8. *Phrygian pipe's.*] The *Phrygian* music was fantastic and turbulent, and fit to excite disorderly passions.

l. 13, 14. *The gates where Pallas holds*

The guardian key.] It was the office of *Minerva* to be the guardian of walled cities; whence she was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ & ΠΟΛΙΟΤΧΟΣ, and had her statues placed in their gates, being supposed to keep the keys; and on that account stiled ΚΛΗΔΟΤΧΟΣ.

l. 21, 22. *Fate of sober Pentheus.*] *Pentheus* was torn in pieces by the bacchanalian priests and women, for despising their mysteries.

P. 362. l. 4, 5. *The cave Corycian.*] Of this cave *Pausanias*, in his *Tenth Book*, gives the following description: "Between *Delphi* and the eminences of *Parnassus*, "is a road to the grotto of *Corycium*, which has its name from the nymph *Corycia*, "and is by far the most remarkable which I have seen. One may walk a great way "into it without a torch. 'Tis of a considerable height, and hath several springs "within it; and yet a much greater quantity of water distills from the shell and "roof, so as to be continually dropping on the ground. The people round *Parnassus* hold it sacred to the *Corycian* nymphs and to *Pan*."

l. 5. *Delphic mount.*] *Delphi*, the seat and oracle of *Apollo*, had a mountainous and rocky situation, on the skirts of *Parnassus*.

l. 13. *Cyrenaic shell.*] *Cyrene* was the native country of *Callimachus*, whose hymns are the most remarkable example of that mythological passion which is assumed in the preceding poem, and have always afforded particular pleasure to the author of it, by reason of the mysterious solemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account he was induced to attempt somewhat in the same manner; solely by way of exercise: the manner itself being now almost intirely abandoned in poetry. And as the meer genealogy, or the personal adventures of heathen gods, could have been but little interesting to a modern reader; it was therefore thought proper to select some convenient part of the history of nature, and to employ these ancient divinities as it is probable they were first employed; to wit, in personifying natural causes, and in representing the mutual agreement or opposition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world: which hath been accounted the very highest office of poetry.

I N S C R I P T I O N S.

B b b

INSCRIPTION
O

I N S C R I P T I O N S.

I.

FOR A GROTT O.

TO me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
A&æa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot;
Were plac'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
Primrose, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
I slumber: here my clustering fruits I tend;
Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
Fresh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter-in,
O stranger, undismay'd. nor bat, nor toad
Here lurks: and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
My quiet mansion: chiefly, if thy name
Wife Pallas and the immortal muses own.

B b b

II.

II.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER
AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. these ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

III. WHO-

III.

W H O E' E R thou art whose path in summer lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imbosoms. there dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harvest round. and onward thence
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Fast by a silent riv'let. Humbly walk,
O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;
And on that verdant hillock, which thou see'st
Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle fresh water from the brook and strew
Sweet-smelling flowers. for there doth Edmund rest,
The learned shepherd; for each rural art
Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave
In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous heaven
With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,
Avenge her falshood, nor could all the gold
And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith

From

From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,
 Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
 The strokes of death. Go, traveller; relate
 The mournful story. haply some fair maid
 May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
 That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins : o declining eld :
 O pale misfortune's slaves : o ye who dwell
 Unknown with humble quiet ; ye who wait
 In courts, or fill the golden feat of kings :
 O sons of sport and pleasure : o thou wretch
 That weep'st for jealous love, or the fore wounds
 Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand
 Which left thee void of hope : o ye who roam
 In exile ; ye who through the embattled field
 Seek bright renown ; or who for nobler palms
 Contend, the leaders of a public cause ;
 Approach : behold this marble. Know ye not.

The

The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
 Told you the fashion of your own estate,
 The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
 His monument with reverence while ye stand,
 Say to each other: "This was Shakespear's form;
 "Who walk'd in every path of human life,
 "Felt every passion; and to all mankind
 "Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
 "Which his own genius only could acquire."

V.

GVLIELMVS III. FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR, CVM INEVNTE AETATE
 PATRIAE LABENTI ADFVISSET SALVS IPSE VNICA; CVM MOX
 ITIDEM REIPVBLICAE BRITANNICAE VINDEXT RENVNCIATVS ESSET
 ATQVE STATOR; TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE NATVM RECOGNOVIT
 ET REGEM FACTVM, VT CVRARET NE DOMINO IMPOTENTI
 CEDERENT PAX, FIDES, FORTVNA, GENERIS HVMANI.
 AVCTORI PVBLICAE FELICITATIS P. G. A. M. A.

VI. FOR

VI.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires; o stranger, stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast blest'd their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. and if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down intire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

VII. THE

VII.

T H E W O O D N Y M P H.

A P P R O A C H in silence. 'tis no vulgar tale
Which i, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears. The second age
Now hasteneth to its period, since i rose
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale
Are, all, my offspring: and each Nymph, who guards
The copses and the furrow'd fields beyond,
Obeys me. Many changes have i seen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of justice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Against the tyrants of the land, against
The unhallow'd sons of luxury and guile,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine, i know the paths
Of wisdom, and erroneous folly's end
Have oft prefag'd: and now well-pleas'd i wait
Each evening till a noble youth, who loves
My shade, awhile releas'd from public cares,
Yon peaceful gate shall enter, and sit down
Beneath my branches. Then his musing mind
I prompt, unseen; and place before his view

Sincereſt forms of good ; and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the fire ſupreme
Of gods and men, with freedom's generous deeds,
The lofty voice of glory and the faith
Of ſacred friendſhip. Stranger, i have told
My function. If within thy boſom dwell
Aught which may challenge praiſe, thou wilt not leave
Unhonor'd my abode, nor ſhall i hear
A ſparing benediction from thy tongue.

VIII.

YE powers unſeen, to whom, the bards of Greece
Erected altars ; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions ; if erewhile
Not quite unpleaſing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd when oft this lonely feat
To you i conſecrated ; then vouchſafe
Here with your inſtant energy to crown
My happy ſolitude. It is the hour
When moſt i love to invoke you, and have felt
Moſt frequent your glad miniſtry divine.
The air is calm : the ſun's unveiled orb

Shines

Shines in the middle heaven. the harvest round
Stands quiet, and among the golden sheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd. the neighbouring groves
Are mute ; nor even a linnet's random strain
Echoeth amid the silence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aloft in heaven,
Abide ye ? or on those transparent clouds
Pass, ye from hill to hill ? or on the shades
Which yonder elms cast o'er the lake below
Do you converse retir'd ? From what lov'd haunt
Shall i expect you ? Let me once more feel
Your influence, o ye kind inspiring powers :
And i will guard it well, nor shall a thought
Rise in my mind, nor shall a passion move
Across my bosom unobserv'd, unstor'd
By faithful memory. and then at some
More active moment, will i call them forth
Anew ; and join them in majestic forms,
And give them utterance in harmonious strains ;
That all mankind shall wonder at your sway.

IX.

ME tho' in life's sequester'd vale
The Almighty fire ordain'd to dwell,
Remote from glory's toilsome ways,
And the great scenes of public praise;
Yet let me still with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early music to my tongue supply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd,
And, This be thy concern, he said,
At once with Passion's keen alarms,
And Beauty's pleasurable charms,
And sacred Truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of Man;
Till under one unblemish'd plan,
His Reason, Fancy, and his Heart unite.

T H E E N D.

