

THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON;

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

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THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F. S. A.

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IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. XIII.

WATTS,  
A. PHILIPS,  
WEST,  
COLLINS,

|||  
DYER,  
SHENSTONE,  
YOUNG.

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THE  
POEMS

OF

*WILLIAM COLLINS.*



THE  
LIFE OF COLLINS.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

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**W**ILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester, on the twenty-fifth day of December, about 1720. His father was a hatter of good reputation. He was in 1733, as Dr. Warburton has kindly informed me, admitted scholar of Winchester College, where he was educated by Dr. Burton. His English exercises were better than his Latin.

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

In 1740, he stood first in the list of the scholars to be received in succession at New College, but unhappily there was no vacancy. This was the original misfortune of his life. He became a commoner of Queen's College, probably with a scanty maintenance; but was, in about half a year, elected a demy of Magdalen College, where he continued till he had taken a bachelor's degree, and then suddenly left the university; for what reason I know not that he told.

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

About this time I fell into his company. His appearance was decent and manly; his knowledge considerable, his views extensive, his conversation elegant, and his disposition cheerful. By degrees I gained his confidence; and one day was admitted to him when he was immured by a bailiff, that was prowling in the street. On this occasion recourse was had to the booksellers, who, on the credit of a translation of *Aristotle's Poetics*, which he engaged to write with a large commentary, advanced as much money as enabled him to escape into the country. He showed me the guineas safe in his hand. Soon afterwards his uncle, Mr. Martin, a lieutenant-colonel, left him about two thousand pounds; a sum which Collins could scarcely think

exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust. The guineas were then repaid, and the translation neglected.

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

Having formerly written his character <sup>1</sup>, while, perhaps it was yet more distinctly impressed upon my memory, I shall insert it here.

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

“ This was however the character rather of his inclination than his genius; the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance, were always desired by him, but not always attained. Yet, as diligence is never wholly lost, if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they likewise produced in happier moments sublimity and splendour. This idea which he had formed of excellence led him to oriental fictions and allegorical imagery, and perhaps, while he was intent upon description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment. His poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurnished with knowledge either of books or life, but somewhat obstructed in its progress by deviation in quest of mistaken beauties.

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

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

“ After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at

<sup>1</sup> In the Poetical Calendar, a collection of poems by Fawkes and Woty, in several volumes, 1763, &c. C.

Islington, where he was waiting for his sister, whom he had directed to meet him : there was then nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school. When his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, ' I have but one book,' said Collins, ' but that is the best.' "

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

He was visited at Chichester, in his last illness, by his learned friends Dr. Warton and his brother; to whom he spoke with disapprobation of his *Oriental Eclogues*, as not sufficiently expressive of Asiatic manners, and called them his *Irish Eclogues*. He showed them, at the same time, an Ode inscribed to Mr. John Hume, on the Superstitions of the Highlands; which they thought superior to his other works, but which no search has yet found<sup>2</sup>.

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

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

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

Mr. Collins's first production is added here from the Poetical Calendar.

TO MISS AURELIA C——R,

ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

CEASE, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn;

Lament not Haimah's happy state;

You may be happy in your turn,

And seize the treasure you regret.

With Love united Hymen stands,

And softly whispers to your charms,

" Meet but your lover in my hands,

You'll find your sister in his arms."

<sup>2</sup> It is printed in the late Collection. R.





# POEMS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS.

## ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

### ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.  
TIME, THE MORNING.

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

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

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

“Ye Persian dames,” he said, “to you belong,  
Well may they please, the morals of my song:  
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,  
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!  
The Morn that lights you, to your loves supplies  
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:  
For you those flowers her fragrant bands bestow,  
And yours the love that kings delight to know.  
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,  
The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair!  
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,  
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display;  
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,  
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light:  
Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,  
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.

Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain,  
That Love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;

Or hope a lover by your faults to win,  
As spots on ermine beautify the skin:  
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care  
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;  
Each tender passion man delights to find,  
The lov'd perfections of a female mind! [reign.

“Blest were the days, when Wisdom held her  
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;  
With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,  
Immortal Truth, and daughters bless'd their love.

“O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away,  
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!  
The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,  
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

“Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,  
The dear deserters shall return again.  
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are  
clear,

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

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

## ECLOGUE II.

## HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT. TIME, MID-DAY.

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

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

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

"Curst be the gold and silver which persuade  
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!

The lily peace outshines the silver ore,  
And life is dearer than the golden ore:  
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,  
To every distant mart and wealthy town.  
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea:  
And are we only yet repaid by thee?

Ah! why was ruin so attractive made;  
Or why fond man so easily betray'd?  
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,  
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?  
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,  
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,  
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,  
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?—

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

"O cease, my fears! All frantic as I go,  
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,  
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—  
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:

And, fearful! oft, when Day's declining light  
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,  
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,  
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:  
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,  
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.  
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,  
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;  
Or some sworn serpent twist his scales around,  
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.  
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,  
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!

They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;  
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.—  
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"O, hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,  
The tender Zara will be most undone!  
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,  
When fast she drops her tears, as thus she said:—  
'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,  
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!  
Yet, as thou go'st, may every blast arise  
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!  
Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see,  
No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.'—  
O, let me safely to the fair return,  
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;  
O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,  
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears."  
He said, and call'd on Heaven to bless the day,  
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

## ECLOGUE III.

## ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST. TIME, THE EVENING.

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

Of Abra first began the tender strain,  
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:  
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,  
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead;  
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,  
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.  
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,  
A various wreath of odoriferous flowers she made:  
Gay-motley'd pinks<sup>1</sup> and sweet jonquils she chose,  
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;  
All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:  
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the modern history of Mr. Salmon.

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fir'd her love  
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove :  
Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind  
To the sweet vale and flowery mead inclin'd ;  
And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flowers,  
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,  
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,  
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.  
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band !  
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand :  
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung ;  
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.  
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,  
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !

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

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

## ECLOGUE IV.

## AGIB AND SECANDER ; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.  
TIME, MIDNIGHT.

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

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,  
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.  
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,  
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way !  
And first review that long-extended plain,  
And yon wide groves, already past with pain !  
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd !  
And last this lofty mountain's weary side !

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know  
T he toils of flight, or some severer woe !  
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,  
A nd shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind :  
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,  
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.

Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,  
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame :  
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,  
And leave to ruffian bauds their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

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

AGIB.

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

SECANDER.

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

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far  
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war ;  
Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,  
To shield your harvests, and defend your fair :  
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,  
Fixt to destroy, and stedfast to undo.  
Wild as his land, in native deserts brod,  
By lust incited, or by malice led,  
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,  
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way ;  
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,  
To death inur'd, and nurs't in scenes of woe.

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

## ODES,

## DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

## ODE TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,  
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,  
And charm his frantic woe :  
When first Distress, with dagger keen,  
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,  
His wild unsated foe !  
By Pella's bard, a magic name,  
By all the griefs his thought could frame,

Receive my humble rite :  
 Long, Pity, let the nations view  
 Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,  
 And eyes of dewy light !  
 But wherefore need I wander wide  
 To old Ilissus' distant side,  
 Deserted stream, and mute ?  
 Wild Arun<sup>1</sup> too has heard thy strains,  
 And Echo, 'midst my native plains,  
 Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.  
 There first the wren thy myrtles shed  
 On gentlest Otway's infant head,  
 To him thy cell was shown ;  
 And while he sung the female heart,  
 With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,  
 Thy turtles mix'd their own.  
 Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's aid,  
 Æ'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,  
 Thy temple's pride design :  
 Its southern site, its truth complete,  
 Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat  
 In all who view the shrine.  
 There Picture's toil shall well relate,  
 How Chance, or hard involving Fate,  
 O'er mortal bliss prevail :  
 The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,  
 And, sighing, prompt her tender hand  
 With each disastrous tale.  
 There let me oft, retir'd by day,  
 In dreams of passion melt away,  
 Allow'd with thee to dwell :  
 There waste the mournful lamp of night,  
 Till, Virgin, thou again delight  
 To hear a British shell !

---

#### ODE TO FEAR.

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

#### EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,  
 The grief-full Muse address'd her infant tongue ;

The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,  
 Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.  
 Yet he, the bard<sup>2</sup> who first invok'd thy name,  
 Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel :  
 For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,  
 But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.  
 But who is he, whom later garlands grace,  
 Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,  
 With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,  
 Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove ?  
 Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous queen<sup>3</sup>  
 Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,  
 When once alone it broke the silent scene,  
 And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.  
 O Fear ! I know thee by my throbbing heart,  
 Thy withering power inspir'd each mourful line ;  
 Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,  
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

#### ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,  
 Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last ?  
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted coil,  
 Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell ?  
 Or in some hollow'd seat,  
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,  
 Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought !  
 Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted  
 thought,  
 Be mine, to read the visions old,  
 Which thy awakening bards have told.  
 And, lest thou meet my blasted view,  
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;  
 Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,  
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,  
 When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,  
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave,  
 And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,  
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men !  
 O thou, whose spirit most possess  
 The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast !  
 By all that from thy prophet broke,  
 In thy divine emotions spoke !  
 Hither again thy fury deal,  
 Teach me but once like him to feel :  
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,  
 And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee !

---

#### ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O thou, by Nature taught,  
 To breathe her genuine thought,  
 In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong ;  
 Who first on mountains wild,  
 In Fancy, loveliest child,  
 Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song !  
 'Tbou, who with hermit heart  
 Disdain'st the wealth of art,  
 And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall :  
 But com'st a decent maid,  
 In attic robe array'd,  
 O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call !  
 By all the honey'd store  
 On Hybla's thymy shore,  
 By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,

<sup>1</sup> A river in Sussex.

<sup>2</sup> Æschylus.

<sup>3</sup> Jocasta.

By her, whose love-loam woe,  
In evening musings slow,  
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

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

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

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

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

Though Taste, though Genius bless  
To some divine excess,  
Faint 's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;  
What each, what all supply,  
May court, may charm our eye,  
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

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

#### ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once, if not with light regard,  
I read aright that gifted bard,  
(Him whose school above the rest  
His loveliest Elfin queen has blest)  
One, only one unrival'd fair,  
Might hope the magic girdle wear,  
At solemn tourney hung on high,  
The wish of each love-darting eye;  
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,  
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,  
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,  
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,  
K left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd side;  
Happier hopeless fair, if never  
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour  
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!  
Young Fancy thus, to me divinst name,  
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in Heaven,  
The cest of amplest power is given,  
To few the god-like gift assigns,  
To gird their blest prophetic loins,  
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.

<sup>1</sup> Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4.

The band, as fairy legends say,  
Was wove on that creating day,  
When he, who call'd with thought to birth  
You teated sky, this laughing Earth,  
And dress'd with springs, and forests tall,  
And pour'd the main, engirting all,  
Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,  
Himself in some diviner mood,  
Retiring, sate with her alone,  
And plac'd her on his sapphire throne,  
The whites, the vaulted shrine around,  
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,  
Now sublimest triumph swelling;  
Now on love and mercy dwelling;  
And she, from out the veiling cloud,  
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:  
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,  
And all thy subject life was born.  
The dangerous passions kept aloof,  
Far from the sainted growing wood:  
But near it sate ecstatic Wonder,  
Listening the deep applauding thunder:  
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,  
By whose the Tarsol's eyes were made;  
All the shadowy tribes of mind  
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,  
And all the bright uncounted powers,  
Who feed on Heaven's ambrosial flowers.  
Where is the bard, whose soul can now  
Its high presuming hopes avow?  
Where he, who thinks, with rapture blind,  
This hallow'd work for him design'd?  
High on some cliff, to Heaven up-pil'd,  
Of rude access, of prospect wild,  
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,  
Strange shades o'erbrow the valleys deep,  
And holy genii guard the rock,  
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,  
While on its rich ambitious head,  
An Eden, like his own, lies spread.  
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,  
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,  
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,  
Nigh spher'd in Heaven its native strains could  
hear!

On which that antient trump he reach'd was  
hung;

Thither oft his glory greeting,  
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,  
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,  
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;  
In vain—Such bliss to one alone,  
Of all the sons of soul was known,  
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,  
Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers,  
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.

#### ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than Fanny's feet have ever trod.  
By Fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;

There Honour comes, & pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall a while repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

---

### ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

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

ANTISTROPHE.

When he, whom e'en our joys provoke,  
The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,  
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;  
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,  
O'ertook him on his blasted road,  
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.  
I see recoil his sable steeds,  
That bore him swift to savage deeds,  
Thy tender melting eyes they own;  
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,  
Where Justice bars her iron tower,  
To thee we build a roseate bower,  
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our  
monarch's throne!

---

### ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

Who shall awake the Spartan siff,  
And call in solemn sounds to life,  
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,  
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,  
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,  
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?  
What new Alceus, fancy-blest,  
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,  
At Wisdom's shrine a while its flame concealing,  
(What place so fit to scal a deed renown'd?)  
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,  
It leasp'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted  
wound!

O goddess, in that feeling hour,  
When most its sounds would court thy ears,  
Let not my shell's misguided power  
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.  
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,  
How Rome, before thy face,  
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,  
Push'd by a wild and artless race,  
From off its wide ambitious base,  
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,  
And all the blended work of strength and grace  
With many a rude repeated stroke, [broke.  
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments

STROPHE.

Yet, e'en where'er the least appear'd  
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;  
Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,  
Some remnants of her strength were found;  
They saw, by what escap'd the storm,  
How wondrous rose her perfect form;  
How in the great, the labour'd whole,  
Each mighty master pour'd his soul;  
For sunny Florence, seat of Art,  
Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,  
Till they, whom Science lov'd to name,  
(O, who could fear it!) quench'd her flame,  
And, lo, an humbler relic laid  
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!  
See small Marino joins the theme,  
Though least, not last in thy esteem;  
Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings  
To those, whose merchants sons were kings;  
To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,  
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:  
Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleasure;  
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:  
Nor e'er her former pride relate  
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.  
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,  
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak:  
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,  
The daring archer heard thy voice;  
Forth from his eyrie rout'd in dread,  
The ravening eagle northward fled.)  
Or dwell in willow'd meads more neat,  
With those to whom thy stork<sup>1</sup> is dear;  
Those whom the rod of Alva bruise'd,  
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!  
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,  
One holier name alone remains;  
The perfect spell shall then avail,  
Hail, nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,  
The works, the wizard Time has wrought!  
The Gaul, 't is held of antique story,  
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand<sup>2</sup>.  
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,  
He pass'd with punet feet through all our land.  
To the blown Baltic then, they say,  
The wild waves found another way,  
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;  
Till all the banded west at once gan rise,  
A wide wild storm e'en Nature's self confounding,  
Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth  
surprise.

<sup>1</sup> The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

<sup>2</sup> This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,  
By winds and inward labours torn,  
In thunders dread was push'd aside,  
And down the stoudering billows borne.  
And see, like gems, her laughing train,  
The little isles on every side,  
Mona<sup>3</sup>, once hid from those who search the main,  
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,  
And Wight, who checks the westering tide,  
For thee consenting Heaven has each bestow'd,  
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:  
To thee this blest divorce she ow'd, [abode!  
For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last

## SECOND PROSE.

Then too, 't is said, an hoary pile,  
'Midst the green navel of our isle,  
Thy shrine in some religious wood,  
O soul enforcing goddess, stood!  
There oft the painted native's feet  
Were wont thy form celestial meet:  
Though now with hopeless toil we trace  
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;  
Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,  
Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,  
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,  
'T were hard for modern song to tell.  
Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,  
Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,  
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,  
Paving the light embroider'd sky  
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,  
The beauteous model still remains,  
There happier than in Islands blest,  
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,  
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,  
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,  
Hear their consorted Druids sing  
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.  
How may the poet now unfold,  
What never tongue or numbers told?  
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,  
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?  
E'en now, before his favour'd eyes,  
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!  
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,  
Majestic, through the mix'd design;  
The secret builder, knew to chuse,  
Each sphere found gem of richest hues:  
Whate'er Heaven's purer mould contains,  
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;  
There on the walls the patriot's sight  
May ever hang with fresh delight,  
And, 'grav'd with some prophetic rage,  
Read Albion's fame through every age.  
Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,  
That near her inmost altar stand!

<sup>3</sup> There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a mermaid, becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This however was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs,

Now soothe her, to her blissful train  
Blithe Concord's social forms to gain:  
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep  
E'en Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:  
Before whose breathing bosom's balm,  
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;  
Her let our sires and matrons hoar  
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,  
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,  
Play with the tangles of her hair,  
Till, in one loud applauding sound,  
The nations shout to her around,  
"O, how supremely art thou blest,  
Thou, lady, thou shalt rule the West!"

ODE, TO A LADY,  
ON THE DEATH OF COL. CHARLES ROSS

IN THE ACTION AT FONTENAY.

Written May, 1745.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,  
Britannia's genius bends to earth,  
And mourns the fatal day:  
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear  
Unseemly from his sea-green hair  
The wreaths of cheerful May:  
The thoughts which musing Pity pays,  
And fond Remembrance loves to raise,  
Your faithful hours attend:  
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,  
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,  
And points the bleeding friend.  
By rapid Scheld's descending wave  
His country's vows shall bless the grave,  
Where'er the youth is laid:  
That sacred spot the village hind  
With every sweetest turf shall bind,  
And Peace protect the shade.  
O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,  
Aërial forms shall sit at eve,  
And bend the pensive head;  
And, fall'n to save his injur'd land,  
Imperial Honour's awful hand  
Shall point his lonely bed!  
The warlike dead of every age,  
Who fill the fair recording page,  
Shall leave their sainted rest:  
And, half-reclining on his spear,  
Each wondering chief by turns appear  
To hail the blooming guest.  
Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,  
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,  
And gaze with fix'd delight:  
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,  
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,  
And wish th' avenging fight.  
But, lo! where, sunk in deep despair,  
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,  
Impatient Freedom lies!  
Her matted tresses madly spread,  
To every sod which wraps the dead,  
She turns her joyless eyes.  
Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground,  
Till notes of triumph bursting round  
Proclaim her reign restor'd:  
Till William seek the sad retreat,

And, bleeding at her sacred feet,  
Present the sated sword.

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

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

#### ODE TO EVENING.

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

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

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,  
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,  
Or where the beetle winds  
His small but sullen horn,

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

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

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

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with  
sedge,

And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,  
The pensive pleasures sweet  
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,  
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,  
Whose walls more awful nod  
By thy religious gleams.

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

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

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

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

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

#### ODE TO PEACE.

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

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

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

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

#### THE MANNERS.

##### AN ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken design'd ;  
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind :  
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,  
My silent search in vain requir'd !

No more my sail that deep explores,  
No more I search those magic shores,  
What regions part the world of soul,  
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll :  
If e'er I round such fairy field,  
Some power impart the spear and shield,  
At which the wizard passions fly,  
By which the giant follies die !

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

Youth of the quick uncheated sight,  
Thy walks, Obscrance, more invite !  
O thou, who lov'st that ampler range,  
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,  
And, with her mingled sons ally'd,  
Throw'st the prattling page aside :  
To me in converse sweet impart,  
To read in man the native heart,  
To learn, where Science sure is found,  
From Nature as she lives around :  
And gazing oft her mirror true,  
By turns each shifting image view !



Till meddling Art's officious love  
Reverse the lessons taught before,  
Alluring from a safer rule,  
To dream in her enchanted school;  
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,  
Hast blest this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,  
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,  
Not vain she finds the charming task,  
In pageant quaint, in motley mask,  
Behold, before her musing eyes,  
The countless Manners round her rise;  
While, ever varying as they pass,  
To some Contempt applies her glass:  
With these the white-robb'd maids combine,  
And those the laughing satyrs join!  
But who is he whom now she views,  
In robe of wild contending hues?  
Thou by the passions nurs'd; I greet  
The comic sock that binds thy feet!  
O Humour, thou whose name is known  
To Britain's favour'd isle alone:  
Me too amidst thy band admit,  
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,  
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair  
Are plac'd each other's beams to share,  
Whom no delights from thee divide)  
In laughter loose attends thy side!  
By old Miletus! who so long  
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song:  
By all you taught the Tuscan maids,  
In chang'd Italia's modern shades:  
By him<sup>2</sup>, whose knight's distinguish'd name  
Refin'd a nation's lust of fame;  
Whose tales e'en now, with echoes sweet,  
Castilia's Moorish hills repeat:  
Or him<sup>3</sup>, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,  
In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore,  
Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,  
By virtues in her sire betray'd:  
O Nature boon, from whom proceed  
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;  
If but from thee I hope to feel,  
On all my heart imprint thy seal!  
Let some retreating Cynic find  
Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,  
The Sports and I this hour agree  
To rove thy scene-full world with thee!

### THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Throng'd around her magic cell,  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possess beyond the Muse's painting;  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the Milesian Tales, some of the earliest romances.

<sup>2</sup> Cervantes.

<sup>3</sup> Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

Till once, 't is said, when all were fir'd,  
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,  
Would prove his own expressive power.  
First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.  
Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.  
With woful measures wan Despair—  
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,  
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.  
But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure?  
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!  
Still would her touch the strain prolong,  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;  
And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,  
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden  
hair.  
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,  
Revenge impatient rose,  
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,  
And, with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe.  
And ever and anon he beat  
The doubling drum with furious heat; [tween,  
And though sometimes, each dreary pause be-  
Dejected Pity at his side  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,  
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting  
from his head.  
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,  
Sad proof of thy distressful state,  
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,  
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on  
Hate.  
With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,  
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,  
And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul;  
And dashing soft from rocks around,  
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound; [stole,  
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure  
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,  
Round an holy calm diffusing,  
Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
In hollow murmurs died away.  
But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!  
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;  
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd  
queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,  
Peeping from forth their alleys green;  
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,

And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.  
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,

He, with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand address,  
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,  
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.

They would have thought, who heard the strain,  
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,  
Amidst the festal sounding shades,

To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,  
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,

And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay,  
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,  
Why, goddess, why to us denied,  
Lay'st thou thy antient lyre aside?  
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,  
You learn'd an all-commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, O nymph conceal'd,  
Can well recall what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart,  
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?  
Arise, as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!

Thy wonders, in that god-like age,  
Fill thy recording sister's page—  
'T is said, and I believe the tale,  
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,

Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard age,  
E'en all at once together found  
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—

O, bid our vain endeavours cease,  
Revive the just desigus of Greece,  
Return in all thy simple state!  
Confirm the talcs her sons relate!

### AN EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HAMMER, ON HIS EDITION  
OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

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

Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,  
Unown'd by science, and by years obscur'd:  
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd  
A fixt despair in every tuneful breast,  
Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,  
When wintery winds deform the plentiful year;  
When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade  
Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd,

Each rising art by just gradation mov'd,  
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:  
The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,  
And grac'd with noblest pottip her earliest stage.  
Preserv'd through time, the speaking scenes impart  
Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart:  
Or paint the curse that mark'd the Theban's<sup>1</sup> reign,  
A bed incestuous, and a father slain.  
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,  
Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

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

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

Till Julius<sup>2</sup> first recall'd each exil'd maid,  
And Cosmo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade:  
Then, deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,  
The soft Provencal pass'd to Arno's stream:  
With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung,  
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.  
The gay description could not fail to move;  
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But Heaven, still various in its works, decreed  
The perfect boast of time should last succeed,  
The beautiful union must appear at length,  
Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength:

One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,  
And e'en a Shakespeare to her fame be born!

Yet, ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,  
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!  
No second growth the western isle could bear,  
At once exhausted with too rich a year.

'Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;  
Nature in him was almost lost in art.

Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,  
The next in order, as the next in name.  
With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find  
Each glowing thought, that warms the female  
mind;

Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,  
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.  
His<sup>3</sup> every strain the Smiles and Graces own;

But stronger Shakespeare felt for man alone:  
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand  
Th' unrival'd picture of his early hand.

With gradual steps,<sup>4</sup> and slow, exacter France  
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance:  
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,  
Correctly bold; and just in all she drew.

<sup>1</sup> The Oedipus of Sophocles.

<sup>2</sup> Julius II., the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

<sup>3</sup> Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.

<sup>4</sup> About the time of Shakespeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.

Till late *Cornelle*, with *Lucina's* spirit fir'd,  
 Breath'd the free strain, as *Rome* and he inspir'd;  
 And classic judgment gain'd to sweet *Racine*  
 The temperate strength of *Maro's* chaster line.

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

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

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

What other *Raphael's* charm a distant age!  
 Methinks e'en now I view some free design,  
 Where breathing Nature lives in every line:  
 Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,  
 Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.  
 —And see, where *Anthony*<sup>6</sup>, in tears approv'd,  
 Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:  
 O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,  
 Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!  
 Still as they press, he calls on all around,  
 Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

But who is he?, whose brows exalted bear  
 A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?  
 Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,  
 On his own *Rome* he turns th' avenging steel.  
 Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall  
 (So Heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.  
 See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,  
 Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain!  
 Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide  
 The son's affection in the Roman's pride:  
 O'er all the man conflicting passions rise,  
 Rage grasps the sword, while Pity melts the eyes.

<sup>5</sup> The favourite author of the elder *Cornelle*.

<sup>6</sup> See the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*.

<sup>7</sup> *Coriolanus*. See Mr. *Spence's* dialogue on the  
*Odyssey*.

Thus, generous orille, as thy bard inspires,  
 The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires:  
 Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,  
 Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string:  
 Those *Sibyl-leaves*, the sport of every wind,  
 (For poets ever were a careless kind)  
 By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,  
 But, just to Nature, own thy forming hand.  
 So spread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole un-  
 known,

E'en *Homer's* numbers charm'd by parts alone.  
 Their own *Ulysses* scarce had wander'd more,  
 By winds and waters cast on every shore:  
 When rais'd by Fate, some former *Hannor* join'd  
 Each beautiful image of the boundless mind;  
 And bade, like thee, his *Athens* ever claim  
 A fond alliance with the poet's name.

DIRGE IN CYMBELIN,

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRACUS OVER FIDELI,  
 SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair *Fideli's* grassy tomb  
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
 Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,  
 And rife all the breathing Spring.

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

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

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

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

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

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

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

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

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
 His airy harp<sup>1</sup> shall now be laid,  
 That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,  
 May love through life the soothing shade.

<sup>1</sup> The harp of *Æolus*, of which see a description  
 in the *Castle of Indolence*.

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

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

And oft as Ease and Health retire  
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
 The friend shall view yon whitening spire\*,  
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

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

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

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

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

The genial meads<sup>3</sup> assign'd to bless  
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!  
 Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress  
 With simple hands thy rural tomb.

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

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### VERSES

WRITTEN ON A PAPER, WHICH CONTAINED A PIECE OF  
 BRIDE-CAKE.

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

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

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

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

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,  
 Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,

\* Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond church.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.

Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,  
 And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

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

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

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

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### AN ODE

ON THE  
 POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS  
 OF THE  
 HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND;  
 CONSIDERED AS  
 THE SUBJECT OF POETRY.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOHN HOME.

HOME, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads  
 Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay, [long  
 Mid those soft friends, whose hearts some future  
 day  
 Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song<sup>1</sup>.  
 Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth<sup>2</sup> [side;  
 Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's  
 Together let us wish him lasting truth  
 And joy untainted with his destin'd bride.  
 Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast  
 My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name;  
 But think, far off, how, on the Southern coast,  
 I met thy friendship with an equal flame!  
 Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale  
 Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:  
 To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;  
 Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,  
 And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;  
 'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet;  
 Where still, 't is said, the fairy people meet,  
 Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.

There each trim lass, that skims the milky store  
 To the swart tribes, their creamy bowls aloft;  
 By night they sip it round the cottage-door,  
 While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.

There, every herd, by sad experience, knows  
 How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,  
 When the sick ewe her summer food forgoes,  
 Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.

Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain: [lect;  
 Nor thou, tho' learn'd, his homelier thoughts neg-

<sup>1</sup> How truly did Collins predict Home's tragic powers!

<sup>2</sup> A gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

ON THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND. 207

Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain ;  
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,  
That add new conquests to her boundless reign,  
And fill with double force her heart-command-  
ing strain.

E'en yet preserv'd, how often mayst thou hear,  
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,  
Taught by the father, to his listening son ; [ear.  
Strange lays, whose power had charm'd, a Spenser's  
At every pause, before thy mind possess,  
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,  
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,  
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd :  
Whether thou bidd'st the well-taught hind repeat  
The choral dirge that mourns some chieftain brave,  
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,  
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave ;  
Or, whether sitting in the shepherd's shiel<sup>3</sup>,  
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms ;  
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,  
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny swarms,  
And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's arms.

'T is thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,  
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,  
Lodg'd in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear,  
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells : [gross,  
How they, whose sight such dreary dreams en-  
With their own vision oft astonish'd droop ;  
When, o'er the watery strath, or quaggy moss,  
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.  
Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,  
Their destin'd glance some fated youth descrie,  
Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,  
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.  
For them the viewless forms of air obey ;  
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair.  
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,  
And heartless, oft like moody madness, stare [pare.  
To see the phantom train their secret work pre-

To monarchs dear<sup>4</sup>, some hundred miles astray,  
Oft have I seen Fate give the fatal blow !  
The seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,  
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay !

<sup>3</sup> A summer hut, built in the high part of the mountains, to tend their flocks in the warm season, when the pasture is fine.

<sup>4</sup> By the public prints we are informed, that a Scotch clergyman lately discovered Collins's rude draught of this poem. It is, however, said to be very imperfect. The fifth stanza, and the half of the sixth, say those prints, being deficient, has been supplied by Mr. Mackenzie ; whose lines are here annexed, for the purpose of comparison, and to do justice to the elegant author of the Man of Feeling.

“ Or on some belying rock that shades the deep,  
They view the lurid signs that cross the sky,  
Where in the west the brooding tempests lie ;  
And hear their first, faint, rustling pennons sweep.  
Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark  
The broad, unbroken billows heave and swell,  
In horrid musings rapt, they sit to mark  
The lab'ring Moon ; or list the nightly yell  
Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form  
The seer's entranced eye can well survey,  
Through the dim air who guides the driving storm,  
And points the wretched bark its destin'd prey.

As Boreas threw his young Aurora's forth,  
In the first year of the first George's reign,  
And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,  
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion slain !  
And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,  
Saw at sad Falkirk all their hopes near crown'd !  
They rav'd ! divining thro' their second sight<sup>6</sup>,  
Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were  
drown'd !  
Illustrious William<sup>7</sup> ! Britain's guardian name !  
One William sav'd us from a tyrant's stroke ;  
He, for a sceptre gain'd heroic fame, [broke,  
But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast  
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke !

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

Let not dank Will<sup>8</sup> mislead you to the heath :  
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,  
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,  
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake !  
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,  
His glimmering mazes cheer th' excursive sight,  
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,  
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light ;  
For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unrustling reed,  
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,  
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,  
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,  
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch  
surprise.

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

Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,  
O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's waste,  
Draws instant down whate'er devoted thing

The falling breeze within its reach hath plac'd—  
The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling  
Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway, [haste.  
Silent he broods o'er quicksand, bog or fen,  
Far from the sheltering roof and haunts of men,  
When witch'd darkness shuts the eye of day,  
And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the  
Or, if the drifted snow perplex the way, [night ;  
With treacherous gleam he lures the fated wight,  
And leads him floundering on and quite astray.”

<sup>5</sup> By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715 ; at least, it is most highly probable, from this peculiar circumstance, that no antient writer whatever has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern, previous to the above period.

<sup>6</sup> Second sight is the term that is used for the divination of the Highlanders.

<sup>7</sup> The late duke of Cumberland, who defeated the pretender at the battle of Culloden.

<sup>8</sup> A fiery meteor, called by various names, such as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lantern, &c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny places.

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

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,  
 Or wander forth to meet him on his way;  
 For him in vain, at to-fall of the day,  
 His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate;  
 Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night  
 Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep,  
 With drooping willows drest his mournful sprits  
 Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:  
 Then he perhaps, with moist and watery hand,  
 Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,  
 And with his blue-swain face before her stand,  
 And, shivering cold, these piteous accents speak:  
 "Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,  
 At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;  
 Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,  
 While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,  
 Drown'd in the Kelpie's<sup>9</sup> wrath, nor e'er shall aid  
 thee more!"

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill [spring  
 Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which  
 From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing  
 Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,  
 To that hoar pile<sup>10</sup> which still its ruin shows:  
 In whose small vaults a Pigmy-folk is found,  
 Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,  
 And call them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd ground!  
 Or thither<sup>11</sup>, where beneath the show'ry west  
 The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:  
 Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,  
 No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:  
 Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,  
 The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,  
 And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,  
 In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,  
 And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

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

<sup>9</sup> The water fiend.

<sup>10</sup> One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pig-  
 mies; where it is reported that several miniature  
 bones of the human species have been dug up in  
 the ruins of a chapel there.

<sup>11</sup> Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near  
 sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian  
 kings are interred.

And of its eggs despoil the solan's<sup>12</sup> nest.  
 Thus blest in primal innocence they live,  
 Suffic'd and happy with that frugal fare  
 Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.  
 Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;  
 Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!  
 Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes en-  
 Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possess; [gaze  
 For not alone they touch the village breast,  
 But fill'd in elder time th' historic page. [crown'd,  
 There, Shakespeare's self, with ev'ry garland  
 Flew to those fairy edimes his fancy sheen,  
 In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,  
 And with their terrors dress'd the magic scene.  
 From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,  
 Before the Scot, afflicted, and agast!  
 The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line  
 Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant pass'd.  
 Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,  
 Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;  
 Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,  
 The native legends of thy land rehearse;  
 To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart  
 From sober truth, are still to Nature true,  
 And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,  
 Th' heroic Muse employ'd her Tasso's art.  
 How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke,  
 Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd!  
 When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,  
 And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword!  
 How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,  
 To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!  
 Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind  
 Believ'd the magic wondrous which he sung!  
 Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!  
 Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!  
 Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows!  
 Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,  
 And fills th' empassion'd heart, and wins th' har-  
 monious ear!

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail!  
 Ye splendid firths and lakes, which, far away,  
 Are by smooth Anan<sup>13</sup> fill'd, or past'ral Tay<sup>14</sup>,  
 Or Don's<sup>15</sup> romantic springs, at distance, hail!  
 The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread  
 Your lowly glens<sup>16</sup> o'erhung with spreading broom;  
 Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led;  
 Or o'er your mountain creeps, in awful gloom!  
 Then will I dress once more the faded bower,  
 Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade<sup>17</sup>;  
 Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower, [laid!  
 And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's  
 Meantime, ye powers, that on the plains which bore  
 The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains<sup>18</sup>, attend!—  
 Where'er Home dwells, on hill or lowly moor,  
 To him I lose, your kind protection lend,  
 And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my ab-  
 sent friend!

<sup>12</sup> An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of  
 which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the  
 Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

<sup>13</sup> Three rivers in Scotland.

<sup>14</sup> Valleys.

<sup>15</sup> Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the  
 Scotch poet, Drummond, at his seat of Hawthorn-  
 den, within four miles of Edinburgh.

<sup>16</sup> Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh Uni-  
 versity, which is in the county of Lothian.

## S O N G.

THE SENTIMENTS BORROWED FROM SHAKESPEARE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

OBSERVATIONS  
ON THE  
ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

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

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

In those ages, which, guided by sacred chronology, from a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, it appears from the most authentic historians, that the chiefs of the people employed themselves in rural exercises, and that astronomers and legislators were at the same time shepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that the history of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean shepherd.

From these circumstances it is evident, not only that such shepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted would be of the pastoral kind ; would take its subjects from those scenes of rural simplicity in which they were conversant, and, as it was the offspring of Harmony and Nature,

would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

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

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

It is to be lamented that scarce any oriental compositions of this kind have survived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time ; we cannot doubt that many such have been extant, possibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity perished in the ashes of the Alexandrian library.

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

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

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

Νῦν ἐν μὲν φορέετε βατοὶ, φορέετε δ' ἀκανθαί,  
' Ἄ δε καλά Ναρκίσσος ἐν' ἀραιούβοι κομμάται.  
Πάντα δ' ἑλλάλα ὑγιότο, καὶ ἂ πύττες οὐχὺς σπύλαι,  
—καὶ τὰς κινθὰς ἑλάφος ἴλωι.

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

The cause, indeed, of these phenomena is very different in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet ; the former employing them on the death,

the latter on the birth, of an important person: but the marks of imitation are nevertheless obvious.

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

Οὕτω δὲ πρῶτα κατηράδεις, ὦ φίλε γαμβρῆ;

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

Ἄνε ἀντιλλοῖσα καλον διέφαιε πρόσωπον,  
Ποτνια νύξ ἄτα, λυκῶν ἐπὶ χερμάτων ἀπτότος,  
Ἰδι καὶ ἂ χρυσῆα Ἐλίνα διέφαιετ' ἐν ἄμιν,  
Πίστιρι, μεγαλή. ἄτ' ἀνδράραϊν οὐμός ἀρούρη,  
Ἡ καπῶ κυπαριστος, ἢ ἄρματι Θισσαλὸς ἱππος.

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

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

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

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

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

#### ECLOGUE I.

This eclogue, which is entitled *Selim*, or *The Shepherd's Moral*, as there is nothing dramatic in the subject, may be thought the least entertaining

of the four: but it is by no means the least valuable. The moral precepts which the intelligent shepherd delivers to his fellow-swains and the virgins, their companions, are such as would infallibly promote the happiness of the pastoral life.

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

The characteristics of Modesty and Chastity are extremely happy and *peinturesque*:

"Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs  
are clear,

To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:

With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,

Distrusting all, a wise, suspicious maid;

Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew,

A silken veil conceals her from the view."

The two similes borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expressive. There is, notwithstanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity of thought may as well be applied to Chastity as to Modesty; and from this instance, as well as from a thousand more, we may see the necessity of distinguishing, in characteristic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

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

—that must lead to love.

#### ECLOGUE II.

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

"In silent horror o'er the boundless waste  
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd."

The magic pencil of the poet brings the whole scene before us at once, as it were by enchantment, and in this single couplet we feel all the effect that arises from the terrible wildness of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verses, that describe so minutely the camel-driver's little provisions, have a touching influence on the imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehensions of distress:

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

It is difficult to say whether his apostrophe to the mute companions of his toils, is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tenderness and humanity of



the sentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injustice, if he concludes it to be destitute of sensibility :

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

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

“ — Seine's blue nymphs deplore  
In watchet weeds—”

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

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

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

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

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

“ What if the lion in his rage I meet!—  
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:  
And fearful! oft, when Day's declining light  
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,  
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,  
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:  
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,  
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.”

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

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

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

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

### ECLOGUE III.

THAT innocent and native simplicity of manners, which, in the first eclogue, was allowed to constitute the happiness of love, is here beautifully described in its effects. The sultan of Persia marries a Georgian shepherdess, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted Nature alone can bestow. The most natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are those where the fair sultana refers with so much pleasure to her pastoral amusements, and those scenes of happy innocence in which she had passed her early years; particularly when, upon her first departure,

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

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

Collecti flores tunicis occidere remisiss:  
Tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,  
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem.

### ECLOGUE IV.

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

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

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

“ Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,  
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:”

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

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural, and unaffected; when one of the shepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had passed. This is, certainly, painting

from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or destitute of refinement, are perfectly in character. But, as the closest pursuit of nature is the surest way to excellence in general, and to sublimity in particular, in poetical description, so we find that this simple suggestion of the shepherd is not unattended with magnificence. There is grandeur and variety in the landscape he describes:

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

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expressing a slow and difficult movement by adding to the usual number of pauses in a verse. This is observable in the line that describes the ascent of the mountain:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## OBSERVATIONS

ON

## THE ODES,

## DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

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

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

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

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

Melior fieri tuendo,

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

Horace speaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but if the mind receives conviction, it is certainly of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the senses, it is conveyed. The impressions left on the imagination may, possibly, be thought less durable than the deposits of memory, but it may very well admit of a question, whether a conclusion of reason, or an impression of imagination, will soonest make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is most likely to gain upon the affections, it may not be difficult to determine.

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

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

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

By this we are not to understand the trope in the schools, which is defined *Aliud verbis, aliud sensu ostendere*, and of which Quintilian says, *Usus est, ut tristia dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rei quædam contrariis significemus, &c.* It is not the verbal, but the sentimental allegory, not allegorical expression (which, indeed, might come under the term of *metaphor*) but allegorical imagery, that is here in question.

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

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

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

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

From the same source with the *verbal*, we are to derive the *sentimental* allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical or symbolical expression of the several agents in an action, or the different objects in a scene.

The latter most peculiarly comes under the denomination of *allegorical imagery*; and in this species of allegory we include the impersonation of passions, affections, virtues, and vices, &c. on ac-

count of which, principally, the following odes were properly termed by their author, allegorical.

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

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

#### ODE TO PITY.

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

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

Ἦγού προπαροῖδε, θυγατερ, ὡς τυφλῆ ποδὶ  
Ὀφθαλμῶς ἐμῶν, ταυταταῖσιν ἄστρῳ ὡς,  
Δαυρ' ἐκ τῆς λυρω πέδιον ἰχθὺς τιθῆναι ἤμαρ,  
Πρόβαινε. Act. iii. sc. 1.

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

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

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

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

## ODE TO FEAR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—Te, Catilina, minaci  
Pendentem scopulo.

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

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

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

"Be mine to read the visions old,  
Which thy awakening hards have told:  
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,  
Hold each strange tale devoutly true."

"On that thrice hallow'd eve, &c."

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

## ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

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

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

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

—πολιδικὸς δ' ἀφικέμενος  
Χρονίος ἰδὼν μελαθρα, καὶ βωμῶνος Δίον,  
Γυμνασία δ', ὄβριον ἐντραφεύον, Διφύκος δ' ἰδύον·  
Ὅτι οὐ δικαίως ἀνιλαθείς, ζήτων πολὺν  
Ναῖον, δὲ' ὅσσοις ἡμᾶς ἔχον διακρίβρον.  
Ἄλλ' (ὅτι γὰρ ἀλόγως ἀλόγος) αὐ σὺ δειρμόμα,  
Κατὰ ζυγαίης, καὶ σπυλαῖς μελαγχολίμους  
Ἐχέουσα.  
EURIP. PHENISSA, ver. 369.

"But staid to sing alone  
To one distinguish'd throne."

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

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

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

## ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul este profani!

THIS ode is so infinitely abstracted and replete with high enthusiasm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the spirit of it, or of relishing its beauties. There is a style of sentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as

if the subject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the same account that abstracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of such poems must be content with the approbation of those heaven-favoured geniuses, who, by a similarity of taste and sentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high mysteries of inspired fancy, and to pursue the loftiest flights of enthusiastic imagination. Nevertheless, the praise of the distinguished few is certainly preferable to the applause of the undiscerning million; for all praise is valuable in proportion to the judgment of those who confer it.

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

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

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

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

## O D E.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

## ODE TO MERCY.

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

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

## ODE TO LIBERTY.

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

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

There is something extremely bold in this imagery

of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly superior to that description Jocasta gives us of the hair of Polynices.

Βαστραχόν τε κωνοχάρτα χείτας  
Πάριον. —

"What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,  
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest, &c."

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

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

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

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

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet considers the influence it has retained, or still retains among the moderns; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on account of losing its liberty under those patrons of letters, the Medicean family; the *jealous* Pisa, justly so called in respect to its long impatience and regret under the same yoke; and the *small* Marino, which, however unrespectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has, at least, this distinction to boast, that it has preserved its liberty longer than any other state, ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its present mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover the patron saint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deserves this poetical record, as he is, perhaps, the only saint that ever contributed to the establishment of freedom.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"— Mona,  
Where thousand elfin shapes abide."

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Isle of Anglesey, anciently so famous for its Druids; but

sometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Isle of Man. Both those isles still retain much of the genius of superstition, and are now the only places where there is the least chance of finding a fairy.

## O D E,

TO A LADY, ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS IN THE ACTION AT FONTENOY.  
WRITTEN MAY, 1745.

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

## ODE TO EVENING.

THE blank ode has for some time solicited admission into the English poetry; but its efforts, hitherto, seem to have been vain, at least its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a question, then, whether there is not something in the nature of blank verse less adapted to the lyric than to the heroic measure, since, though it has been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to discover this, we are to consider the different modes of these different species of poetry. That of the heroic is uniform; that of the lyric is various; and in these circumstances of uniformity and variety, probably, lies the cause why blank verse has been successful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it presented itself only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear by custom; but where it was obliged to assume the different shapes of the lyric Muse, it seemed still a stranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curiosity than pleasure, and entertained without that ease, or satisfaction, which acquaintance and familiarity produce.—Moreover, the heroic blank verse obtained a sanction of infinite importance to its general reception, when it was adopted by one of the greatest poets the world ever produced, and was made the vehicle of the noblest poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applause which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the versification soon found its imitators, and became more generally successful than even in those countries from whence it was imported. But lyric blank verse had met with no such advantages; for Mr. Collins, whose genius and judgment in harmony might have given it so powerful an effect, hath left us but one specimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his measure he seems to have had in his eye Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the nearest resemblance to that mixt kind of the asclepiad and phœreocratic verse; and that resemblance in some degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of those great masters of antiquity, whose works had no need of this whimsical jingle of sounds.

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

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

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

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

In another we behold his strong bias to melancholy:

"Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,  
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,  
Whose walls more awful nod  
By thy religious gleams."

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

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

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

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

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

## THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

From the subject and sentiments of this ode, it seems not improbable that the author wrote it about the time when he left the University; when, weary with the pursuit of academical studies, he no longer confined himself to the search of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the scholar of humanity, to study nature in her works, and man in society.

The following farewell to Science exhibits a

very just as well as striking picture; for, however exalted in theory the Platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that Platonism and Pyrrhonism are allied:

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

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

In the poet's address to Humour in this ode, there is one image of singular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the hair of Wit are of such a nature, and disposed in such a manner, as to be perfectly symbolical and characteristic:

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

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

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

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

“By old Miletus, &c.  
By all you taught the Tuscan maids, &c.”

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

#### THE PASSIONS. AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

If the music which was composed for this ode, had equal merit with the ode itself, it must have been the most excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and music have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the same nature have derived their greatest reputation from the perfection of the music that accompanied them, having in themselves little more merit than that of an ordinary ballad: but in this we have the whole soul and power of poetry—Expression that, even

without the aid of music, strikes to the heart; and imagery of power enough to transport the attention, without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds! what, then, must have been the effects of these united!

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

“With woful measures wan Despair—  
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,  
‘T was sad by fits, by starts ‘t was wild.”

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

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

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

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

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

“And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.”

Legat, qui nunquam legit;  
Qui semel percurrit, relegat.

The descriptions of joy, jealousy, and revenge, are excellent; though not equally so; those of melancholy and cheerfulness are superior to every thing of the kind; and, upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in asserting that this is the finest ode in the English language.

#### AN EPISTLE

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

THIS poem was written by our author at the University, about the time when sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakespeare was printed at Oxford. If it has not so much merit as the rest of his poems, it has still more than the subject deserves. The versification is easy and genteel, and the allusions always poetical. The character of

the poet Fletcher in particular is very justly drawn in this epistle.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

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

To read such lines as the following, all beauti-

ful and tender as they are, without corresponding emotions of pity, is surely impossible:

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

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