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Introduction to Tulli, p. 3, l. 9, insert the " est suo enem-" shows the " est suo eum," of the French, the " est suo chris-" ach sene to and, to the Italian.

Add. p. 31, l. 36. For favouring read favering.
— p. 31, l. 32. For Fontenelle read Abbé du Bois.
— p. 31, l. 36. For passion read phenomenon.
— p. 31, l. 9. For beggins of the question read going in a circle.
— p. 37, l. 18. For sentent read sciente.
— p. 128, l. 20. Place a semi-colon instead of full period.
— p. 128, l. 2. For Maccabeos read Maccabæus.
— p. 168, l. 2. For Argente read Argente.

Poemata, p. 129, l. 20. and 21.

Quem gloriam vanus

Tuisi linguisus fallis.
INTRODUCTION ON TASTE.

In all works of taste, Nature is the unerring infallible guide that leads to perfection. Simplicity is the height of refinement, is a rule in its principles so extensive, as not to admit of a single exception, it is reasonable to conclude, in the whole circle of the arts and sciences. This refined simplicity is widely different from the rude uncultivated simplicity of nature, altogether unassisted by art; for it borrows from both, but conceals what it derives from the latter, in imitation of the former, for its ornament.

There is a medium that all nations pass through, in their progress from the one to the other of these extremes, that seems to have little or no connection with either, and that is altogether a flate of art. Here it appears portrayed in every ridiculous, grotesque, fantastical shape. It is here that form,
Symmetry, and exact geometrical proportions are in every thing displayed, every where imposing shackles that nature never meant.

This middle state once passed, men arrive at that last stage of improvement, in which they are not guided by mere rude nature, as in the first, nor fettered entirely by art, as in the second, but happily blending the two, reach that ultimate point of perfection, within the compass of human affairs, beyond which there is no advancement, but from which certain declension, in consequence of the perpetual rotation, the flux and reflux, they are necessarily involved in.

There is a natural and acquired taste, both mutually depending on, and aiding each other. Its source is also twofold; the mind in the exercise of its own functions and operations, and administered to by the senses. In whichever way it decides on the objects of taste, its decisions may be true or false; and to ascertain their rectitude or depravity, the judgment is referred to, to affix the reasons of the sentiments or ideas entertained, distinguishing between their conformity with, or deviation from nature, the genuine standard. The finer senses of sight and hearing hold a middle rank between the mind and the grosser sensations of taste, smell, and
touch, forming most important links in the chain of our ideas and perceptions.

The author of the sublime and beautiful has given no definition of taste, judging it too delicate to endure the chains of one. Montesquieu, more bold, hazards a general definition: It is that which attaches us to any thing, whether real or intellectual, by sentiment. But that altogether without a name, or the natural gift of pleasing, so gracefully and beautifully figured in that masterpiece of fiction in Homer, Venus's girdle, comes under no definition, eludes all description, rouses in us sentiments, affects us with strong emotions of sensibility, but how, is not to be expressed. As faithfully as the leaves represent the images derived from nature, so faithfully should the imagination reflect them in all works of taste, that are to be esteemed by that standard.

The source of taste is what has divided the authors that have treated of it; whether it is to be traced in the qualities of the heart or head, some deriving it from the imagination, from sentiment and sensibility, others placing it in an enlightened understanding and exquisite judgment. It does not seem necessary to side absolutely with either opinion, but rather to endeavour the conciliating and
uniting the two, as there is nothing irreconcilable in them; the advocates for each only attributing too much to their own system, and too little to the opposite, deviating from the due medium, in not allowing each their just proportions. For it appears incontrovertible, that an entire union, in their most perfect state of all the qualities of the head and heart, essentially contributes to the formation of a fine taste. The senses must inform the understanding, and the understanding correct the senses, as each is liable to its errors, without the other's assistance. Without the interference of the judgment, all sensations would occur to all men in the same way, as all are furnished, independent of disease and accident, with the same organs of sensation. The senses then are but the inlets or avenues, through which the ideas are to pass to the understanding, out of which, as the materials, it is to form by composition and resolution that, which is better known than defined, taste. Exquisite sensibility, refined sentiment, necessarily imply a correspondent refinement of judgment. In persons well born, well educated, with a good share of natural talents, the mind cannot refuse its assent to the impulses it receives from sensation; hence an uniformity of sentiment in all persons of the same description, and a certainty in taste. Taught then its certainty, acquainted with its infallible standard, nature ou
...guide, let us not be remiss in the cultivation of that which requires, as indispensable requisites in the pursuit towards its attainment, all the qualities that can adorn the mind, or refine the heart.

Scilicet ingenium didicisse fideliter artes

Emolliit mores, nec finit esse feros.

and in another place,

Illum, quicquid agit, quocumque venit

Componit furthm, subiecuiturque decor.

It is in the spirit of these lines, in aiming at the perfection of the moral and intellectual agent, that we are to sacrifice to the Graces, throw flowers on their altars, that to our invocations they may be propitiously inclined, embellish our actions, and conduct us successfully through the paths that lead to virtue, science, and the fine arts.

Without the ornaments and embellishments of the Graces, there may be much real worth and intrinsic merit; but the greatest merit, when unaccompanied by them, may be born but too commonly to live unseen, die unknown, and always to be deprived of a great portion of its earthly reward. The Graces are nothing void of merit; and it loses much of its value and estimation unadorned by them; they mutually aid and set off each other. For it is the manner of doing and saying things that, in the eyes of men, constitutes much of the
merit of our words and actions, as they must be pleased, at the same time they are instructed by the one, and benefited by the other : That manner that is to ingratiate, must be the gift of nature, born with us, nurtured with us in the cradle, improved by education, travelling, perfected in the commerce of the world, and thus given, so trained, is what is to qualify us to frequent the temple, offer incense at the altar of the Graces. It shows itself in whatever we do, say or think, in moving, standing or sitting, even in silence itself. In silence there may be a grace or beauty discovered, as much as a sublimity in Ajax's in the shades. The beauty of taste cannot be defined more than the beauty of person; they both alike consist in that, altogether without a name. The mental and personal qualifications conspire in the formation of this ideal composition, this mystical assemblage of charms, that seems possessed of the magic of Venus's girdle, without its lascivious allurements.

The effect produced by it is a surprise; but a surprise almost imperceptible, or little striking at first, but progressively increasing at once to a degree of ravishment and astonishment, from its native ingenuity. That surprise is the result of what is said or done in a natural or easy manner, not studied or affected, what seems to be accidentally
found, not earnestly sought after. The most exact symmetry of features, purity of complexion, proportion of shape, in conformity to the admired model of the Venus de Medici, without the aid of the accomplishments of the mind and heart, without that happy expression of them, that discovers itself in the look and manners, modestly and negligently without art or affectation, are all insipid, pall upon the eye, soon fade and disappear.

In contemplation of which truth, the female, no less than the male part of the creation, should be taught to dedicate more of that time they employ, in the adorning of the person, to the culture of the heart, the improvement of the mind and manner: More of their hours, that are so unprofitably wasted in the theatres, and other places of public resort, might be better allotted to Attic speculations, sought after in Attic evening entertainments. It is thus, another intercourse will prevail between the sexes, than has hitherto been known; other endearments unite them, each shedding influence on, and deriving mutual lustre from the other; the men bestowing due portions of their strength of mind, their constancy and firmness on the women, and they in return, those fine touches, and soft shadowings, on the more manly character, that is to new-model, and polish it for the commerce of the world. In
this way, the roughness of the one sex, the softness and delicacy of the other, indulged to excess as they now too much are, consequently blemishes, and all several deformities, modified, moulded, blended and interchanged, will become in their different degrees, beauties and accomplishments, contribute each in their proportions, to the completion of the dignity of the human character.

The sexes so formed would look on each other with other eyes, than now they do, would entertain for each other, another and very different love; one that would have, for its object, an entire union of the moral perfections, and personal graces, in the room of one, that has its desires fixed in, and engrossed by the last, or the allurements of fortune, too generally unsupported by; or but faintly so, by the first. Their address might be more attended to than their dress; but as not a little too is due to the externals, to those outward decencies, the great and leading principle, that might best regulate the whole economy, and arrangement of dress, is the simplici munditiis, simplicity joined with an elegance, being in this, as in every other, where taste prevails, the height of refinement.

Friendship would be a principal ingredient in such an attraction, a friendship almost yet unknown,
and almost an idol of worship. Intrigue, gallantry, dissipation, from the public breakfastings, up through the insipid scenes of card assemblies, to the midnight revels of the masquerade, would then yield to purer refinements, and other delicacies. If the excellence of states, their prosperity depend on the exertions of men, so does that of the families, that compose those states, in great measure, on the virtue and conduct of women, and what is more, much, if not all, of our happiness and domestic peace.

Queen Elizabeth, than whom no monarch, that has graced the throne, ever better governed these realms, was deeply versed in Greek and Roman literature; translated into Latin, some tragedies of Sophocles, orations of Demosthenes, composed Greek Epigrams. That virtuous character, so nearly allied to the Crown, Lady Jane Grey, was wholly occupied in learned pursuits; not to mention the long train of female writers, by whose productions of genius, the republic of letters is so much ornamented.

No literary production has more advanced the cultivation of the fine arts, than the Analysis of Beauty; the waving line of beauty it so happily discloses, the winding, serpentine line of grace, the
gently swelling contours, those fine shadowings, the
undulating, flowing, gradual variations, due mixture
of light and shade, natural colouring, refined sim-
plicity, faithful imitation of nature, it inculcates in
all the works of taste, all tend irresistibly to ascer-
tain its standard. Our acquisition of, and applica-
tion to the admired models of the Etruscan antiquities,
have also contributed to the superior taste with
which the fine arts are cultivated in Britain. Its
architecture, in the monuments it so frequently ex-
hibits, of the sublime and beautiful, the grand and
magnificent, surpasses that of modern times,
throughout the nations of Europe. What a strik-
ing scene does London display at once in its bridges,
and its hundred towers, some such noble specimen
of the art, and in the midst St Paul’s, that master-
piece, towering above the rest. At the entrance of
it, the first port in the universe is distinguished by a
structure, the first also, and without a parallel, for
its long extended double colonades, style of archi-
tecture, correspondence, and coincidence of parts,
and effect as a whole. Its Gothic piles, whether
in their ruinous or entire state, are venerable re-
 mains of antiquity, that strike the beholder with a
mixture of awe and delight. The Gothic arch must,
in all ages, give pleasant sensations, from its founda-
tion in nature, an avenue of trees, with their
branches trimmed, presenting its model. But the
All agree ornaments, with which our buildings of later date, are so crowded, are dangerous innovations, and tend to the corruption of the elegance so long displayed in our architecture.

Nor less distinguished than the architecture, is the gardening of this island, in its natural landscapes. The heavy formal Dutch taste, so well ridiculed in Pope's couplet,

Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,

And half the platform just reflects the other.

with all its profusion of geometrical figures, grotesque fantastic appearances, has long since been more exploded, and yielded to other embellishments of rural residences; such as are displayed in uplands, crowned with hanging woods, the formation of lawns, uneven and broken surfaces levelled throughout extended plains; the continuance, without break or interruption by the rude hand of art, in forced line or row, of finely varied, gradual, undulating slopes, so as not to interrupt the eye, in its free range and progress over the extensive scenery, which eagerly grasps at variety and infinity, in the objects of its search; all inclosures modestly retiring from the light, and art no where appearing, but to assist nature in her operations. It is such scenery, such flowing, animated landscapes, that burst on the transported view; with what variety of rock and
water, hill and dale, flocks and herds, may conspire to enliven and complete the enchantment.

An uniformity, a common sense of a standard of taste, founded in nature, prevails among men, wisely adapted to their frame and constitution, to which to appeal in the cultivation of the fine arts, without which, in vain their flourishing state would be looked for. As indubitably as there is a standard of morals is there one of taste; both alike established on invariable principles derived from the same source.
CRITICAL DISSERTATION.

The etymology of poetry has its derivation from the Greek word μυθικό, its province being the creative powers of the imagination, working under the control of a correct judgment, as is finely illustrated by Shakespeare, in his Midsummer Night's Dream, act 5th.

The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

And in the infinite revolutions of letters, the various changes the arts and sciences have in all ages, and in all countries, been subjected to, it is curious to observe how criticism has stood its ground for full two thousand years. At least, it will not
be denied, that the foundation of this art was laid as far back as Aristotle's time; and if the labour of succeeding ages claims the merit of rearing the superstructure, it is such a one only as will be found to amount to little more than an explanation, and enlargement of the excellent precepts then laid down.

This is at once a proof of either the infallibility of success attending the study, the penetrating acuteness of the critic, or the weak endeavours of succeeding writers in the art. The two former reasons are to be adopted in preference to the latter.

The certainty of criticism, already much anticipated in the introduction, is to be inferred, from the absolute and necessary foundation it has in nature. In all our reasonings there must be given an ultimate point, beyond which the subtlety and refinement of metaphysics cannot carry us, without plunging into an unfathomable depth of mystery; our fruitless endeavours to plumb which, must ever expose the narrow sphere of our bounded conceptions. In vain shall we attempt, by any industry of ours, to scan that immemorial chain, which in an unbroken series of links, reaches from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. A chain which Homer fixg at the foot of the throne of Jupiter.
extends to earth, with a sublimity equal to what he
has displayed in his inimitable picture of Discord.

The adoption of sceptical doubts in our specula-
tions, may very readily lead us to transgress the
limits of our confined line, the very foundation of
science may be sapped by them, the most valuable
ornaments of cultivated humanity wholly cancelled
and destroyed. When we have placed then the
standard of taste in the immutable nature of things;
when we have traced it up to this source, by a due
attention to our most admired models, and the ne-
ever failing analogy, that takes place between them
and our most established principles, we have arri-
vied at that ultimate point, beyond which it is im-
possible for metaphysical refinement to carry our
researches, without encountering endless doubts
and perplexities.

It is on the footing of a standard of taste alone,
that the total coincidence between Homer's poetry
and Aristotle's rules is satisfactorily to be account-
ed for. Homer imitated nature; and Aristotle
derived his rules at second hand, from the same
source, through the medium of the Iliad. That a
genius should have arisen in the dark ages of fable,
at once to invent and perfect the Epos, is the most
The same fate by no means attended the other branches of poetry. It was by slow degrees the drama made advances to perfection, when we reflect that the first idea of tragedy was suggested by the midnight revels of satyrs celebrating the rites of Bacchus. It was afterwards new modelled in the art of Thespis; but his efforts towards its improvement were rude, his efforts weak. Aeschylus went farther, and considerably improved the internal frame and constitution of tragedy, in the essential points of dialogue and chorus; also the outward form, in giving it a regular representation on the stage. The addition of a third person dramatis by Sophocles, for the purpose of carrying on the dialogue with the greater life and spirit, not to mention the joint efforts of an Euripides, did not fully complete the dignity of the bulkined muse. Comedy, too, has undergone various revolutions; since the time of the earliest comedians we have any mention made of, a set of men expelled the great cities, and leading a wandering life through the villages of Peloponnesus, xarpi x-numer, whence the etymology. In the origin of tragedy is to be traced that of Lyric poetry: The rude songs of the Bacchanals were styled Dithyrambic.
And so of every other species of poetry. Besides, Aristotle affirms, that in the Iliad is to be traced the origin of the drama itself.

No one circumstance is to be considered more favourable to the cultivation of criticism, than the union of these great geniuses in its very dawning, in its most infant state. They mutually derive life from each other, and preserve an invariable harmony. In such a manner, that it will admit of considerable doubt, whether modern times would have seen in its full force that justness of composition so strongly marked throughout the Iliad, did it not stand revealed in such indelible characters in the great critics poetics; or that the critic's invention would have enabled him to trace his precepts up to their source, in any other manner than through the channel of that sublime poem.

This consideration leads to the second point in view, the consummated judgment of the Grecian critic. His usual logical precision he seems to have most happily transferred into his art of poetry. A strong presumption in favour of this is, that subsequent writers have taken nothing from; and added very little to the treatise in view. A more faithful copy, one book cannot be of another, than Horace's art of poetry is of the Greek; at least, it
is as much so, as a book written in verse can be of another in prose; and if it is more in vogue than the original, it is perhaps for that very reason; Lucretius was well aware that his philosophy, when displayed in the more powerful allurements of poetry, would the more readily engage the attention of Memmius. Another reason may be, its being written in a language more generally understood. Among the moderns, a French critic, Boffu, owes his merit entirely to a thorough comprehension of the Greek rules; his explanations of them are only what divisions run upon a word are in music. Hurd's reputation rests on the same foundation. It follows from hence, that the advances made by succeeding writers, towards the completion of the system of criticism, are far from being proportioned to the amazing strides we have seen made in its infancy, which is the third position set out with; and that, not so much from the want of genius in later times, as from the subject's having been so early so much engrossed.

Having premised this, it shall be endeavoured, in the remainder of this essay, to bring under review some of the leading beauties of the Aristotelian criticism, in support of the ideas entertained of it, which, with some miscellaneous reflections re-
failing from the art, contain the whole of its subject.

How decisive is Aristotle, where he ascertains the provinces of historical and poetic truth. The poet, he argues, describes things, not merely as they are, but such as they may be, agreeable to the laws of probability, or possibility. The difference between a poet and historian does not arise, solely from the one's writing in verse, and the other in prose; for it were possible to reduce the writings of Herodotus to metre, and still they might strictly and properly be called historical: But there is this essential difference between a poet and historian; the historian states things in the precise order they have happened, the poet represents them, such as they may be, or may best be. Poetry is consonant about generals, history about particulars. By an analogy of reasoning, he is led to point out the characteristics that distinguish Sophocles and Euripides: Sophocles drew such characters as men ought to be; Euripides such as they actually were. The same difference lies between Plato and Xenophon's ideas of a republic: In the one we find men represented, such as they might very possibly and very probably be; in the other such as they might best be.

Atque ita mentitur, sic veris fulsi remiserat,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepēt imum.
The two sources of the Scamander, as described in the Iliad, one hot the other cold, near each other; if they had no real existence, might very possibly or very probably have had one; if a fiction in it, it is no more than what is a reality, at Buxton, in Derbyshire, where there are two springs, ranked among the wonders of the Peak, one hot, one cold, separated from each other but by few feet in their effusion from the ground, and by means of a pump brought into contact. This instance evinces the beauty of that leading rule in poetry, which teaches that, when it departs from truth, to roam uncontrolled in the enchanted regions of fancy, it is in them to incur no wild extravagance, to run into no excess, that is to offend against the laws of probability. It serves to illustrate what is, in the course of this investigation, much insisted on, that all the operations of nature, the most silent, the most secret, those that may be called the most wondrous, her mysteries, to him, her best interpreter, were revealed.

His rule for the length of a tragedy is far preferable surely to the Roman critic’s, who ties down the poet to a certain determinate length of five acts,

Neve minor nequintoproducitur actu
Fabula.
A mere mechanical measure, not known on the Greek stage. Our great critic, more judicious, and no less fond, than the Roman, of allusions to painting.

Ut pictura poësèt erit,
in this instance is particularly happy in applying a remark drawn from it: As beauty, he says, consists in the due observance of the rules of proportion, in an exact symmetry of parts, it follows, that an excessively diminutive, or excessively large figure of an animal cannot appear beautiful; in the first instance, the eye is confounded in the contemplation of its object, the mind consequently unable to distinguish between the several component parts, can form no just adequate idea of the whole. The same is the case, when the representation is in the other extreme, the sight is distracted, not being able to comprehend perhaps more than one part at once; when it comes to the contemplation of another, the last is forgotten, and so confusion, irregularity, disproportion is the result. Therefore, as in the representation of an animal on canvas, respect is to be had to what the eye can comprehend with ease, so in the drama, as to the length of the play, the memory of the hearer is what is chiefly to be consulted.

The unity of the fable is a branch of the Aristotlean criticism, that can never be sufficiently at-
tended to: Its merit is confessed on all hands, its importance is echoed by every writer. It is with a truly philotopic discernment, that he discovers that singularly exquisite judgment of Homer, which did not suffer him to attempt the reduction of so long a war as the Trojan into one action. In that case he was aware, he must have overturned all unity, from the multiplicity and variety of incidents contained in it. He selected for his poem only one tenth part of the war, and the rest he converts into episodes, with which he beautifully diversifies his work, and shifts the scene. Here is a masterpiece of criticism—it is decisive and important in all its consequences: It has been repeatedly re-echoed from Horace, down to the dramatic center of the day.

Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo:  
Semper ad euenum sedinit, et in medias res  
Non seus ac notas auditorem rapit.

The critic's veneration for Homer, did not carry him the length of preferring Epic poetry to tragedy, as no Epic poem can so well preserve the unity as tragedy, since it is evident, that the subject of the former may be resolved into more than one subject fit for the latter. And if, in Epic poetry, one subject only should be adhered to, as in tragedy, it would
either prove so short, as to appear altogether imperfect, or so long, as to be flat and insipid. Again, if the poet should blend variety of fables with his subject, he must necessarily destroy, in some measure, the unity, as even the great Homer has done, in both his Iliad and Odyssey; which poems, however, are as perfect as any of the kind can be.

There is certainly no violation of the unity of the fable in the Paradise Lost, as all the time employed in it, at least as far as it lies within the sphere of day, is, according to Mr. Addison's computation, only ten days, and Newton's eleven. When it is said within the sphere of day, it is implied, that great part of the action lies without its sphere, and consequently, that though there is no offence against the unity of time, there may be against that of place. But the subject Milton chose, necessarily carried him beyond the spheres of both time and place. Nor was there a happier subject left for him to choose than religion, since morals had been engrossed by the inimitable father of poetry, and politics by his Roman rival. Religion remained only to clothe the great scene of human actions: And Milton had a genius equal to the sublimity of the subject; it was possessed of vigour to burst through the flaming bounds of time and place, to soar to the bright regions of the empyrean, fast by the throne.
of God. Nor were the dark machinations of the lowest depth of hell beyond its reach: Unfathomable chaos, and eternal night were all within its vast conception. With what a fire and glow of imagination, with what thunder and eloquence does he amuse the powers of heaven, earth, hell, chaos, into his divine poem. In our following him through these bold and ascending flights, there is no cold enervated criticism, that offers to display an encroachment on the unities of either time or place, can interrupt our enraptured career. So little offence is there against either, that it is regretted he did not ingraft the subject of the Paradise Regained on that of the Paradise Lost, by means of episodes, and that too on a more enlarged scale than he has made use of in that separate work. Episodes might have introduced into the Paradise Lost, the administration of our Saviour on earth, his miracles, sufferings, and death. Compared with that extensive view of the means of redemption, what a rigid adherence to the unities of time and place does the Paradise Regained exhibit in the temptation in the wilderness.

The action of the Æneid is as widely extended, and encroaches as much on the unity of place, in proportion to the subject, as the Paradise Lost does. Europe, Asia, Africa, all the quarters of the then
known world, contribute to the scene of action.
But what critic is there captious enough to impeach
either of these great productions of genius on this
or almost any other ground. Such is the sublimity
of Milton, such his pathetic and tender scenes be-
tween Adam and Eve, such his harmony of num-
bers, and choice of language: Such too is the ma-
jecty of Virgil, together with these other qualities
of the English poet. Which instances shew, that
Aristotle's rule is to be understood with certain li-
mitations, and that the extreme of servility, in ad-
hering to it, is more disgusting than the extreme of
departure from it. Besides, we have his own autho-
ry for saying, that if, in Epic poetry, as in tra-
gedy, one subject only should be adhered to, it would
either prove too short, as to appear altogether im-
perfect, or so long as to be flat and insipid. He has
discovered, that the action should not only be one
and entire, having a beginning, middle, and end;
but it should be great also; great as that of the
Iliad, where the wrath of Achilles heaps disasters
on the whole of the Grecian army; and where, on
his return to battle, the Gods themselves engage,
all dividing with and against him. Nature, at the
order, is convulsed; earth, heaven, ocean, the infer-
nal regions are all shaken to their centre, and
threatened with dissolution. The Æneid is great,
in laying the foundation of the Roman power,
that over-ran the universe: How much greater was
that action, which conceived in hell, was executed
on earth, and punished in heaven; which drew after
it the loss of Paradise, not in its consequence was
confined to one time, one place, one man, or one
nation, as in the other two poems, but included in
it the whole human species, all ages, and all coun-
tries. Great was that act in the commission of
which

Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,
Sighing thro' all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost.

An act at which the elements revolted, by which
the seafons were altered, for which the earth was
moved.

If faults there are to be imputed to this, as sure-
ly there must be in all so great and long works, it
is admirable in Mr Addison, terming them, with
the spirit of a true and sublime critic, the spots in
the sun. The poem, he means, is the sun in his
full meridian blaze, the faults are the spots in it al-
most too small for sight, diminished and eclipsed
as they are in the transcendent lustre of the beau-
ties. His digressions, where he suspends the action
to introduce himself complaining of his blindness,
or speaking for other purposes, and his allegory of
sin and death, if faults, are such as one would ra-
ther have interwoven with the work than separated from it. Aristotle is as usual, judicious in laying it down as a rule, that the poet should never speak in his own person. In general, the precaution is good. He should certainly, as seldom as possible, but when he does, with such graces and charms as Milton, the transgression is not only pardonable, but highly commendable. It is by the standard of Aristotle's rules, that Mr Addison estimates the merits of the sublime and beautiful Paradiso Loff in the fourfold view of action, character, sentiment and language, and weighs its excellencies in those several respects with the Iliad and Æneid. The English poem is as much indebted to the English critic, for the very favourable reception it has met with in modern times, after having long lain neglected in the poet's own and after days, as the Iliad is to Aristotle for the discovery and illustration of its imitable perfections.

To return to the critic speaking of the effects of tragedy, they are pity and terror; he tells us, in order to purge the mind of those affections, to refine, soothe or reduce them to just measure, with a kind of delight raised by reading, or seeing the passions well imitated. A solution of this phenomenon has not been given by Aristotle, the first publisher of it to the world: Subsequent writers have repeat-
edly aimed at it, with what degree of success may be enquired into.

The learned and ingenious Mr Harris has thrown considerable light on this famous and much canvassed topic of the poetics, where, he observes, that Aristotle meant by the pity that the mind is to be purged of, in being familiarized to the contemplation of tragic scenes, that sensibility and effeminate concernation, which shews itself in shrickings and swoonings, and lays hold of weak minds, to the utter exclusion of every possibility of relief of the object of its distress; not that philanthropic, manly, and generous sympathy which partakes of the real sufferings of others, with an eager anxiety to have the power of relieving them, and without so excessive an indulgence in it, as to deprive them of the ability, should fortune furnish the opportunity; and which meets the feigned sufferings of our fellow creatures to indulge at least in a barren compassion. He illustrates the fact too, established by the father of critics, by analogy drawn from the apathy of military men and surgeons, and what real disfavors operated on them, the fictions of tragedy produce in the audience if sufficiently repeated, as was the case with the Athenian audiences.
Hume derives the satisfaction to the audience from the conscientiousness of the fiction, and the beauty of the composition; from the beauty of the composition, as it addresses itself to our taste; from the fiction, as it awakens our feelings by its resemblance to the reality. In support of this theory, the author does not scruple to affirm, that the pleasure we derive from a good tragedy, diminishes in proportion to our conviction of the reality. Experience seems at least to intimate, that the more we enter into the spirit of the composition, the more we lose sight of the fiction; but this doctrine will not suffer us to deduce as a necessary consequence, that the nearer we approach in our ideas to the reality, the greater the share of pleasure we reap. And yet it is that very reality we so eagerly grasp at in a good tragedian: His action, elocution, manner, expression, all conspire with the beauties of the composition, to work us up to a belief of the truth; they crowd upon us with such an irresistible force of animation, as to subdue our understandings, ensnare our passions, and hurry us along in the tumult of our sympathetic feelings. A bad actor, on the other hand, serves in every instance to convince us of the fiction; his awkward gestures, grimaces, jarring notes, are all glaring contrasts to the language and sentiments put into his mouth, and must ever give a check to the imagination, when infen-
fibly leading us into the flattering delusion. Besides, how are we to account, in the tone of this author's reasoning, for the universal passion planted in human nature, of viewing scenes of real wretchedness. Men of genius in exalted stations of life flock with the vulgar to the most common of all miserable spectacles, to that last stage of human ex cruciation, public executions. The dreadful conflict of armies deciding the fate of empires, the raging billows of the ocean convulsed to its centre, with all the train of suffering fortitude, inseparable from the blood- florida scenes of war and tempest, are but sublime images raised in the mind of the Spectator, removed from the calamities, the objects of silent wonder and inward satisfaction.

Suave, mari magno, turba turribus aquosa ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem:
Non quia vexari quamquam eft juclanda voluptas,
Sed quiusque malis carere, quia cernere suave eff.

The Epicurean's selfish system will not afford a solution of the difficulty. Neither is Fontenelle's argument conclusive, where he says, that the mind abhorring a state of idle or inactivity has satisfaction in the contemplation of tragical scenes, from the interest it takes in them. They banish that languor so irksome to it, so destructive of our noblest faculties, so repugnant to our very
frame and constitution. It seems in vain that we
shall endeavour to trace the kind of pleasure deriv-
ed from fellow suffering, whether real or imagina-
ry, to any other source than that of fellow feeling.
And this is returning to the Stagirite’s own solu-
tion, of what is termed his paradox. He has looked
that Gordian knot, which his successors have been so
keenly bent on cutting. The language of senti-
ment, the sentiments themselves, the expressions of
our passions, which are the beauties of the composi-
tion, and the action, all which Hume so much infits
on, as the predominant ingredients in the effect
produced by tragical representations, must necessi-
tely act in subordination to the passions them-
elves, from whence they are derived. And thus his pro-
position is to be inverted, and the Aristotelian
theory remains unimpeached.

Whether it extends to scenes of actual misery
is to be considered. To take the two instances of
Lucretius: If we reap pleasure from the dangers of
the tempestuous sea, to which our fellow creatures
are exposed, contrasted with our own calm, secure
retreat on shore, it certainly must be mixed with a
proportion of pity and terror: In the midst of the
fiery, surge amari aliquid. Our pity, our sympathy,
is raised in wishing to be able to relieve their dif-
tresses, in hoping they will be relieved, if not by us,
still by some providential interference: Our terror is awakened, lest all our hopes and wishes should prove fruitless. If ever the selfish systenm, with propriety, enters into the effect produced by such a scene, it is, when tempered by that wish of proving from our own safety, the means of it to others, or at least, when accompanied with the hope of our being witnesses to their escape from the imminent dangers, threatening them by some other reasonable interposition of fortune. It is, in either of these events, that the mind is purged of those affections, and that pleasure is the result of the whole; but if neither event happens, and wretched man is sacrificed to the rage of the elements, then, as all that remains, are those passions to be tempered, and reduced to their just measure, in an acquiescence in the decrees of Providence, so as to produce in us that secret but awful satisfaction of having acted up to so great a moral lesson. If at the same time the sublime scene of a tempest convulsing the ocean to its centre, fills the mind with grand and magnificent images, they must act in subordination to those more prevalent passions. If, again, the retired contemplation of the conflict of armies conveys to us an inward satisfaction, 'it is not without a certain alloy of pity and terror—pity for the affliction that the blind ambition of Princes heaps on our fellow creatures, and terror—from the disappear-
uncease of all hope of the alleviation of them, or that their situation may be brought home to ourselves. Still the mind is in some degree purged of those affections by the wish and hope of victory’s sitting with justice; and the due punishment of the injurious and oppressive aggressors. It is in this view only, that the Epicurean’s selfish system is here as above with any reason applicable, and not from the bare contrast of situations. The pleasures of the imagination too, the roar of cannon, the glittering of armour, the sound of martial instruments, the display of courage and magnanimity, may all act in subervency to the social passions, and contribute in their several proportions to the dreadful pleasing effect. For if the sublime consils in a mitigated terror, the security the spectator of such scenes feels in that view, also is a source of pleasure to the imagination.

The conclusion to be drawn from these foregoing observations, is, that the Epicurean selfish system does not account for this principle in our nature; neither do Hume or Fontenelle’s theories; and that the only satisfactory solution of it is to be met with in Aristotle himself, in his pity or sympathy; that chain, that in so eminent a degree connects the human species, more powerfully even than the ties of blood itself, and all the train of social passions
that form its several links. The inference is alike applicable to scenes of real and feigned diffidence. When modern writers endeavour to prove at great length, that the cause of the pleasanter effect produced by the indulgence of pity, is to be resolved into sympathy, it is in other words saying, that pity is the cause of that kind of delight arising from the exercise of pity. Which mode of reasoning, is nothing other than a plain begging of the question, and offers no other discovery than what has been made upwards of two thousand years ago. Aristotle, perhaps, considered his idea concerning the effect of tragical representations, as one of those incontrovertible truths, that always become the obscurer the greater the labour is bestowed on the illustration of them. He, therefore, barely stated the proposition, trusting for the conviction it would carry along with it to the feelings of his readers. And surely the feelings of mankind are the best test of its truth, the only criterion by which its merit is to be estimated. It is strange then, it should have occasioned such a world of controversy in the solution of its principle.

The vent such scenes afford to the indulgence of grief, for our own misfortunes, may be a powerful ingredient in the pleasure derived from the contemplation of them. As no one is exempted from
was share of misfortunes, every opportunity that offers itself of reflecting on them with tenderness, must afford its peculiar degree of satisfaction. If so, no better opportunities can occur than what are presented by such scenes of real and feigned distress.

We then naturally contrast our own situation with that of the sufferers; and if they bear no proportion, still the degree of comparison, each stands in relation to the other, cannot fail to engage our most anxious attention, and warmly interest us in the event. Hence the incomparable beauty of that line in the Illiad, the most admirable in the estimation of critics, that immortal poem throughout exhibits, if any one line, out of such numberless incomparably fine ones, can be selected in preference to the rest, which alone would have immortalized Homer,

Παισκου προσφερει, ὡς ὁ αὐτῷ καθια εἰμη.

(As that in Macbeth would have done Shakespeare,

What man dares, I dare; he that dares more, is none.)

Where the captive nymphs are represented weeping in appearance for the loss of Patroclus; but in reality for their own misfortunes, such a faithful transcript of nature is every line of that inimitable work.
Other adventitious circumstances are, no doubt, to be weighed in the scale, such as the novelty their scenes of distress have to recommend them to our attention. For common life wears nothing of the tragical gloom; the dreadful carnage of war falls under the cool observation of a few only—whatever is violent as a tempest, cannot be lasting or frequent. Plutarch says, in his life of Marius, that in terrible things, novelty administers much to the imagination, and exhibits to it, things that have no existence in reality; and, on the other hand, that familiarity causes to disappear in things naturally the most terrible; the greatest part of that vain horror, which our fear creates. Add to this the considerable portion of gloom that falls to the bulk of mankind. There may be exceptions made in favour of particular individuals, and of particular nations; but it is believed, many or most men will be found to prefer tragedy to comedy, to reap more secret satisfaction in viewing Seneca in the bath, Daniel in the lion's den, than a painting descriptive of a dance of Fauns and Satyrs, though executed by an equally masterly hand. Il Penelope of Milton will gain more admirers than his Allegro, both alike masterpieces of the kind: The melting voice, the soft and plaintive style in music, have more votaries than the more lively and spirited compositions. It is on the
soft bloom of beauty that the heart is fixed in preference to the brilliancy of young desires:

Lally o' er th' animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye that speaks the melting soul.

We admire at a distance the sprightliness of wit; but it is not there we would wish to be connected by the closer ties of friendship, and affection. The decorations of the stage, the participation of the audience in our sufferings, may all in their several proportions contribute to the pleasing effect, and co-operate as subordinate causes; but pity is the prevalent, the essential cause; it is that noble and generous passion, the indulgence of which must ever advance the dignity of human nature.

The discussion of this subject leads naturally to the contemplation of the pleasures arising from the indulgence of melancholy, for the loss of a friend or relation: For the pleasure accompanying the mind in this situation is as indubitable, as that derived from its tone and disposition above attended to, as the experience of mankind can sufficiently testify. Our grief is excited by the loss we sustain, but our mind is to be purged of this affection, as above it was of pity and terror, and on this occasion, the passion of sorrow, as above those of pity and terror, is to be tempered and reduced to just measure, with a kind of delight,
occasioned by reflecting on the virtues of the person, whose loss we lament, joined with a due submission to the dispensations of Providence. So nearly allied are pleasure and pain, so natural is the transition from the one to the other: So admirably is our frame and constitution adapted to the most opposite extremes; nor is ever pleasure sweeter than after pain, nor oftener is it ready to come to our relief, than in the extreme of its opposite. Homer, with his usual sagacity and insight into nature, has finely conceived the allegory of Good and Evil, distributed promiscuously through the affairs of life, in the two casks he has placed at the foot of the throne of Jupiter. The line above quoted from Homer too, may have its place here, with the observations applicable to it. The dead also share in our pity, although sympathy, properly speaking, is directed to objects of distress, that are sensible of their condition. In the strict acceptation of the word, then the dead are excluded from our sympathy. Still the change they undergo from all the comforts of social life, to a state of total annihilation, and its miserable consequences, incident to what remains of the decayed frame, must excite in the breasts of friends and relations, emotions of the tenderest compassion. We not only ourselves sympathize with the dead, but, in the height of our distress, amid our most disconsolate
hours, we imagine, or are willing to imagine, that all nature partakes with us in the sympathy. We then, in the language of the Poets of antiquity, invoke the Naiads, Dryads, and Oreads, all the Genii of the rocks, woods, fountains, and rivers to testify our sorrow, and as some alleviation, to share in the burden of it. On the whole, the sympathetic man, or man of feeling, that mutually partakes of the joys of the good, and distresses of the bad fortune, that befits his fellow creatures, is the man raised to imbibe generous and noble sentiments, proportioning his actions to them, to cherish and promote the social virtues, to form an important link in that chain, that in so eminent a degree connects the species and its several component parts in one common interest.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Let us hear what Euripides says in one of the choruses of his Iphigenia on the Plea of Melancholy.

"Δια λαθεος ὧν μὲ ἐξέχυν χρῆς γίνειν
Πολέματος ὧν ἀληθῶς πέτας
"Τρισά ἐλεος, παιγόν,
"Ἀποστολε χίλιον.

Ist. 79

To the same source is to be traced the natural expressions of παραπροσωπος γενος, και μεγίς γενος, we meet with in Homer; and the joy of grief, the mournful joy of Ossian: So nearly did they think.
the two allied, and the transition from the one to
the other so natural and imperceptible.

The subjects best calculated to produce these ef-
fects, he proceeds to shew, are not the sufferings of
an innocent person, the good fortune of the guilty,
or the punishment of the abandoned criminal; but
such as lie in a due medium between these extre-
mes, the misfortunes of those not altogether
innocent, but culpable for suffering themselves to
be betrayed, by the influence of unrestrained pas-
sion, into the common involuntary infirmities in-
dent to human nature. He further urges, that the
powerful excitement of the feelings depends on
scenes of deep distress, violent adversity, wounds,
and even death in view of the spectators.

Horace, it has been seen, has rejected this rule,
where he says,

Nec pueros corream populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Quodcumque offendis milis sic incredulus odi.

But the practice of both stages, in this respect, was
generally opposite to the rules prescribed to them
by their respective Critics: Seneca's was in con-
formity to the Greek model, and that of the tragic
poets of Greece to Horace's precept, with some
exceptions, such as in Sophocles the Death of Ajax.

Why, in the days of Corneille, the excessive delicacy of the French theatre excluded such scenes, in opposition to the precept of Greece, the example of Rome, is not so evident: Till accounted for, we may safely conclude, in reliance on such authorities, and the nature of the thing, that in this, as in every other respect, the English Drama completely triumphs over the French. Aware of this, Voltaire in his Zair and other plays, is a late exception to his country's practice, and convert to ours.

The extensive dominion of compassion over human nature is forcibly evinced in the history of Alexander the tyrant of Pheres, whose cruelty was such, as, without remorse, daily to sacrifice to his blood-thirsty appetite, numbers of his innocent subjects; yet he was so moved at the representation in tragedy of the deep distress of Hecuba and Andromache, as to burst into tears. Here is a glaring contrast between the feelings of the same man, as a spectator of a tragedy, and his passions as actor in so many. In the opposition of the two, and their exclusive empire over him, lies the explanation of the mystery, and apparent incon-
ficiency. In the tragedies he acted, his feelings were subdued in the predominance of his barbarous passions; in that he was a spectator of, the fiction was so well wrought by the poet, as to impress him with a temporary conviction of the reality: He remained a while lost to, abstracted from himself, as Milton expresses it, stupidly good; his passions were lulled asleep, in the interval of suspension of their operation, his feelings, that had long lain dormant, awoke in their turn to perform the functions of humanity, if the expression may be allowed, they were taken by surprise; though fore effaced, flimsy in her works, they were too deeply rooted by nature to be altogether erased.

The rules for the unities of time and place are admirably calculated for the Greek drama, for which alone they were intended, to the construction of which they were indispensably requisite. In it the uninterrupted appearance of the chorus, during the whole representation, was of itself decisive of them. But with us, who have no such constitution of drama, the want of judgment and taste in modern critics is most conspicuous, who, transferring these rules from the Grecian, and engraving them on the modern drama, admit in the one no greater latitude than in the other. Nothing but the necessity mentioned, could palliate the rigid adherence
to the unities imposed on the ancient drama. The
setters of those of time and place, were so subver-
sive in many instances of the pleasing dream, the
flattering delusion of reality aimed at in theatrical
representations, as to have subjected those of Greece
to the greatest improbabilities, and most glaring in-
consistencies, productive of the effect to awaken the
audience to a sense of the fiction, and the chief
sources of the imperfections they laboured under.

This unnatural restraint the bold genius of Eu-
ripides sometimes broke through, and suspended
for intervals the continuity of the action, as in his
Iphigenia in Tauris, scene first, Alceste, end of
act third, as the only means of obviating these con-
sequences flowing from it. The sole unity then,
that is for the faithful observance of the moderns,
in common with the ancient models, is that of the
Fable, in its three constituent parts, a beginning,
middle, and end, all intimately connected and in-
terwoven, having an invariable relation to, and de-
pendence on each other. The suspension of the ac-
tion at the intervals of the acts, frees us from the
slavery of the other unities, which choice should
never subject us to. But during the continuance
of each act, they should be as anxiously preserved
as, during the whole performance, they were by
the Greeks, to prevent this liberty affixed to our
stage, from running into licentiousness, from incurring the fame inconsistencies, that their strict adherence to the three unities throughout the piece, necessarily subjected them to. To make the transition from one act to another easy, gradual and imperceptible, so as not to interrupt the mind in the even tenor of its movements, effacing the impressions it has received, breaking upon the continued tone of the emotions raised, feelings awakened, the music ought invariably to co-operate in aiding the delusion, by a strict conformity to the nature of the representation.

It is in Shakespeare, and such of our dramatic writers, as like him, have most faithfully obeyed the dictates of nature, that we find passion corresponding with character, sentiment with passion, and language with sentiment. He penetrated the most retired recesses of the human heart, unravelled all its labyrinths, traced its most secret springs and movements. He was so entirely possessed with the character he represented, his soul was so transfused into it, his feelings were worked up to such a pitch, as, at the time, to lose sight of himself, and assume it imperceptibly; he was an imitator of the passions and affections he drew. Corneille and his followers were not in the same manner for the time the characters they painted, no imitators, but bare-
ly describers, or no other than mere spectators of
them. Hence it is, that their drama has degene-
rated into such fulsome declamation, cold enervat-
ed descriptive details, as with its never-failing
uniformity of like endings, monotony of rhyme, is
altogether insupportable. Nothing is so conducive
to the energy and sublimity of language as inver-
sion; and in no species of poetry is it so much con-
fined as in the couplet, if it ought not rather to be
said to be altogether excluded from it. One main
source of the sublimity of Milton's style is inver-
sion. It is more adapted to the Epic than the
Drama, therefore Shakespeare has little of it. He
is not, as the generality of poets, reduced to either
of the alternatives, *aut prodeffe volunt aut delectare
poetae*, his drama consists of the happiest union of
both. Added to the delight of his poetry is the
instruction his characters afford, in their faithful
imitation of human nature, so highly conducive to
the knowledge of ourselves. They, in that light,
will stand the test of the strictest philosophical ana-
lysis, and resolved into their principles of action,
are materials for a moral instruction, as a late inge-
nious publication has evinced. He hath mixed
the *uile* with the *dulce*, therefore *omne tuli puniendum*.

The great master says that the happy ending of
*a tragedy* is complimentary of the audience, and
not essential to its genuine form and construction; and so far from being essential, that the reverse, an unhappy ending, partakes of its essence, and constitutes one of its chief characteristies. If, in opposition to this authority, a happy ending were to be contended for, it is only the comparatively happy that is to be underflood; some portion of alleviation at least, some share of mitigation of the conflict of passions, of the tumultuous agitation of mind that the pathos of tragedy is attended with. As in Macbeth and Richard III. where virtue, bravery and constancy are, after many struggles and hardships, at last triumphant over murder, tyranny and usurpation; and where vice is not, in a gradation of cruelty to the end, superior to every effort of injured innocence, referred to for its suppression. Even with respect to Lear, it is conceived, it ends better with Tate's alterations, than with the cruel, unprompted murder of Cordelia in the original, with the swollen heart and sympathies of Lear, that end not but with his dissolution. We are inclined to think, that, if other excellencies are equal, the audience will always prefer better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue: certain it is, that the reverse of this rule, the final triumph of vice on the ruins of injured innocence, can never recommend a tragedy as unexceptionable; and for this reason, if Shakespeare, so unjustly and so unexpect-
Only sacrifices Cordelia; it is not unaccompanied with the fall of her two most unnatural sisters. The fall of the two barbarous daughters are preparatory expiations to that of the aged injured father. There is at least this alleviation, this portion of mitigation in the extreme bitterness of Shakespeare’s pathos, independent of the alterations. For the same reason, in Othello, if the innocent injured Desdemona is sacrificed to the fallè jealousies of the Moor, it is not without the detection of the villainous intrigues of Iago that fomented it, not without his final punishment, if such a poor atonement could in any shape compensate such unparalleled cruelties, as he had committed. The violent agitation of mind the pathos of tragedy excites should be appeased, the conflict of passions we are hurried along with calmed, and the convulsions occasioned by pity and terror alternately rising, and seizing our distracted frame, are to be soothed into a pleasing melancholy reflection on the whole of the transaction. But where a very deep and moving tragedy has nothing of that gloom in which it is wrapped diffused towards the close; or where it is one continued series of barbarous actions, rising one above another in a gradation of cruelty to the end, then terror, horror, and all the more violent emotions become the predominant passions, to the utter exclusion of pleasure.
We are apt to forget how our tender feelings and finer emotions revolted at the cruel indignities offered by Achilles to the dead body of Hector, when we view the hero departing from his natural ferocity, and granting the petition of the venerable Priam, lying prostrate at his feet. The decent interment of the body in its native land, bedewed with the tears of friends and relations, was a happy conclusion to the Iliad, compared with the unrelenting cruelty shewn in dragging it round the tomb of Patroclus. In the same manner, in Milton, much of the tragic pathos is alleviated and dispelled towards the close, in the prospect the angel Michael affords of the redemption; and the Paradise Lost does not end without an anticipation of the Paradise Regained. As our terror is awakened in the fear of God, this immortal poem inculcates, as our pity is roused in our sympathizing with fallen men, so are these passions foosted, and refined by the consolation reaped in Adam’s vision from the promised Messiah.

Non less careful is the admirable Milton to observe this moral lesson in the conclusion of his Samson Agonistes, where Manoah, and the chorus, suffer the passions, with which their frames were so variously and so distractedly agitated, to subside in an acquiescence in the dispensations of divine
Providence. What a noble instance have we too
in the same piece of the peripateia, or sudden
change of fortune, in the rays of hope that break
in upon the aged father, but a little previous to
the catastrophe, from the flattering delusion of his
son's ransom. How finely do the scenes between
Samson, the Chorus, and Manoah, work on our pas-
tions in the beginning of the work; and how do
those intermediate scenes between Samson, Delila
and Harapha, conspire to the thickening of the
plot, and preparations of our finest feelings for the
beauties already mentioned in the winding up of
the great catastrophe. What sublime truths does
the Chorus unfold; and how do they rise in their su-
blimity to the end, up to the last semi-chorus, that
has the noble allusion to the Phœmias. How per-
fect then and entire, is this incomparable work, in
its beginning, middle, and end! how complete in
its unity of time and place! how wonderfully
great in its action! And if it has all these excel-
 lent qualities, what a standard and perfect model
is it of tragical composition. There is a criticism,
I am aware, in the Rambler, calculated to give a
very different view of the Samson Agonistes from
what is here so curiously offered. It is founded on
a supposed breach of one of the requisites of the
unity of fable, a middle. There are, to be sure,
expressions in the Samson, unjustifiable on any
grounds of criticism; but as we cannot but agree,  
with Horace and Longinus  
Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
Offendar maculis,  
So neither on that ground is the favourable  
preference to be forfeited received from it.  

Before dismissing this tragedy, it may be ob-  
served, how much more pathetic and sublime Sam-  
lon’s exclamation is on his blindness, than that of  
the Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles,  

Iω σκέτω μη σκέτω  
'Από τον τού τειχόμενον,  
'Αφαιτο: 'αδύνατά τε  
Και δυσάρεστα ξίματι,  
'Ομοι μαλι' αἰλίσι, ου κινδυνέ ν' ξίμα  
Καθώς πιέ ταί δ' ουράμα, ου μενοι κακισί.  

Oed. Tyr. 1336  

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
Without all hope of day!  
O first created beam; and thou great Word  
Let there be light, and light was over all;  
Why am I thus bereav’d thy prime decree?  
The sun to me is dark  
And silent as the moon,  
When she deserts the night  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave. Sam. Ag. 80.
We have here too the conciseness in the great Flat
which Longinus admires as so essential to its sub-
blimity, and which is wanting in the parallel pas-
sages of the Paradise Lost, B. 7. 243. Deep night,
dark night, the silent of the night, Shakespeare's
2d Henry VI. Act 1. Sc. 6.

With what sublimity are amased in these lines,
the four grand privations of nature, darkness, si-
ence, solitude, vacuity! If then Milton, in his
Paradise Lost, is our standard for epic poetry, if
for tragic, in his Samson, if in his Lycidas, Alle-
gro, Penferobo, and parts of his Comus, he is our
model for rhyme; and if, in his prose works, (al-
though Hume and other modern writers may not
allow it,) he has shewn himself our completest ma-
er of style, he, with all justice and propriety, may
be said to have reached Lord Verulam's vantage
ground of learning. For it is to his consummate
learning, (which was greater, it is believed,
than any modern ever possessed,) to his thorough
knowledge, and happy imitation of the ancients,
in conjunction with the most fertile genius, he is
indebted for his transcendent perfections in the va-
rious branches of literature. Nor are those, his
perfections, whether in prose or verse, confined to
his own language; in the dead languages, from
the specimen he hath left of both kinds, he has
E 2
not only surpassed all the moderns, but rivalled many of the ancients themselves. His Latin prose is Ciceronian, his Latin elegies may justly vie with the most highly finished models of Ovid and Tibullus, his hexameters are truly Virgilian. If these, his Latin heroics, are in any respect deficient, it is, in that they are not altogether like his English heroics, have not the same finely varied breaks and pauses. In the former, generally with very little, or no variation, the pause is at the end of the line, not as in his own harmonious Paradisus Lost, nor as in this melodious simile of Virgil, "Melodious as the bird it is addressed to." See this simile alluded to in Tasso, Canto 12: Stanza 90.

Qualis populea moerens Philomela sub umbra
Amillis queritur fructus, quos durus arator
Implices nido observans detraxit: at illa
Tiet noctem, ramoque fedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et morsin latet loca questibus implet.

At the same time, his imagery in them is fine, and his language has the height of poetic colouring; and considering the age he composed them at, (not more than seventeen, many of them,) they must excite our admiration, instead of appearing in any degree exceptionable. Only impartiality requires, that, as it had been said, that at the different ages under twenty, he had composed ele-
gies, that equalled, if not surpassed the most perfect specimens of the same kind of writing we have in Tibullus or Ovid: at the same time, it should be confessed, that if, at the same ages, he had written hexameters, in no respect short of the perfection of the Mantuan measures, that were a tribute of praise paid to him, greater than would have been due to the Mantuan Bard himself, situated under similar circumstances only, independent of the disadvantages of a dead language. For the least important poems of Virgil, have more judgment and taste, than such tender years, as Milton's were, at the time we are speaking of, are in any degree adequate to. Therefore, as we have no productions of these two great geniuses of the same kind, and composed at the same age, their comparative merits in this place, seem scarcely to admit of estimation. Only thus far it may be said, that had Virgil composed similar poems to those of Milton's here spoken of, and at an age similar to his, together with the advantage derived from compositions in his native language, he perhaps would have done no more than equalled the success of our English Bard, though labouring under the disadvantage of composing in a language not his own, and a dead language. Under all these disadvantages of age and others, it may be questioned, whether he has not given us a Latin pastoral, that,
with its beautiful repetitions and other graces, may
be compared with most of the Roman pastoral, for
its correctness, purity of language, and refined sim-
plicity. For the variety of breaks and pauses, is
not what distinguishes the Bucolics, so much as the
Georgics and Æneids. While under twenty years
of age he composed his Latin, together with some
Greek and Italian poetry. So that the entire
knowledge of the Greek and Latin, and of all the
finer living languages; and, in a word, the whole
circle of arts and sciences, as appears from his
poetry, oratory, history, politics, philosophy, logic,
lay within the reach of his most unbounded com-pre-
henion. We cannot then, but with the utmost
cheerfulness, subscribe to Dryden’s eulogium on
him:

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn,
The first in loftiness of thought surpass’d,
The next in majesty, in both the last;
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a third, she join’d the former two.

In any thing more might be urged in his praise
after such admirable lines, which there seems scarce-
ly room for, it would be the application to himself
of his lines in the last Iemichorus of the Samson
Agonistes:
But he, though blind of sight,
Despis’d and thought extinguish’d quite
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous’d
From under ashes into sudden flame,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods immort,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay erewhile a holocaust.
From out her ashy womb now teem’d,
Revives, refound’s, then vigorous most
When most inactive deem’d,
And though her body die, her fame survives
A secular bird ages of lives.

Since, in this sublime comparison, he alluded to
Samson’s feat of strength in his blindness, that rendered his death more remarkable than his life, and exceeded in its effects, all his former miraculous achievements; it seems in the same manner applicable to his own wonderful mental exertions, in the midst of his blindness and other bodily infirmities.
The allusion to fire, seems directly adapted to the unquenchable fire of his own imagination, if it is not liker that Prometheus fire, or the fire of heaven, its thunder-bolts, than any other fire. And the last part of the simile, appears so emblematical of the long neglect his Paradise Lost lay under, till by its intrinsic merit recommended to Mr. Addison’s pa-
tronage and protection, who soon made it known to
the world, and in publishing it, was the means of
its reviving, reenourishing, to be memorable through
ages. So that, from the concurrence of all these
circumstances, one would be almost induced to ima-
gine, that he had his own situation, and that of
his works in view, at the time he so feelingly and
incomparably describes Samson's. Nor is he ever
greater, than when describing the effects of blind-
ness, as is shewn in these two passages, quoted from
his Samson, to which a third might be added, that
imitable digression in the Paradise Lost, descrip-
tive of his own situation,—a situation he so sensibly
felt himself; he with his genius, could not fail to be
peculiarly pathetic in the picture he gave of it to
others.

Hail holy light, offspring of heav'n first-born,
Or of th' eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increaseth,
Or heark'nt thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Thro' utter, and thro' middle darkness borne,  
With other notes than to thy Orphean lyre,  
I sung of chaos and eternal night.  
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to re-assend,  
Though hard and rare: Thee revisit safe,  
And feel thy fav'ran vital lamp; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn,  
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,  
Or dim fulfusion well'd. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,  
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget,  
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,  
So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyris, and blind Maronides,  
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
Sings darkling, and in shaded covert hid  
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year.
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or glee of vernal bloom, or summer's role,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-deepening dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind thro' all her powers
Irradicate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence,
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

What a source of pleasure it is to see the same
images in poetry so happily strike the different
great Genii's, that have lived in different and in
distant ages. In Ossian's address to the Sun, at the
conclusion of his Carthon, we find some of the
same beautiful ideas, that so enchant in Milton's
address to light, at the opening of his 3d Book of
Paradise Lost, and in that to the Sun in the begin-
ing of the 4th Book. The similarity of the imagery
strikes the more forcibly from the similarity of fate
in the two Composers both blind, and both com-
plaining of their blindness in the same fine tone of
thought. The passage is throughout so admirable as to deserve transcribing.

"O Thou that rollest above, round as the shield
"of my Fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun!
"thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy
"awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the
"sky; the Moon, cold and pale, sinks in the
"Western wave. But thou thyself movest alone:
"who can be a companion of thy course? The
"oaks of the mountain fall; the mountains them-
"selves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and
"grows again: The Moon herself is lost in hea-
"ven; but Thou art for ever the same; rejoicing
"in the brightness of thy course. When the
"world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls
"and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty,
"from the clouds, and laughest at the storms. But
"to Olian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds
"thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair
"flows on the Eastern clouds, or thou tremblest
"at the gates of the West. But thou art perhaps
"like me, for a season, thy years will have an end.
"Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the
"voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun! in
"the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and un-
"lovely; it is like the glimmering light of the
"morn, when it shines through broken clouds, and
"the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."

But Milton, with all his great qualities, is not all perfect: Nor is perfection the lot of humanity. If his taste had been proportioned to his genius and learning, in his poetry he would have avoided the ill-timed display of his scholastic divinity, the false wit and false philosophy of the age he lived in, with which he sometimes clogs the most enraptured scenes in the Paradise Lost, and Samson Agonistes: Nor would his prose have been infected with so much of the puritanical virulence, with which he treats his antagonists. But these were the infections of those remote times, which he was not singularly fortunate as to escape; they were the infatuated fanatic manners that prevailed, which his peculiar advantages did not exempt him from.

To what is said of his method of writing controversy may be subjoined the following passage from his life: It is there urged as an apology for his want of temper. But some allowance must be made for the customs and manners of the time. Controversy as well as war was rougher and more barbarous in those days than it is in these. And it is to be considered too, that his adversaries first...
began the attack; they loaded him with much more personal abuse, only they had not the advantage of so much wit to season it. If he had engaged with more candid and ingenious disputants, he would have preferred civility and fair argument to wit and fury. "To do so was my choice, and to have done thus was my chance," as he expresses himself in the end of one of his controversial pieces.

The Stagirite has said, that from every perfect Epic and Dramatic poem, there is to be deduced a moral. Thus the moral of the Iliad is the dreadful effect produced by the indulgence of anger, left without the control of reason, and diffusion among leaders embarked in the same cause. That of the Paradise Lost is obedience to the will of God; nor in his dramatic pieces, his Samson, and Comus, has Milton failed in the due observance of this essential rule. The moral tendency of the Odyssesy, Æneid, and Gioufalemme Liberata, seems to be the same, that virtuous men are protected by Heaven, and their undertakings, after surmounting all obstacles, finally crowned with success.

In all works of distinguished merit, there is sometimes an unfortunate inequality. It is only in those that bear the stamp of mediocrity, that the imagination soars neither too high, nor grovels too
low. That sublimity of Milton, which so often enlivens the whole poetic hemisphere, sinks sometimes into the bombast, puerile conceits, ill timed emotions, and all the train of its most opposite extremes. What a contrast is there between the Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained! That sublimity of Homer, which Longinus observes, flanks measured in his picture of discord reaching the sky, or which could not find room in the world for another such leap, as the horfas of Juno took, if sometimes buried in slumber. Shakespeare is not without suffering that eye, which in a fine phrenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, to be closed in obscurity. The inequality of the subject that occurs in a work of that length an Epic poem is, may account in some measure for the inequality of the composition.

Fas opere in longo interdum solumm obrepere.

The admirable Longinus compares the Iliad to the Sun in his meridian glory, and the Odyssey to the milder serenity of the setting Sun. Here the poetry keeps pace with the subject. In the same manner the temptation in the wilderness is not calculated to convey that fire to the poet's imagination, that the battle of the Angels does. But this is not all. We find a cold enervated play of words creeping into the sublimer imagery of the
Iliad. We find the dignity of the Epos, when hurling the thunderbolts of incensed Heaven against the heads of its revolted ions, degenerating into the quaintest puerilities. Here a flagrant error in composition meets us, — an offence against the most established rules of good writing. How then are we to be reconciled to this inconsistency? The subject remaining the same, the spirit of composition altogether varies?

Nox is Shakespeare always equal: His insight into nature was proportioned to the excess of his enthusiasm; his breach of the Aristotelian rules, his inattention to the unities of time and place, are pardonable offences, when compensated by such transcendent beauties, as he everywhere abounds in. He was often under the necessity of sacrificing his finer feelings, in compliance with the humour of the times. This necessity betrayed him into the absurdity of derogating from the severity of tragedy in his comic interludes, a transition altogether abrupt and sudden, and highly offensive to the man of taste and feeling. A tragedy that has not been

witnessed in it supplied the place of the comic interlude; but the scenes of the witches were not like them digressions, and like them, altogether foreign to the main action, but like the chorus of the au-
cient tragedy, exhibited their *persona dramatica*, parts of the whole. They are the machinery of the work, and a finer machinery, the ingenuity of man could not have invented. They are creatures of the great Bard's unbounded imagination, nor are they monstrous and extravagant creatures, but such as carry with them the air of truth and probability, from the credit given them in the legendary tales and romances of the rude ages, their agency is supposed to have prevailed in. And, as poetry ever delights in these supernatural beings, in predictions and every species of the marvellous, they shed with their baneful influence, a dreadfully pleasing gloom, and sublime horror over the whole of the action. We are uneasy at their leaving the stage, we are anxious for their return. We eagerly follow them into the secrets of their dark mysterious caves; we trace them, in the heat of imagination, in their magic circles round the caldron's gleam: Our attention is won by them, in exploring the womb of time, we are, with a secret satisfaction, insensibly led into their flattering delusions: The merits of Macbeth stand or fall with the witches: best model of tragedy; without them, it had been without some of its most thrilling beauties. All our great Geniuses, both ancient and modern, have delighted in creating their different imaginary spiritual
forms: They require them often, for the purpose of facilitating the play of their machinery; they rather choose to signify the gods controlling human affairs, by means of these subordinate agents, than taking an active part themselves, and having an immediate interest in them, agreeable to the rule:

Nec Deus interit nisi dignus vindice nodus,
Acciderit.

But what a widely different picture does Tasso, with his Italian conceits, draw of the witches, from the immortal Shakespeare, introducing them into an Epic poem, with their attendant gallants:

Qui c'adunan le streghe, et il suo vago,
Con ciascuna di lor notturno viene: &c.

_Giurisdemen Liberata, Canto 13, Stanza 4._

Shakespear, objects to Milton, that he wants conceit and the fashionable turn of modern wit. The Italian writers he must have admired, who are so addicted to them: They are, in the great Tasso, the chief blemishes. But, the Attic refined simplicity of the language of the _Paradise Lost_, is not the least of its ornaments.
Virgil's Sybil and Proteus, Milton's Comus, and allegorical personages of the Paradise Lost, Tasso's Armida, Spenser's Acrasia, are all imitations of Homer's Calypso, his Circe, and Sirens. Shakespeare, we have seen, is not without his, both in greater variety, and more original, than any poet has feigned them since Homer's days. The witches may be said to be inventions of his own: His ghosts too are conceived in the very spirit of the ancients, they are truly Homeric. Besides these peculiar ornaments to his tragedy, his pastoral drama, beyond any others, is enriched and singularly distinguished by his train of fairies, elves and midnight spirits, all in the way he has used them, original also.

In the modern drama, all nature receives animation from the influence of these its Demons, Genii and Magicians, as in ancient poetry, it did from its Naiads, Oreads, Dryads and Hamadryads. Which is a circumstance that recommends these imaginary beings with peculiar graces, and advantages to the enlivened and enthusiastic genius, as no figure in poetry is more familiar, none at the same time more passionate than the prospopeia.

The majority of Virgil never descends to the false sublime; his taste is too exquisite, he contented him-
Self with admiring, at an awful distance, his great
clearness, conscious that he and nature were one.

Awe-noses that have only arrived at a mediocrity
in writing; stand on a very different footing from
these. Their merit consists greatly in their good
taste, which, if the force of genius does not elevate
them to the regions of the sublime, prevents their
sink ing to a level with the vulgar. They are con-
veyed, in a less presumptuous car through the flowery
fields of poetry,—the flights are less bold and
daring.

The comparative merits of a composition having
the colouring in the essential parts highly finished,
and rather flur'd over in the less material, weigh-
ted with one void of either striking beauties or gla-
ning faults, has been repeatedly decided on, and
admits of little doubt. Longinus and Horace, we
have seen, here agree.

The English Heroes, Shakespeare's Iambics, and
its measured prose of Ollian, are the walks in poe-
try, that afford the greatest range for the imagina-
tion, the greatest variety, and richness of numbers,
the finest harmony of periods. The variety in the
rhymes and fine breaks, these measures admit of,
the characteristics, that must, in all ages of good
taste, distinguish them far beyond the laboured emblishments of rhyme. It is for these reasons the ear is always satisfied, never tired with Milton's verification: And for want of these advantages, the most beautiful rhyme of Dryden and Pope is always disappointing and tiring the ear. It is cheated in not meeting with that fulness and roundness in the periods of rhyme; it is tired with the constant and uniform like endings; it has no variety in the pauses, none of the fine breaks, that distinguish the Miltonic numbers. It is, on account of his preferring these advantages of blank verse in his rhyme, (as far as rhyme was capable of them, and he has shown that it is to a very great degree,) that his little poems are as excellent in their kind, as his Paradise Lost is in the sublime and beautiful. There is no judicious irregularity in rhyme can equal that of the Lycidas and parts of Comus, and consequently no rhyme can approach nearer the perfection of Heroics, unless the fine irregularity of a Pindaric Ode is excepted. It is in a Pindaric Ode, after the divine Paradise Lost, we are to look for the sublimest imagery, and richest, most varied harmony of English verifications; and in Dryden's admirable ode on St Cecilia's day, we find all these qualities and perfections amassed. As a specimen of the rest, so nearly allied to it, one stanza must suffice, which cannot fail to ravish the reader, and
O HAD I TONGUE TO SPEAK THE SUBLIME SPIRIT, THAT BREATHES THROUGHOUT
OFTHE ODE PULLED FROM THE MIST.

NOW STRIKE THE GOLDEN LYRE AGAIN:
A LOUDER YET, AND YET A LOUDER STRAIN.
BREAK HIS BANDS OF SLEEP ASUNDER,
AND ROUSE HIM LIKE A RATTLING PEAL OF THUNDER.
HARK, HARK, THE HORRID SOUND
HAS RAISED UP HIS HEAD:
AS AWAKED FROM THE DEAD,
AND AMAZED, HE FLARES AROUND.

REVENGE, REVENGE, TIMOTHUS CRIES,
SEE THE FURIES ARISE:
SEE THE FOAMES THAT THEY REAR,
HOW THEY HITS IN THEIR HAIR,
AND THE SPARKLES THAT FLASH FROM THEIR EYES!
BEHOLD A GHASTLY BAND,
EACH A TORCH IN HIS HAND,
THOSE ARE GREGIAN GHOSTS THAT IN BATTLE WERE SLAIN,
AND UNBURIED REMAIN
INGLORIOUS ON THE PLAIN:
GIVE THE VENGEANCE DUE
TO THE SUBLIME SPIRIT.

BEHOLD HOW THEY TOSS THEIR TORCHES ON HIGH,
HOW THEY POINT TO THE PERSIAN ABODES,
AND GLITTERING TEMPLES OF THEIR HOSTILE GODS.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy.
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, seiz'd another Troy.

What fire is here, and what an illustration
Longinus's vision.

Besides the advantages already enumerated, at tending those inimitable little poems of Milton, there is that simplicity in them, which nothing but the height of refinement was capable of bestowing.
What a beautiful pastoral simplicity, and what fine wild irregularity, both in the imagery and numbers, so characteristic of the grief that suggested them, does the Lycidas contain, and how equal to any of the Doric mood is the song to Echo in Cymo-

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By flow Meanders margent green,
And in the idle waters blend
Where the love-born nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Can'st thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,
So might'ft thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the sombereless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
Nor neither were ye playing on the steep,
There your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream.

Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the Mufe herself that Orpheus bore,
The Mufe herself for her enchanting son
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His glorious visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lebian shore?

There is something fuller and more delightful
In this, than in either the Greek or Latin parallel passages.
Ou γας οι πτεσμεία μεγαν ήσου εκείνη Αματηνί.
Ονδ' Αντίας εκτοπη, εΕ' Άμθος ἑγερ ὠδης.

Theo. Idyl. i. 66.

Quae nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere puella
Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnassii vobis juga, nam neque Paro.
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.

Virg. Ed. x. 9.

WHERE have ye been, ye southern winds, when
the sons of my love were deceived? But ye have
been sporting on plains, and pursuing the thistle's
beard. O that ye had been ruffling on the sails of
Nathos, till the hills of Edna roe! till they rose in
their clouds, and saw their coming chiefs!

Opening of Darithala.

In the Allegro and Pensiero, where music and
the nightingale are the subjects, there is a degree of
animation beyond any thing that the circle of
rhyme exhibits.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce.
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice thro' mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony:
That Orpheus self may heave his head
From golden flumbers on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.  

Allegro 135.

But, O fair Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Mufes from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbl'd to the fling,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek.

Penseroso 103.

There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, thro' mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.  Ida. 161.
[ 74 ]

Sweet bird, that flurn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee chauntrest oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee I walk unseen
On the dry smooth haven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon.  

Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide water'd shore,
Swinging slow with fallen roar.  

It is to be regretted, that the sublimity of Mil- 
ton's genius has not given us another such com- 
plete standard of a Pindaric ode as Dryden's is.

Our great Epic master imitated the ancient mod- 
els, nor was ever a modern possèdèd of more of 
their learning; Dryden and Pope, on the other 
hand, the French. Shakespeare, indebted to 
either, in their stead made nature his archet- 
type; boldly advanced up to the fountain- 
head, whence he explored and downwards 
traced her multiplied and various rills. He and 
nature are one, or he is himself that nature he 
drew. Milton, aware of this, very often and most
happily imitates his Shakespeare, conscious that in doing so, he borrowed from nature herself, in the same manner as the Iliad served as the medium for him and Virgil, to draw many of their choicest ideas from the same inexhaustible source. If the Epic master is the greatest ornament of cultivated humanity, the Dramatic is, in the words of the Epic, Fancy’s sweetest child, warbling his native woodnotes wild. Milton is a decisive proof that the ancient learning is absolutely necessary to the formation of a truly great and sublime genius. The force of naked genius, the bold and genuine efforts of nature, unassisted by art, could certainly have gone no further than in Shakespeare they have gone. He is the most striking instance to convince us, what amazing advances genius, without art, may make to the standard of perfection; but there can be no example found to establish the converse of the proposition: For it is in vain that we look in Milton for an evidence of it, as he, in addition to his unrivalled learning, was possessed of a genius perhaps not inferior to Shakespeare’s own, so far from that, it is in him it is shown, how

‘Omne tuit punctum ingenio qui miscuit artem.’

And from the great effects produced in him by the happy union of both, it is much to be regretted, that Shakespeare, to his unbounded genius, had not joined the learning of Milton. In Ben
Johnson is the studium fine divere vena, the bad taste he writes in, is owing to his want of a genius proportioned to his great erudition, which failure has betrayed him into endless absurdities, and exposed him to the censure and ridicule of criticism. Of the couplet alluded to, the first line is as inapplicable to Milton as the last is to Shakespeare.

Ego nec studium fine divere vena,
Nec rude quid posset video ingenium.

Copies of great and sublime originals may often equal, sometimes excel their prototypes. But, as in copies of copies, every remove from the original must weaken the intrinsic merit of the servile and degenerated borrowers, so must ever the total declension of polite literature take place, where such an artificial system is adopted, and the great matter, the great original of all lies overlooked and neglected, and an invariable adherence to his imitators is referred to as a subsidiary expedient. No other was the fate of the Roman poetry in the degenerate successors of Virgil. They disregarded his immortal model in the first instance, and were contented, at an humble and awful distance, to borrow at second-hand from the Iliad, through the interposition of the Æneid; in consequence of which unworthy depravation of taste, few or none of all the servile train have caught a single spark
of the fire of the Greek original. Such, too, must be the fate of English poetry, if the English poets tread in the footsteps of the poets of Rome, subsequent to the Augustan age.

Ergo exemplaria Graeca. Nocturna verfate manus, verfate diurna.

Thus criticism in our language that breathes most the spirit of the ancients, is what is to be found in the Origin and Progress of Language. It is there evinced beyond a doubt, that the ancients are our masters in the whole circle of arts and sciences, are our most admired models in fine writing, whether prose or verse: That the most perfect among them are the Greek authors:

Graeis ingenium, Graeis dedit ore rotundo
Mufi loqui:

That the most exceptionable style in prose among the Latins, is what was taught in the schools of declamation at Rome: That Tacitus, Seneca, Sallust, and Cicero's orations are the works most vitiated by it. And it is that corrupt taste in writing that has descended to most of the moderns, the French more particularly. It is among the writers of that nation chiefly (great as their merit is in other respects) that we find that short style, that so confinantly and so uniformly interrupts the reader in his progress; so invariably cheats the ear with
that dull similarity in the close of the sentences, that seem like so many echoes to each other, and form so glaring a contrast to the full rounded periods of the Greek orator. Short sentences, judiciously interspersed among such full and harmonious ones as his, finely diversify the style, and contribute to the pleasure arising from the whole of a composition. After the ancients, we have in our language the greatest masters of style, and not much inferior to their great originals. These have been Miltons and Clarendons. As a specimen of the latter's style, take this passage, with which the 11th book of his history concludes.

"So ended the year 1648; a year of reproach and infamy above all years which had passed before it; a year of the highest dissimulation and hypocrisy, of the deepest villainy and most bloody treasons that any nation was ever cursed with; or under; a year in which the memory of all the transactions ought to be rafed out of all records, left, by the success of it. Atheism, infidelity and rebellion should be propagated in the world: A year of which we may say, as the historian said of the time of Domitian, "Sicut vetus aetas vidit quid ultimum in libertate effet, ita nos quid in servitute;" or as the same writer says of a time not altogether so wicked, is "habitus animorum
See also for the further proofs and illustration of the finely rounded periods of this writer at the beginning of his life, "General state of Europe."

It is observed above, that some modern authors, do not allow the excellence of Milton’s dyle; the reason of it is, its being formed on other models than what their own is, on the models of the ancients, instead of the French, as theirs are. But there, it is conceived, lies its singular merit. The following sentence in his Prelatical Epicopacy is remarkable, not only in itself, but for its parallels in his Paradise Lost, and in antiquity: "With less fervency was studied what St. Paul or St. John had written, than was listened to, one that could say, here he taught, here he stood, this was his stature, and thus he went habited; and O happy this house that harboured him, and that cold stone whereon he refted, this village wherein he wrought such a miracle, and that pavement dewed with the warm effusion of his laft blood, that sprouted up into eternal roses, to crown his martyrdom."

Like to this is his poetry in Adam's Lamentation for the loss of Paradise. Book xi. l. 320.
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd.

Tuus Pliny, in his Panegyric on Trajan 13,
Veniet igitur tempus quo posteri videre, vilendam
tradere minoribus suis geëffert, quis sudores tuos
hauserit campus, quae reflectiones tuas arbores, qua
formam faxa pretexerint, quod denique te tum
magnus hospes impleveris.

In the same strain Cicero speaks in his treatise
De Finibus. Book V. p. 246. Veniet enim mihi
Platonis in mentem, quem accepimus primum hic
disputare solutum: cujus etiam illi hortuli propin-
qui non memoriam solum mihi afferunt, sed ipsum
videntur in conspectu meo hic ponere. Hic Speu-
ippus, hic Xenocrates, hic ejus auditor Polemo;
cujus ipsa illa fuisse fuerat quam videamus. Tanta vis
admonitionis incert in locis; ut non fine causa ex
his memorie duæta sit disciplina.

Though Cicero's ears were of so singular a con-
struction, ita audax et capaces, as he himself says, as
not always to be altogether satisfied with the ful-
nels and roundnefs of the periods of Demothenes,
yet if any harmony short of the music of the spheres could have filled them, it must have been the fine swelling cadences, and, if the expression may be allowed, the fully closed diapasons of that admirable effort of human invention, Satan's address to the Sun, in the 4th Book of Paradise Lost. The happy illustrations so often repeated in it of Longinus's interrogation, are but the leaf of its perfections. In it there is more poetry and dramatic, united, than is to be met with in the whole compass of the Iliad, Odyssey, Aeneid, or any modern Epic poem whatsoever. It is more sublime, more passionate, more argumentative, more harmonious in its periods. And here may be observed the very peculiar merit of the speeches throughout the Paradise Lost, greatly superior to those of the Aeneid, and not more than equalled by those of the Iliad.

Bolingbroke, Shaftesbury, Swift, Addison, are all in their several ways great masters of style. Bolingbroke's bold metaphorical style is remarkable: It may sometimes incur grammatical inaccuracies, but with what exceptions of that kind may be imputed to it, it cannot fail highly to please and fill the ear of the reader of taste. Addison is chaste and correct; Swift nervous, free of tropes and figures, abounding in harmonious periods; Shaftesbury, glowing, animated, elegant, and
fluently copious. A good specimen of his admirable style may be found in his remarks on criticism in the advice to an author. He there contends for ridicule as the test of the perfection of that art, among the several others he treats of in his refined vein of wit and humour, and agreeably to his hypothesis is led to give the preference to Hudibras, and the Rehearsal to any specimens we have in that walk.

Interdum amoto quaeramus seria ludo.

In Didaetic poetry there are three poems that in a peculiar manner claim attention, the Georgics of Virgil, Lucretius's; and amongst the moderns, Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health. The style of Lucretius is thought to be more adapted to that species of writing than that of either of the other two. It is so because it is more plain, less adorned; in other words more prose; for, except the openings of his books which are highly animated, his style in general is low, and, strictly speaking didactic. Still the Georgics seem more delightful, with all their deviations from the rules applicable to this kind of poetry. Had any doubts remained, they must have been removed on the perusal of Mr Harris's admirable criticism on that poem contained in his posthumous work, the Philological Inquiries.
A very different criticism on these beautiful Epistles, grounded on their want of connection with the main design, or each other, meets us in the Elements, ch. 1. and ch. 13. sect. 4. at the end.

The description of the prodigies, that accompanied the death of Caesar, if they do not immediately rise out of the subject, yet form a fine contrast to what does; the description of the happiness of a country life, and as such neither out of their place, nor out of order, introduce a fine variety into the scenery. Of the same nature is the observation on the fable of Arisias, closing the 5th Book. Any defect it labours under, in point of connection, is at the same time confessed to be simply compensated in the melody of its enchanting numbers. This confession, of itself, justifies its insertion, especially, when in aid of it, the reflection occurs, that the connection is, in this instance, stronger than in the preceding, as the restoration of nature is more directly contradicted with its decay, represented in the close of the preceding book. If the connection between the parts of the Epistle is not so strong, they are enough so, for one founded in fable, with the intervention of machinery.

In happy fiction in it, is the introduction of Proops, emblematical of the πρῶτον βλεπ., or first matter,
before its reception of form, to effect the restoration of decayed nature.

ARMSTRONG's poem, breathes the spirit of the Georgics; and, for that reason, will be the more acceptable to the generality of readers. It beside is the happiest imitation of the Miltonic numbers that has appeared in our language. It is only inferior to them.

In pastorals, Fontenelle prefers the Idyllium of Theocritus to the Bucolics of Virgil; because he thinks the Roman pastorals have not the simplicity of the Greek. But a more refined simplicity and more of chastity they certainly have, without the rudicity and obscene manners of the Idyllium. The same distinction lies between these two species of pastoral writing, as between Sophocles and Euripides, Plato and Xenophon's ideas of a republic, above observed. In Theocritus, the rustic manners are painted, such as they are, in the extreme in Virgil, such as they might be, and in the same manner in Pope's pastorals. It is strange that Corneille should have preferred Lucan's Pharsalia to Virgil's Aeneid, owing to any distinction of this kind.
In all the three finer arts, there are similar qualities incident to each; painting has its light and shade, music its concord and discord, poetry its perspicuity and obscurity. Such is the obscurity, Burke advances, is so productive of the sublime, and so remarkably instanced in the incantations of Macbeth's witches, "A deed without a name!" And such is the clouded majesty of Pindar, and the sublime mysterious horror thrown over many of the ancient choruses. But the light in the one art, the concord in the other, the perspicuity in the third, must, beyond all comparison, be ever the predominant properties, whilst the other subservient qualities must not only be used with a very sparing, but with a very masterly hand; and then it is, that this obscurity becomes the clari,-

The author of the Sublime and Beautiful, examines the grounds of the received opinion, that poetry is, in all its branches, strictly and properly so called, an imitative art; with a view of justifying himself, in not wholly and implicitly subscribing to it. We may observe, he argues, "that poetry, in its most general sense, cannot, with
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strict propriety, be called an art of imitation. It is, indeed, so far an imitation, as it describes the manners and passions of men, which their words can express, where animi motus efficit interprete lingua. There it is strictly an imitation; and all merely dramatic poetry is of this sort. But descriptive poetry, operates chiefly by substitution, by the means of sounds, which by custom have the effect of realities. Nothing is an imitation, farther than as it resembles some other thing; and words undoubtedly have no sort of resemblance to the ideas for which they stand. This reasoning impeaches the general rule no farther than as it makes one exception from it in favour of descriptive poetry.” It is conceived, without subscribing to the authority of this great critic, that poetry is, in all its branches, imitative: For whatever may be said of the resemblance of words to ideas, words must certainly be deemed the signs, the images, the very pictures that so faithfully, and in so lively a manner, represent the ideas.

The principles that that ingenious critic goes on, that the sublime arises from a tension of the nerves beyond their natural tone, and the beautiful from the same excessive relaxation of the nerves, may be strictly just and philosophical. But it is a doubt whether he has not confounded the limits of the
two, in having extended the sublime to the senses of tasting and smelling; he has not to that of touch, and yet the electrical shock, it would appear is a more powerful source of the sublime than either of the above two. If a line is to be drawn, the sublime should be confined to the senses of hearing and seeing on the one hand, and the beautiful, to those of tasting, smelling, and feeling on the other.

Mr Harris, on the three finer arts, adopts Aristotle's hypothesis, that music is an imitation together with the other two, and is wholly engrossed in deciding on the degrees of imitation incident to each. But Dr Beattie, in his remarks on music, chap. 6, maintains that music is not an imitative art, and that imitation, so far from being essential to this art, is at most but adventitious, and, if judiciously used, ornamental of it; so the learned world is divided, ancient and modern in opposition.

Horace, in describing the end of poetry, is not explicit enough,

Aud producere volant, aut delectare poetae.
He does not decide between pleasure and instruction, which of the two is the main end of the art, but treats of them disjunctively; on the supposition, that either of them is conducive to it, without the other, which is a position not agreeable to taste,
and the feelings of mankind: For if these are con-
sulted in estimating the chief design of poetry, it
will be found, that a merely moral instructive
poem, deficient in the powerful allurements, and
pleasing ornaments of the art, will not produce the
effect, nor be entitled to the appellation of good
poetry: But the converse will hold, and a poem
that delights, though it does not instruct, may at-
tain the end of fine poetical composition. Both
united, exhibit the most perfect models in the art.
So that if Horace had spoken of pleasure and in-
struction, conjunctively instead of disjunctively;
the true end, and main design, would then have
been duly ascertained. Both are essential to the
higher species of the art, the Epic and Tragic; in
the inferior walks, pleasure may be the sole object
aimed at, and even in these nobler fields of the ima-
gination it predominates, instruction acting only in
subordination to it, and this solution of the point is
what he gives, where he recommends the mixture
of the utile and the dulce, and other celebrated
passages of the art of poetry.
These reflections, as they began from Homer, so to him must they return, his works are a theme so inexhaustible, that the more they are canvassed, the more they will be admired, every repetition in the reading, leading to a discovery of new beauties. It is impossible to figure the hero of a poem of more importance than Achilles is represented in the Iliad. It begins and ends with him, and if he does not act in the intermediate parts, it is to shew his consequence, since his continuance to act, would but too soon render the action of the poem to a conclusion, and by being so rendered too familiar to our eyes, he would consequentially be lessened in our admiration. At the same time, that his acting is thus artfully suspended, we every where feel his absence, every thing conspires to inform us of it, his name, and former exploits are constantly introduced. Nothing could be so admirably contrived for his aggrandisement, as his quarrel with Agamemnon, and its consequences, though, at first sight, to all appearances, tending much to his dishonour. If he is dishonoured in having Bricsis taken from him, What are Agamemnon’s first sensations after the action? They are exhortations to the leaders of the army to abandon the enterprise against Troy, and return to Greece; and these exhortations, which, if feigned at first, are ever after unfeigned, are repeated after
every cheek and disfavor he meets with; so unac-
customed was he to them till Achilles's retiring from
battle. When he fails in that resource, how readily
does he clothe with the proposal of a formal embaly
to the hero, in which Briseis is not only offered to
be restored, but with her gifts in the greatest pro-
fusion. On the other hand, we see Jupiter espous-
ing his cause, at the instigation of his mother The-
tis, and favouring the Trojans, to make the Greeks
feel his loss. That their fate might not too rapidly
ponderate in the scale, the action is dexterously
suspended in the two single combats between Mene-
laus and Paris, Hector and Ajax; in the night en-
terprise of Diomed and Ulysses, the beautiful epi-
isode of Hector and Andromache; and in Hector's
absence, in the interview between Glauceus and
Diomed, in the love scene between Jupiter and Ju-
no on mount Ida, and the various interpositions of
the auxiliary gods: Which several suspensions of
the main action, are at the same time introductory
of a fine variety in the detail of carnage. The en-
balm too has this double advantage to suspend the
action, and vary the scene. The inexorable, re-
leventh, implacable character of the hero, leads him
with disdain to reject the offers made by the ambas-
fadors in the king's name. The consequence is the
rapid declension of the Greek affairs, to the begin-
ing of the burning of the ships.
This was a circumstance, that might well induce Achilles, consistently with his rejection of the offers contained in the embassy, to abate something of his anger, and lend at least his friend Patroclus clad in his armour, with his Myrmidons, to drive the Trojans from the ships. In this desperate extremity then of the Greek affairs, at the pressing instigation of his friend, he relents so far, as to suffer him in his armour, at the head of his troops, to save the ships. How at once are all the leading features of his character, in their native and genuine colours, on this occasion portrayed and delineated! The jealousy of his own honour, his unconquerable resentment against Agamemnon, the workings of nature in favour of his friend and associates in war, all contrasted and counteracting each other, in the violent conflict for the predominancy, all conspiring to convulse and agitate his frame, to a degree that exhibits a picture, the most admirably drawn, and completely astonishing. His last injunction to Patroclus, in the indulgence of his request, is to save the ships and no more, left, by their destruction, the return of the Grecians to their native country, might be altogether cut off. For the performance of this service, he is to have Briseis restored, with all the promised gifts. This done, he strictly enjoins him to retreat to his tents, left, in the too eager pursuit of his advantages to Troy walls, he should both wound the honour of Achilles, and en-
danger his own personal safety. He concludes his injunctions with a prayer to the gods, that all the Trojans, and with them all the Greeks, may be destroyed, that the taking of Troy might be reserved for him and Patroclus. In the beginning of his address, he is interested in the fate of the ships, as on them depended the return of the Grecians to their country: He is interested too in their safety, with a view to his own consequence: But before the conclusion of it, the gratification of his anger still predominates, and effaces these considerations, in his dreadful imprecations heaped indiscriminately on Greeks and Trojans: These again in their turn disappear, to make way for his first sensations, when he beholds the flame seizing on the ship. It is then he is drawn striking his thighs, and hastening Patroclus to the repulsion of the enemy; and that no time might be lost, he himself draws up, and exhorts his troops, while his friend is putting on his armour. Thus, after libations offered up to the gods, for the success of the enterprise, and Patroclus's safe return, he is left at the entrance of his tent, to view with eagerness the conflict: A conflict, wrought up with such circumstances of horror, havoc, and devastation, as were sufficient to have exhausted no ordinary genius, and left it unequal to the task, of exhibiting a scene, in which the hero was to appear in the field of battle, that was to rise in our conceptions, with every additional
terror, heightened with tenfold rage, grandeur, and magnificence. The loss of his friend, in the performance of the service, is a further inducement for him to depart altogether from the gratification of his anger, in order to revenge his death.

How are our expectations raised, when his very appearance, without armour, and his voice being heard thrice shouting on the trench, are the means of the dead body of Patroclus being rescued from the attacks on it of the Trojans. They, on the other hand, astonished and dismayed at his appearance, before any refreshment of food is taken, standing hold a council, in which Polydamus advises the immediate retreat within the walls, with diffusions from waiting his approach on the plain, on return of day. Which sage counsel is over-ruled by the superior influence, and fatal temerity of Hector, fatal to himself and numberless Trojans, and only productive of a short delay in the prosecution of his brother's advice, by the unhappy survivors. Before the recovery of the body, Hector had stript it of the armour. Vulcan is employed by Thetis to make a new suit of armour, and the description of the shield is as fine a paffage as is in the Iliad, exhibiting a fine contrast of the arts of peace to the carnage of war. But, when in this immortal armour, he goes to battle, with what solemnity and fulcrivity
is he ushered to the field, the gods all joining in the conflict. Jupiter thunders,—Neptune shakes the earth and mountain tops.—Ida to its centre shook,—the City of Troy and Grecian ships trembled.—Pluto heard and was dismayed, and in dismay leapt from his throne, and shouted, lest Neptune should rend the earth above him, and reveal to gods and men, his dreary, dismal regions. Such were the shocks and convulsions of nature, when gods met in battle for the aggrandisement of the hero, in the decision of the action of the poem.

With what hasty strides then does he pursue the object of his revenge, and accomplish it in the death of Hector. His resolution to await Achilles without the walls, and engage him in single combat, after all the rest of the Trojans are shut up within them, formed when the hero is at a distance, fails him in his nearer approach; nor is he prevailed on to resume it, till after having fled thrice round Troy walls, he is betrayed by Minerva, in the shape of Deiphobus, into the false hopes of assistance from that his friend. The leading circumstances in this combat Virgil has adopted in his, between Æneas and Turnus; so admirably are they calculated to fill the mind with the magnificence of the hero.

No sooner does he appear in battle, but the attention is wholly engrossed in his achievements; in
In superior lustre, all the other leaders are totally eclipsed: The very name of Diomed is not to be met with more, the second to Achilles, and in his absence, the chief support of the Greeks, the invader of their hostile gods. Agamemnon himself is no where afterwards seen, except in appeasing Achilles, with the restitution of Briseis, and a profusion of conciliatory gifts. He appears then solely with a view to the hero's magnificence. He is the only person whose importance is felt, as well before as after the death of Hector, both in the institution of the funeral games, in honour of Patroclus, the decisions of the prizes in the contests, the redemption of the body of Hector, the granting the twelve days truce, for the performance of the funeral obsequies due to it.

Thus beginning, middle, and end, all are connected, and correspond with each other. Primo, ne medium medio nec discrepit imum.—All turns and dishes on the anger of Achilles, the subject proposed in the opening. What a regular chain of causes and effects is here displayed. Consistently with this reasoning that contained in ch. 23d, Elements of criticism cannot be subscribed to.

Homer's conduct in removing the hero from the scene for a time, in order to raise his importance,
from the Iofs sustaine in his absence, and the redoubled lustre he shines with on his return, is adopted by Tasso in his Jerusalem Delivered. He has also copied Homer, in the cause, that leads to his disappearance, his refusal to submit to the decision of Godfrey, in consequence of his having killed Ger

nando. We see the heroes of both poems inflamed against their leaders, and to such a degree, that both are about to draw their swords on them, till they are restrained, the Grecian hero, by the interposition of Minerva, figurative of prudence, the Christian, at the instigation of Tancred and the other chiefs. The anger of both, thus checked, as averted from the completion of its first object, gratifies itself in voluntary retirement.

Is the first council that is held in the Jerusalem Delivered, for the purpose of electing Godfrey general of the Crusades, it is not Rinaldo that fam-

mons it, as Achilles does that in the Iliad, nor is it Rinaldo that takes the lead in it, as Achilles does in his; nor does he once appear, nor is his voice once heard in it. Tasso's inattention to the dignity and importance of his hero every where meets us. If his excessive youth is urged in defence of his inattention to his consequence, on the other hand it may be said, why is he drawn so very young, as not to be mature in council, as well as
great in the field. The copy has lost much of the spirit of the original. The Italian appears in the copy, and the Italian ideas of gallantry. Tasso describes his hero as a gallant to Armida, he has not even left his witches without their gallants. The looking-glass, or what answers the purpose, a polished shield is employed in the reclaiming of Rinaldo. Nor, after he does again appear in battle, is the attention wholly engrossed in his feats of valour, as it is solely directed to Achilles in the Iliad, after his return, but in the Jerusalem Delivered, it is much divided among the other combatants. The single combat of Tancred and Argante comprehends a considerable part of the action of the poem, after that event takes place. After Rinaldo’s release from the enchantments of Armida, and return to the siege, we still find him devoted to her charms: His last efforts are directed towards the appeasing her, and with his successes in these endeavours the scene closes on him. He ends as he begins, the lover, his uniformity of character is faithfully adhered to, agreeable to the rule

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processit, et sibi conflet.

It is the anger of Achilles, that all turns and hinges on in the Iliad. It is the love of Rinaldo,
that interests us in the fate of the hero of the Jerusalem Delivered. It is not Rinaldo that puts the left hand to its deliverance from the infidels, that is reserved for Godfrey. If then neither in the beginning nor end of the poem, he bears a conspicuous part, so neither in the intermediate parts do the consequences of his absence appear to be so deeply felt, nor does the mention of it so frequently occur. Were it not for his first feat of valour, after his escape from the shames of Armida, the breaking through the enchantments that guarded the wood, from whence the Christians were to be supplied with materials for their battering engines employed in the siege, and that after the unsuccessful attempts of so many of the Christian warriors, Tancred not excepted, were it not for that single action, we see very little in what he further does, that renders it of much consequence to the Christian cause, whether he remained at last as at first in the arms of Armida. Thus does the hero of the Jerusalem Delivered sink in importance to the hero of the Iliad. The Italian, as well as every other Epic poem of eminence, whether ancient or modern, are all framed on the model of that great original.

The conduct of it, and its copy, in the disposal of the hero, has been enquired into, and some lead-
ing defects in the copy pointed out. With what advantage then, and peculiar satisfaction, do we come to the observance of a parallel masterly conduct, in another admirable original Oisín, in his Fingal and Temora. In the beginning of the action of Fingal, the hero does not appear; and in the intermediate stages, after he does appear, he is removed by the poet, that his return may be the more important and decisive. It is curious to observe the resemblance between the fictitious situation in poetry of Fingal during the combat, and the real one in history of Edward III. at Cressy, both the Sires being described standing on a hill adjoining to the scene of action, from whence they viewed, reflect their sons, their valorous deeds. In Temora the hero's appearance is in the same manner late and decisive. For out of the three successive engagements it describes, it is not till the last of them that Fingal in person assumes the command, slays the Irish king in single combat, restores the lawful heir to the throne. The same conduct is seen in the Æneid and Paradise Lost. Æneas's appearance in the battle is late and effectual: And in the three days fight of the Angels, each successive day rises in a gradation of grandeur and sublimity, to that last and dreadfully awful one, when the Messiah goes forth, clothed in the terror of his thunder, and lightning of his red right hand.
The characters of the heroes of the Iliad and Fingal, differ widely in the contrast exhibited of them over their fallen enemies. Fingal, B. 5. in the fulness of humanity, readily grants the request of his antagonist Orla, before they engage, relative to the treatment of his body, and disposal of his arms, if he should fall in fight. More than that, he buries him beside his son Ryno, and with his son lets him share in his lamentations. This is the picture of a feeling and generous enemy, that carries no resentment beyond the grave. But Achilles, with the most barbarous disdain, rejects Hector's last request, and in the most flagrant contempt of it, inflicts, with that unparalleled and unrelenting cruelty, over the dead body, in dragging it at his chariot-wheels round the tomb of Patroclus. Nor after these repeated barbarities offered to it, does he consent to its delivery for interment, till after the intercession of the gods, and a heavy ransom. If, as a palliative of Achilles's treatment of the dead body of Hector, is urged the loss of his friend Patroclus; Fingal met with a heavier loss in that of his son. If again it is said, that Orla was not the means of Fingal's son's death, as Hector was of Patroclus's, how, by the same mode of reasoning, will be justified the sacrifice of the twelve Trojan youths at the funeral rites of Patroclus; for they were no ways instrumental in his death. It is evi-
dent then that the hero of the Iliad, in the gratification of his cruel and implacable revenge, made no distinction between those of his enemies, whose hands were and were not imbrued in the blood of his friend. It is equally clear, that the Fingalian hero, in his humane and generous deportment towards his enemies, fought to make no distinction between those that were instrumental in, and innocent of the death of his son, and that neither of these circumstances would have influenced his conduct to Orla or Swaran.

The contrast of manners is still more glaring, if the two heroes' treatment of their rival enemies is compared. We have seen what Achilles's is of Hector; it remains to consider Fingal's of Swaran. After defeating him in single combat, and taking him prisoner, he partakes with him the feast of shells; and there is affably and constantly employed in cheering his drooping spirits, by suggesting, healing and comfortable reflections, aided by the charms of the poetry and music of his bards in their songs of peace. This is another parallel to a passage in the English history, in the fruits reaped by that delight and ornament of human nature, Edward the Black Prince, from the glorious day of Poictiers. In consideration of their connection, and of his being brother to Aangaecce, with whom
he was in love in his youth, he releases him without ransom, and permits him to return with the remains of his army to Lochlin or Scandinavia; nor before his departure, will he accept of the offer he makes him of his ships. To friends and foes Fingal's behaviour is equally brave, generous and humane. The last action of Fingal, that is recorded in the Epic poem of his name, is displayed in his warm sympathy with his friend Cuthullin after his defeat, in the revival of his broken spirits, as he sat melancholy and sad in the cave of Tura. Nor does Conman escape his censure, for the infirm he offers to his fallen slater. Fingal's character appears to advantage; in the cheerfulness with which he espouses the quarrels of Ireland, with a view to the relief of the oppressed, and the dethroning of usurpers, the subjects of Temora and Fingal. Greatly superior as Fingal is represented to all the human persons opposed to him, how does he rise in importance, when engaged in conflict with, and triumphing over the spirit of Loda the Scandinavian god in Caricethura. His wounding him is like Diomed's wounding Mars and Venus.

Such is the picture Ossian gives of the manners that prevailed in the times he wrote. Widely different is Homer's. Achilles and Fingal's characters meet in no one point, but their heroic va-
jour. Nor do we meet with a single instance of quarter being given to a vanquished enemy throughout the Iliad. None certainly after the commencement of the action. Some instances are related to have happened in the earlier part of the war, but those too were for heavy ransoms. In the Episode of Glauceus and Diomed, there is to be traced a resemblance between the manners of the Grecian heroes and the Caledonian, but it is the only faint trace that is to be found in Homer. We have seen that the representation he gives of manners in time of war; and in the Odyssey is to be seen what he draws them in time of peace, where piracy is extolled as a laudable and prevalent employment. These leading traits in the characters of the heroes of the two poems, afford a striking picture of the prevailing manners of the different ages they each allude to. Whether it is that the two poets represented their characters such as they were, and not such as they might best be, or that one drew such a one as actually was, and the other such as might best be; to whichever of these causes it is owing, certain it is, the contrast between the heroes of the different poems is most striking. Ossian never fails to temper the bravery of his with humanity, and the fine feelings of the social passions; Homer always stains the courage of his with fierce barbarity, not to mention a relentless cruelty. The
The singular circumstance attending this difference of manners, is, that the more favourable change is affixed to the earlier state of society; and that the more advanced state appears proportionally the more removed from civilization, and the more funk in barbarism. For Ossian certainly describes men as living in the first and most rude state of society, the hunting state; and Homer as incontestibly places them in the next advanced stage, the pastoral. This seems rather at first sight a paradox or phenomenon, till on investigation, a satisfactory reason may be assigned for it, which, in the sequel, will be touched on.

It remains still to take a more comprehensive view of the various celebrated Epic poems, that have shed such lustre on the annals of literature, to trace some of the leading resemblances between them, and mark some of their distinguishing qualities. There is one, the production of the same great master with the Iliad here canvassed, that has not been touched on, in the course of these reflections. Another of later origin, and founded on the model of both these great productions, has, in the same manner, been hitherto passed over in silence. A comparison of these of antiquity with each other, or with the modern may not seem foreign to the design of this enquiry. The action of an Epic poem,
should be one entire great action. The unity of the fable is most uniformly preserved throughout the whole of them. In this essential point, they all, both the ancient and modern, necessarily agree, though they differ in the modes devised for the preservation of that unity. If the subject of them were confined to the space of time, the action is comprehended in, many, or all of them, would be found very defective, and stript off much of that variety and profusion of ornament, that so eminently enhances their merit. The action of the Iliad, though opening only six weeks, according to some critics, and others forty-seven days, before its conclusion, has artfully interwoven in it many of the previous events of the war, not in any regular continued narration, but incidentally and occasionally introduced. In the same manner, the action of the Odyssey, though opening no longer time before its conclusion, than that of the Iliad, contains the taking of Troy, many of the incidents of a ten years voyage subsequent to it, and those not as the previous events of the war of Troy, are inferred in the Iliad, but in continued details; and related at length, the burning of Troy by the poet Demodocus, and the adventures of the voyage by Ulysses, at the Court of the Phaeacians. The Aeneid, by way of retrospect, gives the transactions of seven years, though itself confined to the space of a year, or
little more, and, in the same manner as in the
Odyssey, by uninterrupted harangue, with this only
difference, that Aeneas is the sole relater, as well of
the taking of Troy, as his subsequent navigation and
history. The circumstances leading to the two nar-
rations are very similar, the one is before the King
of the Phaeacians, the other before the Queen of
Carthage, to both of whose courts, the different he-
roes have been driven, shipwrecked in a storm.
We have not only this retrospective view of things in
the Aeneid, previous to the commencement of the
action, in which it so exactly corresponds with the
Iliad and Odyssey, as almost in every other leading
part of its conduct, (the first six books being founded
on the Odyssey, the last six on the Iliad) but we
have also a prospect of some of the memorable
events of the Roman history, in the description of
Aeneas’s shield, long subsequent to the close of the
poem. This method too is derived from the prac-
tice of Homer, who transiently touches on events
posterior to the duration of the action. The action
of the Paradise Lost is confined to so much still
shorter a period, than any of the fore-mentioned,
eleven days only, that it required all the address of
its incomparable author to lengthen its artificial du-
ration, in the introduction of both the previous and
subsequent events, and both at great length in the
way of detail and continued narration, as Virgil has
done. It is thus, by blending both methods to happily, we have related by Raphael, the rebellion of the fallen angels, and the works of creation, previous to the fall of man, and a representation in the angels vision, of what is to happen to the race of Adam, in consequence of his fall. The Jerusalem Delivered, is, in this respect, in the same uniform tenor.

Ossian has no small variety of characters; they are not all uniformly humane and generous, in the style of fidus Achates, and fidus Orontes, but he mixes the good and bad, introduces various degrees of each, and makes use of great diversity of shades in the colouring. In this respect, no poet, in any age or country, has rivalled Homer.

Milton's subject gave him very little latitude in the choice and diversity of his characters; but of that latitude afforded him, it must be confessed he has availed himself to the utmost. There is great variety in his devils, they have each allotted them their peculiar shades of vice. He had recourse to allegorical beings to supply the defect of real. His allegory of Sin and Death, is both admirably conceived and well supported throughout; it most happily, and most confidently makes a part of the whole, and is highly conducive to the completion of
the main action. It is reputed a fault in the representation given of Adam, that he shews too much refinement, too much knowledge in the conference he has with his Creator. But if a poetical conception of characters is ever allowable, if to draw men, not merely as they are, but such as they might be, is not only a licence given to poets, but such an indulgence, as philosophers have availed themselves of, as Plato in his Republic, and Sir Thomas More in his Utopia. If this is a point agreed on in all hands, where is the latitude more admissable, than in such a situation as Adam is then described in? So placed, he may reasonably be allowed even to excel himself; his conceptions, in such circumstances, may well be supposed to move in another, than their proper sphere. Every faculty there strained to the utmost pitch, in support of the lofty argument proposed, or as the poet himself expresseth it, strained to the height in that celestial colloquy sublime, may be supposed to catch some rays of that divine effulgence with which they were surrounded, without exceeding the bounds of probability: Some portion of that transcendent irradiation might have been reflected from the object it so powerfully shone upon. As Moses returned from the mount, with his face so irradiated, as to dazzle the eyes of the Israelites, unable to look on it till covered with a veil; as St John’s face was in the Revelations, like the
fun himself in his meridian tower; as St Stephen's was at his trial like an angel's.

Tasso's Pagan heroes have all the bad qualities of Homer's, with many additions, and without any of their good: His Christian heroes have all the perfections of Offian's, with what further improvements Christianity bestowed. The contrast between the two is strongly marked in the single combat of Raymond and Argante, Canto 7. Tasso's poetry, in general, is exceedingly fine, both in the sublime and beautiful scenes.

It is in sentiment, that the great difference lies between the Epic poems of this island, and those of Grecian and Roman antiquity, and that the former so justly claim such a pre-eminence over the latter. For the heroes of the Iliad breathe nothing but a stern and barbarous ferocity; which blemish Virgil, notwithstanding the refinement of the Augustan age, has been as successful in copying, as any of the beauties of that great original. But the Gallic bard represents his characters, with the exception of some bad ones, as full of every generous and humane principle, actuated by the noblest and most disinterested sentiments, speaking the language of a cultured heart, cultivated humanity. Between the mutual friends and allies of the Iliad,
is betrayed a want of feeling and ungenerous treatment, an in
cive and abuse, that is nowhere to be traced in the language of the contending
Fingalian heroes. Let us contrast the following sentiment in the Lathmore, p. 342, with the night-
adventure in the Iliad, of Diomed and Ulysses into the Trojan camp, with the sentiment of Virgil,

Dolus an virtus quis in hoite requirat?
and with the numberless instances of the surprizing
of camps in ancient and modern warfare.

"Shall the son of Fingal rush on the sleeping foe? Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor
dwell renown on the gray hairs of Morni for ac-
tions like these."

Milton's sentiments seem always adapted to the situa-
tion his characters are represented in.
The sentiments of Adam and Eve vary, as the circum-
cstances vary they are placed in; they corre-
spond equally with their state of innocence, and
with their state after the fall. Nor is there a sen-
timent expressed in the heavenly choirs, or infer-
nal councils, that are not most suitable to their
place. In the same way, his language varies as
his subject varies. In the two first books, and the
sixth, he is sublime to a degree of astonishment.
In his descriptions of Paradise, he is beautiful to
ravishment, far eclipsing, in elegance and luxuriance, the paintings of Alcinous's gardens, Calypso and Acrasia's bowers, or Armida's scenes of enchantment. In the scenes between Adam and Eve, in their state of innocence, he is soft and tender; after their fall, tragic and pathetic. In the detail of the works of creation, he is sublime, copious, animated and flowing, wherever his subject admits of it. If, at any time, in the decrees of the Almighty, or the historical part of the poem, after the fall, he is prolix, it is not to be imputed to the failure of his vein of poetry, but to his subject not admitting that high colouring. In all his various degrees of style, his harmony of numbers has not been equalled by any of his imitators.

Those unacquainted with the native language of Offian, are ill qualified to judge of its beauties; but if the translation may be relied on as genuine, (and of its authenticity, there is the clearest demonstration,) all that can be done, is to estimate its perfections by that criterion. It is bold and figurative, as the language of all rude nations is. Their conceptions are few, and those they mark strongly; nor for the few they have, are there the proper signs; to supply the defect of which, they have recourse to figure and circumlocution. In his tender and pathetic scenes, in which he is ex-
celled by none, if equalled by any, his language is that of nature, the language of the heart. In his nervous figurative style, he resembles that of Homer, as both drew from nature; and as that is the style she dictates in the more infant stages of society. The measured prose that Ossian uses, as the vehicle of his language, is next to the English Heroics, in the copiousness, variety and harmony of its periods and cadences.

The perfection of character, and generosity of sentiment, which, in so eminent a degree, distinguishes the Celtic Bard, however unaccountable on a slight inspection, on a more narrow view, meet with a probable and reasonable solution. It is the solution given in the dissertation on Ossian's poems, and adopted in the critical dissertation on the same, the influence of the Bards on the national character. High was the estimation in which this race of men were held by all the Celtic tribes; by none higher than by those of Caledonia. After the suppression of the Druids, long the philosophers and priests of this people, the veneration for the Bards, a part of the same order, continued unimpaired. Caesar, who takes no separate notice of the Bards, mentions Britain as the great semi- for the propagation of the Druidical institution. The extinction of so flourishing an order in t
northern parts of the Island, was owing, we are
told, to their ambitious views in aiming at the con-
tinuance of the election of the chief magistrate,
which they greatly influenced, in opposition to the
interest of the race of Fingal, which contended
for its being hereditary in that house. The con-
test, carried on with violence for some time, be-
tween the two rival powers, ended, at last, in the
downfall of the Druids, which left the line of Fin-
gal, the hereditary heads of the people. It is af-
ter this unsuccessful struggle for power, we find
them in their circles of stones, in their dark and
sacred groves, retired from the world; and
it is owing to this, their opposition to the Fingali-
an race, that they are not once mentioned
throughout the poems of Ossian. On their ruin,
rose the reputation of the Bards. These were the
confluent attendants on the leaders of the people;
in war, the spectators and panegyrists of their
victories; in peace, their companions in the feast,
of shells. The wars ended with the Bards songs
of peace. In these songs, and in their inspired
choruses at the feast of shells, what heroic ardor
must they have infused into the breasts of the
youthful warriors, by celebrating the deeds of
their renowned ancestors! With what emulation
must they have fired the descendants, on those fa-
loral occasions, to rival those that went before

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them in the paths of fame. Their exhortations could not fail to prove the same incentives to the martial youth, that the Olympic games did to those of Greece. Each successive race of Bards, through a long series of ages, improving on the examples and traditions of the preceding, aided by the philosophy and religion of the Druids, at the same time that they gradually brought their poetry the nearer to perfection, so proportionably must they have ripened in their conceptions of true heroism, founded in generous and humane principles. Having once acquired, even the faint idea of such a character from the lights alluded to, they would gradually and successively improve on it, and, by the constant suggestion of it, through its several stages of improvement, to the minds of their hearers, would imprint it, at last, so strongly on them, as imperceptibly, in the course of generations, to convert into reality, what was at first imaginary. Hence that generosity and candour of sentiment, that true heroism, tempered with the feelings of humanity, that breathes through the whole of the Celtic compositions, that have escaped the ravages of time. Ossian had peculiar advantages, besides those mentioned in common with the other Bards, in addressing himself to the passions, in speaking the language of the heart,
Si vis me fieres, dolendum est
Primum ipse tibi.

There is no writer we are acquainted with, that can be supposed to have more strongly felt what he wrote, than one who described battles in which he himself fought, *et quorum pars magna fuit*; in which he was the companion of his father's victories, his father the hero of his poems. What subject for rapture! What incitement to animation! What a situation for a son to be placed in, first to be endowed with such a genius, and then to have such a father, whose actions were worthy to be so transmitted to posterity! What a situation for a father to be placed in, first to be the author of such illustrious deeds, and then to have a son that could perpetuate their fame in his immortal lines!

Such a picture of human excellence, exhibited by this country, in an age so remote, is only rivalled in another by its other kingdom, displayed in more recent days, in the scenes laid between Edward III. and Edward the Black Prince; as if nature, partial to this island, in the production of such characters, and, to borrow an allusion from Pindar, applying it from the physical to the moral world, as if, in the formation of them, worn out and exhausted, she found in need of lying fallow for ages, over
run with weeds and all manner of spurious growths.
But what a long interval of time separates the two,
What a chain and long dark night in history!

These singular advantages tended greatly to
counter-balance the chief defect the poems of Offian
labour under, the total want of religion, which
proves a considerable aid to all the other Epic
poems we know of, ancient or modern. This de-


cency was occasioned by his being placed in an
aera subsequent to the abolition of Druidism, and
prior to the introduction of Christianity, at least to
its full establishment, if we except the faint gleams
of it that appeared in the missions of the Galilees
from the Roman provinces among the Caledonians;
who, from the little credit they obtained with them,
retired into the groves formerly occupied by the
Druids. The word Galilees imports sequestered
persons. He is, in consequence of this defect, much
confined in his machinery, which altogether conveys
of ghosts and spirits.

Nor was this excellence of the Bards, and the
veneration for them confined to the Caledonians,
but diffused itself over the whole of the Celtic na-
tions. Cæsar testifies the high estimation in which
the Druids were held in Gaul, as lawgivers, priests,
and philosophers, engrossing the whole of the civil
and religious power; and though he makes no separate mention of the Bards, he must have meant to include them under the general description of Druids, as part of the same order; and living with them in societies and colleges, after the Pythagorean manner.

The Welsh, among the few latest remains of this people, that formerly were spread over the whole of western Europe, have shown to what a pitch the national character was influenced by the Bards, in the long and violent struggles they had for the liberty and independence of their country, both against the Roman arms, and the constant and repeated attacks of their powerful neighbours the English. The Romans did not effect the entire conquest of South Britain, till they had extirpated the Druids from amid their most hidden groves and recesses, in their last retreat, the Mona of Tacitus, now the Isle of Anglesey. The description given by that historian of the fland made by the Britons in that island, under the auspices of the Druids, exhibits a most striking picture. This order of men, not satisfied with firing their countrymen with a firm zeal for their liberty and independence, by precept only, but added to that, inspired them with their example. They are drawn in white robes, with dishevelled hair, and torches
in their hands, going through the ranks, with their shouts animating the natives to repel the invaders of their rights and liberties. The barbarous policy of the Romans was adopted by Edward I. in his final conquest of Wales; nor did he consider it as fully and completely effectcd, or his chains sufficiently riveted, till he had sacrificed the unhappy Bards to his merciless fury.

It is among the Caledonians then, or the Celtic of the hills, as the etymology of the word bears, that the most genuine remains of their original is now to be traced, as free from the mixture of strangers, as never having submitted to either the Roman or English yokes. And most valuable must those authentic remains be, as it is only from the songs of the Bards, preserved by tradition, that the history of such remote antiquity, as they relate to, can, with any degree of certainty, be traced. The Milesian fables lead into endless and inextricable labyrinths: The legendary tales are wrapt in mist and obscurity. The only monuments of rude antiquity that can be depended on, in making researches into distant periods, and investigating the history and manners of a people in the infancy of society, are their poems.
Other nations, both ancient and modern, were not without their Bards. The Teutonic or Gothic tribes had their Scalders: But from any specimens of the Runic songs that remain, they breathe an air of barbarism and ferocity, suitable to the genius of the people they were addressed to. Therefore, whatever estimation the Scalders were held in, or whatever influence we may suppose they had on the national character, poems of such a description, so far from tending to soften the manners, must have rather contributed to keep awake that rude and rough spirit, which has made Gothic barbarism to pass into a proverb.

The Troubadours, or strolling Bards of Provence, occasioned a singular change in the manners of Europe, in exciting the spirit of Knight-errantry, the remains of which is to be traced this day in modern gallantry, and the point of honour.

What effect the Aedhas, or strolling Bards of Greece, had on the manners of that people, cannot so easily, at this distance of time, be ascertained. Some effect perhaps they would have; but, from their unsettled wandering life, and the probable inferiority of their poetry, it would not have been an advantageous one. Our Druids and Bards, formed into regular societies and colleges, acquainted with
the Pythagorean philosophy, could bear no resemblance to those strolling Bards; the comparison no more holds between the two classes of men, than between the Grecian drama itinerant in the rude cart of Thespis, and stationary in the Athenian Theatre, with its dignity fully completed, in the buffaloed muse of Sophocles and Euripides. Without this powerful influence of the Bards operating on the national character of the Caledonians, the early period of society, in which they appear at the era of Olisan, joined with the severity of their climate, could not have failed to have sunk them in a barbarism proportionably great to the degree of refinement, comparatively speaking (reference being had to their early state) that they now appear in. A cold climate, without the soft allurements of poetry or music to counteract its influence, must contribute greatly to the natural ferocity of a rude uncivilized people. This is instanced in the representation given by Polybius of the Cyneticans, a people inhabiting the higher parts of Arcadia, and strangers to the propensity that prevailed throughout the country to music. The want of which amongst them, joined with the severity of their climate, and barrenness of their soil, produced an austerity and roughness of manners, that formed a glaring contrast to those of the other Arcadians, who enjoyed
the double advantage of both climate and harmony to soften them.

The cold ridiculous scepticism entertained about the authenticity of Ossian's poems, scarcely merited such serious and complete refutations as it has received. Wharton, in his history of English poetry, slightly touches on the antiquity of these genuine remains of Celtic song, and urges one striking proof of it, the total absence from them of giants, dragons, magicians, and all the train of Arabian imagery. As the Greeks were accustomed to repeat the poems of Homer, the natives of the Highlands of Scotland long were, and are still in particular districts, those of Ossian; and the Venetian Gondoliers to this day those of Tasso and Ariosto.

There is an historical fact, that in a remarkable degree corroborates the truth of their authenticity. In the middle of the ninth century, there was a great emigration from Scotland, and its isles, to Iceland. There the emigrants lived in a republican state for four centuries, at the expiration of which time they became subject to the Danish yoke. They long retained their original dress, and still there is a resemblance to be traced between the laws of the two countries, particularly the poor laws, the language, manners and customs; And,
what is applicable to the point in view, is the custom still prevalent among them, of the fathers of the family reciting songs in praise of the heroic deeds of his ancestors, of the remotest antiquity, to the household circles, while industriously employed at work, all transmitted through a long series of generations by oral tradition. Why critics should be so indiscreet, in violation of such a train of evidence, to impeach a fact that tends only to the advancement of the dignity of human nature; why, in combating it, they should endeavor to cancel such an ornament of mankind, is mysterious, and reflects no luster on modern literature. The bias should be reversed, and in case of probable grounds of doubt, an honest zeal should be displayed in the vindication of the antiquity, and genuine authenticity of these poems, and industry to set it in a clear light.

Similar to this captious vein of criticism is that levelled at the origin of the Scotch music. It is inconceivable how the vulgar error should have any length of time maintained itself, that Rizio was either the inventor or improver of it. In vain will national prejudice be urged in exploding so groundless a tale, when it stands impeached by so unquestionable an Italian authority as Tassoni's, in his Pensieri Diversi, Lib. 10, where he says, that the
melody of Scottish music, distinguished from that of all other nations, served as a model for the improvement of the Italian. His words are, "Noi ancora "posiamo considerar, tra nostri, Jacopo xmo Re "di Scozia, che non pur cose facri compose in "canto, ma trova da se stesso, una nuova musica, "lamentevole e mezza, differente da tutte l'altri. "Nel che poi e stato imitato da Carlo Gesualdo "Principe di Venosa, che in questa nostra età ha "illufrato anch'egli la musica con nuovi marabili "inventioni." The Veneur am here spoken of was the cradle of Horace. Till then, harmony, that fine invention of the moderns, prevailed in the music of that and the other nations of Europe, to the entire exclusion of melody. So illustrious a rank, so early established, does Scotland hold in the annals of poetry and music.

Homer, born in a dark age, sunk in a state of barbarism, with the advantage of no models in the Epic going before him, with a force of genius altogether irresistible, penetrated through the gloom, dispelled the darkness, and with no other guide than intuition, boldly advanced up to the fountainhead of nature. Ossian is another instance of the same extraordinary effort of genius blazing forth in a rude state of society. These two influences are sufficient to show that poetry, in its rise and pro-

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gress, is not governed by the same principles that regulate the other arts. By them the highest species of it, the Epic, has at once been invented and perfected.

It is early, in rude times generally, that sublime Epic and Dramatic geniuses appear. The middle ages of civilization are distinguished for philosophical discoveries and researches in the abstract sciences. Criticism, philological enquiries, taste in the fine arts, are reserved for the last stage of refinement in society, and but by short intervals precede the total declension of literature. This is the general tenor of the history of the rise and progress of the arts and sciences in all ages and countries, but which is not without its exceptions.

The language of all rude and savage nations is passionate, sentimental, figurative, abounding in tropes, a measured prose, flowing more from a strongly agitated imagination, than a cultivated understanding: It springs all animated from the passions, and to the passions is addressed; it flows from the heart, and in its lively representation of images to the imagination, may be termed painting, as the Egyptian hieroglyphics were a species of that art in writing.
Sir Isaac Newton, in his Chronology, tells us the Greek antiquities are full of poetical fictions, because the Greeks wrote nothing in prose before the conquest of Asia by Cyrus. Then Pherecydes Seyrius, and Cadmus Milefus introduced writing in prose. Plutarch relates, that the philosophers of old delivered their opinions in verse, as Orpheus, Hesiod, Permenides, Xenophanes, Empedocles, Thales, but afterwards left off the use of verses; and that Aristarchus, Timocharis, Hipparchus did not make astronomy the more contemptible by describing it in prose, after Euxodus, Hesiod, Thales had written of it in verse. Solon wrote in verse; and all the seven wise men were addicted to poetry, as Anaximenes affirmed. Till those days the Greeks wrote only in verse.

The affairs of the rude Celtic states were not of that complicated nature, to require great exertions of the mental powers, for their economy and arrangement. The chase at home, and wars abroad were their occupations. In both of which pursuits the chiefs were attended by their Bards, who, in the assemblies of the people, and at the solemn festivals, by the magic of the harp and song, breathed an heroic ardor, roused a martial spirit in the breasts of their youthful and animated hearers; who thus had constantly represented before their
eyes the image of their ancestors, and the fame of their deeds indelibly imprinted on their memories. Such national institutions, at the same time that they spread through the body of the people an enthusiasm resembling poetic rapture, could not fail to raise a spirit of emulation, productive of the greatest exertions of genius among the Bards themselves. It is in such societies the imagination has its free unlimited range; the images it is stored with are fewer than in more civilized states, but they are also more forcibly impressed, and more warmly expressed. Their images and similes are often repeated, and, when not literally repeated, are introduced with small variations; and in the most varied, the same train of ideas is to be traced.

A nation, where so many are professed Bards, when all the people are actuated by a similar enthusiastic ardor, susceptible of a like glow of imagination, and the images are expressed in a fervent bold figurative language, such as the Oriental style is remarkable for, where luxury has never made its inroads to prey on the constitution, and enervate the body, damp the wings of genius, such a nation is the most favourable for the rise of an Homer and Ossian. Nor are such geniuses confined to those early periods of society only, as more advanced ages have had their Miltons and Virgils. But
whether these later Bards would have enriched literature with the same admirable productions, but for the admired model they had to guide and excite them, may well be questioned. So complete poems, so entirely conformable to the rules and standard of the Epic, could not have been looked for from their pens, had they not trode in the footsteps of the father of poetry. They were with him born poets, and without his aid, by the mere light of nature, would have shone forth the ornaments of the Muses annals: But in a different manner from what they now do, when, with the full enjoyment of it, they have his additional guidance and direction. That there is a standard of taste, all nature seems to cry aloud with him her disciple and best interpreter: With her, and with her train, the Muses and the Graces, he moves, nor ever from their choirs his voice disjoins.

What widely different periods of society did the four great Epic poets visit! The hunting, pastoral states, the state of agriculture in its different stages. These heaven-born geniuses are in their rise as little influenced by the laws that regulate subordinate artists in their rise and progress, as in their flights they are unbounded and uncontrolled. The Roman poet lived in that age when all the arts and sciences were carried to their utmost pitch of per-
faction. In the Augustan age, is to be fixed that
ultimate point, which limited the advancement
of human affairs over the face of the whole
globe. From that period commenced their decline,
not by the same slow degrees their progress was
measured, but by large and rapid strides under that
tyramnical, and with but few exceptions, monstros
race of emperors. To confine ourselves to their
taste and amusements alone, instead of the encou-
ragement of the arts and sciences, the protection
of genius, we see them wholly engaged in the Cir-
cus, not merely spectators of the fight of the gla-
diators, but sharers in it, entering the lists with
slaves, competitors with them for the prize, and
empty plaudit of the gazing multitude. The Camp-
us Martius, with its warlike exercises, in which
were trained the virtuous Romans, was now wholly
deprecated for the Circus, and its barbarous scenery.
And in the change, what an abandoned, corrupt
degeneracy of manners, profiteering of dignity, de-
pravity of taste, and utter extinction of morals and
religion. In the better days of Greece and Rome,
at the Olympic games, and in the Campus Martius,
it was a generous emulation to contend, a glory to
conquer. But the scene was now changed, and
fortune, as if sporting with all the schemes of hu-
man grandeur, had so completely revered the order
of things, as to record it to succeeding times, that
the world was conquered to satiate and glut the debauched desires and appetites of its most profligate masters.

There were no remains, no traces of genuine taste and literature left by these scourges of the universe, for the barbarous nations, in their irruptions, to complete the desolation of. Had there been any, they must have shared in the general wreck, and been consigned to oblivion, during the universal darkness of the middle ages, in which is to be placed the ultimate point of depression, which men and their works were sunk to.

From thence, on the revival of letters, they gradually rose again to a corresponding point of elevation with that in the Augustan age, which is to be placed in the age of Lewis the XIV. of France, not from that nation being the leading one in the exaltation of human nature, but from the length of its monarch's reign, which comprehended several successive reigns in the neighbouring states; of course, was the most proper to give a name to an epoch in the history of modern European civilization. For the nation that bore the pre-eminence far above it and all the rest, in the cultivation of humanity, was its neighbouring rival. It in that era produced writers, not only sufficient to eclipse
the Gallic lift, but the collected ornaments of the Augustan age itself. In the walks of poetry and philosophy, its Miltons and Newtons bear down all competition: And when to them, we add Dryden, Pope, Swift, Butler, Bolingbroke, Shaftesbury, Locke, Addison, Hutcheson, Cudworth, Boyle, Clarendon, Burnet, D. of Buckingham, Cowley, with many more authors of eminence; as Harrington, Sydney, Waller, and others too long to mention; the conclusion is, that the age of Lewis the XIV. is, in modern Europe, the parallel of the Augustan age of antiquity; and that England is, in the one, the parallel of Rome in the other, with this difference, that Rome reached the pinnacle of her literary fame, and completed the grandeur of her empire at the same time; Britain had a considerable time past her zenith of literary glory, before the great extension of her empire, as at the close of the war 1756, in the four quarters of the world. It was soon after the completion of our religious liberties, that this long line of literary ornaments first began to shine on our isles; it was with the progress of our civil, during the periods of the commonwealth and revolution, that they continued to flourish, in confirmation of Longinus’s remark, and agreeable to another observation drawn from the history of Athens and other ancient republics; it was during a constant succession of the most obli-
nate and bloody wars at home and abroad, by sea and land.

As the sciences have now been so long on the decline, and as their progress has been so constant and uniform from the east to the west, it is reasonable to conclude, that, continuing the same direction, they will visit the new world, and in the new empires, there forming under the auspices of liberty, that, in the old world, proved so favourable to their cultivation, view a new order of things arise.

It is in free states eloquence flourishes, there the genius is formed, that, by oratorical powers, influences and leads popular assemblies, controls the passions in its pathetic addresses to them, subdues the understanding. The testimony of Longinus, in support of this truth, is confirmed by the experience of ages, the uniform tenor of the history of the ancient republics. But it is in the decline of states, that we see it treated of as an art, reduced to system, subjected to rules. Philological enquiries then engage the attention; to the orators trained up in the school of freedom, succeed a numerous race of critics, rhetoricians and grammarians, on the change to an absolute government. It is things those orators, that are the disciples of liberty, have their ideas convergent about. The constitution of
their country, is the sphere of action they are engaged in.

In despotic governments, the springs of all great actions, manly, strenuous exertions, generous efforts of genius, are very much weakened, if not altogether damped and depressed. These words, not things, become the objects of speculation, partly from the natural bent and inclination of the excitable people, grown passive and inactive, partly from the bias and direction given them by government, to prevent and check the growth of enterprise, and dangerous spirit of innovation. Thus it was, that Cardinal Richelieu, after having completed the overthrow of his country's liberties, erected the academy for the improvement of the French language, and fixing its standard. But the Parliament then joined with the voice of the nation, in decrying the measure, and lamented, that the liberty of the constitution and their language, should share one and the same fate. Their later writers have viewed it in no other light, and warmly contend for the freedom of speech, and latitude in the influence on it, of Horace's 'ut et norma loquendi.' Nor is this liberty to be condemned for the licentiousness it is subjected to; as there is no arguing against the use of any thing, from the abuse of it; and as no advantage in life, is unattended with its disad-
vantages. To this, among other causes, is to be ascribed the poverty of this tongue, that in all the walks of poetry, the dramatic even not excepted, must be propped up with the false tinsel, and jingle of rhyme.

A living tongue must ever be free and uncontrolled, consequently fluctuating and changeable: it is too delicate to endure the chains of legislation. It was not so, the dead languages, the Greek and Latin; arrived at their purity and perfection; nor was it, by the imposition of such shackles, that their poetry and eloquence so flourished.

Whether, by parity of reason, as we had not lost the freedom of our constitution, we preferred the freedom of our language, when a similar attempt to Richelieu's was made on it, and miscarried, in Queen Anne's reign, nor was ever afterwards renewed, nor ever will, it is trusted, shall not be here insisted on. The great variety of languages the English is compos'd of, makes it the richest of the modern, and the only one in which the ancient models in heroics have been followed with success. The genius of a Milton or Shakespeare would ill have brooked such restraints, who invented not only many new words, but also modes of expression, in the adoption of the Greek infiniti-
ons. We have freed our language equally, from such chains, and those of rhyme in the leading walks of poetry, the Epic and Dramatic; and where we retain it, it is the rhyme of liberty, it is of British growth, such as abounds in the loose defunctory dithyrambic, the irregular Pindaric ode. The formal English couplet is an exception. There must be freedom in the manner of expressing our thoughts; freedom in the communication to the public of the thoughts themselves; freedom both in how and what we are to say. The liberty of our language and the press are both essential requisites to our political and scientific greatness.

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We had occasion, in the course of these reflections, to touch cursorily on the drama of Shakespeare, with a particular view to his Macbeth, which is conceived, not only to be his masterpiece, but the first production, in point of eminence, that the English stage has to boast of. But the merits of our Bard, at the same time that they are transcendent in this, and other select pieces, are so diffusive throughout his works, as to require a more close and separate investigation. Not by the standard of the Aristotelian criticism, not by the unities of time and place, is it that we are to estimate his great emi-
nence; for these he has commonly acted in direct violation of: But it is by the standard of nature; it is up to that source we are to trace his unparalleled beauties; it is thence so copiously and spontaneously they flow. He is in that respect our English Homer. Macbeth is instanced as a leading, full, and continued stream, in which, in a constant succession, and without interruption, the beauties are found so abundantly to flow. Others of the same nature might be added, as his Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Richard III., the beauties of all which are so great, so constant, and almost uniform, have been so repeatedly canvassed by critics of every class and denomination, and, without any elaborate elucidation, are of themselves so obvious to every capacity, as being so natural, that to dwell on them here, would be to offer nothing new, to strike out no unbeatent track. We can only admire, with the multitude, the inimitable picture drawn in Lear, of the dreadful effects of filial ingratitude, on an aged father, driven by it, first to despair, from despair to madness, from madness to death. We can, with the many, out of the profusion of beauties, with which Hamlet abounds, select the soliloquy, the closest scene between him and his mother, as surpassing all the rest. We may with all mankind agree, that never was picture of jealousy more inimitably
drawn, more highly wrought up, than in Othello.

Independent of this general characteristic of this fine tragedy, there is a scene in it, which, for pathos grounded on the most excellent natural simplicity, is not equalled perhaps in the circle of modern or ancient drama. It is in the end of the 4th act, where Desdemona appears undressing, and preparing herself as a sacrifice to the Moor's fatal jealousy; at the same time, strongly impressed with the remembrance of a song of willow, that she had heard from her mother's maid Barbara, who died singing it for love of him who proved mad, and forsook her. Whether it is the resemblance in the untimely, unmerited fate of the two unhappy fingers, or the circumstance of the song's not going that night from Desdemona's mind, or the similarity of the attitude, along with the other circumstances that it was sung in by the two unhappy sufferers, as Desdemona says,

I have much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara:
Whether it is her consciousness of her innocence, and consequent ignorance of her approaching fate, joined with the anticipation of it by the audience,
that leaves so powerful incentives to the emotions of sympathy in their breasts; or whether, together with the recollection of the song, it is the recollection of the early services performed by Barbara to Desdemona, which leave the most lasting impression; which of all these circumstances in particular, or whether rather all of them together, are not to be considered as the source of the strong emotions of pity, with which we feel ourselves impressed in the contemplation of this scene of deep distress, certain it is, there is something in it, the most strikingly moving, that can well be conceived. And indeed it may be said of this, as of the finer touches of nature in general, that they are the most difficult to be accounted for.

To follow out the allusion of the fountain of nature, from whence, in such profusion, Shakespeare draws his images, and as, in the above mentioned plays, in such a full and constant stream, so are there few or none of his genuine productions, in which they are not to be traced to the same source, if not in the same wide, uninterrupted channels, as above, still always in rills more or less broken and dissipated. It is said, genuine productions, for Titus Andronicus, Timon of Athens, Troilus and Cressida, seem scarcely to be of the number, and, as spurious, ought to be proscribed. Of many of the other.
pieces, whose authenticity is not to be doubted, and whose merits are not so great, it may safely be said, that they are at least much adulterated by the inaccuracy and surreptitious false of the play editions. But with all the demerits of some plays, whether proceeding from himself, or the blunders and interpolations of his editors, if his merit was to be flaked on the five before mentioned complete models of tragedy, they are enough to immortalize his name; he is in them without rival or competitor. In the circle of our other dramatic writers, there is not one whose character is not established, as a tragic author, by a single, or at most, a double specimen of his genius. Otway's fame rests on his Venice Preserved and Orphan, both masterly compositions, both highly pathetic, that take the passions as it were by storm. Rowe's butskined Mufe derives her dignity from his Jane Shore and Fair Penitent. What merit Congreve may have in that walk, is to be attributed solely to his Mourning Bride, a very moderate performance. And so of the whole class of the tragic writers, a single or a double specimen of their genius, is all that is left for us to admire. What a contrast does the dramatic genius of Shakespeare afford! Out of upwards of thirty genuine compositions of his, allowing for the proscription of some, how many incomparable models are there, that admit of no rival, but bear away the prize incontrovertibly, from all that might advent-
curiously enter the lists of competition. The five tragedies already named, are undoubtedly of this description; to which may be added Julius Caesar as a sixth, if it is allowed, that the finely wrought, highly animated scenes between Brutus and Cassius, with its other great beauties, entitle it to this rank and pre-eminence. If in the class of his historical plays, many are to be found yielding to these in merit, how superior still are most, if not all of them, in the most finished performances of the generality of our dramatic writers. His success too in pastoral comedy, beyond all competition, is at once conning evidence of the great variety and extent of his genius, his unbounded insight into nature's movements, and the penetration into her most secret springs and workings. In the other walks of mediocrity, his inferiority must be confessed, not but that there are beauties to be traced throughout them, though rarely interspersed.

Having thus taken a general survey of the perfections of our immortal Bard, a more particular investigation of the excellencies to be traced in his less admired models, may merit attention. Leaving those six inimitable tragedies, then, to stand on their own merits, let us take a more narrow inspection of the beauties of his historical plays, in the order they stand. King John suffi-
ciently recommends itself to admiration, in the pathetic speeches of Constance, and tender scene between Arthur and Hubert, to stand in need of no minute detail of its powers, in addressing itself to the passions. Let us now examine his Richard II. a piece seldom, or not at all introduced on the stage, whether owing to a predominancy of its demerits over its merits, remains to be considered. And if it is to be examined, it is not with that curious microscopic eye, that anxiously labours to point out defects; but rather with the liberality of Horace, in conformity with that of Longinus.

The more unpleasant task, therefore, of criticism, the pointing out defects, shall be waved, not only in the investigation of this, but the following pieces, and the attention directed to an enumeration of their beauties. The first scene, act second, has many fine natural touches: And act third, scene second, abounds throughout, with incomparably good images, the speeches in it, particularly of the King. In the next scene, the interview between the King and Bolingbroke is most pathetically wrought up. In act third, scene sixth, the King's speech is full of pathos and tenderness. The fourth act closes with another very pathetic interview between the King and Bolingbroke: Still it yields in pathos to the succeeding parting.
of him and his Queen, in the opening of the fifth act. This play, neglected as it is in the theatre, rises in a gradation of fine imagery to the last, one well worked up scene succeeding another to the very close. To the King and Queen’s last and tender parting, succeeds the much admired and finely contrasted entries into London of the fallen and writhing king. We now have followed this wretched dethroned monarch to his last moments, a prisoner in Pomfret castle, there first engaged in a soliloquy, the genuine dictates and unaffected exactions of nature; next, in the same language, derived from the same source, converging with his groom, and silenced by the ruffian-hand of his murderer. This play, by means of comic interludes, derogates from the severity of tragedy.

In the first part of Henry IV. we have the most happily conceived tragi-comedy, that is to be found in the whole compass of the modern drama: And if this species of writing is, in unskilful hands, disgusting, as modelled by the masterly pen of our Bard, it is to the last degree pleasing. The tragic scenes are not of so deep a cast, as not, without jarring, to unite with the comic interludes; nor do the unbridled falacies, and ambitious projects of the ruthless Hotspur, clash with the humours of Falstaff; nor are the transitions from the one to
the other so abrupt, sudden or violent, as to offend the man of taste and feeling. We are equally pleased with young Harry, whether we follow him into the presence-chamber at Windsor, act third, scene second, attending to the pathetic admonitions of his father, with a view to reclaiming him from the dissolute follies of his youth; or whether, in the midst of those follies, we trace him the libertine, the riotous companion of Jack Falstaff, at the Boar's Head tavern, East Cheap; or whether, from thence, we, with raptures, follow him the young hero, in the march to Shrewsbury, bearing a conspicuous part in that magnificent description of Henry's army, in the beginning of act fourth, and thence onward to the well-fought field, there the conqueror of the gallant Hotspur, the protector of his father's throne. In whichever of all these Proteus-shapes we view him, he appears equally welcome to the audience; he interests in all, nor shocks in any of them. What variety, profundity, versatility of genius, does our author display in the amazing and contrasting such profusion of the happiest images in their several kinds, in the compass of one play. And if it were necessary to add another instance of this truth, to these already adduced, the astonishing contrast might be mentioned between the magnificent description of the King's army, and
the ridiculously humorous one of Falstaff's company, the one close following the other. In the last, Shakespeare has painted his men much more ridiculously, than ever Terence's ragged regiment appeared on the stage.

The same reasoning that is applicable to the first part of Henry IV. is, in general, mutatis mutandis, to be adapted to the second part, with this difference, that the tragic scenes in the last have much more of the pathos than those in the first. To instance the King's fine soliloquy on sleep, in the beginning of the third act; and, in the end of the fourth, the much and justly celebrated interview between him and the Prince, full of the tenderest emotions. In proportion as the tragic scenes in it rise in pathos, the comic sinks in humour, though, at the same time, highly humorous and ridiculous.

In the Fifth Harry, we have a play containing very great beauties, and very great faults. It is never acted, and has peculiarities that distinguish it from all his other pieces. Its breaches of the unities of time and place, are frequent and violent, in changing the scene so often from England to France. There is introduced a regular chorus at the end of every act, as regular as that
of the ancient tragedies. In none of his other compositions do we meet with this. In the Winter's Tale, and Romeo and Juliet, there is an irregular chorus, that but once appears. As the leading beauty of this play is to be ranked the inimitable chorus at the end of the third act, and a finer descriptive composition is not to be found in ancient or modern poetry: It is preparatory to the battle of Agincourt.

Now entertain conjectures of a time, &c.

How does the description rile on the imagination in all the animation of that Muse of fire, that is invoked in the prologue, where, after drawing the happiest contrast between the two armies, with all the embellishments of poetic colouring, he comes to a particular representation of the English hero.

——— Who now beholds
The royal Captain of this ruin'd land,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, &c.

Here it will be allowed by critics of every denomination, that the Muse of fire has been proportionate to the invocation. The chorus at the end of the second act, descriptive of the fleet, is little inferior to this, and all the rest abound in singular beauties, not to mention that on their return to Eng-
land. Nor is the prologue alluded to, to be omitted in the enumeration of the beauties of the piece, since it is itself written with all that fire that he supplicates his Mule to inspire him with. Henry's soliloquy and prayer in the fourth act, scene first, immediately before the battle, are finely conceived. The act is in the style of the two preceding plays a tragic-comedy, but it does not equal them in the spirit of the comic interlude. Though Falstaff here makes his last appearance, yet it is not to indulge in that constant flowing vein of humour, that so strikingly marks his character in the fourth Harry. We perceive here, much of his former spirit evaporated in languor and old age, nor is the humour of his followers so well kept up, as to supply the deficiency of it in the principal. Nor yet is the want of it compensated by anything that the French scene conveys in the lesson it affords the audience, nor by the insipid scenes of broken English, that the Welshmen haraft us with.

In the course of these reflections, we have had occasion often to observe our Bard's deviations from the rules laid down by the Stagirite, relative to theunities of place and time. If, in respect of these, he has availed himself of indulgences, which the severity and strictness of the Peripatetic did not allow him, to, on the other hand, he has imposed re-
frictions on himself, which neither poetic licence nor Aristotle, required as essentials, but, the reveries have both concurred in exempting him from. When he composed his historical plays, he does not seem to have attended to the distinction, in the Grecian criticism, and in nature, between historical and poetic truth, for in these pieces he has rigidly adhered to the former: Nor in any of them is his adherence to it more remarkable, than in the three that comprehend the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster; nor does it appear that that adherence to it is attended with any disadvantage. The three parts of Henry VI, which now fall under observation, are all of them distinguished in a manner peculiar to Shakespeare; we trace in them the same masterly hand that drew Macbeth, Lear, and Othello: And, if in these last mentioned compositions, his Muses has that fire, which the ill has in his meridian tour, full in the plays under review, it is the same sun that shines, though with more oblique rays, and less fervent beams, it is the setting sun low in the horizon. The fall part is the most uniformly languid. In the second part mother Jordan is certainly none of Macbeth's witches, nor is her cave that in which the caldron gleams. The second scene of the third act is Shakespeare's animation: But with that it does no rise much in importance above the first, and the
A brief trace of pathos we there find, seems to be in
the Maid of Orleans's address to the Duke of Burgundy, reclaiming him from his alliance with the
English against his native country. It is in act third,
scene third, the unconquerable spirit of Margaret
of Anjou, which breaks out in the opening of
the third part, gives another tone to the drama,
and breathes more of the tragic muse. The third
scene of the second act abounds in fine frocks of
nature, and in an eminent degree the king's solilo-
quy. The wood-scene that the next act opens with,
is in the same fine vein of poetry; the allusion to the
feather in the close of it is highly striking. Glo-
cester's soliloquy in the following scene, exhibits the
tyrant Richard III. in his native and genuine co-
lours; it is conceived in all the spirit of our author.
One is almost tempted to say, that Dryden had in
view a line near the end of it, "And like a Simon
"take another Troy," when he wrote in his su-
blime ode on St. Cecilia's day.

"And like another Helen fir'd another Troy."

That pathetic expression, which the Queen utters
after the murder of the Prince of Wales, act fifth,
scene fourth, near the end,

"You have no children, butchers!"
Shakespeare has, in two of his other plays, Macbeth and King John, in the first, where Macduff exclaims, on hearing of the murder of his children by Macbeth,

"He has no children."

And, in the second, where Constance says, in agony for the loss of her son Arthur,

"He speaks to me that ne'er had a son."

Nor can we too often meet with such a fine touch of nature. How admirable are the dying words of the King, the father, addressed to his murderer, whose sword still flamed with his son's blood! What can be finer than these lines!

"Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
"And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope."

The whole of the lines equally deserve transcripting, and it is difficult, if possible, to select two lines out of them finer than the rest. Thus we have seen the third part of Henry VI, abounding in many and great beauties, and those without any alloy of the comic vein, which is an advantage, that the two first parts have, (excepting a small tincture in the second,) if they do not rise to the full and complete dignity of the buffoned Mufe.

What is most deserving of attention in Henry VIII. is the famous soliloquy of Wolsey, near the
end of the third act, with his reflections on his fall, which is as finely metaphorical, as any thing that poetry offers. The scene that follows it between him and Cromwell is admirably drawn. Nor is that prophetic speech of Cranmer's at the end of the play, with the high encomiums it contains on Queen Elizabeth, and James VI. to be omitted in the enumeration of the ornaments of this piece. It is not altogether free from the mixture of the comical vein.

CORNELIUS seldom, if ever, rises above mediocrity.

DRYDEN is indebted to Shakespeare's beautiful description of Cleopatra's sailing down the Cydnus, act 2d, scene 2d, for his no less celebrated one in his All for Love. The images are nearly the same in both; and if the copy has any advantage over the original, it lies in its smoother verification. The rest of the play does not correspond with the richness of this description.

In Cymbeline the unities are as little attended to, as in any of the plays, the scene lying sometimes in England, sometimes in Wales, and then in Italy. It is a compound too of tragic and comic
scenes. Where it begins to be interesting is in the second act, in Imogen's bed-chamber scene; and that that follows between Pollihumus and Jackimo is well wrought up. The succeeding soliloquy of Pollihumus; that closes the act, is animated, and for sentiments, that import woman-hating, might vie with any in Euripides, who, from his poignant satire against the sex, has been called the woman-hater. Nor does it yield, in that respect, to the effusions of Adam's abhorrence of the sex, that he gives vent to, in his first interview with Eve after the fall, Parad. Lost, b. 10. 1. 888, etc. The forest scenes in the fourth act are beautiful, particularly the second, where the funeral obsequies are performed on the supposed dead Imogen. And as Milton may be supposed to have had in view the speech above mentioned of Pollihumus, when he drew Adam so bitterly inveighing against the female sex; so between this pastoral scene and some of the images in his Lycidas, there may be traced a great resemblance. The fifth act opens with the famous soliloquy of Pollihumus on the bloody handkerchief. The prison scene, the third in this act, engages the attention, and interests us in the fate of Pollihumus, keeping the passions aloft preparatory to the winding up of the plot, the mysteries of which are as complicated, and as dexterously unra-
velled, as in any of all our author's plays; and if, in relation to theunities, this tragedy violates the Arisotelian rules, it is conformable to them in having much of the discovery, and sudden change of fortune.

Romeo and Juliet is very deep in the tragic part of it, and as full of levity and ridicule in the comic, as supported by Mercutio and the Nurse. The first interview between Romeo and Juliet in the garden scene, the second in the second act, is lofty and tender, and succeeded by another good scene in the monastery. The second garden scene, the last of the third act, what little of it is between the two lovers, before the intrusion of the Nurse and Capulets; is exceedingly fine. The scene in the monastery, with which the fourth act opens, between Juliet and Friar Laurence, rouses all the attention, keeps the passions awake, and anxious for the event. In the third scene, Juliet's soliloquy is admirably wrought, and productive of the same fine effects. The description of the apothecary and his shop, with which the fifth act opens, is justly celebrated, and the rest of the play, to the close, is to the last degree tragic and interesting.

Thus have been canvassed, with some degree of minuteness, such of our immortal Bard's tragedies,
as have not reached that pitch of eminence and perfection his Macbeth, Hamlet, &c. stand at, nor yet sink to the opposite extreme which Troilus and Cressida, Titus Andronicus, Timon of Athens, are placed in; but which, if their beauties are not of the superior cast of the first, still are such, as of themselves would render him the first dramatic writer that ever graced our stage; and which beauties, if they are counterbalanced by blemishes, the blemishes are not of that degenerate equality, that is found sufficient to proscribe the three last mentioned plays. The ornaments have been the more anxiously pointed out, that they may at intervals of relaxation be resorted to, without the painful necessity of dwelling on the intermediate less engaging scenes. It remains to mark the situation of any celebrated passages in his comedies, with the same object in view, passing over in silence the pastoral comedies, as were the remarkable tragedies, on account of the abundance of their excellencies throughout, and the just estimation they are held in as admired models. They are his Tempest, Midsummer Night's Dream, Merry Wives of Windsor, As you like it, and add the Merchant of Venice. Though the Merchant of Venice is classed among those inimitable pastoral dramas of our author, that throughout fo entirely abound in beauties, as to enumerate them would but lead to an analysis of them
from beginning to end, and though out of all, there is not a more complete model than this play, as it does not contain the alloy of a single exceptionable passage; and besides the fineness of its imagery, the ornaments it borrows from nature, its conduct is admirable in the discovery and change of fortune, and the dexterous unravelling of the plot. Not to mention Portia's famous speech on the attributes of mercy; to wave all these topics which would afford a very ample display of criticism, and to fix the attention on a single passage descriptive of the nature and power of music, we shall find that there is more of the philosophy of nature in it, more of genuine poetry, than would have fallen to the lot of any other genius than Shakspere's, to draw in such striking colours. It immediately follows the delightful opening of the fifth act. As great disputes have arisen concerning our Bard's learning, without entering into a full discussion of the point, it is safe to conclude, that he was professed of learning, to a certain degree at least, if not to the full extent contended for by some of his advocates. His share of it probably was very moderate, and acquired chiefly from translations. Nor shall it be here insisted on, what degree of weight in the controversy, the beginning of the passage here alluded to, may have; but certain it is, that whether acquainted with the Pythagorean philo-
phy or not, in conformity with it, he is there impressed with the belief of the music of the spheres, though with Cicero he agrees, that we in our present state cannot hear it. The description of this grand harmony of nature, displayed in the movements of the heavenly bodies, is followed by that fine natural reflection,

I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

The reflection on this effect of music is no less just, than is its solution, which follows, strictly philosophical and founded in nature; the reason is, our spirits are attentive; and this he instances in the brute creation, which by an easy transition leads him to the poetic fiction of Orpheus's powers of enchanting, and leading by music, not only animals, but things inanimate. Another proof at least of a certain degree of learning he had attained to. The conclusion of the passage is remarkable. It is of the music of the heart surely he speaks:

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, &c.

The picture he here draws is not unlike that in another place observed, which Polybius gives of the Cynethians, a people of Arcadia, and the only people in it strangers to music; which singularity in their national character drew down upon them
the hatred, not only of the rest of their country-
m en, but of the whole of Greece. For music, that
is in other countries cultivated as an amusement,
was in Arcadia inculcated, as indispensibly neces-
sary for the wifest political maxims, and engravened
as it were into the very constitution. The view in
the institution was, to soften the manners of a
people, but too prone to asperity, from the labori-
ous employments of their life, and the coldness and
severity of their climate. Hence the choirs of the
young of both sexes, the songs and dances of the
men and women in public assemblies, in honour of
their gods and heroes. The only exceptions to
these laudable institutions throughout Arcadia,
were the Cynethians, who, from the particular bar-
renness of their soil, and extreme rigour of their
climate, were of all the Arcadians the people that
flood most in need of them. Polybius, b. 4. ch. 5.
Near the end. Plato admits music into his republic,
if neither excessively indulged in, nor excessively
refined, but keeping within the due bounds of sim-
pleity and moderation. Lib. 3d.

In the two gentlemen of Verona, the genius of
Shakespeare breaks out a little at the end of the
third act, and in the beginning of the last scene of
the play.
In the same manner, we have a faint gleam of it at the end of the third act, Measure for Measure, which is followed in the beginning of the next act, by part of those beautiful lines in his poems,

"Take, Oh take those lips away," &c.

which with the celebrated poetry of the Shepherd to his Nymph, and the Nymph's Reply, contain the whole merit of his poems; for rhyme certainly was not the talent of Shakespeare. A few of the lines in the Shepherd's Invitation are to be found in the beginning of third act of the Merry Wives of Windsor: "By shallow rivers to whose falls," &c.

In Much ado about Nothing, there seems to be little in the character of Benedick, that deserves so frequently to have called on the exertions of Garrick, as it did.

In Love's Labour's Lost, we trace Shakespeare again at the end of the third act: But faintly at all in the Taming of the Shrew.

In the end of the second scene, act third, All's well that ends well, there is a fine speech.

Twelfth Night opens beautifully on the effects of music; there is expression in the passage,
O it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odours.
The last image—Milton has somewhere borrowed in
his Paradise Lost.

The Comedy of Errors opens with a good de-
crative scene of a shipwreck. The last scene in
the second act has some good thoughts, as has the
beginning of the second scene of the third act.

The Winter's Tale has in it little of Shakespeare's
fire.

* * * * *

To bring under view the corresponding images
of the writers, that have been canvassed in the
course of the preceding enquiry, and after the man-
ner of Longinus, Quintilian, to instance from them
the various tropes and figures, may not appear for-
reign to its design.

The dedication to Alphonso, that immediately
follows the invocation to the Muse in Tasso, is sin-
gular in an Epic poem, and not warranted by Ho-
er, Virgil, or Milton in theirs. Some of the
books of Fingal are address'd to Malvina; but these
addresses are more in the true vein of poetry, lefs
derogatory to the dignity of the Epic, nor in the
ame expression of the style of a dedication that Taf-
sso’s is.

Ossian, like Milton, often speaks of himself in
Fingal, Temora, and his other poems; and though
contrary to the Aristotelian rule, as drawn from
Homer’s practice, it is always like Milton to please.

Arminta’s describing to the Pagan king Alas-
din, from the walls of the city, the Christian lead-
ers, is a copy of Helen’s to Prisim of the Grecian,
from the walls of Troy.

In canto 11th, stanza 29th, Tasso, there is copied
the procession of the Trojan matrons, in the Iliad,
to the Temple of Minerva, to supplicate that god-
ness’s protection against Diomed. In the 12th can-
to, we have imitated the night enterprise of Dione-
med and Ulysses, in that of Clarinda and Argante;
which Italian copy, like the Roman, is not crown-
ed with the same success that the original is: In
the Æneid, both Nyfus and Euryalus fall; and if in
the Jerusalem the object of the enterprise is accom-
plished, the burning of the tower employed in the
sieve, it is not without the fall of Clarinda by the
hands of Tancred. In stanza 90th of the same can-
to, there is imitated Virgil's beautiful simile of the Nightingale in the Georgics.

**Compare** the first scene in the last book of the Iliad with the couch scene in Richard III.

**Compare** the following expressions of two great poets, Paradisi Lofts, B. ii. l. 712. Their fatal hands,
No second stroke intend.
That sword is by his side which gives no second sound—Fingal's sword—Temora beginning.
And this in Lycidas, l. 130.
But that two handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to slay once, and slays no more.
Carthon, p. 89. Shall I lift that spear, he said, that never strikes but once a foe?

**These similes of the same masters in poetry may be brought together.** Paradisi Lofts, B. ii. l. 476. Their rising all at once was as the sound Of thunder heard remote.
Carrie-thura, p. 62. His voice is like distant thunder.

**Milton,** in both the representations he gives us of Satan in Paradisi Lofts, B. i. l. 594, where he compares him to the sun new risen, or in eclipse;

O 2
and in B. ii. l. 708. to a comet, had in view Tasso’s description of Argantes, Cant. vii. stanza 32.

as when the sun new rised
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

and like a comet burn’d,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In the arctic skies, and from his horrid hair,
Shakes pestilence and war.

Qual con le chiome sanguiineae horrende
Splendor cometa fuol per l’aria aduña,
Che i regni muta, e i fere morbi adduce,
A i purpurei tiranni insania luce.

Crimineque timendi,
Sideris et terris mutantem regna Cometen.

Lucan.

Ille etiam caecos inflant tumultus
Sapemone, fraudulentique, et operta tumefecerbe bella.

Virg. Georg. i. 464.

Between both the English similes and the Italian, is to be traced a resemblance, without any servile plagiarism; nor do they less claim the merit of invention, from any remote analogy observable between them. And if ever Milton here, or
in other places, copies, or borrows from another, it
is only so to adopt, and ingraft the ideas borrowed
into his own, as to give the whole the air of the
most uniform originalness. The sublimity of all
the three companions is most striking.

The shouting of Achilles from the trench in the
18th Illad, l. 228. is like that of Fingal near the
end of book 4th.

*Πέτασις ὑπὸ τὸν μεγάλον άρχην Άχιλλον,
Τραί μελημέρες Τραμεν, πλεύστος τ' ἠπάτησαι.*

Fright at once rose in his arms. Thrice he
reared his dreadful voice. Cromla answ'rd around.
The ions of the dastard flood fell.

*Τέμολος, B. vii. p. 146. Like a dropping rock in
the dastard flood Cathmore in his tears, is a simile
we often meet with in Homer Π in initio.*

*Σαρωνάκι διέρχεται ἅρπα τῆς παραπληθίας*

*Ἡν κατ' εννοίαν ἀκριβος ὑπὲρ ἁμαρτίαν ημῶν.*

The effects of Clonas's fall, B. viii. Temora, on
his below'd Tlamin. "Tlamin shall weep in the
hall, and strike her heaving breasts," is highly natu-
ral, and in the true spirit of Homer, a parallel in-

O 3
flance to which we find in E. 1. 412. with many others.

At the end of Berrathon, is a simile that is often repeated in Homer. The people are like the waves of the ocean: Like the leaves of woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high.

As Shakespeare was another great imitator of nature, the following quotation from his Othello, compared with one from Ollian, in the critical dissertation on his poems, shews a happy coincidence of thought in the two great originals, and cannot fail to make a strong impression on the heart.

Final, soon after the fall of his son Ryno, is calling all his sons to the chase as usual; "Call "Fillan and Ryno,—but he is not here,—My son "refl's on the bed of death."
If the come in, she'll sure speak to my wife—
My wife! My wife—What wife?—I have no wife—
Oh inupportable! Oh heavy hour!

Oth. act. 5. sc. 7.
The joy of grief, and correspond'ing images,
that so frequently occur in Homer and Ollian are
found in nature. That mixed sensation is most
natural, arising from the recollection of the virtues
of the dead, joined with the loft. The remembrance
sooths the tears, alluages the sorrow, tempering it
to the just measure, that is to produce that kind of
delight, known only to melancholy. It is finely
said, and in the highest strain of nature by her other
great disciple at the end of Othello's soliloquy,
ae fifth, scene six.}

------ This sorrow's heav'ly.

It strikes where it doth love.—
How that is that line of Dante's in his description of
the infernal regions,
Voi ch'entrate lassate ogni speranza,
compared with Milton's,

------ Where hope ne'er comes,
That comes to all,—
And if our Bard had the Italian in view in it, how
he has risen above the original, or how he has made
it his own, as he never fails to do as often as he
designs to imitate.

Let us now follow Longinus in his illustrations
of the sublime, and with him Quintilian, and the
other ancient rhetoricians, in their instances of the
various tropes and figures. To begin with that
picture, which the critic considers, not more as a
measure of discord, than of the sublimity of
Homer's genius; we have many contrasts to,
though no exact parallels of it. Milton's Book iv.
1. 985. is not one, though in some degree similar. Virgil's personification of Fame, is the Greek line translated and inverted. In the Wisdom of Solomon, ch. xviii. ver. 16. is an exact parallel, "and it reached the heaven, but it stood upon the earth," if the comparison may be allowed.

There are two copies in Milton of the gigantic labours in Homer, Paradise Lost, Book vi. l. 643.; and Book ii. l. 359. See also Virgil's Georgics, Book i. l. 281.

The flight of Juno's horses, can only be equalled by Satan's through chaos, Paradise Lost, Book ii. l. 927.

Addison has remarked the corresponding passages to those in Homer's battle of the gods, from Milton's battle of the angels, B. vi. l. 209. 217. 831.

The concise sublimity of the Fiat we have in Milton,

Silence ye troubled waves, and thou deep peace.
His Fiat of Light, B. vii. l. 243; wants only the conciseness of the original.

Ajax with great sublimity prayed to fight by the light of the sun; but the sun and moon stood still for Joshua's battle.
[ 165 ]

What fine instances of the vision are in the dagger scene in Macbeth, and 6th stanza of Dryden's Ode on the Power of Music.

The figure apostrophe is instanced in Macbeth, act 4th, scene last. King John, act 3d, scene last. All's well that end's well, act 3d, scene 2d. With this last is joined personification, and the subject personified is also apostrophized.

The silence of Dido in the Shades, though a copy, not a parallel instance of the sublimity of Ajax's, owing to the difference of the characters: The one the contempt of a warrior and competitor for the arms of Achilles, shewn to his successful rival: The other that of an unfortunate woman, that died for love, with which she treats the late object of her wishes.

Amplification. Repetition. Hamlet, act 3d, scene last.


No happier anticlimax can be, than that of Hope: Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
INTERROGATION is exemplified in the celebrated address of Satan to the Sun, at the opening of the 4th Book of the Paradise Lost.

The Socratic reasoning is one continued strain of the Hyperbaton. It is instanced in Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Julius Caesar.


METAPHORS. Wolsey's speech, Henry VIII. act 3d, scene last.


The periphrasis, or circumlocution, is compared to the chromatic system in music, running divisions on a word.

The hyperbole to a bow-string over-stretched, by that means, suffering the opposite extreme of relaxation. It is used with sublimity, and without that excessive tension, beyond its natural tone, in Dryden's Ode. "With ravish'd ears, &c."
AMPLIFICATION, or Increment, is compared to the flowing of the sea. *Ibid.* See the distinguishing characteristics of Demosthenes, Cicero and Plato.

APOSTOPEIS. King Lear, act 2d, scene laff.

The most happy strain of irony runs through Beccaria's 15th section on Torture. In his Mathematical Problem, there is summed up the most consummate picture of it.

Montesquieu combats slavery with the same spirit of raillery, Book xv. ch. 5.

It is by Spondees that the uphill motion of Sisyphus's stone is so happily imitated in the description. It is by Dactyls, its swift descent down the hill, is so forcibly painted. Compare these passages, Paradise Lost, Book xi. l. 326, and a similar one in Milton's Prelatical Episcopacy, with Cicero De Finibus, Book v. p. 246, and Pliny's Panegyric ii.

Compare the following passages, Paradise Lost, Book x. l. 899. &c. Euripides's Hippolytus, 616. Medea, 573. Cymbeline, end of act 2d, Pothumus's soliloquy, and what Lyfander says, Midsummer's Night's Dream, act 1. Orlando Furioso,
Canto xxvii. stanza 120. Compare also Paradise Lost, Book xi. l. 829, and Iliad, xii. v. 24.

Compare with the ξηδέος ἐνάδων of Herodotus, the flattening that sublime description in the Aeneid of the eruption of Ætna with the word eructat, which Aulus Gellius, in his criticism on this passage, is silent on. The same is used by Lucretius. And Milton has translated it, Paradise Lost, Bdgk i. l. 671.

Though the ancient critics do not treat of Alliteration, the ancient writers, both in prose and verse, were not unacquainted with its beauties, when used sparingly and judiciously. There are many instances of it in Homer and Virgil, nor those accidental merely, but studied, as the following one of Terence, "Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum."

Δεις πον ἐν ητοι τοῦ γυνι κυβερνοῦ. What Archimedes had so bold a conception of effecting, with what a sublimity do the Angels in Paradise Lost, Book x. l. 668. actually effect.

——— He bid his angels turn ascanse
The poles of the earth, twice ten degrees and more
From the Sun's axle; they with labor push'd
Oblique the centric globe.
Besides the sublimity of the work, there is the additional sublimity in the command, and quick obedience to it, such as is instanced in the works of creation.

A French writer is for allegorizing every thing in Homer; other critics allow scarcely any thing in him to be allegory. Both these opinions seem to be erroneous extremes; a medium here, as in other things, is requisite. He is neither all allegory, nor is he without a considerable proportion of it. Jupiter's two casks are certainly allegorical, and finely conceived of the mixture of good and evil, that are incessantly infused in all human affairs. His golden chain also, fixed at the foot of his throne, and from thence reaching to the earth, appears to be allegorical; but of what is not so evident. Milton, in one of his Academic Latin compositions, supposes it to be emblematical of the Pythagorean doctrine of the music of the spheres. There are these, and others that might be pointed out, in the Iliad; and in Odys. 8. 302 there is a long continued vein of allegory displayed in the loves of Mars and Venus. They are there discovered by the Sun, or are brought to light. They are discovered to Vulcan, and by him, on the discovery, inclosed in a cage, and there exposed to
the derision of the gods. Vulcan, the god of fire, may be supposed emblematical of the fire of love, that first united, and then imprisoned them, as it were, in each other's embraces, as represented in the cage. They are released from their 'chares by the interposition of Neptune. Water quenching flame, may import the fatiety and disgust that arises from stolen embraces. Neptune interferes to release them, by reason of his cautionary obligation. And here we have the origin of furtices. Here is an instance, were others wanting, of that truth, that in Homer is to be traced the circle of the arts and sciences. Hesiod, somewhere too, bids us beware of cautionry. Neptune becomes bound, under a certain penalty, that Mars shall restore the dowry Vulcan brought to Venus, before he would release them from the cage; after which restitution, Vulcan and Venus were to be divorced. See notes on Odyssey.

Similes, metaphors and allegories, are all intimately connected. Similes keeping the two subjects distinct in the expression; metaphors in the sense only, and allegory being descriptive of the representative subject, leaves the mind to make the application to the represented.
The critic, in advancing that the excessive use of figures, is an abuse of them, and that their beauty is most eminent, when they do not appear to be such, illustrates this, by an allusion to painting, comparing figures to shade, and the pathetic and sublime to light.
Observations on a Text of Scripture.

Joshua x. 12.

Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.

Though no passage in Scripture has given rise to more doubt and perplexity, than that, in which is recorded this miracle, it arises from a misconception, that the command was directed to the earth and its satellite, the moon, though, in compliance with the weakness of our senses, said to be to the sun. Such a partial suspension of the movements of the planetary system, tends only to a disturbance of the whole, and diminution of the sublimity and grandeur of the miracle. But in not contradicting the text by any misconception of ours of it, we at once remove all obscurity from it, equally reconcile the miracle to the imperfect state of human sensation, to the magnificence of the power that wrought it, and offer no violence to the planetary system and its laws. We do this, in conceiving, as scripture informs us, that the sun was made to stand still on its own axis, the centre of the system, and with it the earth, moon, and all the other planets.
In this complete suspension of the movements of the works of creation, instead of the partial one generally understood, there is no disordor introduced into them, only a superceding of order. Nor did that extent of the miracle require a greater power than the partial one, as he that created all, might either uncreate it, or supercede its operations altogether. This way viewed, the passage is an infallible proof of the Newtonian philosophy, if other proof is wanted, than what its immortal author has adduced: Nor is there room to view it in the light Malebranche has done, as subversive of it, in his Recherche de la Verité, L. iv. c. 12.

It is remarkable, that the Chinefe history bears record, that, in the reign of one of their kings, named Foa, cotemporary with Joshua, according to chronology, was the longest day ever known. Univ. Hist. The conformity between the corresponding passages in the Sacred and Profane Histories, on this subject, is worthy of remark. The Sacred is expressed, "The Sun stood still in the midst of Heaven, and hastened not to go down about a whole day, and there was no day like that, before or after it."

As with the author of Nature's sufferings, all Nature sympathized, suspended in her laws and
functions, the sun stood three hours eclipsed; so out of the order of things, both sun and moon, for a whole day, stood still, till the completion of his forerunner, Joshua’s victories, that led to the establishment of the chosen people in the promised land.

**Problem.**

The variation in the movements of the different ranks of a column in marching being given, to find the reason of it. The solution seems to be as follows: The motion of no two individuals of the human species, however corresponding in size, figure, dimensions and perfect symmetry of parts, can be adjusted to uniform measure: There must be some discordance either perceptible or imperceptible. In collective bodies of men, this truth must be still more incontrovertible. The smallest deviation then possible, in the movements of the second rank from those of the first, that can be conceived by the mind, though not perceived by the eye, multiplied through all the successive ranks, the product will be, what is known to all experienced in military affairs, a race in the rear, while the front is at a moderate pace; the deeper the column, the greater consequently will be the difference of the movements of the two extremities, as is demonstrable on mathematical and arithmetical principles.
REMARKABLE CUSTOM.

There is a species of suicide, peculiar to the East, most singular in its nature and duration, the practice of the Indian wives throwing themselves on the funeral piles of their husbands. It is a remarkable instance of the old adage, that custom is a second nature: But a custom so extraordinary, a second nature so violent, and repugnant to the dictates of that primary nature, that does nothing in vain, adds to the surprise occasioned by its very long continuance. For, in general, whatever is so violent, and contrary to the established laws and order of nature, is not lasting, by the same rule, that the smallest force conceivable, constantly opposed to a body of the greatest size and force, possible in motion, will, in the end, prevail over it, and bring it to a state of rest.

This practice is observed by Cicero, as prevalent in the same latitudes in his days, as in the present: And of still more remote date, it is believed, it stands recorded in the writings of Alexander’s time; in what more distant period than that it obtained, is not known. It may be considered as a phenomenon in the history of man-kind.
POEMS.

BRITANNIA.

Up rose the God of Ocean—his Trident
Struck on the rock; the while he sigh'd and look'd
On fam'd BRITANNIA's Isles: ah! what portends,
He spake, this fatal eclipse? say, wherefore
Redden't thou, with bloody front, from behind
The moon, thou glorious luminary?
Why does thy twilight thus diastrous shine:
On impious nations, with the dread perplex'd
Of endless night; the while the monarch sits
On his imperial throne, with omens dire
A

Appall'd,
Appall'd, and in his doubtful breast revolves
Changes, and impending dull, fraught with what
Dismal catastrophe, flames the comet
In the front of heau'n, with aspect malign,
And beams of livid hue? why, to climates
Thus long estrang'd, returns it, its mazes
Having run, in orbs eccentric, round worlds
On worlds, burfting the flaming bounds of space
And time? Say, ye dread ministers of Heau'n,
Ye all-mysterious pow'rs, do you pity
Britannia's Herculean labours,
Her struggles in the storms of war, her laurels
Torn while yet fresh blooming on her brow?
Do you Britannia pity, that ere while
Unrivall'd in the fields of glory, hook
The thrones of princes, and sway'd the sceptre
Of the Ocean with mildest rule? yes, griev'd
For her doom, you hide your diminisht heads,
And veil in fablet clouds your beams, bereav'd
Of their wonted lustr.-- Wait thou rever'ted,
Ah hapless life! for storms of fate like these,
When favour'd I rais'd thee to dominion,
So gloriously transcendent? crown'd thy fons
With laurel wreaths, with generous ardor
Fir'd their breasts, and bade emulation
Rise heroic to deeds of bold emprise
In thy annals of fame inroll'd? Was't that thou
Defeated, should it thus prove the envied prey,
Of surrounding rival foes, that in league
Conspire thy fall, and, Hydra-like,
Arise and multiply? not more dreadful
The united bands that Venice saw defend
From Cambray's fields, or Goth and Vandal Hordes
Borne thro' the waste world 'mid the ravag'd spoils
Of provinces, that shook Rome's capitol.
Meanwhile with civil discord, and the broils
Convuls'd of madding faction, that thunder'd
Thro' thy fenes.-Thames heard her voice, what time
She rag'd with burning fury mid his tow'rs,
And his loftiest piles level with the ground
Laid in wide waste,—he heard, and sigh'd, that with
His hundred floods he could not quench her rage.
Yet greater ills, devoted ills, attend
Thy mournful fate, the vulture of sedition
A 2
Preys
Preys larking in thy bosom; rebellion
Round environ thee; thy children torn from
The parent-bosom that fed and rear'd them
With nurturing hand to strength, by rebellion
Torn, whole bloody; and destructive banners
Wave o'er the wide plains, teeming with thousands
Of tributary streams. What unmat'ral
Wounds! wounds giv'n by children to the parent
Breast! countrymen against countrymen arm'd,
Friends against friends, father against son, th' hand
Of brother slain'd with brother's blood! turn then
Your sharp edg'd swords aside, to where vengeance
Is due; or any other way, than where
Obedience lies; return reclaim'd, return,
While yet ye may, and with a flood of tears
Wash your much-injur'd country's wounds; and oh!
Think, that every drop of her blood, that's spilt
By you, should more afflict you, than whole streams
Of the blood of those your so unnat'ral
Partners against her peace; perhaps ere long
From forc'd friends your tyrants, the avengers
Of this bleeding land. Ah! say what boots it
Thy
Thy foes, ungrateful to conspire in league
Thus with thy deadliest foes, from whom they fled
Ere while for refuge, under the covert
Of thy protecting shield? Why does nature
Recoil on itself revolting? no such
Return was due to her, that, with fond care,
Foster'd all their wants, cherish'd their ev'ry
Hope, reach'd their ev'ry care, nurs'd all their arts,
And rising science, while yet budding to
The view, and in their tender blossoms clad,
Maturing them to fruit; who made them what
They are, in this their high estate, gave them
Kingsdoms, call'd them children, engag'd in wars,
Cruel wars, for their defence, shar'd with them
Her spoils, the fruits of all her victories;
Shar'd with them her laws, her freedom, and her
Commonweal; nor will they of her lost in
Blood partake, and treasure, nor yet conspire
To ease her of the burden they impos'd;
But desert her wearied, and old in their
Support and nurture; fly to those against
Her, from whom, but to late, to her they fled.

A 3
Aulpiceous
Auspicious she led to crowns of laurel
Their muse, yet all untutor'd in the lore
Of Greece, and Rome. In her train came commerce,
And with her liberty, by the Naiads
Hail'd from their wide water'd shores, where joiced
They play in seevive bands. Wherefore was thus
Plenty, indufrity, with the olive branch
Of peace, by gentle zephyrs wafted o'er
My waves, from British isles, to drear abodes
Like you, to flie their influence on wastes
Of unadorn'd nature? was it to nurke
Ingratitude, teeming with monstrous births?
Was't to nourish revolt, the gangrene of
The state; the bonds and ties of nature brok'n
And dissolv'd? must now the sword that's loft its
Sharpest edge in battles for them 'gainst their
Enemies, be now whetted to revenge
Againfi themselves? was't for this that Quebee
Tow'rs faw Wolfe bleed in th' hour of victory?
Are these't he laurel's fruits at Breton reap'd,
And won at Louisbourg?—is this the change,
This the dire reverfe, this the heavy gloom,
That succeed joys like you, and so late felt?
Are then rebellion's foes by rudest hand
From my favour'd isle estrang'd?—But see where
The wrecks of nature convuls'd; and shaken
To her centre, crowd on my aching sight
From western Ind.—There was heard the thunder
Of warring elements, mid the rocking
Of hurricans, and cataclsm of rain
Descending; 'mid the incessant flashes
Of forked lightning, that from heav'n's red right-hand
In vollies flew; 'mid convulsions of earth
Loos'n'd from its foundation, and opening wide
Its monstrous chains; amid peals of thunder
Rebounding from pole to pole, now redd'n'd
The bloody front of heav'n, and now dark
As Erebus appear'd: the quarter'd winds
Then burst their caverns, from either tropic
Meeting in dire conflict, that seem'd to shake
The spheres, and base of th' earth: then the clouds
Pour'd down their awful floods, the swollen ocean
Affrighted, dightant through his bounds, and o'erwhelm'd
The fair cities, the work of ages, and pride
Of
Of hapless man,—then his floating bulwarks
Were by the foaming billows rent, to shrow
The desert beach, there, where his mangled limbs,
And bones unburied lie whit’ning the shores;
Earth deepest felt the thock, she felt the pangs
Of sighing nature, where uprooted lie
Her forests, where her towers, and battlements,
Of old impregnable, her theatres,
And arcs triumphal, her proud palaces,
And solemn temples, all lie level’d low
Mould’ring to dust,—ruin, devastation,
Havoc, cover all. Then were heard the groans
Of agonizing thousands; then were seen
Their bodies, that all herea’v’d of shelter
From the thund’ring storm, and relentless scourge
Of loudest tempests, lie on the wide waste
A prey to vultures. Amid the ruins
Is seen the wretched mother, that her babes
Did fondly dream to save, fast clinging round
Her neck, her knees, her arms; she, all the while,
With head inclin’d, and drooping, all in vain,
Implor’d relief to her helpless offspring.
Helpless herself, 'mid pitiless whirlwinds,
All, all bound in one sad, and last embrace,
Shall one common grave. See where the orphan
Wanders on the desert plain bereav'd of
Raiment, food, and shelter; him the widow
Meets, but not in him meets her fond offspring,
And he in her in vain the parent seeks;
He has no parent. Yonder fades the bloom
Of young desire untimely snatch'd,—there youth's
Fall'n in flow'r of life, and pride of beauty
On the plain unburied lie,—there are throw'd
Herculean limbs,—here, like a lily, droops
Virgin modesty,—here the warrior,
That cleft'd the battles dangers, the thorns
Of sieges, the iron showers of cannon,
The thunderbolts of war, that oft had trac'd
The Briton lion's progress o'er the fields
Of glory. Here the mariner that erst
Had straggled in the tempest, 'mid foaming
Billows curling their monstrous heads, in th' rude
Violation of th' winds, in vain surviv'd
The fate of shipwreck'd crews. Not more dismal
Was
Was Athens' scourge, that, with her children's gun,
Redden'd Illus' dreams: nor did Ganges
Witness than these more dreadful spectacles
Of human mis'ry, then, when o'er his shores,
Stalk'd famine, and pestilential terror,
In its train, with aspect malign—millions
Of bodies floating on their wat'ry biers
Swell'd his floods, that with increase of tribute
He wafted to the main. Not bitt'ry scenes
Did Tagus behold, what time the earth teem'd
With dread volcanos, the discordant births
Of warring elements, that impetuous
Burft their flaming bounds, and wide their caverns
Dark, and dismal open'd, to transmit the light
Of day to th' deepest pit of Acheron,
And perplex the ghosts of Pluto with fear
Of change, and horrible catastrophe.
As when the dread thunderer Jove onrag'd,
Smites with his bolts th' earth around Typhon
In Aetna, where are said t' be his dens,
Dire wasth' conflict, dire th' madding noise; when e're
Engend'ring her rebellious offspring.
Sever'd them from her rack'd bosom, and where
They outward roll'd, to vent their hideous rage,
In regions of air, ingulph'd th' hundred towers
Of Lufitania. Ah the heavy change!
How unlike, O earth, thy aspect to what
So late display'd thy fields richly bedeck'd
With nature's gayest attire! how blasted
Are thy enamell'd plains! how thy blossoms
In their bloom are nipt, and thy budding charms
Decay'd—how all thy blushing honours droop!
Ere while universal nature her smiles
Proli'fecd, and fruitful teem'd around
With growths spontaneous—the landscape glow'd
On the transported view,—the flocks and herds
Promiscuous roam'd along the verdant meads
In sunshine perpetual—the lowing
Of the ozen was heard—the bleating lambs
Sportive play'd; the green uplands crown'd the scene
Undulating with gradual, varied slopes,
And Amathus pour'd her copious stream,
While fairest Flora with Pomona vied.
And thou, Ocean, ere while waft lull'd secure
From
From rage of temp'rs, from Æolian storms
In their caverns close pent up, nor yet fly'd
A blast from their cells.—On the glisly waves
Play’d fleck Panope with her tinter train;
And Thetis with her nymphs, Nereid nymphs,
Skimm’d th’ azure floods. Ampitrite sported
With the tangles in her hair, by Zephyrs
Gently came’d; her printless feet glided o’er
The seas, that under her rejoic’d, with all
Their finny trains. The sky was with purplg
Ting’d, its front serene, nor ruffled by clouds.
Each morn breath’d odoriferous spring, each eve
Nurt’ring dews diffus’d, and balms ambrosial.
Then might those isles have rival’d those fabled
Atlantic,fortunate Heiperian isles,
Where universal Pau led on th’ Graces,
And th’ Hours in dance, with them eternal spring.
But what dire reverse hath earth, heav’n, ocean,
Now felt, into confusion hurl’d, yet once
More threaten’d with universal chaos,
And eternal night. Ah, thou hapless Ille!
Do then the elements conspire thy fall,
Are then they confederate with thy foes,
Or share thy foes like vengeance? yes they too.
Have shar'd like fate, or fate more disastrous,
If more disastrous might be deem'd; they too.
Groan under Heav'n's anger; wafted on winds
And torrents pour'd from sulphurous clouds.
Cease then, vain mortals,—nor contend with wrath
Of gods: ye that to fervent pray the peace
Of the troubled ocean, first learn to heath.
The sword of battle, nor wreak its vengeance
In your kindred gore: quell your high-born pride,
Tame your rude ambition—taught by that hand,
That piteous spareth him, let man spare man.
This cruft of elements does but forerun
The dissolution of the great globe
Itself, and foretell expiring Nature
Through all her works, ominous of their end.

See where the rays of hope from Antwerp gleam
To cheer my drooping Iles,—hail glad preface
Of future joys! Antwerp that now verges
To decay, through whose desert streets in vain
The voice of commerce calls, whose most-grown tow'rs

B        With
With population's busy din echo
Now no more! whole massy columns mould'ring
To the duff, the ivy's gloom encircles;
Where senates erst have thunder'd, where now lurks
The serpent; Antwerp, the Roman Eagle
Shall behold display'd on British banners
Waving o'er the fields of conquest,—with flouts
Fame ulters to the field the combin'd bands,
And choruses of loud Peans, ló
Peans; with trumpet sounds 'mid th' returning
Laurel'd trophies; enroll'd in her temple
Th' heroes' names shall live thro' latest ages
E'ergreen in memorial,—commerce again
Now long estrang'd into her ports shall flow,
Her hospitable ports from distant shores,
And tributary streams of Ormus or
Of Ind.—Her noblest structures shall yet rise
Restor'd to ancient splendor; all her arts,
And cultivated science shall revive,
And flourish yet again: Other Rubens
Shall on the animated canvas glow,
And in vivid colours paint the triumphs
Of
Of imperial Austria; Alsatia
And Lorraine, ere while by haughty Gallia
Wrested from her sceptre’s sway, now reftor’d
To their favour’d dominion, th’ usurpers
Humbled, and prostrate lying at her feet
Imploring peace. Such shall be thy trophies
Austria, such the meed of thy union
With Britannia’s sons, union oft embrace’d,
Nor more auspiciously than now embrace’d,
Thou, Prussia, shalt not unrewarded behold
Thy ancient allies’ wrongs; in triple league
With them combin’d shall ambitious Bourbon
Yet once more the hero view thee, that at
Lilla and at Rossbach fought. On thy brow,
Furrow’d with age, and round thy hoary locks
The laurels fresh their blooming honours bear,
Hail venerable victor, yet undismay’d
By war’s alarms! hail thou sove’reign, favour’d
Of the muses, by the muses tutor’d
In philosophic lore; whose train adorn
The graces: thy legislative nod gives
Sanction to law, thou explor’st the fountains
Of
Of equity, her hidd’n treasures reveal it.
Thou, like another Caesar, th’ historian’s
Page unfoldst, nor rivals Caesar thee
In warlike achievements; nor equall’d is
Thy fame by what of Hannibal refounds
In fabled story; nor yet vies, I ween,
With great Frederick, Alexander’s name.
See the conqu’ring hero bear the couriers
Wide o’er Flandria’s level fields; while vict’ry,
Eagle-wing’d vict’ry, hov’ring round him, frowns
Her laurel wreaths. Now feels subdued Belgium
The pangs of dire remorse for broken vows,
Affiance violated, union
Oft pledg’d to Britain, and mutual leagues
All cancel’d and dissolv’d. Is Belgium
With her own and Britain’s natural foes
Gainst Britain arm’d? that from fell oppression
Ere while protected her ungrateful sons,
And gave them commerce, and sweet liberty,
While yet wand’ring in quest of refuge
From Hispanic’s shores, to where the Roman
Eagle never flew: and but for Britain,
Belgium
Belgium had not been: in her cradle crush'd,
Crush'd, while yet she emerg'd from the flood,
Yet feeble was her arm,—and but for her,
In vain had ravish'd from the sea her plains,
In vain had boasted that her proud bulwarks
Would curb the Ocean's rage, and stem his floods.
Not so, when Marlborough and the brave Eugene
Led on to conquest on Blenheim's plains, her
Ranks, and Gallia mourn'd her slayer'd laurels.
Thou cherish'st, Hispania, fond revolt,
Teaching disobedience to thy children,
That, already, seditious tumults raise;
And, with interline convulsions, flake
Thy tottering empire. From northern chimes
The flames of discord, to the utmost verge
Of Andes spread, and, in their course, embroil
The Mexican and Peruvian plains:
From either Tropic how they rage, and threat'n
Thy hidd'n treasures, the sources of thy strength,
The snares of thy wars, and springs of all
Thy haughty pride. Whilom, thou little thought'st it
That, so dearly, thou should'st abide the blast

Of
Of thy protection, to rebellions sons
Of Britain, that, taught by their hand, thy own
Should catch the spirit of revolt.—Revenge,
Revenge, Britannia cries; her distant shores
Re-echo revenge.—Now her tow’ring fleets,
In triumph, ride the main; remote are heard
Her bolted thunders, that, in loudest peals,
Her martial deeds proclaim: from the East
To Western Ind, the Ocean’s keep’d Queen,
Britannia knows no second; th’ nations own
Her pow’r, and tributary princes, yield
To her imperial sway: the quarter’d world
Her prowess feels: her more than Roman fame
Doth witness, that, for its boundaries, own’d
The Straits Herculean. Rise, Britannia, rise
Triumphant o’er thy combin’d foes; let leagues
Of Bourbon race no more disturb thy peace,
Let Belgic hoofs to gratitude return,
And fell rebellion sheath her bloody sword:
Already bleeds their commerce, and their illes
Already own the mighty victor’s sway.
The Straits Herculean, the Herculean
Columns,
Columns, ever fam'd, are now of labours,
More than Hereulean, conscious, where reigns
Triumphant Britain 'mid her combin'd foes.
Thence, seated on a rock, from her tow'ring
Height, the dauntless views their baffled efforts;
Secure, thence hurls defiance, thence, darts forth
Her bolted thunders on their lasting'ld works.
Her cannon's roar, and horrid din of arms,
Are as the thunders loud of Ætna, or
Of Hecla, dread Volcanos; her light'nings
Such as theirs, when by their fires illumin'd,
Wide flames th' horizon. What time the volleys
Of her wing'd bolts, with burning fury flew
Amid the floating bulwarks, that her strength
Affi'd, the heav'ns redd'n'd with her light'nings,
The earth thook with her thunders; old Ocean
Shrunk from th' impending force of flames, that wide
Raging o'er his waves, gave figurs of woe to
The hostile bands, that all was loth. The tale
Of that fam'd Hereulean column, well
Might vie with that of Troy divine, if, as
In fate resembling, so were it equal'd
In renown, and sung in notes attuned to
The Minyan lyre, harmonious numbers.
But if deserted, at thy utmost need,
By those thy former union did protect,
Britannia, thou must fall, by too severe
A fate; fall from thy high estate, amid
Th' ingrateful dominations round; with not
A friend to give thee aught of aid, how due:
Since of support, I did but fondly dream;
And if, nor the matchless prowess of thy
Elliot's, echoed loud from famed Gibraltar
To the Lybian shore, nor yet thy Rodney's
Valour, 'mid his naval triumphs, have aught
Avail'd to save thy falling state; greatly
Dost thou fall, that, in falling, Samson-like,
Crushed thy hostile bands. What anguish and dire
Portents, presages miraculous, of
Apect malign, omens and prodigies
Have mark'd thy fate, to tell to ages yet
Unborn, the awful change! Nature's self, in
Sympathy, from the centre to the pole, 
Hath utter'd groans, rack'd and convuls'd; earth-
Inundations, with eruptions drear
From deep Volcano's, thunder-storms conspired,
All at once, t' affaire the works of hapless Man. The grand revolt from Nature's fix'd laws,
The great globe pervaded, from frigid climes,
To the limits of the Torrid Zone, from Hecla to its rival Ætna, whose tops,
Full blazing, as if in concert, about'd
To bolt their deep-mouth'd thunders, the welkin Vault with fire, red ashes howling, mix'd with Columns of rolling fume, and sulph'rous clouds;
Nor rivers cease'd, of liquid flame, to ruft Impetuous down their scorched sides, and havoc Spread, undulating divers'd. But when their Boil'd caverns hollow trembled, and deep Foundations loos'n'd shook with all their load;
Their gulphs and mines of sulphur blown into Tenfold rage, with min'r'al fury sublim'd;
Far from Sicilia to Calabria's shore,
Were spread th' unheard-of savages, cities, Seas, and rivers, into Chaos plung'd, shocks Reverberating from earth's recesses

Hidd'n
Hidd’n moa, alternate won from sea, and land.
The furious surges of the vex’d Scylla,
And that other fam’d whirlpool, Charybdis,
Slept ’mid the general wrecks of nature,
And felt the o’erbearing, swoln ocean’s force.
In either Calabria, who may tell
The scenes of desolation,—the monstreous
Chains of mountains rent aunder,—breaches
In nature,—monuments of ruin?
Hills sunk to vallies, vallies rais’d to hills;
Rivers, fountains, lakes, flow where flood dry land,
And now dry land usurping in their stead:
And half th’ populous cities, hurl’d into
Oblivion, cumber no more Hesperia.
Nor ceas’d, meanwhile the teeming earth, t’ abound
With vapours volcanic, emanations charg’d,
Dire, flame mix’d with smoke, smoke with sulphur
That from th’ abysses around, thick issued forth.
But chief, Mešina, thee the mournful tale
Awaits; chief, thy fate the tragic page shall
Fill, that scarce a vestige leav’l now behind.
To tell the traveller where erft flood thy walls,
Not fo with Hecla's thund'ring flocks, that won
An isle upheav'd amid the ocean's stream,
That, like another Hecla, swola with fierce
Volcano's, nightly emulates its fires,
The main to illumine, whose reflected
Gleams, wide waving, the mariner perplex.
Far th'o' Germania's confines, and the bounds
Of haughty Gallia, inundations swell'd
Great Rhenus' floods, that cities, cultur'd fields
With all their verdant loads, o'erwhelm'd with wrack
And deflation. Beyond th' Indian mount
The ile Formosa flook; nor 'tcap'd Syrian
Tripoli the dread rockings of the earth;
Nor Macedonian Theffalonica.
A wand'ring star, before unknown, appear'd,
The burning meteors vollied in mid air,
With train resplendent, on the nations blaz'd.
And thou, lab'ring Moon, didst suffer eclips'e,
Total eclips'e, at either equinox.
Shak'n th' Papal throne totters to its ruin;
The Turkifh Moon doth wain, and waining labours,
The Crescent over-hung with dim eclipse,
Portends disfurlous change, diminishe’d rule,
 Pestifential terror spreads havoc ’mid
Byzantium’s towers, and desolates her streets;
Her misery begun in conflagrations,
Ends but in pestilence, the sad remains
Of raging flames contagion foul consumes;
While Russian bands usurp her provinces,
Revolt spreads wide its baneeful influence.
To close the tragic scenes, affliction’s
Bitter cup to fill, famine fore did finite
The land, and with it half the nations;
CALEDONIA, hapless CALEDONIA
Mourn’d her widows, and her orphans, that with
Agonizing cries, pierce’d night’s thickest gloom;
And on the ground, the cold ground, ’mid flakes of
Snow, in deserts wild, lung their heads, and died.
Meanwhile th’ league, that erst BRITANNIA threat’st
With proud invasion, disfurb’d, is into
Discord and disunion run. Those bands late
Form’d, beyond the Atlantic, self-disfurb’d,
Create wild uproar, into confusion

Thrown
[ 25 ]

Thrown, vagabond and frustrate, that of their
Growing empire fondly dreamt, of Halyon
Days, with th' olive branch of peace, returning.
Tamults, and fierce misrule, their vitals tear,
And civil broils, and Discord, with Ate
By her side, cry havoc, the dawn to blast
Of all their rising hopes, and unsledg'd joys.
Ah, thrice happy I had they fought no other
Happiness, nor other freedom but too
Fondly grasp'd, than what with Britons they har'd.
Nor other fate the Belgic, and so late
United Gallic bands await, in leagues
Ere while conjoin'd of mutual amity,
Conjur'd allies, now differ't, rivals
Of each other grown; their fore'd alliance
Canker'd with jealousy, and all its bands,
Thus brok'n asunder, ne'er t' unite again.
War's in Belgium's confines, interline war,
Arm'd citizens steep their hands in kindred gore,
And, from the wild sea-bank, cast a longing
Eye on Britain's shores, wonted source of hope
In danger; whence, as of old, if not now
C

Cheer'd
Cheer'd, to the imperious surge their plains
They will restore, the last sad refuge left.
And thou, Hispania, but short respite find'st
From war's alarms, short truce, not peace canst boast.
Peace hath but chang'd thy foes, from Gibraltar
Frustrate driv'n, to wreak thy disappointed
Vengeance 'gainst the Lybian shores: and as from
Gibraltar, so thou from Algiers return'st.
To thee, and thy associates, in vain doth
Peace bring her proffer'd sweets, to you in vain.
Restores her balmy treasures. So, with her
Returning, to you her joys return not,
Nor soft'ring comforts, nor her nurt'ring balms.
On thee, Britannia, propitious she smiles,
For thee alone she spreads her swelling sails,
Her olive branch she waves alone for thee,
On spicy gales is wafted to thy shores.
Thou, like another Phoenix, like that self
Begott'n bird, which knows no second, or third,
Reviv'd, reflower'd, refol'd t' ancient
Splendor, emulous of thy old renown.
Rife, crown'd with light, as the Orient sun,

By
By prostrate Persian Magi worship'd,
For whom the rosy-finger'd Aurora
Unbars the golden portals of the East.

-Hail, pow'ring Albion, hail, Imperial Isle!
Favour'd of heav'n, that from old Ocean sprung,
Fairest of all his daughters, ste'r'd serene,
Stretching thy wide domain to farthest climes:

Thee, Liberty, thy native genius, thee
E'er zealous 'tends, that with the Muses choirs,
Leads on the jocund train of Naiads, where
They set their printless feet, along the green

Margin of the shady bank, that's wash'd by
Godlike Thames; and on the winding verge, where
His silver stream he spreads, there she holds soft
Dalliance, in those her native shades, while

Ling'ring she listens to the lyre and song.
Wand'ring oft from foreign climes, from foreign
Climes estrang'd, by foul oppression, as oft
She refuge finds in Britain's soft retreats.
In this Atlantic region, fortunate,
Hesperian isle, so highly favour'd,
Hath Liberty, nursé of cultur'd science,

C 2

And
And the Muses arts, fix'd her seat, and mark'd
Its people for her own: amid its oaks,
The aged tow'ring forests, erit th' hallow'd
Groves of the old Bards, the inspir'd Druids,
Are her haunts, her chosen retreats, rever'd
Recesses; here's her temple seen to rise
Of fairest form, and goodliest structure.
On that fam'd mead that's wast'd by father Thames,
Under auspices so goodly, was first
Rous'd the public zeal, enthusiastic
Ardor first inflam'd, that, in the glow of
Gen'rous British breasts, in their country's cause
Embolden'd, of its laws the dread affendors,
Deep and broad laid the base of her great work,
The general weal of Albion's realms,
And Stamp'd it with th' Great Charter of the land.
So, founded on the rock of justice, more
Sure than, that whereon flood Rome's capitol,
The fabric fair was rear'd; the glorious
Gothic pile flood reveal'd, under th' Henries,
And Edwards, a long line of patriot kings.
Her altars frow'd with incense, shed profuse

Subsaeo
Sabean odors, such as by Zephyrs
Borne, in spicy columns, blow from the shores
Of Araby the Blest: not stain'd with blood of
 Victims, those sacrifices, and profane
Rites of old, they breathe odoriferous
Frankincense, like what the vernal morn pours
On the earth's great altar, and, on morning
Wings, grateful lifts to heav'n. Long wandering
In quest of refuge, long chafing fit place
Of residence, awhile propitioulsy
Inclin'd to Greece and Rome she seem'd; yet fears
Shewn to them, her form, but faintly discern'd,
As if through hovering mists, or dense clouds,
Her footsteps darkly trace'd: they, enamour'd
Of her rites, yet knew them not, nor in her
Mysteries initiated, worship'd
Her unknown. She, averse to such impure
Sacrifices, like Africa, left the earth,
Ne'er to revisit it but in this life;
Where bounteous Nature round circles her seat
With bulwark, more than adamantine strong,
With the ever-during Ocean's might:

C 3 Where,
Where, if not secure, no more the dwellings
Of men she'll deign to visit; to their rites
No more will be propitiously inclin'd,
Nor on their works auspicious will smile,
But, like Aflrea, leave the earth for ever.

What heroes has she nurtur'd! what fam'd chiefs,
And Demi-gods of old! her Henrys, and
Her Edwards, everglorious names! whose deeds
Of matchless worth the shining page adorn.

Who may the laurels rival of Crecii's
Well fought field, or what heroic emulate
Its fame? the Sire's flood smiling on a hill
Sublime, amid the radiant solar beams,
And faw below, reflected in his son,
His dauntless valour; in young Edward, shone,
Black Prince of Wales, the father all surpass'd.
Who then beheld him rising into fame,
In flow're of youth, rivalling heroes old,
There tutor'd, to th' adventurous deeds on
Poictiers' plains achieve'd? or, who then beheld
His generous spirit, after conquest shewn,
Shewn to those hapless, fall'n from high estate,
His piteous tributes so largely on them
Show'd, whether attendant on the captive
Monarch seen at feast, not sharer with him
In that feast he gave; or whether in his
Entry seen to natal land, not emulous
Of the pomp of Roman triumph, nor yet
Studious of its barbaric pride, rather
Reverend, as if revolving in his soul
The various turns of chance below, as that
The victor well the vanquish'd might be deem'd,
He offers at the foot of his father's
Throne, the royal pledge of his heroic
Deeds, thus lowly, the captur'd crown of Gaul.
Others may his conquests rival, his high
Desert in arms, none from them reap such fruits.
O untimely to thy country, to thy
Father lost! cut off, while yet in prime of
Life mature! the fates but shew'd thee to th' earth,
Then, sudden, snatch'd thee from it, in the full
Career of glory, the tide of honours
Streaming on thee, with eagle-wing'd victory
By thy side, proclaiming loudest Praises;

Amid
Amid hanging trophies, and nodding plumes,
The wreaths of laurel round circled thy brow,
While fame prepar'd thy way throve'd o'er with flow'res,

At Agincourt, glad Albion saw reviv'd,
In Henry the spirit of her Edwards,
Saw him bear their image, wear their victor
Wreaths; reap anew their laurels, reflect their
Glory, bid it reflow'rish and revive.

Nor Alfred, Arthur shall remain unfinished,
Both Great, of Saxon race, both Patriot kings:
The first, the founder of the British state,
The last, not least among its worthies rank'd.
Thou, Windsor, with thy floods, and verdant meads,
Thy memorable forests, claim'd the song:
Thee Arthur early made the seat of Tilt,
And Tournament, of noble Chivalry:
Thy later annals, too, shall flourish long,
Wherein recorded stand, in fame's bright rolls,
The honour'd Garter'd Knights, of the Order
Of St. George, the tutelary spirit,
Patron of Albion; Order founded
By victorious Edward, at the solemn

Festival
Festival held within thy battlements.
In regal state th' Heroic monarch sat
Enthron'd, amid his valiant Peers, Princes,
Renown'd Potentates, from far distant climes,
All rivals in the guerdon of virtue
And of valour. The Genius of Britain,
Auspiciously invok'd, to shed his
Happy influence on that day's records,
Descended in his car from the bright spheres,
Where, sublime, he rides; with him descended
His aerial spirits, the choral bands
Of Bards and Druids. The song began from
Britain's Genius, that, with effulgent grace,
Crown'd the royal pomp, and solemn awards.
As he first, so last was celebrated,
Sole arbiter 'tween the rivals in fame,
Candidates for the prize of matchless worth.
And may that Genius, who on the rise of
This high Order smit'd, pure keep its fountain
Of honour, unpolluted all its rills,
May no after son intrude, unworthy
Of such an origin, of the founder,

Th'
Th' heroic Edward, and first Companion
Knight to his Sire, Edward, Black Prince of Wales,
Bright ornaments of your country's annals,
For you her Bards shall tune harmonious praise,
For you, the zeal unanimous of her
Chosen sons shall weave the laurel wreath, round you.
Tombs throw amaranthine flowers: nor sometimes
Forget those days auspicious, that carol
Loud Elvis's triumphs, her high defeat
In arms, her deeds adventurous, nor them leave
Without the need of some melodious lays.
Thames, on thy banks stands nobly eminent,
Yon monument of British piety,
Munificent and great, fam'd Greenwich pile;
Whole long extended columns, lofty towers,
Are not in rich Heberia's structures
Rival'd, nor in the gorgeous palaces
Of th' East. Within those walls a safe retreat,
Asylum is secure'd to the aged
Mariner, eftap'd the battle's fury,
That, tried in arms, hath hurl'd confusion,
In re-echoed peals of vollied thunder.
On the proud aspiring foe, Those rever'd
Seats, as on thy azure floods, Thames, wafted,
Inspir'd with love of natal land, grateful,
He views, and tributary homage pays.
Beware the rapid waves of thy aged
Forests! the knotted oaks, the sinews of
Thy strength, the empire of the Ocean,
Strew'd on the ground, leave defilate the vales:
The Dryads, Hamadryads, all diumay'd
With the drear havoc, fly their favour'd haunts,
And, wand'rering, seek a refuge on the plains.
What honours are not due from thee to this,
Thy forests pride, under whose covert, high
O'er-arching thy heroes, and Demi-gods
Of old, receiv'd the people's tribute, wreaths
Of laurel, to decorate their brows, in
Sign of triumph. Nor other canopy
Of flate did seek thy ancient race of kings,
Where to fwy the sceptre, or the royal
Standard where to wave. The Druids temple
Was the oak, wherein religious rites
They solemniz'd; their oracle, the oak,
And
And altars reddad with their offerings.
In Mona, thy Bards, the raptur'd Druids,
Retir'd within the sacred recesses
Of their groves, fought for their country's freedom,
And lust of thy sons fliop'd to Roman yoke.

Then when the sun of Alaros's science rose,
That from its tow'r meridian, 'mid the gloom
Of Gothic night, shot its noontide blaze, its beams resulgent shed on half the nations:
It rose in that great Bard of high renown,
And that fam'd sage, who, led by Nature's hand
Thro' all her paths, her high interpreters
Did penetrate her cells, and first reveal'd
To mortal sight, those hidd'n treasures, those stores
Of wisdom op'd, that shew'd her fountains flow.
They, first, the soul of harmony display'd,
That animates, pervades the whole; by which
Men rapt Elyfun fee, and dwell in bow'rs
Of Amaranth, immortal Amaranth,
Or seem to dwell, and converse with the spheres.
And but for them, Nature had lain as in
A veil obscur'd, in myst'ry wrap'd, nor deign'd

Thro'
Thro' all her works to visit men, nor her
Light restore to them in darkness fall'n, fall'n
On barbarous days, that sought in vain her aid.
The Sun of Albion's science, sweetly sung
The Muses, in its rising; in their train
The Graces, and the Hours, in numbers join'd
Harmonie, and circles bright; with golden
Lyres they utter'd in the down, and choral
Symphonies the matin sung, the orient
Beams, propitious, hailing; Airs, raptur'd
Airs, to soft recorders breath'd, melodious
Minstrelsey, and dulcet hymes, the preludes
To full resounding choirs, that chantèd loud
The high meridian rays, whole lustrè far,
This Ile illumin'd, the Muses' favour'd
Haunt, and crown'd with auspices to goodly.
MONODY.

Thou Sun, that with transcendent glory crown'd,
Erewhile from thy dominion didst appear,
Say, wherefore does thy wanted luster fade?
Why is withdrawn thus thy diminuished head,
Nor it on high, with vigour more doth rear,
To shed its influence the earth around?
Is it, that thy lov'd Lucy's lost, thy ray
Of brightest hue, lost to the light of day,
In the flow'r of youth, and beauty's display?
Is it, that thy Lucy, ere her prime's dead,
And low, in shades of night, is sunk her head?
Ah where! where was thy all-suffering heat,
In what far region, what estrang'd retreat,
Then, when clay-cold was grown that lily hand,
When pale was grown that cheek, and that eye wan?
For neither on her chilled hand was pour’d
Thy balmy breath, nor on her fading cheek,
To tinge it, was thy genial influence show’d,
And with thy vivid colours it to streak;
Nor yet by thee was chear’d her drooping eye,
Descending with thy animating ray;
That eye, that joyous in thy beams did play,
To welcome thy radiance from th’ orient sky.
But the rugged winds round her fair retreat,
Bursting their caverns, did most rudely beat;
Æolus there rag’d, but thou waft not there,
To hover o’er her head, with tender care;
Nor waft, with hand alleviating, nigh,
To temper the rigour of the froz’n sky.
Ay me! alas, I do but fondly dream!
For what could that have done? of what avail
Had been thy heat, that’s cast on Afrie’s plains?
Where, vertical, thou dart’st thy fervid beams,
Piercing the deepest sources of the Nile?
All would have fail’d to ease her heart-felt pain.
Thou
Thou, Sun, her image to behold her bear,
Standing from thy dominion didst appear;
Thou food'd it, and, standing, didst in raptures gaze,
The while thy glory round her offspring blaz'd.
O the sad reverie with thee returning,
Return'd not to her thy fostering heat,
To me returns not thy diminish'd light,
But in its stead, ever-daring mourning.
With bloody front, thou pitiedst dying Rome,
And reddens'st, conscious of her Caesar's doom;
When in eclipse dim, from behind the Moon,
Thy livid and diminous twilight shone:
Faint and obscure was then, as now thy light,
And impious nations dreaded endless night.

Must Bothwell's tow'r's then moulder to the ground,
Encircled by the doleful cypress gloom,
And wreaths of aged ivy, never more,
That gently twines around her hallow'd bier,
And penitently laments her hapless doom.
There oft she graceful mov'd in musing rounds,

She bore a daughter on the winter solstitial day 1779,
and died the 13th of February following.
There has she oft the Nymph sweet Echo call'd,
That dwells unseen beneath the moist-grown wall:
There oft hath woo'd the solemn bird of night,
That, in its warbling's, thuns the glare of light:
Where now the screech-owl, on yon lofty tow'ry,
With tottering battlements, 'mid ivy bow'r's,
Making its dreary moan, all darkling fits.
The Gothic pile returns the raven's note,
Its music, as 'mid air it wildly floats:
The turtle-dove its whispering murmurs joins,
From window, where the ivy-branches twine.
No more the Druids harps harmonious sound,
Nor hospitably glows the torch around;
Amid festive bands inspir'd, swell no more
The famous old Bards full-voic'd chanting choirs,
That sung, and singing, all symphonious join'd,
In heav'nly ecstasies dissolv'd the mind.
There finds no shelter the benighted swain,
Exposed to tempests on the desert plain:
There darkness, silence, solitude, from cells
Cimmerian fled, alternate over dwell.

Wsep,
Weep, O ye Nymphs, ye Naiad Nymphs, begin
The mournful lay! ye Naiads, that attend
The rills of fountain Arethusa, her springs
Attend: ye Sirens of the well, in rings
Solemn and sad, hither your footsteps bend,
And somewhat loudly sweep the plaintive string.
Leave, Nymphs, O leave the banks of silver Thames,
Your myrtle groves, 'mid Twinnam's sweet retreats,
Nor hold soft dalliance, on those favour'd streams.
At once the Naiads, and the Mnch's seats.
Hither, and with you come the tuneful quire,
That, all enraptur'd with celestial fire,
Breathe inspiration on th' harmonious lyre:
For they have witnes'd such embitter'd scenes,
Then, when their lov'd Muses from them fled,
And Melpomene, with her sister train,
Your'd out on Twinnam's meads their plaintive strains,
And round his tomb their tears in circles shed.
She lov'd the Muses, lov'd to hear their song,
And echo it the sylvan scenes along.
Come, but not the ag'd parents leave unwept,
That, lull'd secure, in hopes deluding slept.
That yet she would revisit those your dreams,
And yet again would fill their longing arms,
Diffusing round them all her winning charms,
Ay me! ah fond, and visionary dreams!
Say, were you playing on Thames’ silver shore,
When death drew near to raise his bloody hand,
In that disastrous, lamentable hour,
When o’er her head she waved her ebon wand,
That fatally finite once, to finite no more.
Or were you in the Muses hollow’d train,
Where round their lov’d Muses’ laureate herds,
They their sad vigils keep on Twitnam’s plains,
And oft their elegiac lays rehearse?
Or did you join their chorus on the banks
Of winding Isis, string’d with sonorous song?
O hear a voice, that ’mid your Ith’s bow’rs,
Oft call’d you, under Rhedecyma’s towers!
That voice now calls you to far other woods,
And bids you leave your Thames for Glota’s floods.
Weep, O ye Dryads, Hamadryads weep,
For her weep, that oft you, as you wander’d,
In sylvan rounds, would on the flaggy steep,
Where
Where Glota's stream is roll'd in meanders,
For, One Dryad Nymphs, amid your groves,
Or has her bright imagination fray'd,
Or, has her sportive fancy lov'd to rove,
Through your green up-lands, and sequester'd glades.
Bid penfive Echo listen to the song,
The while she wafts it the shrill woods among.
Meandering murmuring Glota's streams along;
In sorrow'd cadence, and its dying notes,
As down his wat'ry bed it broken floats.
Bid rocks and caves the solemn dirge to hear,
And Zephyrs it on downy pinions bear;
Bid fleck Panope, and her sister train,
Waft it in gliding murmurs on the main:
Thou, Thetis, mourn, as with thee ends the day,
Nor with thy Nymphs, thy Nereid Sirens play:
Nerea, drop the tributary tear,
Nor sport thus with the tangles in thy hair.
Cease playing, Amaryllis, in the shade,
And join the choirs, that mourn for Lucy dead:
Diana, listen, and in pausing, sigh,
For as much of chastle virtue as could die:

Oft
Oft has she sought your fountains, shades, and rills;
   Her mind with heavily contemplation fill'd.
   And thou, ag'd flood, meand'ring, murm'ring stream,
In doleful cadence let thy swans make moan,
The swans that whiter on thy bed than snow,
In long-drawn sighs may lengthen out their tone.
   And as her widow'd grottoes, and her caves,
   Thou kiss'st with thy tributary waves,
   Penitve and hollow let thy murmurs flow,
   Thy sympathizing murmurs tan'd to woes.
   Soft play the Zephyrs, 'mid thy ruffling weeds,
   Thy oarses dank, and all thy mournful reeds,
   The while along thy shores and winding streams,
E'er in memorial green thou waft'd her name:
   For she thy Naiads, in their jocund trains,
   Has on thy green banks sought, nor sought in vain:
   Thee, Lucy, the woods, thee the green banks of
   Thee mourn at funeral, thee when day returns.
   Thee the hanging rocks, and the lonely vales,
   Thee the dark caves, and all their echoes wait.
   For thee, the foliage hang their penitive heads,
   For thee, the lilies droop along the meads:
Nor thee, sord Philomel forsakes the wood,
Nor seek the shepherds with their flocks the floods.

Return, O Mufe, Sicilian Mufe, return
No other notes, and other lays than these;
Such as may more the tender passions please:
Bid thou the Nymphs no more thus hapless mourn.
Ye Naiads, weep no more—let now your fongs,
In other strains, your freams be borne along:
Return, O Mufe, Sicilian Mufe return.

What tho' thus peaceful sleeps her mortal shade?
But tho' in dust are low her after laid?
Are soul, immortal, thro' the fiery spheres,
But seats of bliss, minifying angels bear,
What, in their glory, breathe celestial airs.

That still she lives in these her offspring dear,
Necys, on their forehead ramp'd, her image bear:
In them, her virtues her sad fate survive,
Nero, a long line of ancestors deriv'd.
In them is fix'd the widow'd husband's care,
Ahey all his tender passions mutual share.
In them he traces all the mother's looks,
All her chast smile, her softest loves and grace.

That
That his united firmest soul partook,
Bound in the ties of conjugal embrace.
And now he sighs, and now again he looks
On these pure pledges of their mutual love,
That in returns of soft endearments proved.
The while, in tracing virtues such as hers,
A pleasing melancholy flows, that mourns
For them, ere prime, untimely from him torn,
And with the sweet remembrance soothes his tears.

Amid these struggles, and these broken sighs,
He turns with tears his yet overflowing eyes,
Where lay the infant in the nurse's arms,
Fast lull'd asleep, that in its sleeping charm'd:
"Thou sleep'd, he sport, ah hapless! how thou sleep'd!
For neither thee move, nor yet thee affright,
These silent, solitary, shades of night,
Nor these pale looks that without ceasing weep;
Nor yet touch thee mine, or thy brother's grief;
Nor know'd of what a mother thou'ret depriv'd,
That from her cares in thee would seek relief,
Thou carest a thousand ways would strive."
"Thou sleepest, and on thy rosy lips still stray
Thy wonted smiles, and there still lovely play.
Sleep on, sweet babe, and with the sleep my sighs,
And O with thine, let now be clos'd my eyes!
Let not the forrows that thus tear this breast,
E'er break thy slumbers, ere rob thee of rest!
When, when shall I with such a sleep be blest."
Hail, Gratitude, hail, heav'ly gratitude,
Teach me to strike th' harmonious lyre,
Enraptur'd with Pindaric fire,
For him who gave my youthful Mufe his aid,
While all untutor'd in the cradle laid,
Where on the banks of godlike Thames,
Immortal stands Eliza's fame;
Hail, gratitude, hail, heav'ly gratitude.
Oft has he fir'd my breast,
With gen'rous ardor press'd;
Oft bid emulation rife
To deeds of boldest enterprise:
By such his Sires the field of glory won,
In such unrivall'd shook their Monarch's throne.
Then when Rhedecyna's tow'rs,
And meand'ring Isis' bow'rs,
Inspir'd my lays
To sing the praise
Of Herculaneum's reveal'd treasures,
Emulous of the Mantuan measures;
What transports have flow'd,
What ardor has glow'd
In hearing great M'ckenz'ir's name,
Recorded in th' annals of fame!
There has he falt rever'd,
To learning e'er endear'd:
The Muses and Graces in his train,
While rivalling Tully's flowing strain,
Or loftier Demosthenian thunder,
The veil of guilt he burst asunder.
My zeal with his, glows in his country's caufe,
Emulous of him, and studious of her laws,
I seek Edina's tow'rs, where oft have hung
Wond'ring Senators on his perus'five tongue.
There have I sought his tomb,
Amid the Cypress gloom,
To flow with vernal flow'rs,
And piously entwine
With wreaths of Ivy bow'rs,
His ever hallow'd shrine.
A long farewell to Albion's soft retreats,
Farewell the Muses, and the Graces seats!
Hail Scotia's cliffs, with these her up-lands green,
Hail, her craggy steep, and all her woodland scenes!
Happy, if beside some tow'r,
Tott'ring 'mid its ivy bow'rs,
Warbling fits the bird of night,
Shunning ev'ry glare of light.
Or as imagination fears,
Beside the foaming torrent's roar,
And impetuous burn of floods,
Down echoing rocks, and hanging woods;
Or thro' tow'ring groves,
As the fancy roves,
The Bards' harps are heard no more,
Silent is the Druid choir,
That oft in wild delphon,
All with dishevell'd hair,
Have beheld from afar,
Borne in his thund’ring car,
The bloody God of war;
What time the Roman shields,
Wav’d o’er Britannia’s fields,
Then ’twas, enrob’d in garbs of white,
They left their consecrated bow’rs,
’Mid the Moon’s trem’lous gleams of light
All in the solemn midnight hour:
Then with torches in their hands,
Were heard their yells ’mid the bands
Of Caledonia’s chos’n sons,
That oft the field of glory won,
With freedom’s spirit yet unbroke,
Nor bent the neck to foreign yoke.

Now on the craggy slope,
Of Birnam high they sleep,
And with them sleeps the lyre,
Sleeps their poetic fire:
The flocks and herds their effac’d altars tread,
Their altars oft with human victims red;

Hush’d
Hufl’d are their orgies, reveal’d the retreats
Of their fam’d groves, and memorable seats;
Ceas’d are their oracles, fall’n are their oaks,
Bent by the scythe of time’s repeated strokes.
   And missing them, I seek the trains
Of Nymphs that haunt th’ enamel’d plains,
Of Naïad Nymphs that jocund play
On the banks of winding Tay.
Sweet are the streams, and sweet the shades,
Where Shakespeare’s darling fancy fray’d,
Reflecting reveal’d Nature’s grace,
Spurning the bounds of time and place.
Here are the Dryads, th’ Oreads seen
In fellive bands thro’ woodlands green:
And mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty,
The Loves, and fair Euphrosyne.
Here, with cloud-capt summit, Birnam
Rivalleth wooded Mona’s fame,
Mona, the Druids’ laft retreat,
The fam’d old Bards’ religious feat.
Hence were great Birnam’s nodding groves
Seen to Dunfiinan’s tow’rs to move;

And
And with them mov'd Macbeth's fix'd doom,
In him untimely ript the womb:
Here the Sifters on the heath,
The weird Sifters met Macbeth;
Uttering their prophecic dreams,
With lifnal shrieks, and fratic fcreams;
Performing triple Hecht's rites,
'Mid Fairies, Elves, and midnight Sprites.
Teeming with ev'ry magic spell,
With antic guffures, wildest yells:
Contriving in their rounds the charms,
Fraught with the Furies fell alarms;
The while the cauldron's gleams did wave
Around their dark mysteriovs caves.
They on the wings of whirlwinds ride,
And thund'ring clouds, and lightning fride.
All by the pale Moon's glimm'ring lamp,
Hovering o'er th' embattled camp,
Their omens break the warrio's sleep.
While they their midnight revels keep.
'Tis theirs with printles's feet the floods,
Theirs to skim the unbeuding woods:
In mazes they, and airy rings,
Vigils keeping, uncouthly sing:
Now in the silent church-yard dwell,
Now in the dark, and lonely cell;
Now in the moss-grown mould’ring tow’r,
Now in the vaulted cypress bow’r;
Where the foreboding ravens creak,
Beside the rustling of the oak;
Where the screech-owl doth make its moan,
With fallen melancholy tone.
They open graves, and call forth shades,
Breaking the slumber of the dead.
When hurricanes the forests rend,
When aged oaks to tempests bend,
And cataclysms of rain descend;
'Tis then they leave their gloomy caves,
And in church-yards stalk o'er graves,
To behold the Moon's pale light,
All in the solemn hour of night.
'Tis theirs t' untwist the chains that tie
The secret web of destiny,
To weave the woof, the warp to twine,
And magic numbers to combine:
The fatal mazes to resolve,
To watch the periods that revolve,
Teeming with omens that appal
The monarch, with impending fall.
'Tis theirs eclipses to foretell;
And wandering comets, with their spell,
To trace thro' their eccentric rounds,
With more than mortal ken profound;
What time with bloody front malign,
They on the affrighted nations shine.
Oft they the fatal Sibyls meet,
Oft Sangrilda, and Míla greet;
And with them fabul'd converse hold,
And legendary tales unfold.
'Tis theirs the womb of time t' explore,
And past, and present, future lore,
Th' enlighten'd eyes to lay before.
They on the Furies car attend,
When to th' embattled camp they bend;
And rend with dreary yells the air,
Crown'd with snakes that hiss in their hair;
When arm'd with deadly Gorgon shield,
They hurry o'er th' enfânguin'd field.
With them Diâcord is heard to cry,
Her feet on earth, and head on high:
And Fear and Terror in their train
Hover, hover around the plain.
Not more prophetic Circe's spells,
That dwell unseen in magic cells,
With cups engend'ring various ills,
Cups with deadly potion fill'd,
Changing degenerate men to beast,
A prey to the alluring feast.
Not more enchant Calypso's bow'rs,
Nor more unsearchable her pow'r.
Acrafa, and the Sirens arts,
No higher knowledge could impart;
Sirens that with attractive voice,
Th' unwary traveller entice.
Not Comus with his midnight crew,
Could open to th' enchanted view,
More mysterious truths unveil'd,
When all to mortal ken reveal'd.
Awake thou, Genius, of the Scottish Bards,
Awake, nor thus retard
Thy too much drooping flight,
But to the height
Of old Olympus, or th' Aonian mount,
Borne aloft on Pegasian wing,
Mix in the Muses rings,
That ere harmonious sing,
And ply their tuneful quires
To rapture giving all their golden lyres:
Beseide the Heliconian fount,
Through their hallow'd groves,
Let thy bright-eyed fancy rove.
Call forth the spirit of thy Fingal's son,
Emulous of the laurels that he won:
For he when blind of sight,
Could share no longer in the glorious sight,
Bade the Mute indite
His own and father’s matchless deeds,
Not without the meed
Of his melodious lays,
And long refounding praise;
For such he wove the laurel crown,
And turn’d the music of renown.
O for one spark of that celestial fire,
That did his breast inspire,
That I might rout thee from thy flumberces,
By the power of raptur’d numbers!
If in the silent vale
Of lonely Cyma dwells
His genius, or the dale
Of Morven ’mid its cells,
Propitiously incline thine ear,
Bending from thy radiant sphere,
And say where are thy virtues fled,
That thou no more dost shed

Thy
Thy influence on the land,
Thou master of the Bards,
That 'mid the tuneful quires,
Rapt with the Muses fire,
• Aloud waft heard
  To strike the lyre
  With a master's hand.
• If, in the Western Isles,
Thou seek'st amid th' Hebrides
  The ruin'd altars,
• Effac'd oracles,
  Hallow'd seats,
  Fam'd retreats,
And temples of the Druids,
That vie, or with the Cambrian piles,
Or rude Colossal monument,
  That on old Sarum's plain,
By moonlight fills the swain,
At once with awe and ravishment.
If in the Isle Iona,
Rival of high Mona,
F 2

Thou
Thou hoverest in thy radiant sphere,
Or round the sacred sleep,
Whence in their country's cause,
Wont to dispense its laws,
And visions to unfold,
And prophetic dreams of old,
Those oak-crown'd bands now sleep,
Lend, O lend, propitious ear.

O that the favour'd youth of Scotia's climes,
Might catch thy spirit sublime,
And emulate thy fame!
Their pious zeal
For public weal,
And fire with thine the fame.
So may they hold soft dalliance,
Link'd in sweet affiance
With the loose-rob'd Liberty,
And the Grace Euphrosyne;
Nor e'er from their shrine,
Will the Muses nine,
Their hallow'd choirs disjoin.
O Ossian, sweet are thy notes,
When thy music warbling floats,
And tun'd are thy lays,
To Agandecca or Malvina's praise!
How it comes o'er the troubled soul,
The tender passions to controul,
Temp'ring them to that just measure,
That conspires to heart-felt pleasure.
  Who may supply thy place,
  Or boast thy matchless race,
  Who thy decent trace,
  O last of Fingal's line,
  Whole voice divine,
  My soul to cheer.
  I woo to hear,
More pure than amber dreams,
That 'mid Elysian bowers,
Of which the youthful poets dream,
Roll o'er unfading beds of flowers.
When when shall rise,
The youth that's emulous of the prize;
  F 3
  And
And conscious of a generous flame,
Aspire to Greek and Roman fame!
See the bird of Jove,
Soaring high above
The earthy sphere,
With crest uprear'd,
And piercing eye,
To meet the Sun oh high,
Training his offspring to the sight
Of the meridian solar light,
Sublime amid his rays,
And flood of noon-tide blaze.
Huil'd is the lyre,
That did inspire
The tuneful quires,
Nor echoes more the hall of styles,
With the voice that sung so well.
The Muses harps all unstrung,
Are on drooping willows hung,
Mute is the Bard's melting tongue,
That melodious carols sung.

Still
Still may thy Genius hov'ring play,
  Around these favour'd Isles,
Still here propitious ling'ring ray,
  And shed its brightest smiles:
  And as the day-star
  Guide the poet's car;
Or nightly to his flumbers
  Dictate raptur'd numbers,
  And as he dreams
  Of Cona's streams,
  Of Morven's hills,
  And murm'ring rills;
Ever and anon his fancy raise,
  To imitate thy lays,
  And emulate thy praise:
Thou to the Mæonian Bard,
  In fate alike, so like in fame,
  To his may thy immortal name
By the nations round be heard;
  And float along the tide of time
To th' utmost verge of distant climes,
O D E III.

"Twas in soft smiling May,
Hail the auspicious day!
That universal Pan
Led on the festive band
Of Graces and the Hours,
Bedeck'd with choicest flow'rs,
To hail the nativity
Of their lov'd Euphrosyne.

Then they their dulcet flow'r-ret braids
Around the bow'r in circles spread,
Where Hymen's torch its rays had shed.

O for a spark of that Pindaric fire,
To strike the harmonious lyre,
So might I then aspire
To celebrate that day,
In choicest measures, and in happiest lays,
First came the matin Venus in the train of light,
Dispelling the dark shades of night,
To crown the smiling morn,
The sweet hour of prime, t' adorn [bright-]
She came, sure pledge of day, first came with circles,
And from old Ocean's bed,
Where her rosy locks she laves,
In his azure waves
She rais'd her pearly head.
Aurora usher'd in the day, th' auspicious day,
And fought propitious Phoebus in his course to first
Nor hasten to the lap of Thetis with his rays.
Then he display'd his beams, array'd with glorious crown
His influence he shower'd,
Around the genial bow'r,
To view the heav'nly maid, and mark her for his own
The Zephyrs on their wings,
Bore ambrosial spring;
Hebe and Hygeia strove
In smiles with the Queen of Love.
And thou, Pomona, pour'd,
With liberal hand thy store;
Fair Flora shed her flow'rs:
The myrtle, twin'd with roses, glow'd,
The beauteous scene the violets flow'd,
The Crocus and the Hyacinth,
The lilies and the Amaranth,

- The Jellamine
  With the Woodbine:
  And all around
  The teeming ground,
  Alphodelian bow'rs
  Fragrant odours show'r'd,
  And balms Arabian pour'd.

The Muses and their train,
Join'd their harmonic strains:
First came in their hollow'd choir
The Muse herself that Orpheus bore.
And while they knelt their hands
Link'd all in festive bands,
There warbled heav'nly harmonies,
With softest choral symphonies,

Tun'd
Tun'd to measur'd Lydian airs,
That ravish'd th' enraptur'd ears,
And seem'd the music of the spheres.
The nymph sweet Echo in her airy rounds
Refrain'd prolong'd the diapason's full-clos'd sound.
Softly sweet the Doric mood,
All the tender passions woo'd,
The warbling flute,
Vied with the lute
And vocal shell,
The soul with raptures swell'd.
The raptur'd notes
In mid air float:
The leaves on every spray,
Were fan'd to the soft lays,
And gently murmuring play'd.
The vaulted roofs rebound,
With th' Angelic sounds,
That to memorial of the day redound.
By such link'd harmony,
And such choral symphonies,
This universe was fram'd,
From old Chaos claim'd,
And from eternal night,
Receu'd to full orb'd light;
Its empire from the void was won,
To the great light of day, the glorious Sun.
From harmony the elements began,
That in quaternion.
Without ceasing run
Thro' all th' compass of the notes, closing full in man.
And hot and cold and moist and dry,
That did cruel disorder'd lie,
Into brightest order came,
And allum'd a regular frame.
Emblem of this concordant train
Of things, was feign'd Jove's golden chain,
That from beneath his throne,
All refulgent shone,
And reach'd from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
In perfecting them to which such pow'rs were giv'n.
Then when from on high,
Was heard a voice to cry,

G Arise
Arise ye powers, rise moving in your harmonies,
All was harmony, all heav'ly harmony,
All nature mov'd from harmony to harmony;
And as yet dead,
Inspir'd rais'd her head:
Inchanted by such sacred lays,
The spheres symphonious 'gan to play:
And but for harmony,
Nature's self would sigh,
Nature soon would die.

By found, Timotheus rais'd the passions in the breast
Of Philip's warlike son at th' royal feast;
By music, rais'd a mortal to the heav'ns,
By music, an angel was to mortals giv'n.
By music sooth'd, stern Proserpine relented,
And of Eurydice's hapless fate repented:
By music Eurydice was from Pluto won,
And but for that dread voice that shrunk the flames,
The Phlegethonic flames,
Where fires eternal gleam,
That voice that Orpheus told he should not see
Too eagerly his reliev'd Eurydice.

Eurydice
Eurydice from Pluto was for ever won.
But soon, too soon he fought to see,
His yet but half-regain'd Eurydice,
And, in seeing, lost the prize of harmony.
Then when the fair to Hell return'd,
Sweeping the plaintive string, he mourn'd,
And mourning, mov'd the rocks and woods,
Taught pensive murmurs to swift Hebrus' floods:
Eurydice wept the Rhodopean tow'rs,
Eurydice wept the amaranthine bow'rs.
But in vain the rocks and woods,
And in vain the murmuring floods,
Enchanted had ears,
In raptures to hear:
For that Bacchanalian rout,
With their hideous shouts,
Drown'd both harp and song:
Nor could the Muse her self her son
Save from the relentless throng.
Then universal Nature, Orpheus mourn'd,
That by the revel rout was torn:
G 2
On his fault’ring tongue,
Eurydice still hung,
As down the stream it went,
To the Lesbian shore, by Bacchanals fent.
Not sweeter was that riling fun,
That on mount Ida shone,
When with the Queen of Love,
Juno and Minerva strove,
Defending from the skies,
Emulous of the golden prize,
The prize of beauty, and by beauty won:
Judge of such Graces, sat the shepherd boy,
Who in reward
For his award,
Gain’d his Helen, and with his Helen fir’d his Troy.
In such a day, and in no other scene,
Enamour’d Jove admir’d his Juno’s mien,
And with no fairer flow’rs did wooded Ida teem,
When Venus’ zone her form belied,
And with her charms she haply vied,
Nor less than Venus might be deem’d,
But like another Venus seem’d:

Not
Not so fair did she appear,
Nor so her head did graceful rear,
Nor yet such sweetness shed her eyes,
When Paris met her charms,
And met her Graces arm'd;
Or Venus' self had yielded then the prize,
Or both the Crown divided,
And Paris the contest equal decided.
So sweetly smil'd that morn,
Such Graces it adorn'd,
Such vivid colours did gay Nature paint,
Such were her choicest richest tints,
Her virgin fancies shed,
While artless she play'd;
And vernal flower's of various hues,
With ambrosial fragrance fill'd,
And her nurt'ring roseate dews,
With a copious hand distill'd.
So sweetly warbled their lays
The birds on every spray.
But neither the Muses with their lyre,
Enraptur'd with celestial fire,
Their pleasures to inspire;
Nor the breath of rising morn,
Nor Amalthea's copious horn,
Nor Venus with her Loves,
Nor yet the fairest Flora,
Nor the gay Pomona,
For aught but Thee,
Euphrosyne,
In such link'd sweetness strove.
As if an Angel to mortals had been given
To visit earth, had left the Heav'ns.

By Pan is meant Nature. By the Graces, the Seasons. The Three, are Euphrosyne, Aglaia, Thalia, by some said to be the offspring of Bacchus and Venus; by Milton, of Zephyr and Aurora. The most ancient opinion is, that they were the daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome, according to Hesiod.
ODE IV.

Yet once more Botrwell's tow'r,
And meand'ring Glota's bow'r,
Demand the lyric song,
Far from the busy throng:
While the sweet remembrance of other days,
Call forth the meed of some harmonious lays,
To echo back their praise.
Here, in warlike state,
Our valiant peers have sat,
And rival knights around,
Their victorious temples bound,
With wreaths of laurel crowns.
Here has been hung the shield,
Borne from the well-fought field:

Amid
Amid these most-grown walls,
Erst stood the hospitable hall,
That with the midnight torch's cheerful ray,
Was wont to guide bewilder'd trav'ler's way.
Hence have th' old Bards, the famous Druid quires,
Met the returning heroes with their lyres;
Hence have the Virgins met them with the song,
To praise their deeds amid the wond'ring throng.
Here have the hundred harps with lofty found,
The feast of shells to godlike Victor's crown'd.
Hence are the cliffs of Lomond seen,
Lav'd by the lake, whose islets green
Crown the varied woodland scene:
Lomond that with summit high,
Cloud-capt, seems to reach the sky;
Th' indented vale and lake below,
The animated landscape glows.
Thou glorious scene shalt meet the poet's lays,
For thee the Bard shall tune harmonious praise;
Nor yet the fam'd Geneva's lake,
From thee the tribute due shall take.

Not
Not far remov'd flow silver Avon's waves,
That rocks and woods alternately do lave:
In beauty equal, and in name the same
With Albion's Avon, not of equal fame,
Which that other honour'd stream,
Where Shakespeare oft would dream
Of things that more than mortal seem'd;
Where, on the banks in's cradle laid,
Bright ey'd Fancy, how'ring round him, play'd.
Fast by stands Blantyre's ag'd retreat,
Blantyre's fam'd religious seat,
Where oft was heard the midnight bell,
Swinging slow with dreary knell,
Rousing the Sisters to their rites,
The pale-ey'd Virgins of the night,
All enrob'd in garbs of white,
With tapers in their hands,
A sad and ghastly sound.
Warn'd by the sound, the morning bird would wake,
Embosom'd where it lay 'mid shade lest brake,
Hence would the narrow window oft betray,
'Mid their orifons th' hidden torch's rays.

Here
Here they their midnight vigils oft would keep,
Broken their slumbers, disturb'd their sweet sleep.
Here would the Vesper Virgin quire,
Their heavenly harmony inspire,
Here would the solemn anthem clear,
Pierce with its ecstasies the ear,
Such as Muses' self might hear,
And Angels bending from the spheres.
Here was the world's noise and folly,
Chang'd for pensive melancholy.
See the sad reverie, see the moss-grown wall,
On either side of Glota mould'ring fall:
The towers of Bothwell nod to Blantyre's cave,
Each kist'd by Glota's tributary waves.

The creeping Ivy twines,
Around the heroes shrines:
The grazing flocks, the tombs of Virgins tread,
Mingling with dust the ashes of the dead.
In the sequester'd solitary way,
The totter'ring gate stands verging to decay.
Half way down the wall,
Hang the aged trees,
That ruffle in the breeze,
Nodding to their fall.
The setting sun with farewell sweet, its beams
Through window cas ts, and sheds its parting gleams;
Warning all the birds of night,
That ever shun the glare of light,
Where in clefts of walls they rest,
Hide 'mid Ivy wreaths their nest,
Their nightly choruses to join,
And melancholy notes combine.
Yon tow'rs of Glota too, shall pass away,
Yon hundred tow'rs themselves shall all decay.
But see another Bothwell rife,
That with these ancient turrets vies,
In lustre and in fame,
And equal honours claims;
Restor'd to former splendor see't reflower'd,
Its wonted hospitality to cherish.
For Douglas here has fix'd his chas'n retreat,
Here social transports crown'd with friendship meets.
While he these ven'rous monuments beholds,
That thus the image of his Sires unfold;
Conscious ardor of their matchless worth,
Rousing his gen'rous spirit calls it forth,
To emulate their high renown,
And like them merit Virtue's crown.
ODE V. To Simplicity.

Offspring of Nature, darling of the heart,
That shun'd the garish eye of art,
Nor to its votaries will impart
Thy soothing pleasures,
Genuine treasures,
Come as of old,
In graceful folds
Of loose Attic robe, array'd;
Chaste, decent Nymph that play'd
With the Muses in the shade:
By the Maconian lyre,
I thee invoke,
By Pella's Bard,
By Sophocles' Seraphic fire,

H

Those
Those hymning laureate bands,
That oft have heard
Thy voice divine,
And sung about thy shrine.
Nor need I roam to foreign lands,
But in the verge of natal climes,
Call thee by him who first broke,
In loose Iambics from the yoke
Of Gothic fetter'd rhymes,
Nature and Fancy's sweetest child,
That on his birth propitious smil'd;
By the Genius in Heroes bold,
That loft Paradise unfolds:
By the leader of the Lyric quires,
That in Dithyrambic odes,
Thy unerring paths hath trod;
By him for thee who tun'd the lyre
I thee invoke, do thou inspire;
And as at morn, or eve I mufe,
Thy genial influence infuse.

Thou
Thou meet'st the vernal morn
With thy dewy roseate wreaths,
To imbibe its fragrant breath,
On gentle Zephyrs borne.
And oft at even-tide thou'lt hear,
The plaintive night-warbling bird,
Hid the shady bowers among,
Tuning her love-labour'd song.
In vain the shepherds sing and play,
In vain the Nymphs each morn of May,
Without thy aid,
O heav'nly Maid;
Without thee, in vain
Does the rural swain,
With myrtles and with roseths,
Blend his amorous poesies,
And present them to his love,
Under covert of the grove:
Inspir'd by thee, the pastoral throngs,
Responsive from their echoing hills,
Or from beside soft murmuring rills,
Alternate their melodious songs.

By
By thee the Druids fir'd,
By thee the Bards inspir'd,
Have with the harp and song,
With themes of British glory
Breath'd martial ardor 'mid the youthful throng.
By thee the warbling minstrel led,
In raptur'd strains unfolds,
With thy Genius on him shed,
What legendary fables told;
Tunes to thy melodious chimes,
Th' heroic song, and Gothic rhymes;
Temper to oaten reed his Doric notes,
That thro' the wood-lands wildly sweet do float.
Taught by thy hand, Raphael his Graces draws
On vivid canvas, with thy charms that glows:
In marble, Phidias and Praxiteles' art,
Thy genuine beauties to the eye impart,
Whether of the Athenian Pallas
Expressive, or Olympian Jove,
Or the Cyprian Queen of Love,
Or the strength of Hercules.

Thou
Thou temp'rest to thy just measures,
Music, source of heart-felt pleasures,
Whether in strains of melody,
Or celestial harmony,
Or of choral symphony,
Thy numbers sweet control,
All the movements of the soul;
And alternate side or all
The passions at thy potent call.
Thy strains Museus in his bow'r
Has heard, and own'd the magic pow'r;
Thy notes to Orpheus' lyre were sung,
All Nature with their echoes rung.
On the Death of W—— m D——s.

Ah! soon, too soon, sweet youth, thy spirit's fled,
To mingle with thy mother's in the realms of bliss;
Fled is thy breath, as sweet as that of morn,
On morning wings, by guardian Seraphs borne:
Clos'd are thy lips, with not a parting kiss,
Pale and clay-cold, that so late beauteous red,
Their softest smiles in rosy circles shed.
Nor from thy bed, in death thy hand thou gav'st,
Nor one last word, nor yet a sad farewell
On thy cold tongue was fault'ring heard to dwell,

Which
Which ere in sweet remembrance I might have.
Nor did I catch thy last and dying sighs,
Nor yet my hands did close thy lifeless eyes.
One of thy father's supports, thou art gone,
In whole fair looks thy mother's he would trace,
Oft as he indulg'd in tend'rest embrace,
And now the double loss he must bemoan.
Ah, where forlorn, shall now thy brothers walk,
That miss thee at th' accustom'd hours of play,
Where, now, in quest of thee, shall hapless stray,
No more of that sweet innocence to talk.
O fairest flow'r, thy budding charms are nipt
By death's cold hand, and of their beauty stripp'd,
Ere yet matur'd, to blossom in their prime.
O fairest form, no sooner seen than lost,
That leav'ld us in a sea of troubles toss'd,
Now thou reclin'st on beds of heav'nly flow'rs,
From earthy, mov'd to pure ethereal climes,
Amid immortal amaranthine bow'rs:
There dwells secure thy dove-like innocence,
Protected by celestial genial pow'rs,
By th' fountains of life diffusing fragrance.

Hither
Hither ye Naiads, Dryads, with you bring
The earliest flow'rs that mark the rising year,
The Primrose, Iris, Crocus, on his bier,
To strew in circles, and about it sing.
O Musae! quarum facundo numine plenus
Maenides cecuit celebres ante omnia muros
Iliacos; quarum auspiciis Carthaginis arces
Virgilius faceravit, et incunabula Romae
Cantans, Maenide lauris adeo semulus extat:
Sic mihi fas, vobis, Divae, aspirantibus aulo,
Pandere res alta terra, et caligine mersas:
Dum memoro antique repetens vestigia clidis
Fortunas

Certaminis poetici, in Æde Christi apud Oxonienses, argumentum.
Fortunas miserandæ urbis, quae nomine longum
Floruit Herculeo, et fama vigit usque recenti.

Extremis Britonum quoties venit advena ab oris
Dejectas moles viæs, monumenta vetuæ
Laudis, et ingenii artificis, tellure sepulta
Jammadum, tenebrisque altis; ut singula lufrat
Luminibus tacitis, fluet, attonitusque reclusis
Theàuris urbis recolit vœgigia vulneris,
Semirutas turres, præruptaque mœnia passim;
Solicitoque animo repetit felicia quondam
Tempora, cum pleno populus spectacula theatros
Ederet, aut festas ageret per stratam choræas.
Interea Velvina cacamina lugubre fulgent
Per noctem, tremor unde jugis et vallibus imis.
At quoties barathrum collectis ignibus ingens
Æsituat, horribili milcentur cuncta fragore,
Finitur, abrupto effundit de vertice ad auras
Sulphureosque globos flammarum, atrumque vaporem,
Ferventemque picem: circum undique murmure dier
Mugit humus, varioque procul ëbeausta tumultu
Fundamenta tremunt, imiisque à sedibus urbes
Commota trepidant; et formidabile mutant:

Una
[ 97 ]

Unà omnès reboant silvae, cava fassa geminat.
Navitas sépe legens, per fidis silentia noctis,
Sirenum inamèscopulos, dulcisque receffus
Baiarum, subitum percussâ mente fragorem
Accipit ignarus, cernit simul ñeëora latè
Luce repercussâ densas fulgere per umbras.
Lufrare est moles, et adhuc miniantia fassa,
Horríferosque aestus, albensque arva favillit,
Funditus et fulvescìns antiquè robora silvae.
Heu fruérò exercet tellurem innixus antro
Agricola, et lute praësumit præmia melius.
Res videt evertas circa, dum pallìda conjus,
Et nudi infantes miserandis lustribus agrum
Abroptum subitò aspiciunt dum jugera pauca,
Atque humilem villam flammanda gurgite torrens
Obnunt, atque uno ñesp omnes funere mergit.
Tuque urbs infelix, experpta ex quibus ad auras
Eruptit ñeìè, vi quantà exsequiatur undas;
Tunc quando piceis nebulás, et turbine nigro,
Et liquifacíorn saxonum desuper imbre
Exuëtos per agros flammanda flamma volvens
Atria varlast ñaquentia, viaisque nitentes.

I

Attamen
Attamen et poterint medio de fonte malorum
Surgere que fuerint miseri solatia calüs,
Et dederint subversis aliquam effugiisse ruinam:
Cum Boream linguis sievi gens barbaræ fécil
Invavit Latium spoliatum incedat per orbem.
Jamque dicas alerat quando tu, Roma superba,
Vis potens nimium superis ruitura supremum
Nutáli, Capítoli alto fundamine moto.
Jamque aris invulgar, templisque Deorum
Per terram evenís, opera admirata per annos
Disjecta artificis—Tiberis migravit ab oris
Musa exult—filuit vaturn chorus omnis—et artes
Tum demum ingenuæ Aulônias periere per urbes;
Fædaque barbariae terram caligine mersit.
Tu verò ante alias urbs admiranda superflès
Barbaricis armis vel adhuc praefabilis arte
Cerneris—ustique adeo moles has sana facravit,
Uste adeo servat celebrem per saecula sedem.
Ergo sara dies paudit pulcherrima rerum
Herculea monumenta urbis, monumenta vetulé
Admiranda artis, mediisque in frangibus iphs
Magnifica, et celebres thesauros reddidit orbi.

Intima
Intima jamque patent penetralia, et atria longa,
Urbs vetus instaurata en omni ex parte retecta!
Cernas effusas moles, semiusque tecfa
Quà pendent: illic miraris grande theatrum
Longo extans intervallo, immansaeque columnae,
Et porte ingenti subfluctam formisce molem.
Juxta opere antiquo pandit venerabile templum
Murorum spatio, et deserta per atria latè
Herōum, Divāmque effusos ordine vultus.
Corpora femūta aspiacias excitā sepulcris;
Veṣībulum ante ipsum, primoque in limine tecti
Hic mater miséranda sedet, quam parva secuuta
Progenies genibus, cubitōve inmititur; illā
Heu caput inclinans frustrā defendere tentat.
Prolem infelīcem communi ilrāge sepultam.
Parte alīa surgunt extrae marmore fontes,
Qui nunc per ceea incastrum penetralia terrae
Dulcis exudant lymphis, quēs castra puellā,
Dum res Herculeā iābat, furtiva latebat,
Naṣūm riguo haud frustrā defendi receverū,
Dum mollis vapor amīret nīvis semula membrā.
Hanc etiam sedem latebrofām, atque unīque nigri

I 2
Informem
Informem aggeribus distinguunt pocula lapè
Mille modis variata, et passim argentea vasa
Per cinerum moles rutilant, trifidique favillas.
Quae rerum annales revolutos mille per annos
Submerfi tenebris tandem supera alta revivunt.
Cui vero egregias artes memorare potesfas,
Aut aera Heroum vivos imitanti vultus,
Aut calamum mirè artificem, fucumve potentem?
Quales Apollon fide effret emula dextre
Pictura, et suspensum nimium permulcit amoenis
Illecebris; comitem cui se dat Gratia quaeque,
Atque suas artes, sua munera prodiga fundit
Queque Venus Inuenti inter decoro alta theatris.
Hic Divum lucis ficti; Nymphæoque fœores
Alternis vicibus festivas rite choreas
Exercet—Faunum laeta agmina rura pererrant,
Pan quoque, Sylvanique fœnas, Satyrisque protervas,
Dique, Desque omnes, quæsiv silvas et flumina curas.
Marmore ficta extat Pallas certamine qualis
Viva Giganteo, dum quaßat Gorgonæ cénavam,
Aut jaculum torquet jam jamque minata Typhæo.
Longè alter Juno caput effert qualis in Ida
Emicuit
Emicuit Veneris non incassûm æmula, honores
Divinos illi Venus ipsa agravit; ut ardet,
Ardet amor Jovis, ut formam miratus amœnam
Nititur amplexu! torpefacent fulgura dextrae.
Juxta aquile rutilans oculus sopitus, et horrens
Roftrum languidieunt. Lotus, molle sue Hyacinthi,
Et fūaves violæ, atque Croesus per græmen odores
Spirant, atque fervent Hymenæis dulce rubentes,
Exornantque torum. Non sic, Diva, ora ferebas,
Nec sic laeta oculos, tunc cum te vallibus Idae
Poshabuit Veneri Paris, et cum semireducæ
Illecebræ malè cefferunt certaminis in quo.
Inter odoratas laurus, dulceleque recēsus
Myrretum sēcti Flora Zephyriæ Hymenæi
Concelebrantur—Amore, loci Genioque tepefçunt:
Rīte faces; Dryades cæsæ, et laeto aëmine Nymphæ,
Naïades Nymphæ, Euphroïnye, Venereæque forores
Rīte fævent; necuntque inter se ferta per umbras,
Gramineofque toros violis feliciter ornant.
Ecce triumphalis Bacchus; comes ecce triumphi
It felix Ariadna comes—Cerealæ facer
Juxta extant—Cybeles nec abet inducâta tabellæ

L. 3
Coelicus
Cælicolas in vocis vocant ut, Sole reverlo,
Reddita siccum adhæsit felicia tempora verna.
Neve elementa absunt quibus tu tremefacete, Veleus,
Ulique adeò furis, et malè quæ coseuntia frustra
Vi tantæ cohibes—quæ dislociata sub affris:
Libera se tempus erumpunt, raptimque seruntur.
Parte aliæ apparent redimiri tempora lauro,
Magnanimi Herōes victricia dona ferentes
Ad delubra Deùm—læti dux Fama triumphi
It Pæana canens, mediisque insignibus ardet.
Cernitur hic labor Herculeus qui irrapit Àvernum,
Quem Stygii tremueræ lacus, cui Cerberus impar
Congessu cæsis; Nemeae à cæde leonis
Incedit nocti similis. Nec victor ab oris
Dictus Thelus aberat, quem patriæ lata
Agnoscit reducěm; pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Cum cantu et cithāræ circum glomerantur euntem,
Atque inter choreas spargunt per compita floræ-
Gratia Daedaleos ornat variatque labores.
Hae veteris monumenta artis jam munere Regi
Magnifici complēnt laqueatas ordine sedes,
Atque reperculo ruritus sub sole niteant.
At malè vicinus frustrà haud furit ufque Vesevus,
Scilicet haud frustrà vi tali undante tumeficit:
Qualis et Hæcla ardet, vel qualis fulminat Ætna,
Omnis Trinacriæ dum vi fundamina quaßat.
Ut vègò minitatur adhuc! quæ fulmina fundit,
Ut portenta edit, solitaquē refuçcitat iras!
Fors et tempus erit quando hæ miserabilis urbis
Relliquæ frustrà raptæ caligine eundem
Casum iterùm patientur, idem lacrymabile fatum.
LACHRYMAE CORSORUM.

Sunt lacrymae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Flent Cordi vires fractas, monumentaque olea
Mavortis par rura inculta minantia latè.
Te vero, Paoli, patriae spes sola superstes,
Semper honorandum nomen, si littora nostra
Adventuле parum te det, jungique Britannis
Hospitalio, te tefer ut Anglia fata tuorum
Flet tecum, cradele jugum, raptoque penates,
Flores juventatis natos ante ora parentum
Occidos, atque ante diem cum matribus ipsis,
Patres, atque senes communi funere meriös,
Impositoque rogis pueros, miferaque puellas.

Gens
Gens Cyrnea diu jacuit damnata severis
Pilarum imperiis, Ligutumque, duque repulta
Barbarie extrema; donec, labentibus annis,
Attollens caput, et tetris emerfa tenebris
Afferuit se se tandem, indignasque catenas
Detrectare ætæ est—exin que bella ciebat,
Utque egit Corfus accensos æmulus ardor
In ferrum latè spargens: incendia pugnae,
Te duce, Libertas, te, Diva, hortante catervas.
Post autem Ligurum viros, animoque superbos
Perfraetos Marte adverto, direptaque vincla:
Vixdum iopierat per fines horrida bella,
Cessat vixdum armorum bonus ortia rumpens;
En rurium in ferrum trahitur, fera munia belli
Paulum interrupta, horrendaquire redintegrat artes
Credidit infelix tandem sub pace quieta
Se fore sequam, longum sibi leniter annos
Lapiuros procul horribono clangore tubarum.
Gallus at invidit tibi, Cyrne, heec gaudia tanta,
Ipse tyrannorum imperiis damnatus iniquis,
Affuetulique jugo servili inglorius utro.
Jam tum decruuit, nec te tua pristina virtus,
Ut conjuratas acies desceundere crebras
Vidit Alpinique jugis, atque arce Monaci.
Ecce autem Paoli vindex ultro obvius hosti
Irruit accendens alaces in proelia turmas
Exemplo, intrepidus tentat discrimina belli.
Ilius auspiciis destit victoria longum
Gallorum, et patriaque jura intemerata fierunt:
Sicileet atque ibat laetis auxiliis triumphis
Cyrrus, et abreptis affluens ex hoste triumphis.
Quas arages dedit ille virum, quot millia dextra
Oppetiere illa, turbavit ut arva tumultu
Quacunque irrueret, denumve irrumperet agmen,
Quaeve ageret tota cedentes aequore Gallos:
Ili ibat comes arridens victoria pulera,
Iria aderat terror, quoties sua dextra ferrum
Arriperet, vindicexque aliusque acer in hostes.
Ait o quam dispar rerum nume pandiur ordo!
Triflis Cyrne jace, averio numine Divum,
Hae varius experta vices, variisque laboris,
Bellorum fedes, darique exercitu factis!
Rupta tuis fuerit communis causa doloris
Libertas, que serra graves misera et labores
Annuerat
Annumcat votis, longo post tempore migrans,
Hoapis ut ignotas jamdudum invieter et oras,
Se tantum offendens, et vix libata recepit.
Afpicias late dederat quas bella ruinas,
Jan, non ridet ager, nec copia dives ut olim
Per rura incedens paasim sua gaudia fundit,
Illius ingressu latam non amplius arva
Oftendunt faciem flavæ sedolentiaria arisfæ.
Agricolae mentem nec ruftica gaudia tangunt,
Tellurem exercet nec curvo inmixus aratro,
Præcipiens secum exspectata praemia meliss.
At tacito cum horrore fluet squalentia rura,
Agrorum incultam faciem, cuj jugera pausa,
Cuique cafam erranti miles serus invidet arctam,
Direptum graffant annorum impanæ labores.
Sunt urbes lucem merie, militesque penates
Crinibus en paffis pueri, inuuptaque puellæ,
Gallum exerantes crebris plangoribus implent:
Examine vultus cernus per compita paffim.
Interea balbam mater miifera na loquem
Dilecta fobolis formans ante omnia Galli
Sedulitate docet garrrire inamabile nomen.
Illa sub adventum non ultrà vesperae fero
Conjugis officiis parat convivia lata:
Lusibus haud fallunt hibernae teedia noctis
Ante focium rite agrestiis festiva corona;
Laetitia apparat, nec suæ per hospita tecta.
Felices animae, queis in natalibus avvis
Contigit oppetere, indignatas Gallica vincit,
Atque immite jugum quae formosissima rerum
Libertas aequens haud aëqua in prælis miss.
Vos ó pro patriâ passi tam vulnera pulcræ,
Cyrnei Herōes, neque enim decorare triumphos
Speclati hostiles, submittere colla consili
Nec captiva jugo; longum haud ultore carentes
Umbræ eritis, vobis quin Diva Britannia fugeret
Uleïsens patriam, violataque jura capellens.
Hane colit uque aliam Libertas auream sedem,
Scilicet huc fugiens frustra haud defenfâ rescert,
Crudeles terras, et inhospita regna tyrannorum
Deferuit quoties, grata incunabula quaerens,
Erranti dulces qua fata dedere recepit.
Quaèque choros agitat se miœcis aŒine denfo
Naiadum, in ripis propter Thameœna fluuenta.

[109]

K

Illam
Illam mox reducem, Corfi, accipientis ad oras,
Cum duce magnanimo reeditum comitante, penates
Qui nunc hospes amat nostrorum, aggressus honores
Ingentes paulus inter plebique patrumque:
En Paoli, et fecum Libertas pulcra redibunt
Auspiciis Britonum, quae Galli nomen amarum
Utraque fuit, Galli telluri hostilius utrique.
AD PATRUM.

Muner a digna tuo quae munera digna Patrono
Tanto, Mufa, feras? qui sedulitate loquelam
Rit evam formans propter Thamesina fluenta,
Qua fama aeternum florens stabilitur Eliza,
Dulce ministerium tibi præbuit: illius ardens
Auspiciis primum tentasti spernere terram
Viribus aucta novis, et consilia peetore flammæ
Majora agresse es: neve intentata reliqua est
Semitæ difficilis famæ quæ respicit sœdem.
Te verò mediis lucentem nihilus hicce
Ille valere jubet comes idem, idemque Patronus.

Idem
Idem etiam Patruus; jam jamque recedit ab umbri
Doctrinae—Interea quid, dislociata Camæna,
Jam mediteris opus longinquum sedibus hospes,
Poëhabetas patriis agris? quid? mente repolitum
Illius exemplum manet, illius amulus aceror
Excita, et jubej integros accedere fontes,
Unde Iūs fele prorumpit; quæque choreas.
In ripis agitant Muæ, dulcesque recellus
Ritè colunt. Rhedecyna, mihi si contigit unquam
Incoluisse tuas sedes, fi visere turres,
Centum altas turres, felicia tempora mente
Solicitatem repeto, dulces ante omnia Muæ
Me quando tenuere tuae! O si concipiam ignem
Jam nunc illaram faciam! ut tibi dona, Patrone,
Digna feram! meritis sed respondentia tantis
Quae reddam? fætæm ipse, qualia qualia finte,
Te tentant gratam mentem, atque agnoecere possint
Te dulcem comitem studiorum, teque Patronum
Muticum, Patruunque puem T. Si quid amicum
Jam mihi furresit depromptum carmine sacro,
Sublimis vel si quid amabile praeflat Homerus,

Virgiliiive
Virgillii melos; vel si dulcedine tangit
Nelcio quâ moeštâ mentem Sophocliœ cothurnus,
Euripidiiœ, id et omne tuum est; tu felicis auctor,
Tu solus, per quem mihi fas coluisse Camœnas.
Tuque etiam toto ascendis vim pectore flammar,
Et per te Graiae, per te Latiaeque Camœnas
Cultori patuere mihi, Venerisque forores,
Et comites Charites; et quicquid Taëlo Maronis
Æmulus edocuit, vel quicquid Gallica Musa,
Pro tantis meritis tibi saltem carmina grata
Debentur; nam tu coluisti rite Camœnas.
Dilectas, nôras et condere amabile carmen.
Quid memorem quales quanti sint dediti honores
Carminibus, quales vix unquam contigit ullis
Artibus ingenuis cognatis participare.
Ut Musa auspiciis medio de fonte malorum
Surgit amœna aliquid; si nos mortalia tangunt,
Sunt lacrymae rerum, sunt et sua gaudia miœta.
Quid memorem ut possit favum lenire dolorem,
Utque etiam dulcem curis adhibere quietem.
Non alio auxilio fretus quàm grata Camœna

K 3
Phebet
Præbet sécum Orpheus sylvas et saxa doloris
Duxit participes; alius nec multis aëris
Illecebris tigres, rabiderum ira fave leonum:
Mirati dulcem citharam, et modulamina cantus
Illi ibant comites. Ditis quin carmine flexit,
Carmine mota fletit Proserpina. Fortia facula
Heroum tu, Mufa, canis: pulcherrima rerum
Ilias extat; Homeri flammæus qualis et ignis
Erumpit seel! ut sublimis Achilles ira
Fulminat, ut Troja erversa jam jamque minatur.
Tuque, Maro, accensis peæus quæ prælia victrix
Succitæ Æneas, faææ et fundamina ponit
Romanae. Ut vero, ut Milo, tu fulmina torques
Omnipotentiæ! ut ipsa tremunt fundamina coeli
Axe sub igniferæ Meleæ! ut fulgura dextra
Vibrat, dextra rubens, hoææque in Tartara fundit.
Extræ anni, soliæque vias, flammantia mundi
Mœnia longè extræ, Milo, tuus igneus ardor
Irruit, arque ipsum folium Omnipotentis adivit.
Et Chaos antiquum, ætereæ et mysteria noctis
Te patefacia jacent, penetralia et intima Avernæ.
Talia
Talia praefatis tanta hac vos gaudia, Musie,
At tu ne renuas tenuis manuicula laudis
Uf cunque indigna haud spernas, dilecte Patrone;
Si sit nostra levis, sit et impar gratia factis,
Hoc rude sit, tamen iste depromptum pectore doctum.
VOTUM.

OMINI si fas sit traducere leniter annos
In riguis ripis propter Taiana fluenta,
Virgineas ubi Naiades celebrare choreas
Inter se certant, dulces ubi ritue receflus
Incoluisse juvat: Fauni, Nymphaeque forores,
Et caele Dryades pasim focia agmina jungunt,
Innequitatque comas fertis. His Gratia ruris
Omnis se se addit comitem, Venereque forores,
Atque chorus Charitum, Horarum comitante coronat,
Dum Pan vult felis se fervite immifiere choreis.
Hic molles Zephyri spirant, hic Flora per agros
Mille modis ludit spargens per culta virgat
Lilia
Lilia mifia rofis, violasque, Crocoique tenellus,
Atque Lotos, neenon hyacinthos mollé rubentes:
Et propter fontes posuere cubilia nymphae.
Vellem hic divinas meditarier usque Camænas,
Vallibus umbrosis, vellem nemora alta subire
Mullis facrae; atque integros accedere fontes,
Quos ille exoptant.—Adit sublimis Homerus,
Virgiliique melos adit, varum chorus omnis
Dent comites feie; Euripidis, Sophocleisque cothurns
Preöfent illecebras, mentem et dulcedine tangant
Necio quem soeit. Pandet mysteria rerum
Newtonus, mentis vi clausura arcana recludat
Nature, ætherei jubari qui fœlis adinflar
Exortus latè effluit, tenebraque resolvit,
Humana ante oculos queis vita sepulta jacebat.
Felix primùm ingressus iter Verulamius ille,
Felix primùm auufs sacrus recladere fontes,
Sublimisque adeo arcana penetrare recennis.
Atque modo ante oculos affurgat imago Platonis,
Qualis erat, tune cum doctura oraaret Athenas,
Omnia plena Deo monstratas. Neve semulus ille
Alter Aristoteles abit, quo foedera rerum

Cem
Certa recte filia patet, elementaque materiæ.
Sint comites Graiae, comites Latinae Campanæ.
Tu Melito, favcas, et tecum Gratia queque
Magnis cithare; tuque semulus ille Maroni.
Fasîo, favc; et greffus comitetur Gallica Mufâ.

His medius studiis ut ruifica gaudia mentem
Tangunt, utque etiam divini ruris honores
Participare juvat; juvat immiscere labori
Otia gratia, quies quae qualia praebet amnis
In ripis, presulant quae silvae, et mollia prata.
Nam sunt hic dulces fontes, sunt devia saxa
Unde satent; elivi hic molles, quos irrigat ingens
Taïus, quæ proter fruosis laboris undis.

Nec procul hinc extat summo de vertice nutans
Birnamiius, longe latæque minatur ad auras
Aggere prærupto; flat circum Silva vetufla
Birnamio uterno quæ servat nomine famam.
Olim hic Macbethes furris agitatus in antro
Horribilis, aggreffus fatales ritæ Sybillas
Consuluit triste oracuæum, quem vana secellit
Gloria imaginibus fallis, et ad impia facta
Illecebris duxit. Vario hinc excita tumultu.

Vifa
Visa ad Dunfinanas arces nemora alta moveri.
Hic magicas artes, mylceria dira Sybillae
Secum exercebant: arcana hinc sepe per umbras
Effulgerent faces, et sepe ululatibus alitis
Rite obiere sacra, et ferali vestis recuitae,
Crimibus et pravis visa celebrare choreas,
Atque inter choreas magnum ter voce vocabant
Divam Hecatem triplicem; illius nam numine slene
Numine jam propriore afflata oracula dira
Edebat, atque arcanos coluiffe recesse
Fas erat illius auspiciis, infamique antra:
Patidice hic curae fuerant folienia pompe,
Hinc simulacra modis miris pallentia circum
Vagitu errabant inopi. Aspectare vagantem
Lunam, dum fulget per sola silentia noctis,
Exibant antris—illis praeicere fas est
Defectus folis varios, luneque labores.
Ille vi subit Maria alta atque aethera tranant,
Neve pedem signata seges, neque percipit unda.
Corpora rite jubeant humana excita sepulcris
Prodire, atque jubeant funebres rite cupremus,
Atque offa, atque herbus sacratis ignibus urit.

Quin
Quin et Avernales rores obscura per antra
Sparqunt in competae caput, horrendaeque capillos.
Sidera carminibus, caelo excantata refixa est.
Luna, faciis et adeo arcantis arbitra teelis.
Sefc danto comites Furis, Martemque lacebunt,
Bellona currum eungunt, mediique choreis
Perterrent belluntam animos, rampuntque quietis
Somnia, et horribonis latet loca planctibus implet.
Non hiicum certent infamia pocula Circes,
Sirenurave artes magicae, nec Diva Calypso.
Shakespeare, ait o tu felix, sociunda Camæna
Felix, que famam æternam ille stiribus illis
Sceuis donavit: sis tu comes uoque quietis
Ruricola noiliæ; sis cura dulce levamen.
Sim vestor, vestor, Musæ, vestrisque choreis
Immitus facris haud ab sitis fontibus hospes.
ARCES BOTHVELLÆ.

Os palantes greffus paulisper in umbrâ
Silvam, quâ clivus nemorofo gexit honore
Accingi, et ripas viridantes irrigat amnis!
Et quâ rite choros agitant denso agmine Nymphœ,
Naïades Nymphœ, et furtive ssephè latentes
Dulcis in irrorant lymphis nivis æmula membra:
Gramineïque toris Fauni, Dryadesque capillos
Floribus exornant, seæ immifiïentque choreis.
O si semitos liceat penetrare recessus,
Mucosos muros, et caligantia claudra,
Quae circumvolvens hederæ venerabilis umbra
Ambit, et in mediis fluxis radicibus ornâ
Implicuisse juvat seæ, aut quâ brachia pandens
Desuper annosius quercus de vertice nutat.
Ad iberam noctem solâ de turre querelas

L 2  Effundit
[ 124 ]

Efundit bubo mæfas, et murmura miśet
Semiratā sidūs tremulo ore columba feneātrā.
Dulce eft arcanos prodat si luna receftas
Conīcia luna chori nocturni, et devia claustra
Lumine perlufret tacito—quia ire per umbras
Alpiceres lūres, animūm dum mulet imago
Herōum, ha veteres quibus incunabula turres
Ut reminīcēnti proavum mavortia facīa
Αemulus ardor agit peflus, laurāque rēnaecens
Uteque vidētur honos vītricem cingere frontem!
Ah qualē hospitium hic olim sēnēre penātes,
Uteque fēces felicītēr exarīre Hymēnaeus!
Hec quando quando mihi rustica gaudia dentur!
I.

An effectus requirit Agentem sibi proportionatum?

Aff.

Felix, naturae quo claustria arcaea reclusa,
Felix quo caeli pulcher ordo nitet.
Cui non defecit in medio sol defuper inflat
Sanguineo offentans omina fronte minax.
Quis cernit Lunae tranquillae mente labores,
Nec timet inde gravis praecia signa mali.
Novit enim quo currit, immensus orbibus aelis,
Sidera, quo certe sedere vincita ruunt;
Ut sol in medio nitidum caput efferat, unde
Conjurata inter se sua jura munent.

L.3

Novit

Carmen Quadrigenale habitum in Scholis apud Oxonienses.
Novit quò tandem vergat, raptimque foratur
Lumine lugubri dira Cometa rubens,
Utque ratus aula indignantèr rumpere fines,
Scilicet ingenti vi tunet unda maris.
Ne verò ulteriùs ne vividus irruet ardor
Mentis—neve Deo fas propriœ frui.
II.

An detur in rerum natur\ae absoluta quies?

Neg.

Exul at hinc Matia Aventios migravit ad agros,
Secum et Meoniae Gratia quaeque lyrae:
Nec puduit jamdudum ignotas Tibidris oras
Tindi polihabitis incoluisse jugis.

Scilicet

Carmen Quadragesimale habitum in Scholis apud Oxonienses.
Scilicet Aonix Roma extitit aemula laurus,
Fæladis et numen fensit aedifie Maro.
Finibus his etiam exorrem, fine fede vagatem.
Excepit placido terra Britannia finu. [Camæna]
Tandem hic siste gradum Britonum memor usque,
Seva cole has proprias hospes amica lares.
III.

An corruptione sit rebus naturalis?

Aff.

Qua prærupta extat Mona formidabile nutans
Infrà indignantis fluctibus icta maris;
Arcanos olim Druidæ coluere recepvis,
Pompæ et solenni rite obiere sacra.
Illorum auspiciis Romanae hæcere phalanges,
Libertasque Anglos fera reliquit agros.
Veste hinc ferali cineti, paulliisque capillis,
Gestabant rutilas densa per arma facés.
Quin nunc infultant patriæ armenta sepulcris,
Artisque humano sanguine fiepe rubris.

Diruta

Carmen Quadragesimale habitum in Scholis apud Oxonenses.
Diruta fana antiqua jacent, ferroque latebræ
Reclusa, arcis nec strepit umbra choris:
Fatidico nec nutu edunt mysteria quercus,
Per terram refone conticuere lyræ.
Quin altae turres, et grandia templâ peribunt,
Quin maggi moles orbis et ipâ ruet.
IV.

An duo corpora possint esse simul in eodem loco?

Negat.

Justus ut flatuit, nutu et tremefecit Olympum,
Vita hæc Tyndaridis non fine lege datur:
Ut vivat frater, fato cedente, superfit,
Sit pro fratre lubens ille vel ille mori:
Ut vivat frater fraternal morte redemptus,
Sæpius ambo velint ire redeire vias.
Hic simul alternum terris offenderit ortum,
Dum liceat vitæ prætereunte frui:
Jam jamque ille umbras, habuitque revivit Averni,
Alterius relictus fæble pignus est.
Divellit fatum quos junxerat una voluntas,
Vivere nec comites fas, comitesve mori.

Carmen Quadragesimae;
Psalmus cxiv.

Cum genus lAscidum Nili migraret ab oris,
Secum et Libertas, Omnipotente ducis:
Sancta nec ulla fuit nisi gens Judaeae superites,
Judaeae ante alias chara propago Deo.
Vidit, et horreoscens subitóvi ingente refugit
Una cum totis fludibus unda maris:
Vidit Jördanes tremula fluenta revolvens
Prepeta cum eurpu fontis adulque sinus:
Et tremuere alti montes ex iactibus imis,
Commotumque sonos edidit omne nemus.
Quare refugiì ingenti perculsa timore
Unà cum totis flæLIBus, unda maris?
Cur tua Jordanes, adeò fugere fluenta
Prepète cum cursù fontis adusque flînus?
Cur vos, ò montes, tremuístis ëdibus imis?
Vestrum quare fónos edidit omne nemus?
Jān propriore Deo, quin tu treme, confécis terra,
Jān propriore Deo, terra vel ima treme:
Qui jùbet ut sée prorumpant rupibus amnes,
Fontibus et riguis sàxa scatere jùbet.
An effectus requirit Agentem sibi proportionatum?

Affr.

CLAUSTRA inter tacita, atque orbatos sole receptus
Nigrâ cinéra flolâ Virgo verenda sedet;
Pallidula ora gerens, crebra et suspiria ducens.
Vix grave suistineat Religionis opus.
Sapē interrupit dulces campanae spores,
Et vigilem rauco murmure fera ciet:
Seu toties repetita monet sub vesperi vota,
Seu matutinas vult renovare preces.
Sublimes edit modō servida pectori cantus
Atque inter cantus organa plena firepunct.
Pallentum quin sacra choro peragente fororum,
Nocturnas cernas sapē micare faces.
Non illi mentem terreflria gaudia tangant,
Nec fas delicias participare tori.
Uique adeo ante oculos flat trifis mortis imago,
Pro vitâ aeternâ bis ea palla mori.
PASTOR AD NYMPHAM.

NYMPHA, veni, mecum exornans agrisle cubile,
Rustica participans gaudia, Nympha veni.
Deliciis variis pariter frueamur amoenis,
Quot praefant sylve, praebet et omne nemus:
Quot elivi molles, riguae convallis et umbrae,
Quot praefant campi, devia fassa, lacus.
Mugitufque boum juvav exaudire per agros,
Lanigerofque greges cernere propter aquas:
Ut juvat ad fontes labentes ducere somnos,
Dum relonis avium perdrepit umbra choris.
Sedulus innecam tibi milie fragrantia ferta,
Et flernam rolos, gramineofque toros.
Nec violae, aut hederae decorant, quod ornatior extem,
Aemula quod Veneris sis, tibi Myrtus erit.
Paiores tibi agent choreas, Nymphaeque Sorores,
Atque inter choreas agmina ieta canent.
Hae, quae rus praeflat mentem si gaudia tangerat,
Mecum hae participans gaudia, Nympha veni.
M 2
NTMPHÆ RESPONSUM.

SI modò prīca Venus rēdiviva inviseret orbem,
   Secum et pastorum pristina cafa fides:
Dein hæ deliciæ mentem mihi tangere possent,
  Nee comitem vitae te renuiffe velim.
Rerum ut tempus edax hæc gaudia cuncta resolvi,
  Deliciis mediis surgit amari aliquid:
Horreificat campus brumali frigore laefus,
  Marcescunt floris, tu Philomela, tacis.
Mel si lingua edit, sed fel sub corde latebit,
  Degener inque odium vertitur omnis amor.
Rumpentur vitæ, fragrantia ferta peribunt,
  Marcescent rosi, gramineique tori;
Me nec eæ violæ, myrthusve, hederave movebunt,
  Nec comitem vitæ te renuiffe pudet:
At si, annis lapfis, floreset adusque juvenus,
  Atque reslorescens uique vigeret amor;
Ni peritura ævum tua gaudia cuncta moneret,
  Ni foret uique adeo tarda senecibus inops;
Dein hæ deliciæ mentem mihi tangere possent,
  Atque tuam vellem participare torum.
HORATII ET LYDIÆ DIALOGUS. Lib. iii. Ode 9.

H. Dum tibi gratus eram; juvenis neve amulus alter

Gratior excitaret candida colla sinu;
Felix tum vigui, nec me felicior alter,
Nec rex tam felix Persicus ipse fuit.

L. Dum magis haud fueras alieno accensus amore,
Et puduit Lydiam posthabuit Chloë;
Tum vigui Romæ præflantior omnibus extans,
Ilia nec Lydiâ clarior ipsa fuit.

H. Nunc mihi Threilla Chloë subneceat vinca amoris,
Dulces docta modos, rite perita lyra;
Pro quâ non metuam vel tristia fata lubere,
Si modo fas illi sit superesse mihi.

L. Sentio me Calâis percussam pectus amore,
Percepit ille pari corda calere face;
Pro quo bis patiar bis tristia fata lubere,
Si modo fas illi sit superesse mihi.

M 3

II. Quid
Quid si príca Venus redeunda in corda resurgat,
Reddita quid si sita rædeam rapta tori?
Quid si flava Chlôe tefliş detraditor exul,
Rejeclae et Lydiei janua nostra patet?

Quamvis formosi ille a stro formosior extet,
Quamvis tu fragili cortice fis levior;
Sævo Helleponto, fis iracundior Aubro,
Vellem ut tu vitae fis comes, atque necis.
ELEGIA.

Samson Agoniste: Semin-chorus ultimus.

Qualis Solis avis Phoenix illa unica terris
In lucis Arabis non adeunda latet:
Rite pyra struclae procumbens Sole crematur,
Ad tristes cineres tota reducta jacet.
Reliquias mox infaurat, jam jamque refurgit,
Integranti avum fas superesse rogo.
Nilia anas Thebas quin advolat, atque ibi Solis
Templo reliquias condere rite parat:
Sefè dans comites avium chorus evolat omnis,
Miranturque alas versicoloris avis.
Illa relocrefit, per secula longa restoret,
Nulla avis eft similis, nulla secunda fibt.

Sic
Sic Samson quantum quantum mutatus, egens,
  Caecus, et a patriis flebilis exul agris;
Conjugis indigno Dalilae deceptus amore,
  Flet virosfracitas, fratera rupta tori.
Solemnis inter pompas Dagonis honores,
In templum induetus constituit ille militer.
Inclinit caput, et vultus tellure moratus,
Hae secum solo peclore verba ciat:
An sic conspiciar tales decoreare triumphos,
  An specula illis edere coger ego?
Dagonis templo populos dum indicet honorem,
  Sicce ludorum pars ego magna fiem?
Conscia quin virtus collecitis ignibus ardet,
  Vindice audita novis peclore flamma furit:
Quamvis frustra oculos volvo calagine meris:
At luce interna mens radiata viget.
Luminibus fruior internis, redivivus ut olim
Sentio me plenum jam propiore Deo:
En vindex, vindex Samson—nee pluram moratus,
Utraque quin manibus rapta columna ruine,
Quies moles stabilita fitet, dum fulminis inflar
Secum unam templi machina tota ruine.

Hosius
Hos des et seie fato submersit codem,
Qualis et in vitâ, funere talis erat.
At fama Herōis viget, æternaque vigebit,
Nemo sibi similis, nemo secundus erit.
Ecce, blanda Echo, resonans huc vocis image,
Obducta aërio tegmine, Nympha, veni.
Mufcosos fontes si umbrosis vallibus ambis,
Aut tibi per sylvas devia saxa placent:
Seu magis obsecrant viridi sub margine ripae;
Quà vocis spirans leniter aura favet:
Murmura Mœandi aut juvat exaudire per umbra
Quæ querulum ad murmur reddere murmur a
Quà tibi per noctem fundit Philomela querelas,
Atque addò faciant carmina mœsta moram
Inter odoratos lucos ponisse cubile,
Sive ipseum responsum non adeunda colis.
Aut his posthabitis, recubas sub mœnibus altis,
Sive sub aëris rupibus uTelque latres.
In cœlum redeas tu cui cœlestis origo,
Et sis sethereis Gratia milia choris.
Au fimile ago in fimile? Aliis.
As you like it. Aet li. Sen. uli. prop. fin.

Quis palantes penetratus devies clausura,
Quae furtiva umbra semita septa latet:
Vobis unquam arnferant gaudia vita,
Contigist et lautas participare dapes:
Vobis camp tua facr relonavit in sede,
Atque pias lacrymis immoduere genu:
Agregis nostri comites salvete cubilis,
Si julet hospitium participare caele.

Responsum.
Responsum.

Nobis festiva arriterunt gaudia vitae,
Contigit et lautas participare dapes,
Et nobis campana sacrà resonavit in sede,
Acque piis lacrymis immaduere genua.
Salvete! agrestis comites juvatis.
Et juvat hospitium participare caele.