

THE BIRTH OF GENIUS.

ANALYSIS OF THE BIRTH OF GENIUS.

Genius, the offspring of Judgement and Wit, is attended at his birth by the Power who instills virtuous dispositions, and by the liberal endowments of Nature: also by the Sciences, who enrich him with their gifts. As he advances in life, he is instructed in the proper use of them. A preceptor becoming necessary, Pleasure and Assiduity offer themselves. The mother prefers the first, the father the second. The mother, though defeated in her intention, contrives to place her son under the influence of Pleasure; in consequence of which, he is lost for a time to every good purpose; but on the repentance of the parents, the justice of the Divine Being restores their son, who, placed under the care of Assiduity, arrives at the excellence of his nature.

GENIUS and learning tho' we gain,
Genius and learning bless in vain;
How shared with error and with woe,
The progress of my tale would shew,
Till application call'd them forth,
And virtue gives its labours worth.

A pair of heavenly origin,
 O'er empire once were born to shine ;
 The king received from Jove's high hand,
 His skill profound, his just command ;
 And from a ray of ether's flame,
 The queen deriv'd her dazzling frame.
 One child they had alone to bless,
 With hopes of an extended race.
 To hail the stranger's dawning hours,
 Assembled all the gifted powers :
 As rank prescrib'd they now resort,
 And first, Carmenta paid her court.
 I come, she said, oh ! most rever'd,
 Accept the offering I've prepar'd ;
 The brilliant presents others give
 From mine shall higher worth receive.
 Behold ! this phial's limpid juice,
 In every scene of sovereign use.

From the pure lily's virgin breast,
 I charm'd the chrystal dew,
 The beam which first Aurora drest,
 As faithfully I drew.

With these a zephyr's breath infus'd,
 Then pierc'd the briny wave ;
 And thence this beauteous pearl produc'd,
 From Ocean's richest cave.

While thus to form and more refine,
 I heavenly fire impell'd,
 Within my essence I confine,
 Hermetically seal'd.

This essence still from chance secure,
 No time or use shall waste ;
 And prayers shall best extract it pure,
 And leave its fountain chaste.

As other graces issue forth,
 To raise the prince's name,
 My gift conveys them richer worth,
 And yields them pure to fame.

The next the prince's birth had drawn,
 To hail with gifts his early dawn ;
 Advanced with step of easy grace,
 And half unveil'd her lovely face ;
 While beauteous flowers adorn'd her head,
 A sun was on her breast display'd.
 A cabinet and key she bore,
 And thus set forth her offer'd store :
 While freely all the gifted train,
 Adorn your offspring, bless your reign,
 My works which have for ages been,
 And yet, alas ! but dimly seen,

And careless view'd by common sight,
 My works, this key display to light :
 And if applied with skilful hand,
 By these five doors my stores command.
 This door unfolded, charms the sight.
 From this the powers of sound delight.
 Here Flora has her perfumes drest.
 And here Pomona meets the taste.
 But ah ! the fifth essay with care,
 Angels, or fiends inhabit there.
 From this my works their worth receive :
 Here it expires, or here shall live.
 Here lives offence ! here high reward !
 Carmenta's phial is your guard !

The next an endless scroll had brought.
 The next a vase with wonder wrought,
 Form'd to receive and to produce,
 Amazing stores to instant use.

These gifts insured the royal pair.
 A joy disdaining fear to share ;
 They scarcely call'd in Hope to see,
 The honours of their progeny.
 E'en now around his infant frame,
 The beams of future glory flame ;
 Yet of the fates they wish'd to know,
 The happy future sanction'd now.

Sanguine, they strike their magic rod,
 To draw them from their dark abode ;
 Where far removed from mortal ken,
 Decrees of gods they write for men :
 Their brazen pens, their juices lave,
 From Cocytus's inky wave ;
 And straight th' irrevocable word,
 On adamantine leaves record.
 With wond'rous skill the distaff's wound,
 And soon the wheel of life goes round ;
 The sheers suspend, the thread is spun,
 Tis cut—and mortal life is done.
 The royal pair these prayers repeat,
 To draw them from their awful seat ;
 Dread sisters of the rosy hours,
 Daughters of Jove! relentless powers!
 Who write with an eternal pen,
 The firm decree of gods on men,
 Sisters three, enrob'd in white,
 Appear, and sanction our delight.
 Ascend, and from your dark abodes,
 Shew us the bright decrees of Gods :
 And lo! dark clouds obscure the night,
 With semblance premature of night.
 Tempest succeeds the Zephyr's breeze,
 And troubled waves to glassy seas :
 Confusion thunders thro' the skies,
 And stern the destinies arise.

Earth cleaves, and, at their near approach,
Fair Order shudders from their touch.

Tell us, they cry, why we must rise,
To trouble earth and vex the skies;
While we by partial call are staid,
The work of worlds remains delay'd;
Summon'd by you we yet are come,
Then hear our words, for they are doom:
The Prince, from many potent pow'rs,
Has brilliant gifts to gild his hours;
But all is vain they might display,
If shorten'd life forbid their stay;
And ah! his wheel of life appears
Inclin'd to stop at eighteen years;
But ere our work decisive prove,
Still we must join in hate and love;
If firm the thread of life shall keep,
The wheel may stop, death is but sleep,
And even from that sleep to free,
Admits of possibility;
But circumstance will so obtain,
That scarce a ray from hope we gain,
One hint observe and well receive,
(All alas that we can give;)
Virtuous pursuits wait glorious ends,
And much depends on choice of friends.

Hastening th' attendant shades away,
 This said, they quit the glare of day;
 Ghastly they smiled, their torch they fir'd,
 And with the jar of elements retir'd.

For shades, shines Phoebus' radiant beam,
 And what the niggard fates scarce deem,
 As possible to human skill,
 Hope enters ready to fulfil.
 A thousand schemes their minds prepare,
 Sanguine in each to shun the snare.

Their orders issue thro' the land,
 And all the wise before them stand;
 The mystic presents to explain,
 That nought might be bestow'd in vain;
 These give Carmenta's gift it's force,
 And shew religion virtue's source:
 All other means prove insecure,
 To leave it safe and draw it pure.

The Cabinet they next explore,
 Of various charms, a wondrous store;
 From the first door to vision rise,
 What natures curious hand supplies;
 Expanding all the wond'ring sense,
 To beauty and benevolence;
 And here—the masters skill'd to teach,
 Explain what human pow'rs can reach.

The fine gradations far they see,
 Till lost in vast infinity.
 Immense, till distance shades their light,
 Minute, they lessen from the sight;
 The second door unfolds to cheer
 With pleasing sounds th' enraptur'd ear;
 Here intercourse, its bliss receives,
 And heav'nly conversation lives;
 Nor here the master's skill is less,
 The force of language to impress;
 Than wake the sounds that touch the heart,
 And all their pow'r to charm impart.
 The two succeeding doors display,
 What lib'ral nature can convey.
 Our pleasures with our wants can sort,
 And lure us to our own support;
 And ever faithful to her rights,
 From harm repels, to good incites.
 The masters shew the prudent care,
 That ought these bounteous gifts to share;
 And punishment she will exert,
 O'er those who waste or who pervert.

The skilful masters next unroll
 The windings of the awful scroll,
 And teach, tho' earth her dust will claim,
 Deeds shall retain their place in fame,

And actions, vicious or sublime,
 Shall live accurs'd, or blest, thro' time.

Next, the internal world they view,
 And there their pupils' wonder drew,
 And more minutely to explore,
 Open the last, th' important door ;
 It they approach with sacred awe,
 And first Carmenta's phial draw,
 Whose sacred essence can refine,
 All mortal gift by aid divine ;
 Then, straight they touch those springs to wake,
 From which all deeds their merit take,
 Above cold maxims, there they shew,
 The generous act exalted glow ;
 Here precept takes its force to warm,
 And virtues wear a living charm ;
 For faint assent, here faith has given,
 To ardent hope her absent heaven ;
 For forms here warm devotions* rise,
 To wrest the blessing from the skies ;

* Devotion, that can bind th' Almighty's arm,
 And of its thunder his right hand disarm,
 She passes quick Heav'ns lofty chrystal walls,
 And the high gates fly open when she calls ;
 Her voice did once the sun's swift chariot stay,
 And on the verge of Heav'n held back the day.

Here justice melts at mercy's charms,
 And guilt by penitence disarms ;
 For tardy alms cold duties guide,
 Here nameless charities reside ;
 Here tenderest sympathies are found,
 And nature seals her firmest bond ;
 By these, impell'd to deeds of fame,
 The hero spreads his awful name,
 The sacred guardians of the land,
 'Tis here that patriot minds expand ;
 Where human laws are weak to bind,
 Here sense of honour leads the mind,
 'Tis Liberty, 'tis nature's school,
 Where virtue's unconfin'd to rule ;
 And here arise those arts with grace,
 Which learning is so proud to dress ;
 Beyond the critic line she draws,
 Here warm imagination glows ;
 Her rules may harmony impart,
 Here rise the sounds that warm the heart.

Sweet poetry ! the charm is thine,
 That here the sister arts combine ;
 And here deserve thy tripple wreath,
 Where music speaks, and paintings breathe ;
 And let th' according chaplet be,
 Inscrib'd to heav'nly harmony ;

For Liberty and Nature's school,
Teach graces unattain'd by rule.

The prince was quickly skill'd to reach,
Th' extent of all that art could teach ;
To each he gave a master's claim,
And for a trophy sign'd his name ;
And soon their easy task was o'er,
For Learning could inform no more.

The parents, with exulting strains,
Declare a friend alone remains ;
And early there their care shall be,
And well observ'd their far decree,
That all who can adorn a court,
From earth's far peopl'd climes resort,
That for their son with high reward,
They choose a friend his youth to guard ;
The oracle they thus pursu'd,
And hop'd their evil fate subdu'd,
Among the first resorting there,
Two equally divide their care ;
Tutor'd by fashion and by art,
One won the queen's consenting heart ;
The other, veil'd by modesty,
Yet gain'd the king's approving eye ;
The first, with self-assuring mein,
Gaily approach'd the brilliant queen ;

No diffidence her claims prevent,
 No aukward fears produced restraint;
 By art, with lilies vied her neck,
 And borrow'd roses stain'd her cheek,
 With soften'd voice, and studied smiles,
 She thus the easy queen beguiles—

You spoke your wishes, charming queen,
 And lo! th' accomplish'd world are seen.
 So with the first my claims are brought,
 And more than all, with justice fraught;
 The hours of joy bright queen are mine,
 And I with youth and beauty shine;
 No drudging labour can oppress,
 Whenever I am call'd to bless;
 Perhaps your Lord, by means severe,
 Will try to shun the fate you fear;
 With joy repelling eye will blast,
 The time of pleasure youth should taste.
 If there thou yield, thy son with grief,
 Will court his fate as wish'd relief;
 Steady, a kindred pow'r defend,
 In me fair queen protect a friend.

Her polish'd grace the queen approv'd,
 And thought a kindred pow'r she lov'd,
 One that could fortune's gifts employ,
 To brighten every hour with joy.

Vainly the king she would ensnare,
 For him, her words dissolv'd in air;
 His modest suppliant he view'd,
 Who silent yet before him stood;
 An hour-glass in her hand she bore,
 An amaranth in her hair she wore;
 But doubtful by her dress display'd,
 Its folds were form'd of light and shade;
 She stood thus dubious in her worth,
 Waiting till Judgment call'd her forth;
 Nor, till a favouring look she caught,
 Own'd the pretensions she had brought;
 And then in words of simple frame,
 She thus advanc'd her modest claim—

I have no brilliant parts to boast,
 Nor was I train'd with art or cost;
 I seldom with the gay am seen,
 The great dislike my humble mien;
 But those who have me most carest;
 Will say I grateful am at least;
 And own thro' me it was they shone,
 And tell of wonders I have done;
 By you directed, mighty lord,
 Wonders again they shall record;
 No lazy spell infests the ground,
 Where I am lov'd and I am found;

If your protection I may ask,
To guard from evil be my task.

Friendship unchang'd resides above,
And there alone dwells equal love ;
While other blessings strew our road,
Faith points to these as promis'd good ;
E'en wedlock may this evil share,
And Wit and Judgment sometimes jar.
Our monarchs, tho' of heav'nly birth,
Must here partake the lot of earth ;
Their different tastes opinion guides,
An interest dear their heart divides ;
Their counsels each themselves obey,
And leave disputes to vulgar clay.

Invested with supreme command,
Which open force could ne'er withstand,
The king with public honours grac'd,
And near his son his favorite plac'd ;
To her confided all his stores,
And named her guardian of his hours.

The queen these counsels did not share,
And opposition would not dare ;
In wiles she trusted for her cause,
To render vain the monarch's laws ;

To give persuasion to her tongue,
 She tun'd her favorite's syren song ;
 If flattering praise could not secure,
 She dazzling interest gave to lure ;
 Luxuriant charms around her spread,
 With her own roses crown'd her head,
 And all seducing to command,
 With honour's palms she grac'd her hand ;
 In each some lurking spell there lay,
 Potent to charm and to betray ;
 The first alluring as she draws,
 She baited with the world's applause ;
 Then specious as the theme she sung,
 The syren song flow'd from her tongue ;
 Virtue she sung a cheating dream ;
 High sounding honours were her theme ;
 She sung, that names thro' time rever'd,
 Thro' toils and death had madly err'd ;
 Her grateful palms she then display'd,
 A meed for favorites fortune made ;
 These too enchanting snares she spread,
 Her soft temptations artful laid,
 To draw the Prince to leave the bound,
 Which Judgment fix'd to safety's ground,
 No orisons now pierce the skies,
 For aught Carmenta's gift supplies ;
 Its gay exterior all its merit,
 Its form alone without its spirit.

And now the pride of all his store,
 The prince but as a bauble wore ;
 A trinket, taking reputation,
 As pearls of price were gems of fashion ;
 And led by that capricious guide,
 Thrown by the changing mode aside.

Often the prince now pass'd the bound,
 His father gave to safety's ground ;
 Lost to the pow'r which should defend,
 His guardian is no more a friend ;
 Nor doubtful longer she appears,
 All sable is the robe she wears.

'Twere endless here to name the train,
 That took from hence a mortal stain ;
 Grant them the boon, forgot to lie,
 Remember'd, it were infamy.

Needful supply for luxury's food,
 The charms of interest next subdu'd ;
 The hoards of avarice stood display'd,
 Gaily the golden stores were spread :
 There cheerless nature sunk in gloom,
 'Twas virtue and affection's tomb ;
 There nought of value now remains,
 In aught the cabinet contains ;

For sordid interest's transient claim,
He sold the glories of his name.

Oh avarice! were thy deeds forgot,
'Twould save humanity a blot;
Peru nor Mexico should tell,
India or Africa reveal;
Hide in the silence of the grave;
Passions which nature never gave.
The injurer and the injur'd sleep,
Let memory then no vigils keep;
Oblivion! their foul deeds receive,
But ah! condemn'd by fame they live;
History unsparing tells thro' time,
The savage wonders of their crime.

By pleasure's fascinating pow'r,
The rosy garland next he wore;
No more he visits safety's ground,
No guardian for his hours is found;
His mother's favorite takes the reins,
And binds him in her pleasing chains;
Silky and soft, and ting'd with gold,
But there was magic in their mold;
Than adamantine bonds more strong,
To hold the hapless captive long;
Their pow'r resistless they impart,
The mind to crush and bind the heart;

Furies that into storms awake,
 For influence dread dominion take ;
 Chaos of elemental strife !
 Here work your tragedies of life.

If to that fatal scene she lead,
 I would not with my favorite tread ;
 Let darkness veil its kindred scene,
 Unseen the horrors wrought within ;
 Dread gulfs are hid in fairy bowers,
 And poisons lurk in beauteous flowers ;
 Who near their precincts dare to stray,
 Contagions meet, or wild dismay.
 There nothing curious be my choice,
 To shun the daring forms of vice ;
 But some unaw'd your haunts shall view,
 And mark that vengeance dwells with you ;
 With gifts most meet for actions foul,
 Her worms of conscience for the soul ;
 If error's labyrinth I must show,
 Thro' scenes less guilty let me go ;
 Not interest fell, nor vain applause,
 Nor where tempestuous passion draws,
 But rather where the drowsy sense,
 Is lull'd by pamper'd indolence ;
 There sunk in unaspiring ease,
 I mourn my favorite lost to please ;

No good or ill incites his powers,
 Lost to the guardian of his hours;
 He festive wreathes alone desires,
 Whose magic, damps his nobler fires;
 Their sweets his senses all compose,
 While music its soft aid bestows;
 The goblet fair and downy couch,
 Thus with his threaten'd fate approach;
 Languid—scarce moves life's lazy thread,
 It ceases now, the wheel is staid,
 Unbroken firm, the thread to keep,
 The wheel is stay'd, and death is sleep.

Reclin'd upon an ebon throne,
 The drowzy god whom poppies crown,
 Receives him in his silent shade,
 With hanging juniper o'erspread;
 The lizard and the dormouse there,
 Forget the rigour of the year;
 Around them lulling vapours rise,
 From incense, mortals' sacrifice,
 Attracting vapours to renew,
 The cowslip and the mandrake's dew;
 Clouds wrought in twilight's doubtful doom,
 Inclose the borders of the gloom;
 Nor moon's calm beam, nor sun's bright ray,
 There draw the herald of the day;

But oft the beetle wheels around,
And there the moping owl is found.

The royal pair here weeping turn,
And past divisions deeply mourn;
They own the justice of their fate,
And mercy thus they supplicate—

As error and distress are ours,
Be pardon yours Almighty powers;
And while our humble prayers we pour,
And all your Providence adore,
If past offence we may repair,
To our repentance, oh! declare!

Mercy remitting sorrow's date,
Thus answers by relenting fate—

For crimes be true repentance yours,
And for repentance pardon ours.
Tho' won by penitential tears,
She melts the sternness which he wears;
Mercy thus potent to subdue,
Were weak not join'd by justice too;
Attend the mandate of the skies,
So may your humbled hopes arise;
For you bright queen to heaven allied,
Be duty to your Lord your guide;

Where those would lead who should obey,
 Disorders rule for equal sway;
 You sire who boast celestial birth,
 Jove's mighty attribute on earth,
 'Tis yours to clear the misty way,
 And lead your son to life and day;
 Directed by your mighty powers,
 Recall the guardian of his hours:
 To execute th' important scheme,
 Her labor lightly she shall deem;
 'Tis yours to seal her doubtful worth,
 And well instructed send her forth;
 For ere the wheel of life goes round,
 Some worthy offering must be found.

He ceas'd, and well his words imprest,
 An ardour in the monarch's breast;
 His hasten'd step he instant bent,
 To trace the path his favorite went;
 He saw her on a rock reclin'd,
 Where persevering ivy twin'd;
 And as an hour-glass now she turn'd,
 Its wasting sands she deeply mourn'd.
 Soon as the king appear'd in view,
 Her garments lost their sable hue:
 For as the shades dispell'd by light,
 The black dissolv'd in spotless white.

Soon as the king her eye had caught,
 A sprig of amaranth she brought;
 And wav'd it with triumphant air,
 And plac'd it in her flowing hair;
 Whilst prostrate at his feet she fell,
 Her artless words her raptures tell;
 Prostrate she says—hail mighty Lord!
 By you neglected I have err'd,
 Oh guide me that I may restore,
 The Prince whose loss we all deplore;
 The creeping ivy climbs to height,
 And insects lofty trees invite.
 Deeds impossible to thought,
 Are by application wrought;
 By you directed mighty Lord,
 Wonders again they shall record.

Her worth neglected touch'd his heart,
 Relenting thoughts these words impart.
 Thy pardon give and mine receive,
 Cherish'd by me in future live;
 Me to decree the gods inspire,
 Thee they endow with active fire;
 With winged feet then speed thy skill
 To gain the summit of the hill.
 Twelve sisters, sent on high import,
 (The shining nymphs of Phœbus' court;)

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Move in swift succession there,
 Swift as they move, oh ! watch with care ;
 Ardent the aid of each implore,
 For ah ! they will return no more.

The monarch ceas'd, and while the sound
 Yet vibrates in the air around,
 She flew with more than mortal speed,
 Over the intervening mead.
 And soon she gains th' important hill,
 Chosen her trials to fulfil ;
 No more, she says, my weaken'd sense
 Is lull'd by charms of indolence,
 Nor driv'n by guilt to misery ;
 Yet worse than useless shall I be,
 For judgment now decides my worth,
 And leads me to call genius forth.

Essaying then the rising ground,
 Twelve nymphs of heav'nly form she found ;
 And fair they were, of heav'nly show,
 And locks of gold stray'd o'er their brow.
 Their locks of gold, they wav'd in air,
 And tears bedew'd their faces fair ;
 With varied hues each garment shines,
 Their girdles shew'd the circling signs ;
 And short their dress, and fleet their course,
 Not stay'd by courtesy or force.

Oh nymph divine! our heroine cry'd;
 That heed me not but onward glide,
 To mortals sure your errands be,
 And each some treasure has for me.

Mortal attend, they quick return'd,
 For not unsought our gifts are earn'd:
 Let every trifling thought give place,
 And strive to conquer, in thy race.
 They said, and bid the fair pursue,
 In swift succession as they flew.
 Then Application quick pursued;
 Temptations nobly she subdued;
 Tho' indolence her downy bed,
 And pleasure, flaunting roses spread.—

The steady nymph disdainful ey'd
 Their tempting sweets, and thus replied,
 I see the stings thro' pleasure's snare,
 And quick she pass'd each heavenly fair.
 With wonder working influence fraught,
 Some fair occasion still she caught,
 From the wing'd speed of Hours to take,
 Spells that Genius might awake;
 With some the path of glory treads,
 And there collects his shining deeds;
 While some Carmenta's gift supplies,
 With song to charm the destinies;

From some she takes and learns to wield,
Virtue's secure protecting shield.

Thus, arm'd to conquer, on she sped,
By Virtue guarded, Judgment led ;
She soon the dusky borders found,
Where Genius in soft chains was bound ;
And soon her burnish'd shield she shew'd,
Quick thro' the gloom its radiance glow'd ;
The gloom receiv'd its influence bright,
And shade dissolv'd in radiant light ;
She pure Carmenta's phial draws ;
On high the meek petition rose ;
And to appease the destinies,
To Genius all its aids supplies ;
To softest notes she tun'd her tongue,
And thus she sung Carmenta's song :

Ye nymphs of Pluto's dark domain
Receive your drowzy God ;
With gifts from Phœbus' brilliant train,
I visit this abode.

If man, by selfish passion sway'd,
Can pity, hear and spare ;
With power and mercy Gods array'd,
Accept an ardent prayer.

Warm from the heart these words shall rise,
 That must conclude my song;
 The Gods will own the sacrifice,
 And their own gifts prolong.
 Your gifts shall ever speak your praise,
 Bright attributes of power,
 And the rich bounties of your grace
 To your own glory soar.

Wake Prince, she said, I call thee forth,
 Decided is my dubious worth;
 My labours with thy presence crown,
 Labours that would be all thy own.

Thy energy must spread the use,
 Of this fair phial's limpid juice;
 My labours with thy presence crown,
 Labours that would be all thy own.

Fancy would droop without thy aid,
 And all its op'ning flowers would fade;
 If fates are sooth'd, to thee belong
 The notes that raise the heavenly song.

Let deeds of glory thee inspire;
 Without thee, deeds of fame expire;

She rose, his presence nature warms,
For him extended all her charms.

He cull'd her gaily op'ning flowers,
And with them dress'd his beauteous bowers ;
'Twas he inspir'd the poet's dream,
On northern hills, by Mulla's stream ;
Or where the silver waters glide,
Of Thames's deep majestic tide.

When Spencer wrote and Sidney smil'd,
And generous friendship care beguil'd ;
Time them on Avon's banks receives,
And amaranthine wreathes he gives ;
There fairies frisk beneath the moon,
In darkness witching spells are done.
He touch'd with skill the awful band,
And charmed there the Passions stand.

He tun'd to harmony his tongue,
And thro' the seasons Thomson sung.
Scenes the sublimest thought could find,
He open'd to a Milton's mind ;
And oft by contemplation led,
With pensive Grey he sought the shade ;
Thro' many an age and many a clime,
These flourish thro' enduring time ;

He drew the phial's purest store,
 And gave to it a living pow'r ;
 Thence shone the patriot and the sage,
 Examples for the moral page ;
 Those with its lustre fame supplies,
 The rest, perennials of the skies ;
 Such worth may still Britannia boast,
 Tho' she has mourn'd her Howard lost ;
 Whate'er the favour'd spot of earth
 That gave exalted merit birth ;
 And, as its different lots were cast,
 In milder graces it surpass'd ;
 Or shone with aspect more severe,
 Still worth shall kindred worth revere.

Immortal laurels to entwine,
 Virtue with Genius must combine ;
 And Application's active aid
 Perform the plan by Judgment laid ;
 Recorded wonders they can shew,
 And means of glorious heights bestow ;
 They different natures nearly join,
 And human make almost divine.

For these to save, thro' wrecks of time belong,
 Th' historians faithful page, the muses' heavenly
 song.