

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

Farewell, for clearer ken design'd,
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind:
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My silent search in vain requir'd!
No more my sail that deep explores,
No more I search those magic shores,
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round such fairy field,
Some Power impart the spear and shield,
At which the wizzard Passions fly,
By which the giant Follies die!

Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
Where Science prank'd in tiffu'd vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!
Youth of the quick uncheated fight,
Thy walks, Observance, more invite!

O thou, who lov'st that ampler range,
 Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
 And, with her mingling sons allied,
 Throw'st the prattling page aside :
 To me in converse sweet impart,
 To read in man the native heart,
 To learn, where Science sure is found,
 From Nature as she lives around :
 And gazing oft her mirror true,
 By turns each shifting image view !
 Till meddling Art's officious lore
 Reverse the lessons taught before,
 Alluring from a safer rule,
 To dream in her enchanted school ;
 Thou heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
 Hast blest this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
 As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
 Not vain she finds the charming task,
 In pageant quaint, in motley mask,
 Behold, before her musing eyes,
 The countless Manners round her rise ;
 While ever varying as they pass,
 To some Contempt applies her glass :
 With these the white-rob'd Maids combine,
 And those the laughing Satyrs join !
 But who is he whom now she views,
 In robe of wild contending hues ?

Thou, by the Passions nurs'd; I greet
 The comic sock that binds thy feet!
 O Humour, thou whose name is known
 To Britain's favour'd isle alone;
 Me too amidst thy band admit,
 There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
 (Whose jewels in his crisped hair
 Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
 Whom no delights from thee divide)
 In laughter loos'd attends thy side!

By old Miletus^γ, who so long
 Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song:
 By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
 In chang'd Italia's modern shades:
 By him^z whose knight's distinguish'd name
 Refin'd a nation's lust of fame;
 Whose tales even now, with echoes sweet,
 Castilia's Moorish hills repeat:
 Or him^a, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
 In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore,
 Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
 By virtues in her fire betray'd:

^γ Alluding to the Milesian tales, some of the earliest romances.

^z Cervantes.

^a Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
 Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
 If but from thee I hope to feel,
 On all my heart imprint thy seal!
 Let some retreating Cynic find
 Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
 The Sports and I this hour agree,
 To rove thy scene-full world with thee!



THE PASSIONS. AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

Each