
ODE TO TASTE.

BY THE SAME.

SAY, Goddess, wilt thou never smile
 Indulgent on Britannia's isle!
 Hither thy gentle footsteps bend,
 On Albion's sea-girt cliffs descend;
 O come, and with thy genial ray
 Chase every gloomy cloud away:
 No more shall Ignorance preside,
 Or Gothic Rage in triumph ride.
 Let Judgment, thy unshaken friend,
 With polish'd Elegance attend:
 Simplicity, meek rural queen,
 With downcast looks and modest mien,
 In loosely-flowing neat attire,
 Shall charm thee with her rustic lyre.
 To that in her enchanting court
 The frolic Graces ever sport,
 And guarded by their watchful aid,
 The finer Arts shall never fade.
 Blest power! whose charms alone dispense
 A keener rapture to each sense:

If Melody enchant my breast,
 Or soothe my soften'd soul to rest:
 By thee may every strain be crown'd,
 May'st thou still harmonize each sound.
 If blooming colours seem to live,
 May you fresh life and vigour give;
 May you restrain each poet's rage,
 Or animate his purer page.
 Do'st thou his savage wrath appease,
 Ev'n Terror's giant-form can please;
 'Mid shadowy shapes in dead of night,
 That shoot across my dazzled sight;
 'Mid spectres of enormous size,
 'Mid ghosts that from their charnels rise,
 'Mid shrouded friends who solemn stalk,
 And haunt me in my midnight walk;
 While wild winds blustering round my head,
 Inspire me with poetic dread;
 Thro' closing shades o'er valleys green,
 May'st thou still solemnize the scene;
 And as the storms innoxious roll,
 Pour thy lov'd horrors o'er my soul.

Yet not alone Britannia's shore
 Thy fatal absence shall deplore.
 See old Achaia's genius mourn,
 His bosom bare, his garments torn;
 See his generous patriot breast
 By all his country's wrongs oppress.

See

See him with haughty fix'd disdain
 Lament his dastard sons in vain!
 To fairer happier climes belong
 The painter's tints, the poet's song.
 Lo! conscious of approaching night:
 Where Picture wings her destin'd flight.
 Behold dejected Sculpture stand
 Prepar'd to leave our desert land.
 Yet, Goddess, yet thy secret fire
 With wondering rapture we admire.
 By thee 'mid rugged rocks we find
 Each speaking passion of the mind.
 With awful horror we behold
 Th' immense Alcides' monstrous mould;
 While Venus, queen of soft desires,
 Each tender gentler thought inspires^e.

O Alexander, not alone
 The warrior's skill to thee was known.
 Fair Science, heaven-descended maid,
 Confesses thy propitious aid:
 To thee the grateful Arts shall raise
 Eternal monuments of praise.
 Behold with thee they die away,
 To Roman ignorance a prey^f,

And

^e The Hercules of the Farnese and the Venus de Medicis.

^f In the year of Rome 585, the Romans, under the conduct of
 Paulus Æmilius, in the second Macedonian war, entirely subdued
 Greece,

And lo! again in conquering Rome
 With all their usual vigour bloom;
 Again they feel the fatal blow,
 And sink beneath the Vandal foe &.

Once more the Arts began to spread;
 Once more gay Science rear'd her head:
 Alas! in vain she strove t' assuage
 The enthusiast zealot's bigot rage^b.

Wilt thou, O Taste, again appear,
 Protectress of each circling year!
 Wilt thou in all thy wonted prime
 Review this lost unhallow'd clime;
 Or where far distant regions lie,
 'Mid dreary desarts bloom and die!
 Say, shall the stern Olympian god
 No more in living marble nod!
 Shall never Raphael charm the heart,
 Shall never Nature yield to Art,
 Shall never Maro's beauties shine,
 Except in Armstrong's classic line!

Greece, and led Persius king of Macedon in triumph. It was not till after this victory that the Romans had any taste for the fine arts.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes

Intulit agresti Latio, &c.

Horace Epist. I. Lib. ii.

^g In the eighteenth year of Honorius, in the consulship of Verannes and Tertullus, Rome was besieged and taken by the Barbarians, under the conduct of Godegisil, king of the Vandals.

^h Pope Gregory, who ordered all the ancient statues and paintings to be destroyed, that there might be no remains of Heathenism.

And

And does no Leo now remain,
 Who yet shall chear thy drooping train!
 There are, who still thy aid implore,
 Who still thy sovereign power adore,
 Thy relicts with religious fear
 Fond Italy shall yet revere.

Sweet power, in simple pomp array'd
 Be all thy native charms display'd.
 Again reviving Sculpture breathes;
 Fair Science trims her blasted wreaths;
 With suppliant willing hand to thee
 The pencil Picture shall decree:
 With one consent the Muse's choir
 To thee shall dedicate the Lyre.

Come, Goddess, feast my longing sight,
 Let me direct thy pleasing flight:
 Whate'er voluptuous slaves could boast
 On fair Phæacia's sunny coast,
 Whate'er the poet's fancy taught,
 Or imag'd to his wanton thought¹:
 For thee a happier fate remains;
 You still shall view more blissful plains,
 Where the soft guardian of thy charms
 Expects thee to his longing arms:
 He shall with fixt attention gaze,
 Shall crown thee with immortal bays,

¹ See Homer's description of the gardens of Alcinoüs, *Odyss.* vii.
 V. 112.

With lenient hand thy cares assuage,
 Protect thee from Time's lawless rage,
 The taunt of scorn, the dark revile,
 The languid, faint-approving smile,
 The noise of Mirth, the plaintive sigh,
 And simpering Folly's heedless eye.

Would'st thou with Innocence reside,
 Behold the temple's modest pride^k;
 Or in the darksome cavern'd cell
 With solitary hermits dwell;
 Would'st thou with faint desponding air
 To melancholy vaults repair,
 With aching, sicken'd, cold review,
 Bid every sorrow stream anew:
 Here may'st thou weep thy favourite Rome,
 Sad-sighing o'er each martyr's tomb^l;
 Meek Pity, Attic maid, shall join
 Her tender social tears with thine,
 O'er every urn fresh laurels strow,
 And fondly emulate thy woe.

^k The Temple of Innocence and Hermit's Cell in the gardens at Goodwood.

^l The Catacombs at Goodwood. Those in the Via Appia near Rome are generally supposed to be caves, where the primitive christians concealed themselves from their persecutors, and interred those who were martyrs for their religion. Mr. Wright, in his Travels through Italy, vol. i. pag. 357. acquaints us, that at the mouth of some of the niches were to be seen small vials like lachrymatories tinged with red, which they esteemed an indication that the bodies of martyrs were deposited there.

Or would'st thou newer ^m worlds survey,
 Where Darkneſs holds her barren ſway,
 Where ne'er the Muſe's chaplet blew,
 Where Learning's laurel never grew;
 Where Nature to our wondering eyes
 Each ſalutary herb ſupplies:
 Where flowers their fragrant ſweets diſſuſe,
 Where trees diſtil their kindly dews;
 And bleſt with every power to heal,
 Soft ſlumbers o'er the ſenſes ſteal.
 In ſuch enchanting, artleſs ſcenes,
 'Mid bowery mazes, ſpreading greens,
 Sooth'd by the breezy weſtern gale,
 In ſcented grove, or rocky dale,
 Or wandering from the ruſſet cot,
 To ſeek the deep embosom'd grot,
 Beneath the orange ſhade incloſ'd,
 Or in the myrtle bower repos'd,
 Or where the flaunting flowers have wove
 With mingled ſweets the high alcove,
 Each Indian wooes his favourite mate;
 What Nature dictates they relate:
 No youths by love's cold arts are won;
 Nor maids by eaſy faith undone;
 With eye up-raiſ'd the ſimple ſwain
 Dreads not the tortures of diſdain,

^m Alluding to the American wood at Goodwood. America is, from
 the late diſcovery of it, called the New World.

But,

But, kneeling at his fair one's feet,
 Breathes vows unconscious of deceit:
 Each pleasing sound she sighs to hear
 Repeated on her longing ear;
 Amaz'd, nor anxious to controul
 The mutual wishes of her soul,
 Attests each unknown power above,
 As witness of her spotless love;
 Yet rack'd by fond distrustful fears
 Pours out her aching heart in tears,
 And tells to her admiring youth
 Sweet tales of innocence and truth.

Fancy such raptures shall suggest,
 Lov'd inmate of thy ravish'd breast;
 Shall point where wanton zephyrs stray,
 And o'er th' unruffled ocean playⁿ.
 Or snatch thee to some wave-worn shore,
 Where fierce Atlantic surges roar:
 Where Plata with resistless force
 Thro' deserts rolls his rapid course,
 Or where Maranan proudly laves
 Waste regions with his circling waves:
 Where boundless Oroonoko fills
 His channels from a thousand hills,
 And with regardless rage destroys;
 While twenty mouths with hideous noise,

ⁿ America is bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean, and on the east by the Atlantic.

From some immense Peruvian steep,
 Spout his vex'd billows to the deep,
 Thus while you view the tyrant flood,
 Wild dread shall chill thy loitering blood;
 And frighted Fancy, self-amaz'd,
 Start at the phantom she had rais'd.

Should Nature's simple beauties fail,
 And Art's gay structures more prevail,
 Here too the polish'd dome is plac'd,
 With each Vitruvian beauty grac'd:
 Or wouldst thou at the early dawn
 Transport thee to the dew-clad lawn;
 Or from the mid-day fervor rove
 Beneath the silent plantane grove:
 Or with the fairy elves be seen
 In dances on the level green:
 Should baleful War, 'mid loud alarms,
 'Mid vanquish'd foes, and conquering arms,
 'Mid hosts o'erthrown, and myriads slain,
 On Britain fix his iron reign;
 Should Jove's fair daughter, oliv'd Peace,
 Bid the wild battle's tumult cease;
 In polish'd ease you still shall share
 Thy kind protector's fostering care;
 His faithful love shall still appear,
 His friendly aid shall still be near,
 His constant, his unwearied power
 Shall lull thee in the balmy bower;

Shall watch thee o'er the dewy glade,
And guard thee from the midnight shade.

Thou too shalt all his toils repay,
Slow-lingering here with fond delay;
Here shalt thou choose thy favourite seat,
Here fix thy last, thy blest retreat;
Each old Athenian bloom regain,
And here in Attic splendor reign.

*****:*****:*****

O D E

T O T H E

Right Honourable the Lady * * * *,

ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

B Y T H E S A M E .

WHILE you 'mid spring's gay months deplore,
Till lessening Grief's exhausted store,
By Time subsiding fail;
The Muse, Affliction's constant friend,
With social woe shall still attend,
If aught her aid avail.