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The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Translations And Imitations

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

The Temple of Fame

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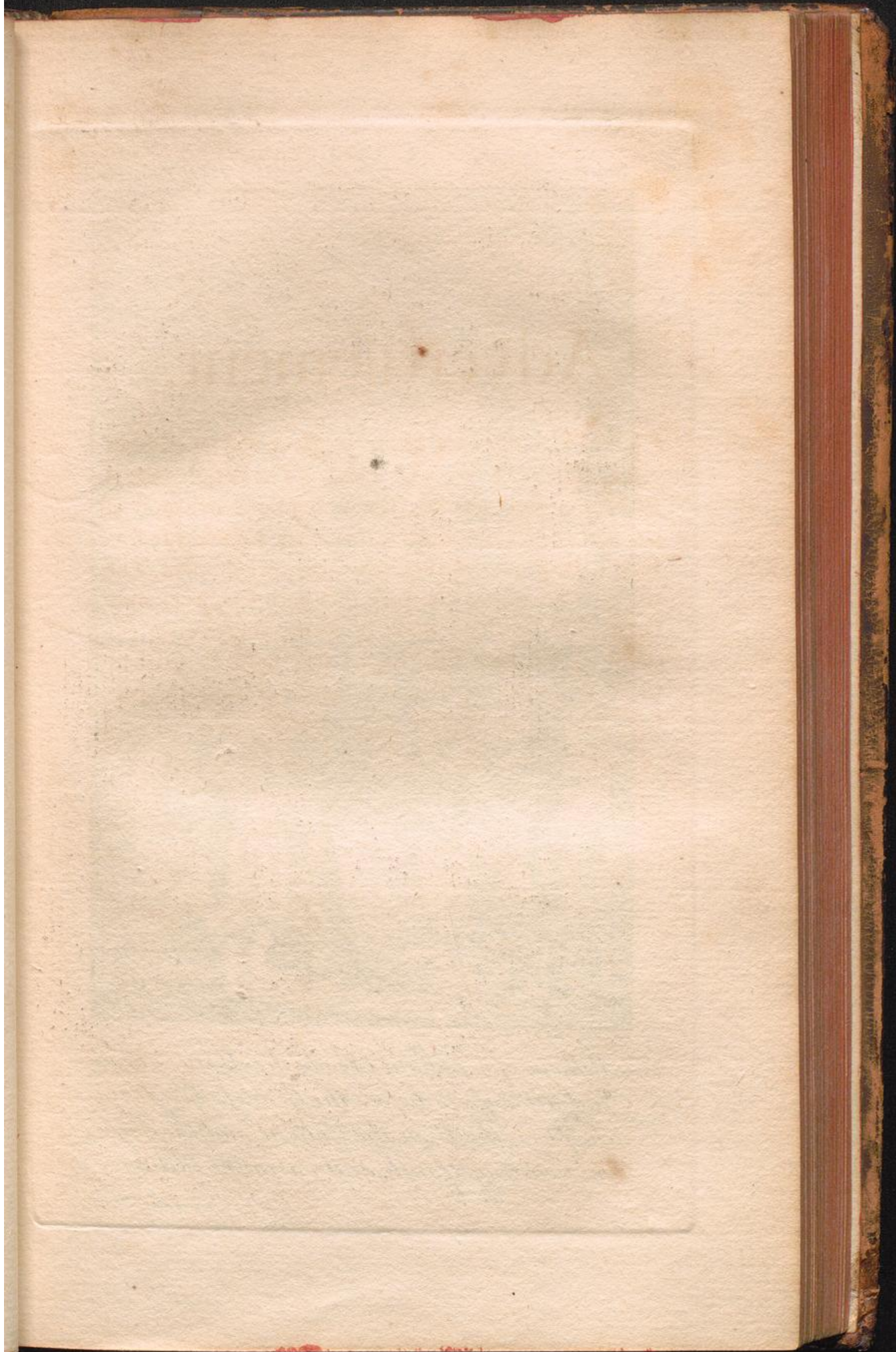
THE
T E M P L E
O F
F A M E.

Written in the Year M D C C X I.

§ D

Advertifement.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes. P.





Ant. Walker Inv. Del. et Sculp.

Millions of suppliant Crouds the Shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;—
The Poor, the Rich, the Valiant, and the Sage,
And boasting Youth, and narrative Old-age.

Temple of Fame.

(51)

THE
TEMPLE
OF
F A M E.

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest, 5
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)

NOTES.

VER. 1. *In that soft season etc.*] This Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provencial Poets, whose works were for the most part Visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream, Flower and the Leaf*, etc. of the latter. The Author of this therefore chose the same sort of Exordium. P.

§ D 2

A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow;
Where naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen, 15
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green:
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes:
There trees, and intermingled temples rise;
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The tranfient landscape now in clouds decays. 20

O'er the wide Prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, 25
Whose tow'ring fummit ambient clouds conceal'd.

IMITATIONS.

VER. II. etc.] These verses are hinted from the following of
Chaucer, Book ii.

*The beheld I fields and plains,
Now hills, and now mountains,
Now valeis, and now forestes,
And now unneth great bestes,
Now rivers, now citees,
Now towns, now great trees,
Now shippes sayling in the see. P.*

High on a rock of Ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way ;
 The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone. 30
 Inscriptions here of various Names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd ;
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And Poets once had promis'd they should last.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 27. *High on a rock of Ice etc.*] Chaucer's third book of
Fame.

*It stood upon so high a rock,
 Higher standeth none in Spayne —
 What manner stone this rock was,
 For it was like a lymed glass,
 But that it shone full more clere ;
 But of what congeled matere
 It was, I niste redily ;
 But at the last espied I,
 And found that it was every dele,
 A rock of ise, and not of stele.*

VER. 31. *Inscriptions here etc.*] *Tho saw I all the hill y-grave
 With famous folkes names fele,
 That had been in much wele
 And her fames wide y-blow ;
 But well unneth might I know,
 Any letters for to rede
 Ther names by, for out of drede
 They weren almost off-thawen so,
 That of the letters one or two
 Were molte away of every name,
 So unfamous was woxe her fame ;
 But men said, what may ever last. P.*

Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found. 36
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. 40
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th'approaches of too warm a sun;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by Envy than excess of Praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel, 45
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd etc.]*

*Tho gan I in myne harte cast,
 That they were molte away for heate,
 And not away with stormes beate.*

VER. 45. *Yet part no injuries etc.]*

*For on that other side I sey
 Of that hill which northward ley,
 How it was written full of names
 Of folke, that had afore great fames,
 Of old time, and yet they were
 As fresh as men had written hem there
 The self day, or that houre
 That I on hem gan to poure:
 But well I wiste what it made;
 It was conserved with the shade
 (All the writing that I sje)
 Of the castle that stode on high,
 And stood eke in so cold a place,
 That heate might it not deface. P.*

The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last; 50
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away, 55
 And on th'impassive ice the light'nings play;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th'incumbent sky:
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years. 60

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
 Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
 Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face 65
 Of various structure, but of equal grace:

N O T E S.

VER. 65. *Four faces had the dome, etc.*] The Temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture: the Doric order was peculiarly sacred to

Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
 Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race;
 The walls in venerable order grace:
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And Legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd, 75
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold,
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield: 80
 There great Alcides stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil.
 Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre 85
 Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!

NOTES.

Heroes and Worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned, were the first names of old Greece in arms and arts. P.

VER. 81. *There great Alcides etc.*] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of Farnese. P.

Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend, 90
 The growing tow'rs, like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame, 95
 And the great founder of the Persian name:
 There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand,
 The sage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd. 100
 These stop'd the moon, and call'd th'unbody'd shades
 To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
 Made visionary fabricks round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes;

N O T E S.

VER. 96. *And the great founder of the Persian name:]* Cyrus was the beginning of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian Monarchy. The Magi and Chaldæans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chinese, who lived about two thousand years ago. P.

Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r, 105
 And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But on the South, a long majestic race
 Of Ægypt's Priests the gilded niches grace, 110
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :
 His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold ; 115
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues Obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride. 120

NOTES.

VER. 110. *Ægypt's priests etc.*] The learning of the old Ægyptian Priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy: they also preserved the History of their nation. Their greatest Hero upon record is Sesostris, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, etc. He is said to have caused the Kings he vanquished to draw him in his Chariot. The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time. P.

VER. 119. *Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,*] The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learn

There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.

There fate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.

There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood, 126
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
And youths that dy'd to be by Poets sung.

These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like Glas,

N O T E S.

ing of the northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest; Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that during those trances he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is said to have been the inventor of the Runic characters. P.

VER. 127. *Druids and Bards etc*] These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue. Those heroic barbarians accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rushed on to certain death in the prospect of an after-life, and for the glory of a song from their bards in praise of their actions. P.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 132. *The wall in lustre etc.*]

*It shone lighter than a glass,
And made well more than it was,
As kind thing of Fame is.*

Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall, 135
 For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the founding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd: 140
 Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
 The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

Full in the passage of each spacious gate, 145
 The sage Historians in white garments wait;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms. 150
 High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd;

NOTES.

VER. 152. *The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd;* Alexander the Great: the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian Princes: his desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon, caused him to wear the horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his coins; which was continued by several of his successors. P.

His feet on sceptres and tiara's trod,
 And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
 There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minerva's, shone; 155
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his Country's fate.
 But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought: 160
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind 165
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind. }
 Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these 170
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates:

NOTES.

VER. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;*] Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood. P.

He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the Shell:
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names: 175
 Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
 And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;

NOTES.

VER. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens etc.*] Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguished by the appellation of *the Just*. When his countrymen would have banished him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an Oyster-shell; a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name. P.

VER. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir, etc.*] In the midst of the temple, nearest the throne of Fame, are placed the greatest names in learning of all antiquity. These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters: the columns on which they are raised are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works; which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 179. *Six pompous columns etc.*]
 From the dees many a pillere,
 Of metal that shone not full clere, etc.
 Upon a pillere saw I stonde
 That was of lede and iron fine,
 Him of the sect Saturnine,
 The Ebraicke Josephus the old, etc.
 Upon an iron piller strong,
 That painted was all endlong,

Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 180
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
 High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
 Eternal Adamant compos'd his throne;
 Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast; 185
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of Troy were round the Pillar seen:
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall, 190
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall,
 Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t'affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect. 195
 A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;

IMITATIONS.

*With tygers blood in every place,
 The Tholosan that hight Stace,
 That bare of Thebes up the name, etc. P.*

VER. 182.]

*Full wonder bye on a pillere
 Of iron, he the great Omer,
 And with him Dares and Titus, etc. P.*

VER. 196, etc.]

*There saw I stand on a pillere
 That was of tinned iron cleere,*

Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unweary'd art:
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph fate, 200
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead; 205
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
 Æneas bending with his aged fire:
 Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
 ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.
 Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, 210
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:

NOTES.

VER. 210. *Four swans sustain etc.*] Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of Poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games. P.

IMITATIONS.

*The Latin Poet Virgyle,
 That hath bore up of a great while
 The fame of pius Eneas:
 And next him on a pillere was
 Of copper, Venus clerke Ovide,
 That hath sown wondrous wide
 The great God of Love's fame —
 Tho saw I on a pillere by
 Of iron wrought full sternly,*

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th'inspiring God.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings. 215
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
 The champions in distorted postures threat; 220
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th'Ausonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
 Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t'infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse. 225

IMITATIONS.

*The great Poet Dan Lucan,
 That on his shoulders bore up then
 As hye as that I might see,
 The fame of Julius and Pompee.
 And next him on a pillere stode
 Of sulphur, like as he were wode,
 Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
 That bare up all the fame of hell, etc. P.*

VER. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t'infuse The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.*] This expresses the mix'd character of the odes of Horace: the second of these verses alludes to that line of his,

Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camænæ.
 As another which follows, to
Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

§ E

The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace ;
A work outlasting monumental brass.

Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.

The Doves that round the infant poet spread 230
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

Here in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite ;
His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various Animals his sides surround ; 235
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

IMITATIONS.

The action of the Doves hints at a passage in the fourth ode of his third book.

*Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo
Altriciis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno,
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texere ; mirum quod foret omnibus —
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis ; ut premerer sacra
Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non sine Diis animosus infans.*

Which may be thus englished ;

*While yet a child, I chanc'd to stray,
And in a desert sleeping lay ;
The savage race withdrew, nor dar'd
To touch the Muses future bard ;
But Cytherea's gentle dove
Myrtles and Bays around me spread,
And crown'd your infant Poet's head,
Sacred to Music and to Love. P.*

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
 The Roman Rostra deck'd the Consul's throne:
 Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
 Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
 And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
 O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies: 245
 Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aking sight,
 So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
 Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
 The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye, 250
 The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphyrs stream,
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
 With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne; 255
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 259. *Scarce seem'd her stature etc.]*
Methought that she was so lite,
That the length of a cubite

§ E 2

But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260
 Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
 And ampler Vista's open'd to my view:
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long iles extend. 265
 Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
 With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
 And last, eternal, thro' the length of days. 275

IMITATIONS.

*Was longer than she seem'd be;
 But thus soone in a while she,
 Her selfe tho wonderly straight,
 That with her feet she the earth reight,
 And with her head she touchyd heaven — P.*

VER. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd, etc.]
 I heard about her throne y-sung
 That all the palays walls rung,
 So sung the mighty Muse, she
 That cleped is Calliope,
 And her seven sisters eke — P.*

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
 From diff'rent quarters fill the crouded hall:
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly, 285
 Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage, 290
 And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 276. *Around these wonders etc.]*
I heard a noise approchen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,
Against her time of out flying;
Right such a manere murmuring,
For all the world it seemed me,
Tho gan I look about and see
That there came entring into th' hall,
A right great company withal;
And that of sundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions, — etc. P.

Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same:
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
 Unlike successes equal merits found. 295

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
 And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r.
 Long have we sought t'instruct and please mankind,
 With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,

We here appeal to thy superior throne:
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
 For fame is all we must expect below. 305

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
 The golden Trumpet of eternal Praise:
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
 That fills the circuit of the world around;
 Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud; 310
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 294. *Some she disgrac'd, etc.]*
And some of them she granted sone,
And some she warn'd well and fair,
And some she granted the contrair —
Right as her sister dame Fortune
Is wont to serve in commune. P.

By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
 Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
 At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
 Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread; 315
 Less fragrant scents th'unfolding rose exhales,
 Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
 Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
 Since living virtue is with envy curs'd, 320
 And the best men are treated like the worst,
 Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
 And give each deed th'exact intrinsic worth.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 318. *the good and just, etc.]*

*Tho came the third companye,
 And gan up to the dees to hye,
 And down on knees they fell anone,
 And saiden: We ben everichone
 Folke that han full truely
 Deserved Fame right-fully,
 And prayen you it might be knowe
 Right as it is, and forth blowe.*

*I grant, quoth she, for now me list
 That your good works shall be wist.
 And yet ye shall have better loos,
 Right in despite of all your foos,
 Than worthy is, and that anone.*

*Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone —
 And certes all the breath that went
 Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
 As men a pot of baume held
 Among a basket full of roses — P.*

Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
 (Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd : 325
 Let fuller notes th'applauding world amaze,
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another croud
 Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
 The constant tenour of whose well-spent days 330
 No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
 But strait the direful Trump of Slander sounds ;
 Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies, 335
 In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
 From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :

IMITATIONS.

VER. 328, 338. *behold another croud etc. — From the black trumpet's rusty etc.]*

*Therewithal there came anone
 Another huge companye,
 Of good folke —
 What did this Eolus, but he
 Tooke out his trump of brasse,
 That fouler than the devil was :
 And gan this trump for to blowe,
 As all the world should overthrowe,
 Throughout every regicne
 Went this foul trumpet's sounne,*

The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies, 340
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life; 345
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night. 355
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

IMITATIONS.

*Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne.
And such a smoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpet's ende — etc. P.*
VER. 356. *Then came the smallest etc.]
I saw anone the fifth route,
That to this lady gan loute,
And downe on knees anone to fall,
And to her they besoughten all,*

Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
 But safe in deserts from th'applause of men, 360
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen,
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite,
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake. 365
 And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?
 But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.

IMITATIONS.

*To hiden their good works eke?
 And said, they yeve not a leke
 For no fame ne such renowne;
 For they for contemplacyone,
 And Goddes love had it wrought,
 Ne of fame would they ought.
 What, quoth she, and be ye wood?
 And ween ye for to do good,
 And for to have it of no fame?
 Have ye despite to have my name?
 Nay ye shall lien everichone:
 Blowe thy trump, and that anone
 (Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hate,
 And ring these folkes workes by rote,
 That all the world may of it heare;
 And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
 In his golden clarioune,
 Through the World went the soune,
 All so kindly, and eke so soft,
 That their fame was blown aloft. P.*

Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath, 370
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said: in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
 So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear: 375
 To farthest shores th'Ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see 380
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair: 385
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
 Of unknown Duchesses leud tales we tell,
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 378. *Next these a youthful train etc.*] The Reader might compare these twenty-eight lines following, which contain the same matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

Tho came the sixth companye,

And gan faste to Fame cry, etc.

being too prolix to be here inserted. P.

The joy let others have, and we the name, 390
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request :
What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall, 400
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.

Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run thro' all the croud. 405

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd ;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics; 411

IMITATIONS.

VER. 406. *Last, those who boast of mighty etc.]*
Tho came another companye,
That had y-done the treachery, etc. P.

Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
 And beg to make th'immortal treasons known.
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire, 415
 With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire.
 At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
 And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
 Strait chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the
 throne.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 418. *This having heard and seen, etc.*] The Scene here changes from the temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

*Tho' saw I stonde in a valey,
 Under the castel fast by
 A house, that Domus Dedali
 That Labyrinthus cleped is,
 Nas made so wonderly, I wis,
 Ne half so queintly y-wrought;
 And evermo as swift as thought,
 This queint house about went,
 That never more it still stent —
 And eke this house hath of entrees
 As many as leaves are on trees,
 In summer, when they ben grene;
 And in the roof yet men may sene
 A thousand hoels and well mo,
 To letten the soune out go;
 And by day in every tide
 Ben all the doors open wide,
 And by night each one unshet;
 No porter is there one to let,
 No manner tydings in to pace:
 Ne never rest is in that place. P.*

Before my view appear'd a structure fair, 420
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
 With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores; 425
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here. 435
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
 The trembling surface by the motion stir'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance, 440
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 428. *As flames by nature to the etc.*] This thought is transferred hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no less than one hundred and twenty verses, beginning thus,
Geffray, thou wottest well this, etc. P.

Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighb'ring air a soft impressiō make;
 Another ambient circle then they move;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above; 445
 Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
 Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great, 455
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 448. *There various news I heard etc.]*

*Of warres, of peace, of marriages,
 Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
 Of abode, of death, and of life,
 Of love and hate, accord and strife,
 Of loss, of love, and of winnings,
 Of heale, of sickness, and lessings,
 Of divers transmutations
 Of estates and eke of regions,
 Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,
 Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
 Of good, or bad government,
 Of fire, and of divers accident. P.*

Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away; 460
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
 Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
 And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
 With home-born lyes, or tales from foreign lands;
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place, 466
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 458. *Above, below, without, within, etc.]*
But such a grete Congregation
Of folke as I saw roame about,
Some within, and some without,
Was never seen, ne shall be eft —
And every wight that I saw there
Rowned everich in others ear
A new tyding privily,
Or else he told it openly
Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou
That is betide to night now?
No, quoth he, tell me what?
And then he told him this and that, etc.
 ——— *Thus north and south*
Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
And that encreasing evermo,
As fire is wont to quicken and go
From a sparkle sprong amifs,
Till all the citee brent up is. P.

And all who told it added something new, 470 }
 And all who heard it, made enlargements too, }
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew. }
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travel'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance, 475
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance ;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lyes are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below.
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force :
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon ; 485
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the
 sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lye and truth contending for the way ; 490

IMITATIONS.

VER. 489. *There, at one passage, etc.]*
And sometime I saw there at once,

§ F

And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue thro the narrow vent:
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseparable now, the truth and lye;
 The strict companions are for ever join'd, 495
 And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
 What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise? 500
 'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
 But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in others breath, 505
 Th'estate which wits inherit after death!

NOTES.

VER. 497. *While thus I stood, &c.*] The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a *Moral* to the whole. In *Chaucer* he only answers "he came to see the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprized at the sight of a *Man of great Authority*, and awaking in a fright. P.

IMITATIONS.

*A lefing and a sad sooth saw
 That gommen at adventure draw
 Out of a window forth to pace —
 And no man, be he ever so wrothe,
 Shall have one of these two, but bothe, etc.* P.

Eafe, health, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
(Unſure the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor; 510
All luckleſs wits their enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſſful, jealous friends at beſt.
Nor Fame I flight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all.
But if the purchaſe coſts ſo dear a price, 515
As ſoothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
Oh! if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where fortune leads the way;
Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame; 520
Then teach me, heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe,
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

Fate, health, and life, for this they must receive,
 (Unless the fates, but how vast the need!)
 The great man's scute, without the gain, and
 Be envy'd, wretched, and be hated, poor;
 All lacks, with their enemies profit,
 And all successful, jealous friends at odds,
 Not fame I fight, nor for her favour call,
 She cannot unlook'd for, if the course of all,
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
 As foolish folly, or exalting vice;
 O! if the state most fatal lawless way,
 And follow still where fortune leads the way,
 Or if no path but try thing name,
 But the self'n ruin of another's fame,
 Then teach me, how not to scorn the vulgar path,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of power,
 Unblame'd let me live, or die unknown,
 O! grant an honest fame, or grant me none.

