Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,

Us’d to the yoke, draw’ſt his triumphant wheels

In progreſs thro’ the road of heav'n star-pav'd*.*

*Paradise Lost, b.* 4.

The concluding epithet forms a grand and delightful image, which cannot be the genuine offspring of rage.

4. Sentiments too artificial for a ſerious paſſion. The firſt example is a ſpeech of Percy expiring.

O, Harry, thou haſt robb’d me of my growth :

I better brook the loſs of brittle life,

Than thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me ; [fleſh.

They wound my thoughts worſe than thy ſword my

But thought’s the ſlave of life, and life time’s fool;

And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,

Muſt have a flop.

*First Part, Henry IV. act 5. sc.* 9.

The ſentiments of the *Mourning Pride* are for the most part no leſs delicate than just copies of nature : in the following exception the picture is beautiful, but too artful to be ſuggeſted by ſevere grief.

*Almeria.* O no ! Time gives increaſe to my afflic­tions.

The circling hours, that gather all the woes

Which are diffus’d through the revolving year,

Come heavy laden with th’ oppreſſive weight

To me ; with me, ſuccessively, they leave

The ſighs, the tears, the groans, the reſtleſs cares,

And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight;

They ſhake their downy wings, and ſcatter all

The dire collected dews on my poor head ;

Then fly with joy and ſwiftneſs from me. *Act* 1. s*c.* 1.

In the ſame play, Almeria feeing a dead body, which ſhe took to be Alphonſo’s, expreſſes ſentiments ſtrained and artificial, which nature ſuggeſts not to any perſon upon ſuch an occaſion :

Had they or hearts or eyes, that did this deed ?

Could eyes endure to guide ſuch cruel hands ?

Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,

That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to ſtone ?

— I do not weep ! The ſprings of tears are dry’d,

And of a ſudden I am calm, as if [ der’d !

All things were well ; and yet my huſband’s mur-

Yes, yes, I know to mourn : I’ll ſluice this heart,

The ſource of wo, and let the torrent in.

*Act. 5.* sc. 11.

Pope’s elegy to the memory of an unfortunate lady, expreſſes delicately the moſt tender concern and ſorrow that one can feel for the deplorable fate of a perſon of worth. Such a poem, deeply ſerious and pathetic, re­jects with diſdain all fiction. Upon that account, the following passage deserves no quarter ; for it is not the language of the heart, but of the imagination indulging its flights at eaſe, and by that means is eminently diſcordant with the ſubject. It would be a ſtill more ſe­vere cenſure, if it ſhould be aſcribed to imitation, copy­ing indiſcreetly what has been ſaid by others :

What tho’ no weeping loves thy aſhes grace,

Nor poliſh’d marble emulate thy face ?

What though no ſacred earth allow thee room,

Nor hallow’d dirge be mutter’d o’er thy tomb ?

Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow’rs be dreſt,

And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt :

There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,

There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow ;

While angels with their ſilver wings o’erſhade

The ground, now ſacred by thy relics made.

5. Fanciful or finical ſentiments. Sentiments that degenerate into point or conceit, however they may amuſe in an idle hour, can never be the offspring of any ſerious or important paſſion. In the J*eruſalem* of Taſſo, Tancred, after a single combat, ſpent with fa­tigue and loſs of blood, falls into a ſwoon ; in which ſituation, underſtood to be dead, he is diſcovered by Erminia, who was in love with him to distraction. A more happy ſituation cannot be imagined, to raiſe grief in an inſtant to its higheſt pitch ; and yet, in venting her ſorrow, ſhe deſcends moſt abominably into antithesis and conceit even of the loweſt kind :

E in lui verso d’ineſſicabil vena

Lacrime, e voce di ſoſpiri miſta.

In che miſero punto hor qui me mena

Fortuna ? a che veduta amara e triſta ?

Dopo gran tempo i’ ti ritrovo a pena

Tancredi, e ti riveggio, e non ſon viſta

Viſta non ſon da te, benche preſente

T trovando ti perdo eternamente,

*Canto 19. st.* 105.

Armida’s lamentation reſpecting her lover Rinaldo is in the ſame vicious taſte. V*id.* canto 20. ſtan. 124, 125, 126.

*Queen.* Give me no help in lamentation,

I am not barren to bring forth complaints :

All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That I, being govern’d by the wat’ry moon,

May lend forth plenteous tears to drown the world,

Ah, for my huſband, for my dear lord Edward.

*King Richard III act. 2. ſc.* 2.

Jane Shore utters her laſt breath in a witty conceit :

Then all is well, and I ſhall ſleep in peace

Tis very dark, and I have loſt you now

Was there not ſomething I would have bequeath’d you? But I have nothing left me to beſtow,

Nothing but one ſad ſigh. Oh mercy, Heav’n ! [ *Dies.*

*Act* 5,

Gilford to Lady Jane Gray, when both were con­demned to die :

Thou ſtand’ſt unmov’d ;

Calm temper fits upon thy beauteous brow ;

Thy eyes that flow’d ſo faſt for Edward’s loſs,

Gaze unconcern’d upon the ruin round thee,

As if thou had’ſt reſolv’d to brave thy fate,

And triumph in the midſt of deſolation.

Ha! ſee, it ſwells, the liquid cryſtal riſes,

It ſtarts in ſpite of thee-- but I will catch if,

Nor let the earth be wet with dew ſo rich.

*Lady Jane Gray, act* 4. *near the end.*

The concluding ſentiment is altogether finical, unſuitable to the importance of the occaſion, and even to the dignity of the paſſion of love.