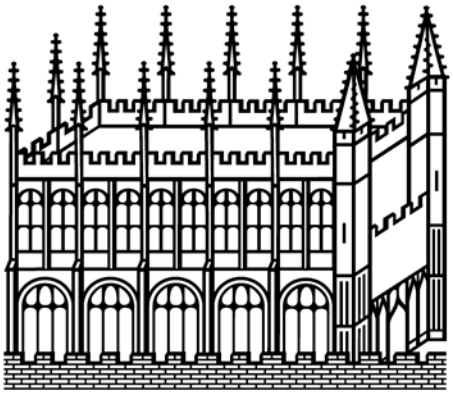


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Thomas Shapter
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POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By STEPHEN DUCK.



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Printed for JOHN OSBORN, at the *Golden Ball* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*; SAMUEL BIRT, at the *Bible* and *Ball* in *Ave-Mary Lane*; and JAMES HODGES, at the *Looking-Glaſs* on *London-Bridge*. 1738.

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TO THE

QUEEN.

MADAM,

THE great Honour Your Majeſty has done me, in giving me Leave to prefix Your Royal Name to the following Poems, does not encourage me to preſume they are worthy to be laid at Your

Feet on any other Account, but only as they are an humble Tribute of Duty, offer'd from a thankful Heart to a gracious Benefactreſs. Your Majeſty has indeed the ſame Right to them, as You have to the Fruits of a Tree, which You have tranſplanted out of a barren Soil into a fertile and beautiful Garden. It was Your Generoſity which brought me out of Obſcurity, and ſtill condeſcends to protect me; like the Supreme Being, who continually ſupports the meaneſt Creature, which his Goodneſs has produc'd.

I have Room here to expatiate upon a very inviting Subject; but Your

Your Majeſty has nobly prevented all Panegyric, even from the beſt Pens, by building Your *Fame* on a much more laſting Baſis, than that of *Praiſe* in *Dedications*. Your Encouragements of *Arts* and *Sciences*, Your Eſteem and Friendſhip for all Defenders of Truth, while they are living, the Regard You pay to their Memories when dead, and your generous Care of their Widows and Orphans, record Your Virtues in ſuch Characters as will ever be legible. Your Chriſtian Love to Mankind, Your zealous Endeavours to promote *Religion*, a Soul made tender to feel our Misfortunes, and a Will inclin'd to redreſs them, are ſuch amiable and heavenly Qualities,

as ſhine beſt by their own Light, and can receive no Luſtre from the fineſt Deſcription.

May Heaven long preſerve Your Majeſty to practiſe all theſe Virtues, to be a perpetual Source of Comfort and Joy to our glorious Monarch, a Bleſſing to the Nation, and a noble Pattern of Beneficence and Generoſity to future Queens. Your Majeſty's great Goodneſs to myſelf draws this Prayer from a Heart fill'd with Gratitude. As there is ſo little Merit in what You now honour with Your Royal Protection, I ſhall endeavour to ſupply the Defects, the only Way that is in my Power by my Thanks, and Prayers for Your Majeſty:

Theſe

Theſe I will ever continue, and always make it my greateſt Ambition to ſhew with what profound Reſpect I am,

MADAM,

Your MAJESTY's

Moſt Grateful,

Moſt Devoted, and

Moſt Dutiful Servant,

Stephen Duck.

THE

PREFACE.

WHAT I propoſe in this Preface, is only to beſpeak the Reader's Good-nature, and to ſay ſomething which may incline him to pardon what he cannot commend. I have indeed but a poor Defence to make for the Things I have wrote: I dont think them good, and better Judges

Judges will doubtleſs think worſe of of them than I do. Only this, I believe, I may ſay of them, That, if they have nothing to delight thoſe who may chance to read them, they have nothing to give Modeſty a Bluſh; if nothing to entertain and improve the Mind, they have nothing to debauch and corrupt it.

ANOTHER Motive, that I hope may induce the Reader to overlook the Defects in this Volume, is, That the oldeſt Poem in it is little more than ſix Years of Age; and a conſiderable Part of the Time ſince that was writ, has been ſpent in endeavouring to learn a Language, of which I was then entirely ignorant;

rant; tho' I fear, the few Attempts I have made in Tranſlations, will too well convince the Public, to how little Purpoſe I have employ'd my Time. I confeſs myſelf guilty of a great Preſumption in publiſhing Imitations of Horace, *when many eminent Hands have done it much better before me: But when I was only endeavouring to underſtand him, I found it difficult to conquer a Temptation I had to imitate ſome of his Thoughts, which mightily pleas'd me. If I may be forgiven this Emperiment, I promiſe to trouble the World with nothing of this Nature again, at leaſt, till I may be able to do my Author more Juſtice.*

I have not myſelf been ſo fond of writing, as might be imagin'd from ſeeing ſo many Things of mine as are got together in this Book. Several of them are on Subjects that were given me by Perſons, to whom I have ſuch great Obligations, that I always thought their Deſires Commands. My Want of Education *will be too evident from them, for me to mention it here: And I hope, when the Reader weighs my Performances, he will put* that, *and other Diſadvantages into the Scale.*

I am afraid, the Letter relating to myſelf, wrote by a worthy and learned

learned Gentleman, will be thought an improper Thing in a Publication made by myſelf: But, as I was deſir'd to prefix it, by Perſons whom I think it an Honour to obey, I hope it will be pardon'd; and the rather, becauſe a very falſe Account had been publiſh'd before, by a Perſon who ſeems to have had as little Regard for Truth, as he had for Honeſty, when he ſtole my Poems.

I would willingly here make known my Obligations to thoſe worthy Perſons who firſt took Notice of me in the midſt of Poverty *and* Labour, *were I not afraid, my Gratitude, thus publickly expreſs'd, would offend*

offend them more than my Silence. However, I muſt beg leave to return my Thanks to a Reverend Gentlemen of Wiltſhire, *and to another of* Wincheſter: *The former made my Life more comfortable, as ſoon as he knew me; the latter, after giving me ſeveral Teſtimonies of his Bounty and Goodneſs, preſented my firſt Eſſays to a Lady of Quality attending on the Queen, who made my low Circumſtances known to Her* Majeſty.

I hope too, that all thoſe Honourable Perſons, whoſe Names *do me ſo much Credit at the Beginning of my Book, in the Quarto Edition, will accept my Acknowledgments and Thanks:*

Thanks for ſo liberal a Subſcription: And as this Volume, I fear, will tell them, they have not encourag'd a Poet, I will endeavour to let them ſee they have been generous to an honeſt Man.



AN

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

AUTHOR

In a LETTER *to a* FRIEND.
Written in the Year 1730.

SIR,



Don't wonder that you ſhould deſire ſo diſtinct an Account, how *Stephen Duck* came to write Verſes, and how he manag'd in writing them. Philoſophers find as much Subject for their Admiration in the minuteſt Bodies, as in the largeſt; and a Poet from the Barn, tho' not

not ſo great a Man, is as great a Curioſity, as a Dictator from the Plough. I can be particular enough as to his firſt ſetting out in Poetry; and, ſince you ſeem to deſire it, ſhall give you all the Circumſtances I could learn from a Week's Converſation with him in all his Simplicity; without conſidering, that many of them, to a Perſon leſs curious, might appear too trifling to be mention'd even in a Letter.

My Friend *Stephen* had originally no other Teaching, than what enabled him to read, and write *Engliſh*; he had never taken a ſingle Step toward any other Language. As Arithmetick is generally join'd with this Degree of Learning, he had a little Share of that too. About his Fourteenth Year he was taken from School, and was afterwards ſucceſſively engag'd in the ſeveral loweſt Employments of a Country Life. This laſted for ſome Years; ſo long, that he had forgot almoſt all the Arithmetick he had learn'd at School: However he read ſometimes, and thought oftener. He had a certain Longing after Knowledge; and when he reflected within himſelf on his Want of Education, he began to be particularly uneaſy, that he ſhould have forgot ſomething of what he had learnt, even at the little School he had been at. He thought of this ſo often, that at laſt he reſolv'd to try his own Strength; and,

and, if poſſible, to recover his Arithmetick again.

HIS firſt Attempt of this Kind I take to have been about Six Years ago. Conſidering the Difficulties the poor Fellow lay under, this Inclination for Knowledge muſt have been very ſtrong in him. He was then married, and at Service; he had little Time to ſpare; he had no Books, and no Money to get any: But he was reſolv'd to go thro' with it; and accordingly us'd to work more than other Day-labourers, and by that Means got ſome little Matter added to his Pay. This Overplus was at his own Diſpoſal. With this he bought firſt a Book of Vulgar Arithmetic, then one of Decimal, and a third of Meaſuring of Land; all which by Degrees he made himſelf a tolerable Maſter of, in thoſe Hours he could ſteal from his Sleep, after the Labours of the Day.

WHERE there was ſuch a Deſire for Knowledge, there muſt be good Senſe at bottom, and a Soul, at leaſt, ſomewhat above the common Converſation he muſt meet with in his poor State of Life. I have ask'd him, whom he had that he could talk and converſe with in the Country; and was pleas'd to find him, in this Particular, happier than I expected. He ſaid, he had one dear Friend, that he men-

mention'd with uncommon Affection. They us'd to talk and read together, when they could ſteal a little Time for it. This Friend had been in a Service at *London* for two or three Years: He had an Inclination to Books; he had purchas'd ſome, and brought 'em down with him into the Country; and *Stephen* had always the Uſe of his little Library; which by this Time, poſſibly, may be increas'd to two or three dozen of Books. This Friend knew no more out of *Engliſh* than *Stephen*, but by talking together they mutually improv'd each other. *Stephen* is all Simplicity: He ſays, "That his Friend can talk better than "he, as having been more us'd to Company; "but that he himſelf has been more us'd to "Poetry, and in that can do better than his "Friend."

HAD it not been for this, *Stephen* muſt have been plac'd in the ſame Claſs with *Hai Ebn Yokdhan*, and the young *Hermes* in Mr. *Ramſay*'s *Cyrus*: but the Story of their Improvements without any Aſſiſtance agrees only with Romances; and you know, what I am writing to you is a true Hiſtory. Our retir'd Philoſopher had his Friend; and it ſeems to have been the greateſt Happineſs of his Life that he had one. They did not only read, but reaſon'd over Points together; and I have ſometimes thought, how agreeable a Thing it would

would have been, to have been conceal'd within hearing of them, when they were in the midſt of ſome of their moſt knotty Debates. We may imagine 'em both to have had good natural Senſe, and a few good Books in common between 'em: Their Minds were their own; neither improv'd, nor ſpoil'd, by laying in a Stock of Learning: They were perhaps equally well inclin'd to learn, both ſtruggling for a little Knowledge; and, like a Couple of Rowers on the ſame Bottom, while they were only ſtriving perhaps, which ſhould outdo his Companion, they were really each *helping* the other, and driving the Boat on the faſter.

PERHAPS you would be willing to know what Books their little Library conſiſted of. I need not mention thoſe of Arithmetic again, nor his Bible: *Milton*, the *Spectators*, and *Seneca*, were his firſt Favourites; *Telemachus*, with another Piece by the ſame Hand, and *Addiſon's* Defence of Chriſtianity, his next. They had an *Engliſh* Dictionary, and a Sort of *Engliſh* Grammar, an *Ovid* of long ſtanding with them, and a *Byſhe's* Art of Poetry of later Acquiſition: *Seneca's* Morals made the Name of *l'Eſtrange* dear to them; and, as I imagine, might occaſion their getting his *Joſephus* in Folio, which was the largeſt Purchaſe in their Collection: They had one Volume of *Shake-*

ſpear

ſpear, with Seven of his Plays in it. Beſide theſe, *Stephen* had read three or four other Plays; ſome of *Epictetus*, *Waller*, *Dryden*'s *Virgil*, *Prior*, *Hudibras*, *Tom Brown*, and the *London Spy*. You may ſee I am a faithful Hiſtorian, by my giving you the Bad with the Good.

WITH theſe Helps *Stephen* is grown ſomething of a Poet, and ſomething of a Philoſopher. I find by him, that from his Infancy, he has had a Caſt in his Mind toward Poetry. He has delighted, as far back as he can remember, in Verſes, and in Singing. He ſpeaks of ſtrange Emotions that he has felt on the top Performances of the little Choir of Songſters in a Country Chancel; and mentions his firſt hearing of an Organ, as a remarkable Epocha of his Life. He ſeems to be a pretty good Judge too of a muſical Line; but I imagine, that he does not hear Verſes in his own Mind, as he repeats them. I don't know whether you underſtand me. I mean, that his Ideas of Notes in a Verſe, and his Manner of repeating the ſame Verſe, are often different: For he points out an harmonious Line well enough; and yet he generally ſpoils its Harmony by his Way of ſpeaking it.

WHAT firſt gave him a higher Taſte of Poetry, than he had been us'd to, was *Milton*'s *Para-*

Paradiſe Loſt. This came oddly enough into his Hands; and when I ſee you, I'll tell you the Hiſtory of it. *Stephen* read it over twice or thrice with a Dictionary, before he could underſtand the Language of it thoroughly. This, and a Sort of *Engliſh* Grammar they had, have been of the greateſt Uſe to him of any Thing.

INDEED it ſeems plain to me, that he has got *Engliſh* juſt as we get *Latin.* He ſtudy'd *Paradiſe Loſt*, as others ſtudy the Claſſics. The new Beauties in that Poem, that was continually opening upon his Mind, made his Labour eaſy to him. He work'd all Day for his Maſter; and, after the Labour of the Day, ſet to his Books at Night. The Pains he has taken for the Pleaſure of improving himſelf are incredible; but it has anſwer'd too beyond what one could have expected; for he ſeems to underſtand ſome of the great and deeper Beauties of that Poem tolerably well; and points out ſeveral particular Beauties iu it, which it requires a good nice Eye to diſcover.

'TWAS his Friend that help'd him to the *Spectators*; they read them often together, and often by themſelves. *Stephen* tells me, that he has frequently carry'd them with him to his Work. When he did ſo, his Method

was to labour harder than any body elſe, that he might get Half an Hour to read a *Spectator*, without injuring his Maſter. By this means he us'd to ſit down all over Sweat and Heat, without regarding his own Health, and often to the Prejudice of it. If this affects you, as it has me, I ought not to paſs it over, that you may not loſe the Pleaſure of ſo ſtrong an Inſtance of Honeſty and Induſtry mix't together.

THE *Spectators* improv'd his Underſtanding, he ſays, more than any Thing. The Copies of Verſes ſcatter'd in thoſe Pieces, help'd on his natural Bent that Way; and made him willing to try, whether he could not do ſomething like 'em. He ſometimes turn'd his own Thoughts into Verſe, while he was at Work; and at laſt began to venture thoſe Thoughts a little on Paper. What he did of this Kind, was very inconſiderable; only ſcatter'd Thoughts, and generally not above Four or Five Lines on the ſame Subject; which, as there was nobody thereabouts that car'd for Verſes, nor any body that could tell him whether they were good or bad, he generally flung into the Fire, as ſoon as he had pleas'd himſelf enough in reading them.

WHATEVER Care he took to burn theſe little Pieces, he found it not ſufficient to conceal

ceal them. The Thing took Air; and *Stephen*, who had before the Name of a Scholar among the Country People, was ſaid now to be able to write Verſes too. This was mention'd accidentally, about a Year ago, before a young Gentleman of *Oxford*, who ſent for *Stephen*; and after ſome Talk with him, deſir'd him to write him a Letter in Verſe. That Letter is the Epiſtle which ſtands the laſt in his Poems, but was the firſt whole Copy of Verſes that ever he wrote. This happen'd to fall into the Hands of ſome Clergymen in the Neighbourhood, who were very well pleas'd with it; and upon examining him, found the Man had a good deal of Merit. They gave him ſome Preſents, which, as Things ſtood then, were a great Help to him; and encourag'd him to go on as much as they could.

THIS made him proceed with more Courage: And, as he had wrote ſome ſcatter'd Verſes on *Poverty*, before this happen'd, he carry'd thoſe Thoughts on, and fill'd it up, as it ſtands at preſent in the printed Collection I ſend you: So that this is his ſecond Copy. I am very careful in ſettling the Chronology of his Poems, that you may ſee how he has gone on Step by Step, if you pleaſe.

THE Compoſition which was next in Order, is that on his own *Labours*: That Subject was given him by one of thoſe who firſt encourag'd him; and after this was finiſh'd, he was employ'd from the ſame Quarter in his *Shunammite*. As this exceeded any of the reſt, I think from hence we may date the Æra of his riſing in Character and Circumſtances. Upon this it was that Perſons of Diſtinction began to ſend for him different Ways. In ſhort, it got him Fame enough to be pretty troubleſome to him at firſt; tho' it is likely to end in a much happier Settlement of him and his Affairs, than could ever have been dreamt of by him at his firſt ſetting out.

WHEN you have read his Poems, and conſider the Manner he has been bred up in, I doubt not you will think they have their Merit: But I aſſure you, they give an imperfect Idea of the Man; and, to know how much he deſerves, one ſhould converſe with him, and hear on what Reaſons he omitted ſuch a Part, and introduc'd another; why he ſhortens his Stile in this Place, and enlarges in that; whence he has ſuch a Word, and whence ſuch an Idea. I'll give you all I can recollect of this kind, in relation to what is generally reckon'd

the

the beſt Thing he has wrote, *The Shunammite.*

IN the firſt Place, I found upon enquiry, that he wrote by a Plan; he thought over all the Parts, as he intended to uſe them, before he made the Verſes. For a Poem of any Length, no doubt 'tis as neceſſary to do this, as it is to have a Draught of a Houſe, before you go to building it; and yet I believe, the common Run of our Poets have generally thought themſelves above it, or not thought of it at all. Tho' the *Shunammite* was written on a Story given to his Hand, ſtill ſomething of this Kind was convenient enough; becauſe, in formimg it anew, he did not make uſe of all the Materials before him, and has brought in ſome of his own. He thought, the Stretching of the Prophet in ſo particular a Manner, muſt ſound ſtrange. The Woman introduc'd to tell her Story, is a new Caſt of his own; ſo is her Doubting, and then confirming herſelf again, by a particular Induction of all *Eliſha*'s Miracles; ſo the bringing an Audience about her, and their Chorus's, when they join together in congratulating her Happineſs; the laſt of which cloſes the Poem in a good proper Manner.

UPON being ask'd, Why he introduc'd a Perſon to tell all the Story in the *Shunamite*, and why he could not as well tell it himſelf; he ſaid, he had read *Prior*'s *Solomon*; and that, in reading it, *Solomon*'s ſpeaking every thing touch'd him particularly. He was then ask'd, ſince it was to be ſpoken, why he did not rather chuſe the Prophet, as the Perſon of the greater Dignity, to ſpeak it. He ſaid to this, That the Woman was to be pity'd; That there ſeem'd to be * ſome Expreſſions of the Woman in the Hiſtory, which, if not omitted, might leſſen our Regard and Compaſſion for her; That, if the Prophet had related the Thing, he could not have omitted a Word; but when the Woman did, ſhe might well be allow'd to ſoften her own Caſe; and to drop, when ſhe was cool, any thing wrong, that ſhe ſaid in the Violence of her Grief and Paſſion. This is rather fuller in Words than he expreſs'd it; but nothing, I think, is added to his Meaning.

As

* Such as theſe:

Ver. 16. *And ſhe ſaid; Nay, my Lord, thou Man of God, do not lye unto thy Handmaid.*

Ver. 28. *Did I deſire a Son of my Lord, Did I not ſay, Do not deceive me?*

As *Milton* had been his favourite Poet, you may wonder why none of his Pieces are in Blank Verſe. I ask'd him about this too: Upon which he told me, That he had originally written the whole *Shunammite* in Blank Verſe; That, upon reading it over, he found his Language was not ſublime enough for it; and that therefore he was forc'd to write it *all* over again, and turn it into Rhyme.

Upon reading over the Chapter and his Poem together, you will ſee how juſtly he ſhortens and enlarges ſome of the particular Paſſages, in order to adapt them the more to Poetry. Beſides ſome Things already mention'd, he drops ſeveral little Circumſtances in it. On the † other hand, he enlarges on the (1) Contentedneſs and Charities of the Woman; on the (2) Look and Attitude of the Prophet; on her (3) Thanks for bearing a Son; on (4) the Death of the Child; on the (5) Reaſons of her Confidence in the Prophet; on (6) pointing out the Prophet, when ſhe comes to him; and in (7) his Anſwer;

† See 2 Kings, Chap. iv. Verſes 10, 12, 14, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 34, and 35.

(1 Line 33 to 49. (2) 55, &c. (3) 76. (4) 112 to 134. (5) 152, &c. See 205. (6) 211. (7)

in her (8) preſſing the Prophet more earneſtly to aſſiſt her; in (9) pointing out the dead Child; his being (10) freed from Death; nd her Thoughts (11) upon receiving him gain into her Arms.

'T I S agreeable to ſee what Uſe he has made of the little Reading he can have had, and how he has improv'd the Thing, by obſerving ſome good Strokes in the Books he has met with. Upon my telling him, that I lik'd nothing better in it, than his altering * the Prophet's Countenance as he does; he ſaid, he took that Hint from *Telemachus*; where the young Prince comes to *Idomeneus*'s Court, while they are ſacrificing. The Prieſt, on ſeeing *Telemachus*, breaks off from what he was about, aſſumes a more inſpir'd Air, and begins ſpeaking of his future Fortunes. This Alteration of the Prophet's Countenance, *Stephen* ſays, he took from thence; but that at the ſame Time he thought himſelf oblig'd to drop the Wildneſs and Enthuſiaſm of it, in order to adapt it more to the Nature of a true Prophet.

THE Chorus in the Cloſe of the *Shunammite*, he ſaid, was brought into his Mind by the † general Rejoicing of the Angels in *Milton*, upon God's finiſhing the Creation of the World.

(8) Line 232. (9) 246. (10) 258. (11) 266.
* From Line 55 to 63
† *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book 7. Line 565, and 602.

World. The firſt Chorus was not in the Work originally; he inſerted it, when he new-form'd it all into Rhyme.

He had alſo been very careful as to ſingle Words; and had Authorities to produce in ſeveral little Particulars, where one would not expect it. For (1) *flow'ry Carmel*, he quotes Mr. *Pope*; and the Prophet's Arbour on the Top of that Mount is cover'd with (2) *Vines*, on the Authority of Mr. *Sandys* in his Travels; For the Words (3) *aduſt* and *ſupernal*, he refers to *Milton*: (4) *Fanatic* he uſes according to the true, and not the Vulgar Senſe of the Word; he had learn'd the proper Meaning of it from the Dictionary: (5) *Dilated Heart*, as ſpoken of Sorrow, is certainly a Fault but it is a Fault that *Stephen* was naturally enough led into by the common Notions and Expreſſions in the Country, of the Heart's *ſwelling* and being ready to *burſt* with Grief.

He owns his Faults very readily; and if he thinks a Line of his better than ordinary, he will ſay ſo without any Reſerve. He ſeems to be exceedingly open and honeſt in every Thing he ſays; and 'twould be very difficult for you to be with him a Week, as I have been, without going away very much his Friend.

(1) The *Shunammite*, Ver. 210. (2) 212. (3) 117, and 249. (4) 56. (5) 143.

THO' I have been ſo long in ſhewing you how critically he has proceeded as to his own Works; I ſhall add ſome of his Thoughts on the Works of others, to give you as full an Idea of him as I can.

'TIS not yet three Years ago that he firſt met with *Milton*; and I believe, that was the firſt Poet of real Value, that he ever ſtudy'd in earneſt. He has aſſur'd me, with all his Innocence and Simplicity, that when he came afterwards to read *Addiſon*'s Criticiſms on *Milton* in the *Spectators*, 'twas a high Pleaſure to him to find many Things mention'd there, in the Praiſe of *Milton*, exactly as he had before thought in reading him. Here we muſt depend on his Credit, which I need not tell you with me is very good.

THE Name of *Milton*, whom he admires and dotes on ſo particularly, has not prevail'd on him enough to make him like his *Paradiſe Regain'd*. In ſpeaking of theſe two Poems, he ſaid, "he wonder'd how "*Milton* could write ſo incomparably well, "where he had ſo little to lead him; and "ſo very poorly, where he had more."

THE

THE *Spectators*, you know, he has read with great Pleaſure, and great Improvement. I remember particularly, that on ſomebody's calling them *Proſe*, he ſaid, "'Twas true, "they were *Proſe*; but there was ſomething "in 'em, that pleas'd almoſt like *Verſe*."— He mention'd, with more Regard than uſual, the critical Papers on Wit, thoſe on *Milton*, the *Juſtum & tenacem* from *Horace*, Mr. *Pope*'s *Meſſiah*, and the ſeveral ſcatter'd ones written in the Cauſe of Virtue and Religion.

UPON asking him what Plays he had read, he nam'd particularly *Julius Cæſar*, *Hamlet*, *Cato*, *Venice Preſerv'd*, and *the Orphan*. *Venice Preſerv'd*, he ſaid, gave him the moſt *Horror*; a Word which I took Notice he us'd ſometimes for Sorrow, and ſometimes in its proper Senſe: He could not bear the comic Parts in it. *Hamlet* he lik'd better than *Julius Cæſar*; and in *Hamlet* pointed out that celebrated Speech, *To be, or not to be*, &c. as having been his favourite Part, merely of his own Taſte. He did not admire *Shakeſpear*'s Comedy; and ſaid, "He "was too high, and too low." I read over to him ſome of *Hamlet*, and the celebrated Speeches of *Antony* to the People in *Julius Cæſar*.

Cæſar. He trembled, as I read the Ghoſt's Speech; and admir'd the Speeches and Turns in the Mob round *Cæſar*'s Body, more, he ſaid, than ever he had done before. As I was reading to him, I obſerv'd that his Countenance chang'd often in the moſt moving Parts: His Eye was quick and buſy all the Time; and, to ſay the Truth, I never ſaw Applauſe, or the ſhifting of proper Paſſions, appear ſo ſtrongly in any Face as in his.

He had formerly read *Tom Brown*'s *Letters from the Dead*, and the *London Spy*, not without ſome Pleaſure; but, after he had been ſome time converſant with the *Spectators*, he ſaid, "He did not care much to look into them." He ſpoke of *Hudibras* in another Manner; he ſaw a great deal of Wit in it, and was particularly pleas'd with the Conjurer's Part in that Poem: But, after all, 'tis not a Manner of Writing that he can ſo ſincerely delight in, as in the Moral, the Paſſionate, or the Sublime.

Indeed what every body ſeems to admire him for, is, that he ſeems to have an excellent moral Turn in his Thoughts. He is, as I told you before, ſomething of a Philoſopher;

pher; and, what is better than a Philoſopher, a good honeſt-hearted Man. He has read, and ſpeaks highly of, the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*'s Demonſtration of the Being of a God, and Mr. *Addiſon*'s Defence of the Chriſtian Religion. He ſaid, "That they touch'd his Mind; and that nothing did ſo well, as when one's Reaſon is mov'd by what is ſaid." He had lik'd the little he had read of *Epictetus*; but 'twas *Seneca* that had made him happy in his own Mind. He ſeems as yet not to be hurt at all by any Applauſes that have been given him, and to have been perfectly contented with his Condition before: When he had only receiv'd ſome Preſents from Gentlemen in the Country, he was quite eaſy as to his Circumſtances. The only Thing then, that he was ſolicitous about, was, how he might ſucceed as to the Poetry he ſhould be employ'd in. This was his chief Concern: But even this ſeem'd to proceed not ſo much from any Deſire of Fame, as from a Principle of Gratitude; or, as he expreſs'd it, his Longing to pleaſe thoſe Friends that had been ſo generous to him. He was not lifted up with the Character ſome People gave him, and talk'd of Fame abſolutely like a Philoſopher.

After

After his beſt Fortune, many of his Friends told him the Danger of being vain; and, if he ſhould once be ſo, that he would be as much deſpis'd as he had been applauded. He ſaid, "That he could not well tell "what they meant; That he did not know "what it was to be vain: But, ſince ſo ma-"ny great Men, who knew the World ſo "much better than he did, were apprehen-"ſive for him on that Head, he began to "be terribly alarm'd at his Danger, tho' he "had no ſettled Ideas of what it was." He was told upon this, That he ſhould never ſpeak too highly in Praiſe of the Poems he had written. He ſaid, "If that was all, he "was ſafe; that was a Thing he could ne-"ver do, for he could not think highly of "them: Gentlemen indeed, he ſaid, might "like 'em, becauſe they were made by a "poor Fellow in a Barn; but that he knew, "as well as any body, that they were not "really good in themſelves."

THUS, Sir, I have obey'd your Commands as faithfully as I am able. You deſir'd me not to ſpare Paper; but to ſend you a Book rather than a Letter. You ſee I have taken you at your Word; and that I am reſolv'd in this, as well as in every thing

thing elſe, to ſhew you how punctually I would ever be,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

J. SPENCE.

Upon Her MAJESTY's *Bounty to the* Threſher.

Written in the Year 1730.

TO chear the Muſe, by Poverty oppreſt,
To free from meaner Cares th'inſpired Breaſt,
To give the Genius Liberty to fly,
And mount with eaſier Wings its native Sky,
Was worthy HER, who always underſtood
The nobleſt Uſe of Power was doing Good.

So, when the oaten Pipe's melodious Strain
Reach'd CÆSAR's Royal Ear, nor reach'd in vain,
Safe, and protected, for himſelf employ'd,
His Song, his Harveſt, TITYRUS enjoy'd;
O'er his own Fields, his Flocks, and Cattle ſtray'd,
And on the *Mincio*'s Bank ſecurely play'd.

WHAT equal Hand ſhall now an Altar raiſe,
Like that erected to AUGUSTUS' Praiſe?
From *Pindus* come, come, all ye tuneful Choir,
And in this Work with various Arts conſpire;
Come all, by PALLAS, or by PHOEBUS taught,
To form the Plan, or to expreſs the Thought:
Inſcribe the Stone with CAROLINA's Name,
Sacred to Her, and her immortal Fame;
Firm fix the Baſis, wreathe the Foliage round,
Begin the Rites, and let the Muſic ſound.
Ye Sons of *Cam* and *Iſis*, leave the Shade;
Be here your Duty, here your Off'rings paid;
No longer let true Merit lie conceal'd,
As ſoon rewarded, as to her reveal'd;
Produce your Labours on the public Stage,
And ſhe ſhall raiſe a new *Auguſtan* Age.

J. WAINWRIGHT.

To STEPHEN DUCK:

Occaſion'd by his Poem *on* FRIENDSHIP.

NO fancied Muſe, nor *Heliconian* Stream,
Inſpires my Verſe, but thy well-choſen Theme;
Well-choſen, well-expreſs'd, while, void of Art,
Thou ſpeak'ſt the Dictates of an honeſt Heart.
Truth needs no ſpecious Gloſs; but, ever bright,
Shines, like the Sun, with pure unborrow'd Light;
And ſuch thy pleaſing Strains: No pompous Phraſe
Bribes the unworthy with unhallow'd Praiſe;
No ſervile Flattery, nor dull Deſign,
Creeps, with ſoft Accent, thro' the fawning Line;
Nor jealous Envy rears its hateful Head,
To ſting the Living, or revile the Dead;
Nor Malice, nor Caprice haſt thou, like thoſe,
Whoſe pointed Satire dares a thouſand Foes:

(No

(Not but, if Fops lay Snares for Ridicule,
And Smartlings think it Wit to play the Fool,
Indignant Satire has a juſt Pretence,
With all her Whips to laſh them into Senſe)
To pleaſe, and only pleaſe, thy Nature tends,
And, Friend to all Men, makes them all thy Friends.

WITH double Tranſport therefore I peruſe
The genuine Truths of your untutor'd Muſe;
While thus you teach us Friendſhip's ſacred Law,
And are yourſelf the faithful Friend you draw.
So to thoſe Prieſts we glad Attention give,
Whoſe Precepts Sanction for their Lives receive.

'TWAS this that rais'd thee from thy lowly Seat,
'Tis this ſhall make thy Happineſs complete;
A Soul ſincere, to Gratitude inclin'd,
An Heart untainted, and an humble Mind,
Inſpir'd by theſe, write on, and charm the Age,
Nor dread the envious Critic's idle Rage:
For who the ſnarling ZOILUS regards,
When SPENCE approves, and CAROLINE rewards?

T. MORELL.

THE

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POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

To a Gentleman, *who requeſted a Copy of* Verſes *from the Author.*

SIR,



Have, before the Time preſcrib'd by you,
Expos'd my weak Production to your [View;
Which may, I hope, have Pardon at your [Hand,
Becauſe produc'd to Light by your Com- [mand.
Perhaps you might expect ſome finiſh'd Ode,
Or ſacred Song, to ſound the Praiſe of GOD;
A glorious Thought, and laudable! But then
Think what illit'rate Poet guides the Pen:
Ill ſuit ſuch Tasks with One who ho'ds the Plough,
Such lofty Subjects with a Fate ſo low.

SIR, were your Eloquence and Learning mine,
And I, like you, a Fav'rite of the Nine;
I quickly would *Parnaſſus'* Summit climb,
And find a Hero worthy of my Rhyme:
Nor ſhould my Muſe the *Grecian* Monarchs trace,
Nor would I celebrate the *Trojan* Race;
Nor any of thoſe martial Sons of Fame,
Pagans, unworthy of a Chriſtian's Theme.
Far nobler Thoughts my grateful Voice ſhould raiſe,
In loſty Strains, to great MESSIAH's Praiſe:
I'd joyfully reſound his wond'rous Birth,
And paint his Godlike Virtues, whilſt on Earth;
Then, with Reluctance, Horror, and Surprize,
I'd mournfully relate his Agonies;
I'd trace the heavenly Hero to the Tree,
Sing what he ſuffer'd there for you and me;
Next, in heroic Numbers, would I tell,
How ſoon he baffled Death, and vanquiſh'd Hell,
Subdu'd the Grave, and ſhew'd the glorious Way,
From Realms of Darkneſs to eternal Day.
Such noble Subjects ſhould my Lays excite;
And you, my Patron, would in ſuch delight;

Grateful to me, when you, well pleas'd, ſhould view
The accompliſh'd ſacred Song inſcrib'd to you.

BUT now I muſt omit MESSIAH's Praiſe,
Leſt I degrade him with unworthy Lays;
My Fate compels me ſilent to remain,
For Want of Learning to improve my Strain:
By which no Thought, tho' well conceiv'd, can riſe
To full Perfection, but in Embryo dies:
Yet my unpoliſh'd Genius will produce,
And bring forth Something, tho' of little Uſe.

THUS, in the Country, often have I found,
Thro' ſlothful Man's Neglect, a Plat of Ground,
Waſte and uncultivated, void of Seeds,
Producing Nothing, but ſome trifling Weeds.

BUT why ſtand I my Fate accuſing ſo?
The Field calls me to Labour; I muſt go:
The Kine low after Meat; the hungry Steed,
Neighing, complains he wants his uſual Feed.
Then, Sir, adieu: Accept what you did crave,
And be propitious to your humble Slave.

On POVERTY.

NO Ill on Earth we tim'rous Mortals fly
With ſo much Dread as abject Poverty:
O deſpicable Name! We, thee to ſhun,
On ev'ry other Evil blindly run.
For Fear of thee, diſtruſtful Nigards go
In tatter'd Rags, and ſtarve their Bodies too,
And ſtill are poor, for Fear of being ſo.
For Fear of thee, the cheating Trader vows,
His Wares are good, altho' his Conſcience knows,
He has employ'd his utmoſt Skill and Care,
To hide their Faults, and make their Beauties glare.
The Sailor, terrify'd with Thoughts of thee,
Boldly attempts the Dangers of the Sea;
From Eaſt to Weſt, o'er Rocks and Quickſands ſteers;
'Tis Poverty, and that alone, he fears;
The Soldier too, whom nought but thee can ſcare,
In Hopes of Plunder, bravely meets the War;
To fly from Poverty, he runs on Death,
And ſhews he prizes Riches more than Breath.
Strange Terror of Mankind! By thee miſled,
Not Conſcience, Quickſands, Rock, or Death they dread!

And yet thou art no formidable Foe,
Except to little Souls, who think thee ſo:
Who thro' the Glaſs of Prejudice ſurvey
Thy Face, a thouſand frightful Forms diſplay.

THUS Men, at Night, in fooliſh Fears grown old,
Who mind the fairy Tales their Nurſes told,
Start at a Goblin, which their Fancy made,
And, for a Spectre, often take a Shade.

CONTENTED Poverty's no diſmal Thing,
Free from the Cares unwieldy Riches bring:
At Diſtance both alike deceive our View;
Nearer approach'd, they take another Hue.
The poor Man's Labour reliſhes his Meat;
His Morſel's pleaſant, and his Reſt is ſweet:
Not ſo the Rich, who find their weary'd Taſte
Pall'd with the Proſpect of the cumb'rous Feaſt;
For what they have more than they can enjoy,
Inſtead of ſatisfying, does but cloy.

BUT let us ſtate the Caſe another Way:
Were Poverty ſo hideous as they ſay,

'Tis nobler chearfully to bear our Fate,
Than murmur and repine beneath its Weight.
That Man deſerves the Praiſe of human Kind,
Who bears ill Fortune with a Chriſtian Mind:
How does his great heroick Soul aſpire
Above that ſordid Wealth the Reſt admire!
His nobler Thoughts are fix'd on Things above;
His faithful Eyes ſurvey the GOD of Love:
Hold forth the heavenly Prize, which makes him run
His mortal Race, to gain th' immortal Crown.
Not all the Snares a crafty Dev'l can lay,
Can intercept, or daunt him in his Way.
Not all the ſcornful Inſults of the Proud,
Not all the Cenſures of the grov'ling Croud,
Not Poverty, in all her Terrors dreſt,
Can ſhake the ſolid Quiet of his Breaſt:
Unmov'd he ſtands againſt the worſt of Foes,
And mocks the Darts, which adverſe Fortune throws,
Calm and compos'd, amidſt or Eaſe or Pain;
And finds Content, which others ſeek in vain.

So ſtands a ſteady Rock, ſublimely ſteep,
Within the Confines of the briny Deep;

Laſh'd by the foaming Surge on ev'ry Side,
Yet can't be ſhaken by the furious Tide.

THEN why ſhould Phantoms diſcompoſe the Mind;
Or Woes, ſo far from real, fright Mankind?
Since Wealth can never make the Vicious bleſt,
Nor Poverty ſubdue the virtuous Breaſt;
Since both from Heav'n's unerring Hand are ſent,
LORD, give me either, give me but CONTENT.

The THRESHER's LABOUR.

To the Reverend Mr. STANLEY.

THE grateful Tribute of theſe rural Lays,
Which to her Patron's Hand the Muſe conveys,
Deign to accept: 'Tis juſt ſhe Tribute bring
To him, whoſe Bounty gives her Life to ſing;
To him, whoſe gen'rous Favours tune her Voice;
And bid her, 'midſt her Poverty, rejoice.
Inſpir'd by theſe, ſhe dares herſelf prepare,
To ſing the Toils of each revolving Year;

Thoſe endleſs Toils, which always grow anew,
And the poor *Threſher*'s deſtin'd to purſue:
Ev'n theſe, with Pleaſure, can the Muſe rehearſe,
When you and Gratitude demand her Verſe.

SOON as the golden Harveſt quits the Plain,
And CERES' Gift's reward the Farmer's Pain;
What Corn each Sheaf will yield, intent to hear,
And gueſs from thence the Profits of the Year,
He calls his Reapers forth: Around we ſtand,
With deep Attention, waiting his Command.
To each our Task he readily divides,
And pointing, to our diff'rent Stations guides.
As he directs, to diſtant Barns we go;
Here two for Wheat, and there for Barley two.
But firſt, to ſhew what he expects to find,
Theſe Words, or Words like theſe diſcloſe his Mind:

" So dry the Corn was carry'd from the Field,
" So eaſily 'twill threſh, ſo well 'twill yield;
" Sure large Day's-Works I well may hope for now:
" Come, ſtrip, and try; let's ſee what you can do."

DIVESTED

DIVESTED of our Cloaths, with Flail in Hand,
At proper Diſtance, Front to Front we ſtand:
And firſt the Threſhal's gently ſwung, to prove,
Whether with juſt Exactneſs it will move:
That once ſecure, we ſwiftly whirl them round;
From the ſtrong Planks our Crab-tree Staves rebound,
And echoing Barns return the rattling Sound.
Now in the Air our knotty Weapons fly,
And now with equal Force deſcend from high;
Down one, one up, ſo well they keep the Time,
The CYCLOPS' Hammers could not truer chime;
Nor with more heavy Strokes could *Ætna* groan,
When VULCAN forg'd the Arms for THETIS' Son.
In briny Streams our Sweat deſcends apace,
Drops from our Locks, or trickles down our Face.
No Intermiſſion in our Work we know;
The noiſy Threſhal muſt for ever go.
Their Maſter abſent, others ſafely play;
The ſleeping Threſhal does itſelf betray.
Nor yet, the tedious Labour to beguile,
And make the paſſing Minutes ſweetly ſmile,

Can we, like Shepherds, tell a merry Tale;
The Voice is loſt, drown'd by the louder Flail.
But we may think——Alas! what pleaſing Thing,
Here, to the Mind, can the dull Fancy bring?
Our Eye beholds no pleaſing Object here,
No chearful Sound diverts our liſt'ning Ear.
The Shepherd well may tune his Voice to ſing,
Inſpir'd with all the Beauties of the Spring.
No Fountains murmur here, no Lambkins play,
No Linnets warble, and no Fields look gay;
Tis all a gloomy, melancholy Scene,
Fit only to provoke the Muſe's Spleen.
When ſooty Peaſe we threſh, you ſcarce can know
Our native Colour, as from Work we go:
The Sweat, the Duſt, and ſuffocating Smoke,
Make us ſo much like *Ethiopians* look,
We ſcare our Wives, when Ev'ning brings us home;
And frighted Infants think the Bugbear come.
Week after Week, we this dull Task purſue,
Unleſs when winn'wing Days produce a new;
A new, indeed, but frequently a worſe!
The Threſhal yields but to the Maſter's Curſe.
He counts the Buſhels, counts how much a Day;
Then ſwears we've idled half our Time away:

" Why,

" Why, look ye, Rogues, d'ye think that this will do?
" Your Neighbours threſh as much again as you."
Now in our Hands we wiſh our noiſy Tools,
To drown the hated Names of Rogues and Fools.
But wanting theſe, we juſt like School-boys look,
When angry Maſters view the blotted Book:
They cry, " their Ink was faulty, and their Pen;"
We, " the Corn threſhes bad, 'twas cut too green."

BUT ſoon as *Winter* hides his hoary Head,
And Nature's Face is with new Beauty ſpread;
The lovely *Spring* appears, refreſhing Show'rs
New cloath the Field with Graſs, and blooming Flow'rs.
Next her the rip'ning *Summer* preſſes on,
And SOL begins his longeſt Race to run.
Before the Door our welcome Maſter ſtands;
Tells us the ripen'd Graſs requires our Hands.
The grateful Tiding preſently imparts
Life to our Looks, and Spirits to our Hearts.
We wiſh the happy Seaſon may be fair;
And, joyful, long to breathe in op'ner Air.
This Change of Labour ſeems to give ſuch Eaſe,
With Thoughts of Happineſs ourſelves we pleaſe.

But, ah! how rarely's Happineſs complete!
There's always Bitter mingled with the Sweet.
When firſt the Lark ſings Prologue to the Day,
We riſe, admoniſh'd by his early Lay;
This new Employ with eager Haſte to prove,
This new Employ, become ſo much our Love.
Alas! that human Joys ſhou'd change ſo ſoon!
Our Morning Pleaſure turns to Pain at Noon.
The Birds ſalute us, as to Work we go,
And with new Life our Boſoms ſeem to glow.
On our right Shoulder hangs the crooked Blade,
The Weapon deſtin'd to uncloath the Mead:
Our left ſupports the Whetſtone, Scrip, and Beer;
This for our Scythes, and theſe ourſelves to chear.
And now the Field, deſign'd to try our Might,
At length appears, and meets our longing Sight.
The Graſs and Ground we view with careful Eyes,
To ſee which Way the beſt Advantage lies;
And, Hero-like, each claims the foremoſt Place.
At firſt our Labour ſeems a ſportive Race:
With rapid Force our ſharpen'd Blades we drive,
Strain ev'ry Nerve, and Blow for Blow we give.
All ſtrive to vanquiſh, tho' the Victor gains,
No other Glory, but the greateſt Pains.

BUT when the ſcorching Sun is mounted high,
And no kind Barns with friendly Shade are nigh;
Our weary Scythes entangle in the Graſs,
While Streams of Sweat run trickling down apace.
Our ſportive Labour we too late lament;
And wiſh that Strength again, we vainly ſpent.

THUS, in the Morn, a Courſer have I ſeen
With headlong Fury ſcour the level Green;
Or mount the Hills, if Hills are in his Way,
As if no Labour could his Fire allay;
Till PHOEBUS, ſhining with meridian Heat,
Has bath'd his panting Sides in briny Sweat:
The lengthen'd Chace ſcarce able to ſuſtain,
He meaſures back the Hills and Dales with Pain.

WITH Heat and Labour tir'd, our Scythes we quit,
Search out a ſhady Tree and down we ſit:
From Scrip and Bottle hope new Strength to gain;
But Scrip and Bottle too are try'd in vain.
Down our parch'd Throats we ſcarce the Bread can get;
And, quite o'erſpent with Toil, but faintly eat.
Nor can the Bottle only anſwer all;
The Bottle and the Beer are both too ſmall.

Time

Time flows: Again we riſe from off the Graſs;
Again each Mower takes his proper Place;
Not eager now, as late, our Strength to prove;
But all contented regular to move.
We often whet, and often view the Sun;
As often wiſh, his tedious Race was run.
At length he veils his purple Face from Sight,
And bids the weary Labourer, Good Night.
Homewards we move, but ſpent ſo much with Toil,
We ſlowly walk, and reſt at ev'ry Stile.
Our good expecting Wives, who think we ſtay,
Got to the Door, ſoon eye us in the Way.
Then from the Pot the Dumplin's catch'd in Haſte,
And homely by its Side the Bacon plac'd.
Supper and Sleep by Morn new Strength ſupply;
And out we ſet again, our Work to try;
But not ſo early quite, nor quite ſo faſt,
As, to our Coſt, we did the Morning paſt.

Soon as the riſing Sun has drank the Dew,
Another Scene is open to our View:
Our Maſter comes, and at his Heels a Throng
Of prattling Females, arm'd with Rake and Prong;

Prepar'd, whilſt he is here, to make his Hay;
Or, if he turns his Back, prepar'd to play;
But here, or gone, ſure of this Comfort ſtill;
Here's Company, ſo they may chat their Fill.
Ah! were their Hands ſo active as their Tongues,
How nimbly then would move the Rakes and Prongs!

THE Graſs again is ſpread upon the Ground,
Till not a vacant Place is to be found;
And while the parching Sun-beams on it ſhine,
The Hay-makers have Time allow'd to dine,
That ſoon diſpatch'd, they ſtill ſit on the Ground;
And the brisk Chat, renew'd, afreſh goes round.
All talk at once; but ſeeming all to fear,
That what they ſpeak, the reſt will hardly hear;
Till by degrees ſo high their Notes they ſtrain,
A Stander-by can nought diſtinguiſh plain.
So loud's their Speech, and ſo confus'd their Noiſe,
Scarce puzzled ECHO can return the Voice.
Yet, ſpite of this, they bravely all go on;
Each ſcorns to be, or ſeem to be, outdone.
Mean-while the changing Sky begins to lour,
And hollow Winds proclaim a ſudden Show'r;

The tattling Croud can ſcarce their Garments gain,
Before deſcends the thick impetuous Rain;
Their noiſy Prattle all at once is done,
And to the Hedge they ſoon for Shelter run.

Thus have I ſeen, on a bright Summer's Day,
On ſome green Brake, a Flock of Sparrows play;
From Twig to Twig, from Buſh to Buſh they fly;
And with continued Chirping fill the Sky:
But, on a ſudden, if a Storm appears,
Their chirping Noiſe no longer dins our Ears:
They fly for Shelter to the thickeſt Buſh;
There ſilent ſit, and all at once is huſh.

But better Fate ſucceeds this rainy Day,
And little Labour ſerves to make the Hay.
Faſt as 'tis cut, ſo kindly ſhines the Sun,
Turn'd once or twice, the pleaſing Work is done.
Next Day the Cocks appear in equal Rows,
Which the glad Maſter in ſafe Ricks beſtows.

The ſpacious Fields we now no longer range;
And yet, hard Fate! ſtill Work for Work we change.

Back to the Barns we haſtily are ſent,
Where lately ſo much Time we penſive ſpent:
Not penſive now, we bleſs the friendly Shade;
And to avoid the parching Sun are glad.
Yet little Time we in the Shade remain,
Before our Maſter calls us forth again;
And ſays, " For Harveſt now yourſelves prepare;
" The ripen'd Harveſt now demands your Care.
" Get all Things ready, and be quickly dreſt;
" Early next Morn I ſhall diſturb your Reſt."
Strict to his Word! for ſcarce the Dawn appears,
Before his haſty Summons fills our Ears.
His haſty Summons we obey; and riſe,
While yet the Stars are glimm'ring in the Skies.
With him our Guide we to the Wheat-field go,
He to appoint, and we the Work to do.

Ye Reapers, caſt your Eyes around the Field;
And view the various Scenes its Beauties yield.
Then look again, with a more tender Eye,
To think how ſoon it muſt in Ruin lie!
For, once ſet in, where-e'er our Blows we deal,
There's no reſiſting of the well-whet Steel:

But

But here or there, where-e'er our Courſe we bend,
Sure Deſolation does our Steps attend.

THUS, when *Arabia*'s Sons, in Hopes of Prey,
To ſome more fertile Country take their Way,
How beauteous all Things in the Morn appear!
There rural Cots, and pleaſant Villa's here!
So many grateful Objects meet the Sight,
The raviſh'd Eye could willing gaze till Night.
But long 'ere then, where-e'er their Troops have paſt,
Theſe pleaſing Proſpects lie a gloomy Waſte.

THE Morning paſt, we ſweat beneath the Sun;
And but uneaſily our Work goes on.
Before us we perplexing Thiſtles find,
And Corn blown adverſe with the ruffling Wind.
Behind our Maſter waits; and if he ſpies
One charitable Ear, he grudging cries,
"Ye ſcatter half your Wages o'er the Land."
Then ſcrapes the Stubble with his greedy Hand.

LET thoſe who feaſt at Eaſe on dainty Fare,
Pity the Reapers, who their Feaſts prepare:

For Toils ſcarce ever ceaſing preſs us now;
Reſt never does, but on the Sabbath, ſhow;
And barely that our Maſters will allow.
Think what a painful Life we daily lead;
Each Morning early riſe, go late to Bed:
Nor, when aſleep, are we ſecure from Pain;
We then perform our Labours o'er again:
Our mimic Fancy ever reſtleſs ſeems;
And what we act awake, ſhe acts in Dreams.
Hard Fate! our Labours ev'n in Sleep don't ceaſe;
Scarce HERCULES e'er felt ſuch Toils as theſe!

BUT ſoon we riſe the bearded Crop again,
Soon PHOEBUS' Rays well dry the golden Grain.
Pleas'd with the Scene, our Maſter glows with Joy;
Bids us for Carrying all our Force employ;
When ſtraight Confuſion o'er the Field appears,
And ſtunning Clamours fill the Workmens Ears;
The Bells and claſhing Whips alternate ſound,
And rattling Waggons thunder o'er the Ground.
The Wheat, when carry'd, Peaſe, and other Grain,
We ſoon ſecure, and leave a fruitleſs Plain;
In noiſy Triumph the laſt Load moves on,
And loud Huzza's proclaim the Harveſt done.

OUR

OUR Maſter, joyful at the pleaſing Sight,
Invites us all to feaſt with him at Night.
A Table plentifully ſpread we find,
And Jugs of humming Ale, to chear the Mind;
Which he, too gen'rous, puſhes round ſo faſt,
We think no Toils to come, nor mind the paſt.
But the next Morning ſoon reveals the Cheat,
When the ſame Toils we muſt again repeat;
To the ſame Barns muſt back again return,
To labour there for Room for next Year's Corn.

THUS, as the Year's revolving Courſe goes round,
No Reſpite from our Labour can be found:
Like SISYPHUS, our Work is never done;
Continually rolls back the reſtleſs Stone.
New-growing Labours ſtill ſucceed the paſt;
And growing always new, muſt always laſt.

The SHUNAMMITE.

To Mrs. STANLEY.

DEIGN, heav'nly Muſes, to aſſiſt my Song:
To heav'nly Muſes heav'nly Themes belong.
But chiefly Thou, O God, my Soul inſpire,
And touch my Lips with thy celeſtial Fire:
If Thou delight'ſt in flow'ry *Carmel*'s Shade,
Or *Jordan*'s Stream; from thence I crave thy Aid:
Inſtruct my Tongue, and my low Accents raiſe,
To ſing thy Wonders, and diſplay thy Praiſe:
Thy Praiſe let all the Sons of *Judah* hear,
And to my Song the diſtant Tribes repair.

So pray'd the *Shunammite*; Heav'n heard the Dame;
The diſtant Tribes around her liſt'ning came,
To hear th' amazing Tale; while thus her Tongue,
Mov'd by ſome heav'nly Pow'r, began the Song.

ATTEND, ye Seed of ABRAM, and give Ear,
While I JEHOVAH's glorious Acts declare:

How

How Life from Death, and Joy from Sadneſs ſpring,
If He aſſiſt the Muſe, the Muſe ſhall ſing.
My Lord and I, to whom all bounteous Heav'n
His Bleſſings with no ſparing Hand had giv'n,
Like faithful Stewards of our wealthy Store,
Still lodg'd the Stranger, and reliev'd the Poor.
And as ELISHA, by divine Command,
Came preaching Virtue to a ſinful Land;
He often deign'd to lodge within our Gate,
And oft receiv'd an hoſpitable Treat:
A decent Chamber for him we prepar'd;
And He, the gen'rous Labour to reward,
Honours in Camp, or Court, to us propos'd;
Which I refus'd, and thus my Mind diſclos'd:

HEAV'N's King has plac'd us in a fertile Land,
Where he ſhow'rs down his Gifts with copious Hand:
Already we enjoy a fluent Store;
Why ſhould we be ſolicitous for more?
Give martial Camps and kingly Courts to them,
Who place their only Bliſs in fleeting Fame:
There let them live in golden Chains of State;
And be unhappy only to be great.

But let us in our native Soil remain,
Nor barter Happineſs for ſordid Gain.
Here may we feed the Indigent in Peace,
Or cloath the Bare with the ſuperfluous Fleece,
And give the weary, fainting Pilgrim Eaſe.
This we prefer to Pomp, and formal Show,
Which only ſerve to varniſh o'er our Woe;
Refulgent Ornaments, which dreſs the Proud,
Objects of Wonder to the gazing Croud;
Yet ſeldom give Content, or ſolid Reſt,
To the vain Man, by whom they are poſſeſs'd.

All Bleſſings, but a Child, had Heav'n ſupply'd;
And only that th' Almighty had deny'd:
Which when the holy preſcient Sage had heard,
He ſaid, and I before him ſtraight appear'd;
And, as my Feet approach'd his awful Room,
I ſaw his Face diviner Looks aſſume:
Not ſuch a Wildneſs, and fanatic Mein,
With which, ſome ſay, the *Delphic* Prieſts are ſeen;
When they, for Myſteries of Fate, explain
The odd Chimera's of a frantic Brain;
But with a grave majeſtic Air he ſtood,
While more than Human in his Aſpect glow'd.

Celeſtial

Celeſtial Grace ſat on his radiant Look,
And Pow'r diffuſive ſhone, before he ſpoke.
Then thus: " Hail gen'rous Soul! thy pious Cares
" Are not forgot, nor fruitleſs are thy Prayers:
" Propitious Heav'n, thy virtuous Deeds to crown,
" Shall make thy barren Womb conceive a Son."
So ſpake the Seer; and, to compleat my Joy,
As he had ſpoke, I bore the promis'd Boy.

Soon to my Friends the welcome News was known,
Who crowded in apace to ſee my Son.
Hailing, with kind Salutes, the recent Child;
And, with their pious Hymns, my Pain beguil'd.
When all had ſaid, I mov'd my joyful Tongue;
And thus to Heav'n addreſs'd my grateful Song:

" O God, what Eloquence can ſing thy Praiſe?
" Or who can fathom thy ſtupendous Ways?
" All Things obey at thy divine Command;
" Thou mak'ſt a fruitful Field of barren Land:
" Obdurate Rocks a fertile Glebe ſhall be,
" And bring forth copious Crops, if bid by Thee;
" *Arabian* Deſerts ſhall with Plenty ſmile,
" And curling Vines adorn the ſterile Soil."

As thus ſhe ſpake, her Audience raiſe their Voice;
And interrupt her Song, as they rejoice:
" O God, we gladly hear thy mighty Pow'r,
" With joyful Heart thy gracious Name adore:
" All Nature is ſubſervient to thy Word;
" And ſhifts her wonted Courſe, to pleaſe her Lord.
" We for thy Servant's Joy, our Thanks expreſs;
" As grows the Child, ſo may her Bliſs increaſe:
" And may the Guardian Angels, who preſide
" Over the Bleſs'd, his future Actions guide;
" Make ſpotleſs Virtue crown his vital Date,
" And hoary Honour end his Life but late;
" Then ſafely bear"—The Dame here wav'd her Hand;
The People ſtraight obey her mute Command:
All ſilent ſtand, and all attentive look,
Waiting her Words, while thus ſhe mournful ſpoke:

All Pleaſures are imperfect here below;
Our ſweeteſt Joys are mix'd with bitter Woe:
The Draught of Bliſs, when in our Goblet caſt,
Is daſh'd with Grief; or ſpilt before we taſte.
Ere twice four Years were meaſur'd by my Son,
(So ſoon, alas! the greateſt Bleſſing's gone)

In Harveſt-Time he to the Reapers goes,
To view the bearded Sheaves, erect in Rows,
Like an embattled Army in the Field;
A new delightful Proſpect to the Child!
But either there the ſcorching Sun diſplay'd
His Heat intenſe, and on his Vitals prey'd;
Or elſe ſome ſudden apoplectic Pain,
With racking Torture, ſeiz'd his tender Brain;
His Spirits fail'd, he ſtraight began to faint,
And to his Father vainly made Complaint:
The glowing Roſe was quickly ſeen to fade:
At once his Beauty, and his Life decay'd.

Soon, at my Houſe, the diſmal News I heard;
Soon, at my Houſe, the dying Child appear'd:
T'embrace him I, with fond Affection, run;
And, O! ſaid I, what Pain afflicts my Son?
He try'd to ſpeak; but, fault'ring, gave a Groan;
No perfect Word proceeded from his Tongue;
But on his Lips the broken Accents hung.
All Means I us'd, that might allay his Pain;
All Means I us'd, but us'd them all in vain.
Yet, while he liv'd, my Soul would not deſpair;
Nor, till he ceas'd to breathe, I ceas'd my Pray'r:

Deluding

Deluding Hope now ſtopt the falling Tears;
Now his increaſing Pains increas'd my Fears:
By Hope and Fear alternate was I toſt,
Till Hope, in a ſad Certainty was loſt:
Short, and more ſhort, he drew his panting Breath,
(Too ſure Preſage of his approaching Death!)
Till ſoon the Blood, congealing, ceas'd to flow;
He dropt his Head, with a declining Bow:
Thrice, from my Breaſt, to raiſe himſelf he try'd,
And thrice ſunk down again; then, groaning dy'd.

THUS, when with Care we've nurs'd a tender Vine,
And taught the docile Branches where to twine;
An Eaſtern Gale, or ſome pernicious Froſt,
Nips the young Tree, and all our Labour's loſt.

WITH Horror chil'd, a while I ſpeechleſs ſtood,
Viewing the Child, and trembling as I view'd:
My Eyes diſcharg'd their humid Store apace,
And Tears ſucceeded Tears adown my Face:
Scarcely my Heart the Load of Grief ſuſtain'd;
At length, recov'ring Speech, I thus complain'd:

O fleeting Joys, inconſtant as the Wind!
Which only for a Moment pleaſe the Mind;
Then fly, and leave a Weight of Woes behind!
But yet in vain I thus lament and mourn;
The Soul, once fled, ſhall never more return;
And the fair Body now muſt be convey'd
To Earth's dark Boſom, and eternal Shade——
Yet let me not preſcribe a Bound to Heav'n;
'Twas by a Miracle the Child was giv'n;
Nor can I think the Wonder is more great,
Should the departed Soul reſume her Seat.
What if I to Mount *Carmel* haſte away,
To him who did his myſtic Birth diſplay?
His pow'rful Word the Barren fruitful made;
His pow'rful Word, perhaps, may raiſe the Dead.
The famous *Tiſbbite* rais'd a Widow's Son;
ELISHA has as wond'rous Actions done.
When he to *Jordan*'s rapid Torrent came;
And, with the Mantle, ſmote th' impetuous Stream;
Obſequious to the Stroke, the Waves divide;
And raiſe a liquid Wall on either Side!
At *Jericho* long had the barren Soil
Deceiv'd the Husbandman, and mock'd his Toil;

Yet,

Yet, at his Word, it grew a fertile Field,
And pois'nous Springs did wholeſome Waters yield.
Nor can he only ſuch great Bleſſings ſend;
But Curſes, if invok'd, his Call attend:
Elſe how at *Bethel* brought he Vengeance down,
As a juſt Scourge, on that opprobrious Town?
Again, when *Moab* Peace with *Iſrael* broke,
And vainly ſtrove to quit the ſervile Yoke;
Our pow'rful Kings led forth th' embattled Hoſt
Thro' *Edom*'s ſultry Wilds, and Air aduſt;
Where the confed'rate Troops no Water found,
Dry were the Springs, and ſterile was the Ground;
The Captains wonted Strength and Courage fail'd,
When Thirſt and Foes at once their Hoſt aſſail'd:
The Kings to him their joint Petitions made,
And fainting Soldiers crav'd his timely Aid;
Nor crav'd in vain: The pow'rful Word he ſpake
And flowing Waters form'd a ſpacious Lake;
The ſhining Streams advanc'd their humid Train,
Till *Edom*'s Wilds became a liquid Plain:
Not in more Plenty did the Waters run
Out of the Rock, when ſtruck by AMRAM's Son.
And who can that amazing Deed forget,
Which he perform'd to pay the Widow's Debt?

Whoſe Quantity of Oil one Pot contain'd;
Yet num'rous Veſſels fill'd, before 'twas drain'd.
Sure he, who ſuch ſtupendous Acts has done,
If GOD propitious prove, can raiſe my Son.

So ſaying, up I caught the Child with Speed;
And laid him on the ſacred Prophet's Bed;
Then call'd my Servant to prepare the Steed.
Penſive and ſad, my mourning Husband ſaid,
'Tis now in vain to crave ELISHA's Aid;
No God To-day the Prophet does inſpire;
Nor can he anſwer, what thou wouldſt inquire.

RATHER than ſink, ſaid I, attempt to raiſe
My Hopes, nor talk of ceremonial Days;
His God is preſent ſtill, and hears him when he prays.
Thus ſaid, urging my Steed with eager Haſte,
Swift as a Mountain Roe, the Plains I paſs'd;
O'er Hills and Dales my Journey I purſu'd;
Nor ſlack'd my Pace, till *Carmel's* Mount I view'd;
On whoſe delightful Brow, in cool Retreat,
Among the curling Vines the Prophet ſat;
Whoſe twining Arms a verdant Arbour made;
The verdant Arbour form'd a grateful Shade;

The fanning Zephyrs gently play'd around,
And ſhook the trembling Leaves, and ſwept the Ground:
Down humbly at his Feet I proſtrate fell,
Submiſs; and, weeping, told the mournful Tale.

STRIVE to compoſe thy anxious Soul, ſaid he;
Tears can't revoke JEHOVAH's fix'd Decree:
We live and die, and both, as he thinks fit,
Who may command; but Mortals muſt ſubmit.
This Fate the King, as well as Peaſant, finds;
Nor is it evil, but to evil Minds——
Yet if from Heav'n I can my Suit obtain,
Thy lifeleſs Son ſhall yet revive again.

THUS ſaid, with Looks divine, his Staff he views,
As if ſome pow'rful Charm he would infuſe:
Then calls his Servant haſtily, and ſaid,
On the Child's Face let this be quickly laid.

O Thou, ſaid I, on whom my Hopes depend,
Do not this Work to Servants Care commend:
If Thou thyſelf with me refuſe to go,
Here, to the liſt'ning Vines, I'll vent my Woe;

Still proſtrate lie, lamenting for my Son,
Till ev'ry Hill prove vocal to my Moan.
More had I ſaïd, but Grief the Words ſuppreſt;
Yet Sighs, and ſilent Tears explain'd the reſt.
At length he from his verdant Seat aroſe,
And haſtily adown the Mountain goes:
To *Shunem* we, with Speed, our Way purſue;
The City ſoon appears within our View;
And the obedient Servant, at the Gate,
Returning ſad, without Succeſs, we met:
The beauteous Child by Death ſtill vanquiſh'd lay;
Still Death inſulted o'er the beauteous Prey:
Till to the Houſe the ſacred Seer was come,
And, with ſupernal Pow'r, approach'd the Room.

By the dead Child, a while, he penſive ſtood;
Then from the Chamber put the mourning Crowd:
That done, to God he made his ardent Pray'r,
And breath'd upon the Child with vital Air;
And now the Soul reſumes her priſtine Seat;
And now the Heart again begins to beat;
Life's purple Current o'er the Body ſpreads,
While Death, repuls'd, ingloriouſly recedes.

THUS, when a prowling Wolf has ſtol'n a Lamb,
He ſternly guards it from the bleating Dam;
But if the Keeper comes, he quits his Prey,
And low'ring, with Reluctance, makes away.

AND now the Prophet, to my longing Arms,
Reſign'd the Child, with more than wonted Charms:
The bluſhing Roſe ſhone freſher in his Face,
And Beauty ſmil'd with a ſuperior Grace.

SO, when Heav'n's Lamp, that rules the genial Day,
Behind the ſable Moon purſues his Way;
Affrighted Mortals, when th' Eclipſe is o'er,
Believe him more illuſtrious than before.

HERE ends the Dame; and the promiſcuous Throng,
With Hallelujahs thus conclude the Song:
" Holy and good art Thou, Lord God of Hoſt,
" And all thy Works are wonderful and juſt:
" Both Life and Death are in thy pow'rful Hand;
" Both Life and Death obey thy great Command:
" By thy great Pow'r the Heav'ns and Earth are aw'd;
" Then let the Heav'ns and Earth adore their GOD.

" Thou glorious Sun, that meaſur'ſt all our Days,
" Riſing and ſetting, ſtill advance his Praiſe:
" Thou Moon, and ye leſs glitt'ring Orbs, that dance
" Round this terreſtrial Globe, his Praiſe advance:
" Ye Seas, for ever waving to and fro,
" Praiſe, when ye ebb; and praiſe him when ye flow:
" Ye wand'ring Rivers, and each purling Stream,
" As ye purſue your Courſe, his Praiſe proclaim:
" Ye Dews, and Miſts, and humid Vapours, all,
" Praiſe, when ye riſe; and praiſe him, when ye fall:
" But chiefly *Iſrael*, who doſt daily view
" His pow'rful Works, his daily Praiſe renew."

GRATITUDE. A PASTORAL.

MENALCAS, COLIN.

MENALCAS.

FRiend COLIN! well o'ertook. I have of late
Obſerv'd they chearful Mein, and airy Gait:
Say, what auſpicious Change, ſince t'other Day,
When by thy lonely Cot I took my Way?

Sorrow

Sorrow and Sadneſs then o'erſpread thy Brows,
And ev'ry Look did gloomy Cares diſcloſe:
Now Joys diffuſive in thy Aſpect riſe,
And Mirth and Gladneſs ſparkle in thy Eyes.

COLIN.

WHERE haſt thou liv'd, MENALCAS, not to know,
Whoſe gen'rous Bounty has remov'd my Woe?
I thought, the gracious CAROLINA's Name,
Ere this, had fill'd the ſounding Trump of Fame.

MENALCAS.

THAT gracious Name, the World is bound to bleſs;
All grateful Swains her gen'rous Deeds confeſs:
But, COLIN, ſay, has ſhe remov'd thy Care?
I'm happy, when thy Happineſs I hear.

COLIN.

O You, MENALCAS, know my abject Birth,
Born in a Cot, and bred to till the Earth:
On rigid Worldlings always doom'd to wait,
Forc'd at their frugal Hands my Bread to get:
But when my Wants to CAROLINE were known,
She bleſs'd me with a Paſture of my own.

This makes new Pleaſures in my Boſom glow;
Theſe joyful Looks I to her Bounty owe.

MENALCAS.

AND may kind Heav'n reward that gracious Queen,
Who to thy Wants has ſo propitious been!
Yet, tho' her Bounty has thy Wants ſupply'd,
Let not her Bounty e'er exalt thy Pride;
But keep an humble Mind, a grateful Heart;
Her Favours far exceed thy own Deſert:
Heav'n mov'd the Goodneſs of the Royal Dame;
And Heav'n and She thy Gratitude muſt claim.

COLIN.

WHEN me She firſt into her Favour took,
I cut this oaken Staff, ('tis now my Crook)
And grav'd her Royal Bounty in the Rind;
But grav'd it deeper in my grateful Mind:
The Letters in the Staff may wear away;
Thoſe written in my Soul ſhall ne'er decay.

MENALCAS.

So may their little Flock increaſe their Tale;
So may thy Field of Paſture never fail;

May Heav'n and She, in juſt Proportion, ſtill
Or ſmile, or frown, as thou art good, or ill.

COLIN.

MAY hungry Foxes kill my tender Lambs,
May pois'nous Serpents ſuck their bleating Dams;
And may my Cows diſtended Udders fail,
Elude my Hopes, and never fill the Pail;
In ſhort, (to make my Curſe the more complete,
Tho' 'tis the only Thing I dread and hate)
May Heav'n and heav'nly CAROLINE remove
Their Smiles, if COLIN e'er ungrateful prove.

MENALCAS.

THY Thanks and Pray'rs her gen'rous Soul will pleaſe;
A Tribute juſtly due, and paid with Eaſe:
Sometimes a Song, perhaps, ſhe may require;
And thou to ſing, but lately didſt aſpire;
When in an abject, low, laborious State,
Sunk deep in Cares, and preſs'd beneath their Weight:
Then (ſo, at leaſt, 'tis ſaid among our Swains)
In Sonnets COLIN charm'd away his Pains:
Much ſooner now thou may'ſt a Song rehearſe,
Whene'er ſhe condeſcends to hear thy Verſe.

COLIN.

COLIN.

O Friend! too well you know, my ſimple Strains
Are far inferior to each rural Swain's:
Yet, ſince Great CAROLINA thinks no Scorn,
To patronize a Shepherd meanly born;
Henceforth I'll ſtrive to raiſe my Voice ſublime,
And with her Royal Name adorn my Rhyme;
I'll on each verdant Mountain ſing her Praiſe,
And vocal Groves ſhall echo to my Lays;
To ev'ry Swain her Godlike Worth proclaim,
Nor ever drop the pleaſing glorious Theme.

MENALCAS.

THEN, ſince we're met, where friendly Branches ſpread,
And trembling Leaves diffuſe a cooling Shade;
Since, on the Sprays, the Thruſh and Finch rejoice,
Invoke thy Muſe, and tune thy rural Voice.

COLIN.

ANOTHER Day my rural Voice I'll raiſe,
Another Day the Muſe ſhall tune her Lays:
But now, alas! ſuch crowding Joys I find,
No Words can ſpeak the Tranſports of my Mind.

Would

Would PHOEBUS warm me with poetic Fire,
Or would the *Mantuan* Muſe my Tongue inſpire;
As great ELIZA ſhone in SPENCER's Line,
The Greater CAROLINA ſhould in mine;
Then would I emulate the tuneful Throng,
And with her glorious Name immortalize my Song.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

AT firſt in Vales obſcure the Lyre I ſtrung;
Vales, where the Muſe her annual Labours ſung:
Now, leaving theſe, ſhe ranges o'er the Plain,
And tunes her Voice to Flocks and Shepherd Swains;
Yet, freſh in Grief, but feebly moves her Wings,
Weeps, while ſhe flies; and trembles as ſhe ſings.

TWO Country Swains, in Friendſhip firmly join'd,
Lov'd each alike, and were, like Brothers, kind:
Great CAROLINE her Royal Bounty ſhow'd
To one, and rais'd him from the grov'ling Crowd;
When ſtraight his ſmiling Looks, and chearful Mien,
Proclaim'd the Goodneſs of a gracious QUEEN;

But

But gloomy Sadneſs ſoon his Face poſſeſs'd,
And clouded all the Joys before expreſs'd:
The other gay and pleaſant ſtill appear'd;
Nor griev'd for Evils paſt, nor future fear'd;
One Day they met; MENALCAS firſt began;
And thus the mournful Tale, alternate, ran:

MENALCAS.

WHY, COLIN, doſt thou wear that penſive Look,
And ſighing ſtand, ſupported by thy Crook?
Say, from what Cauſe this Melancholy ſprings?
Or doſt thou verify what DAMON ſings?
" Vain Man can never ſatiate his Deſires;
" The more he has, the more he ſtill requires:
" To-day he's craving, and To-morrow cloy'd;
" New Pleaſures grow inſipid, when enjoy'd."
So, when our Sheep on Hills refuſe to feed,
We ſtraight remove them to the verdant Mead;
Where all, intent, the luſcious Herbage graze;
And, for that Day, their Paſture ſeems to pleaſe:
The next, they range around the flow'ry Space;
And bleating tell, they loath the tainted Graſs.

COLIN.

COLIN.

'TWAS Yeſterday, a giddy Sheep I view'd,
Which roſe in CUDDY's Fold, and ſtagg'ring ſtood;
While one, with burly Horns, ſecure from Pain,
Ran, enviouſly, and puſh'd him down again.
So you, vain jeſting Youth! unmov'd with Care,
Inſult the hapleſs Swain, that's in Deſpair.

MENALCAS.

I nor inſulted, nor intended Guile;
And, if I jeſted, 'twas to make thee ſmile:
But tell me, Swain, what wond'rous Turn of Fate
O'erclouds thy Face, that look'd ſerene of late?
What, is thy Harveſt blaſted on the Ground?
Or has the Royal CAROLINA frown'd?
Unveil thy Griefs, and make thy Sorrows known;
You know, my Friend's Misfortunes are my own.

COLIN.

MY Harveſt is not blaſted on the Ground,
Nor has the Royal CAROLINA frown'd:
But lately, when the Sun had gaily dreſt
The lofty Mountains in a purple Veſt,

I early roſe, to tend my fleecy Care;
Wet was the Graſs, and piercing cold the Air.
My lovely SYLVIA, ſtay behind, I ſaid,
Till I have weav'd a Garland for thy Head;
Till I a Bow'r, with ſhady Branches, form,
To ſhun the ſcorching Ray, or rapid Storm;
And, when the Dew's exhal'd, which Night diſtill'd,
Bleſs COLIN with thy Preſence in the Field.
She anſwer'd not; but from her Boſom ſent
A deep preſaging Sigh, before I went.
The Sun had painted ev'ry Object gay,
When to the chearful Field I took my Way;
The Lark with Mattins welcom'd in the Morn;
The Thruſh and Finch ſat chirping on the Thorn;
The Swallows round, in airy Circles flew;
And, ah! poor COLIN then was joyful too;
But ſuddenly I ſaw the Miſts ariſe,
And dark'ning Clouds o'erſpread the dusky Skies;
Th' Horizon ſeem'd to caſt a gloomy Frown,
While from his airy Height the Lark ſunk down;
The tuneful Birds their joyous Songs deny'd;
And boding Owls, and ſooty Ravens, cry'd.
My drooping Heart, which felt unuſual Weight,
Shock'd with ſuch Omens, ceas'd almoſt to beat:

Yet

Yet theſe, ſaid I, portend no Evil, while
My Royal Miſtreſs condeſcends to ſmile:
If She's propitious, what can COLIN fear?
Inur'd the leſſer Ills of Life to bear.
Thus ſaid, I took my Way to yonder Grove;
And form'd, with ſpreading Boughs, an arch'd Alcove:
So cloſe I twiſted in each pliant Spray,
As might exclude the Wind, or ſunny Ray.
With ſweeteſt Flow'rs I deck'd the moſſy Ground,
And ſtrew'd the fragrant Woodbinds all around.
Here, when, ſaid I, my SYLVIA comes a-field,
This grateful Bow'r a ſafe Retreat ſhall yield:
If rainy, here ſhe may the Storms evade;
If fair, the Branches will project a Shade:
Here SYLVIA ſhall, with COLIN, take her Reſt;
And COLIN here, with SYLVIA, ſhall be bleſt.
As thus I ſpake, around I caſt my Eye,
And ſaw celeſtial CELIA drawing nigh:
I ſaw; but wonder'd why her heav'nly Mein
Was clouded o'er, that us'd to be ſerene.
CELIA's the Miſtreſs of the flow'ry Plain,
Whoſe's Bounty's known to ev'ry worthy Swain:
Not Godlike PAN preſided with more Care,
Nor to *Arcadian* Shepherds was ſo dear.

When

When CELIA to the rural Shade retires,
She ev'ry Breaſt with riſing Hope inſpires;
Expecting Swains, with joyous Looks, proclaim
The happy Time, and hail the gen'rous Dame:
As languid Plants, which half the Year lie dead,
When *Spring* approaches, raiſe their drooping Head.
She croſs'd the Plains with a dejected Air;
Her penſive Aſpect ſhew'd her pious Care;
And, loth th' unwelcome Tidings to reveal,
She ſighing ſpoke, and left th' unfiniſh'd Tale:
" Ah poor unhappy Swain! return, return;
" The ſable Clouds foretel a rainy Morn:
" Nor only is the Day o'ercaſt with Gloom;
" Thy pleaſing Hopes are blaſted all at home;
" Thy SYLVIA, O!"—She ſaid, and dropt the reſt;
But my preſaging Heart too rightly gueſs'd:
I ſilent ſtood, and ſpoke my Grief with Tears;
You know, my Heart was firmly link'd to her's.

MENALCAS.

I know, your Hearts are link'd in Friendſhip faſt;
Long may that mutual Bond of Friendſhip laſt:
May HYMEN to you both propitious prove,
And Death but late untie the Knot of Love.

COLIN.

COLIN.

O! ſtop, MENALCAS, and my Loſs deplore;
The good, the faithful SYLVIA is no more!
That gloomy Morn, ſhe, in my Abſence, dy'd;
And rigid Death the laſt Farewel deny'd.
Another Loſs I could content have borne;
But muſt the Loſs of SYLVIA always mourn.
My lovely SYLVIA was my ſofteſt Theme,
My Song by Day, by Night my pleaſing Dream:
But now in Sighs I ſpend the ling'ring Day;
And, weeping, paſs the tardy Night away:
Nor does thy Friend indulge a needleſs Care;
My Loſs is great, and juſt is my Deſpair.

MENALCAS.

THY Loſs and Sorrows equally are great;
But Death's the Law of Nature, fix'd by Fate:
Our Flocks, our Herds, our All, precarious ſtands;
And fall we muſt, when Heav'n our Fall commands.

COLIN.

YET Flocks and Herds are with Reluctance ſpar'd;
And what are Flocks and Herds, with her compar'd?

A hungry Fox ſtole ten of CUDDY's Lambs,
A lurching Mongrel kill'd their bleating Dams:
Say, did not CUDDY for his Loſs repine?
But, ah! what Loſs was his, compar'd with mine?

MENALCAS.

I have a Flute, which DAMON lately made;
No Shepherd on a ſweeter ever play'd:
I tun'd it Yeſterday, and ſtraight a Throng
Of Nymphs and Swains ran crowding to my Song;
My liſt'ning Ewes, a-while, forſook their Meat;
My tender Lambs, tho' hungry, ceas'd to bleat:
I'll tune again the ſoft harmonious Lay;
Muſic, perhaps, may chaſe thy Cares away.

COLIN.

MENALCAS, Muſic's for a lighter Ill;
Such Woes as mine would baffle all thy Skill.
Upon his Flute ALEXIS often plays,
And ſtrives to charm my Sorrows with his Lays;
Upon his Flute ALEXIS plays in vain:
His Lays, tho' charming, cannot charm my Pain.
The tuneful Birds rejoice on ev'ry Spray,
My wanton Lambkins in their Paſture play;

In vain the tuneful Birds rejoice, in vain
My wanton Lambkins ſport upon the Plain.

WITH chearful Green the ſpacious Fields are crown'd,
And beauteous Flow'rs adorn the painted Ground;
The ſnowy Bloſſoms on the Branches ſhine,
A pleaſing Scene to ev'ry Eye, but mine!
For neither chearful Green, that crowns the Field,
Nor ſnowy Bloſſoms, which the Branches yield,
Nor Flow'rs, that ſpread the painted Meadows o'er,
Delight my Eyes, now SYLVIA is no more.

MENALCAS.

'Tis more than Time thy mournful Dirge to end;
For, ſee, the whiſtling Ploughmen homeward tend;
Our fleecy Flocks ſtand waiting round the Fold;
Damp feel the Dews, the ruffling Breezes cold;
The ſetting Sun forſakes the bluſhing Skies,
And hazy Fogs from marſhy Grounds ariſe:
Then fold thy Sheep, thy anxious Cares remove;
Nor weep on Earth, for her who ſings above.

On a GOOD CONSCIENCE.

THE ſolid Joys of human Kind
Are thoſe that flow from Peace of Mind;
For who the Sweets of Life can taſte,
With Vice, and tim'rous Guilt, oppreſt?
'Tis Virtue ſoftens all our Toils,
With Peace our Conſcience crowns;
Gives Pleaſure, when our Fortune ſmiles,
And Courage, when it frowns;
Calms ev'ry Trouble, makes the Soul ſerene,
Smooths the contracted Brow, and chears the Heart within.

WHILE guilty Minds, involv'd with Woe,
Anticipate the future Blow;
Which is (to make Damnation more complete)
The leſſer Hell, in Paſſage to the great;
Bold and intrepid honeſt Men appear;
For, as they know no Evil, none they fear:
A glorious Shield of Virtue guards their Breaſt;
Arm'd with themſelves, they always walk at Reſt.

THUS,

THUS, under burſting Clouds, and ſtormy Skies,
When Thunder roars, and Lightning flies,
Th' Imperial Eagles boldly rove,
Nor dread the fiery Bolt of JOVE;
While meaner Birds in ſecret creep below;
And trembling fear, and often feel the Blow.

On MUSIC.

I.

MUSIC the coldeſt Heart can warm,
The hardeſt melt, the fierceſt charm;
Diſarm the Savage of his Rage,
Diſpel our Cares, and Pains aſſuage;
With Joy it can our Souls inſpire,
And tune our Tempers to the Lyre;
Our Paſſions, like the Notes, agree,
And ſtand ſubdu'd by Harmony.
This found the *melancholy King*,
When DAVID tun'd the trembling String:
Sweet MUSIC chas'd the ſullen Spleen away,
And made his clouded Soul ſerenely gay.

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II.

WHILE Music breathes in martial Airs,
The Coward dares forget his Fears;
Or, if the Notes to Pity ſound,
Revenge and Envy ceaſe to wound:
The Pow'r of Music has been known,
To raiſe or tumble Cities down:
Thus *Theban* Turrets, Authors ſay,
Were rais'd by Music's Magick Lay;
And antient *Jericho*'s Heav'n-hated Wall,
To ſacred Music, ow'd its deſtin'd Fall.

III.

NOR Mortals only Music love;
It chears celeſtial Saints above:
Sweet Hallelujahs Angels ſing
Around their great Ethereal KING;
Ceaſleſs they ſound the FATHER's Praiſe,
The FATHER too approves their Lays;
For HE (as all Things) Music made,
And SERAPHIMS before Him play'd:
When over *Horeb*'s Mount He came,
Array'd in Majeſty and Flame;
After the ſounding Trump, ſublime, He rode;
The ſounding Trump proclaim'd th' approaching GOD.

IV.

Music had Being, long before
The ſolemn Organ learnt to roar:
When Michael, o'er the heav'nly Plain,
Advanc'd, to fight the rebel Train;
Loud Trumpets did his Wrath declare,
In Music, terrible to hear:
And when the Univerſe was made,
On golden Harps the Angels play'd:
And when it falls, (as fall it muſt)
Music ſhall penetrate the Duſt;
The Trump ſhall ſound with the Archangel's Breath;
And, ſweetly dreadful! wake the Dead from Death.

On Richmond Park, *and* Royal Gardens.

Of bliſsful Groves I ſing, and flow'ry Plains:
Ye Sylvan Nymphs, aſſiſt my rural Strains.
Shall *Windſor* Foreſt gain a deathleſs Fame,
And grow immortal as the Poet's Name;

While not a Bard, of all the tuneful Throng,
With theſe delightful Fields adorns his * Song?
Thy Gardens, *Richmond*, boaſt an equal Theme,
And only ask an equal Muſe's Flame.
What tho' no Virgin Nymphs, of CYNTHIA's Train,
With Belt and Quiver grace the verdant Plain?
What tho' no fabled conſecrated Floods
Flow o'er thy Fields, or murmur thro' thy Woods?
My Song thy real Beauties ſhall purſue,
And paint the lovely Scenes, and paint 'em true;
A pleaſing Task! Nor ſlight ſhall be thy Praiſe,
If Royal CAROLINE accept the Lays.

DELIGHTED, often thro' the mazy Groves,
The Muſe, in penſive Contemplation, roves;
Or climbs the ſlow aſcending † Hill, whoſe Brow
Hangs o'er the ſilver Stream, which rolls below;
Where all around me ſhining Proſpects riſe,
And various Scenes invite my gazing Eyes;
And, while I view one Object with Delight,
New pleaſing Wonders charm the feaſted Sight:

* This was writ in the Year 1731; ſince when, great Alterations and Improvements have been made in the Gardens, and ſeveral Poems publiſh'd on the ſame Subject. † *Richmond* Hill.

Now

Now this allures, now that attracts it moſt;
And the firſt Beauty's in the ſecond loſt.

THUS, in a grateful Concert, may we hear
The Sounds at once ſurprize, and charm our Ear;
The trembling Notes, in haſty Fugues, ariſe;
And this advances, e're the former flies;
All ſeem to be confus'd, yet all agree,
To perfect the melodious Harmony.

BENEATH the Mount, with what majeſtic Pride
The Sire of Rivers rolls his ſilver Tide!
Let Poets ſing of *Hermus'* golden Shore,
His amber Foam, and Sands of ſhining Ore:
Nor *Tagus* envy we, nor fruitful *Nile*,
Whoſe fatt'ning Floods enrich the thirſty Soil:
Happy BRITANNIA boaſts as fair a Stream,
As great in Bounties, and as great in Fame;
Since DENHAM's deathleſs Muſe has ſung his Tide,
And *India's* Riches o'er his Surface glide.

OBSEQUIOUS River, when my Eyes ſurvey
Thy Waves, or Eaſt, or Weſt, purſue their Way:

Now ſwiftly roll, to meet the briny Main ;
At ſtated Periods, now return again ;
How vain the Schemes of Infidels appear !
How weak their Reas'nings, and the GOD how clear!
Say, Atheiſts, ſince you own, by Nature's Laws,
There's no Effect produc'd without a Cauſe ;
Why ſhould the reſtleſs Stream run to and fro,
And, with alternate Motion, ebb and flow ;
Did not ſome Being, of ſuperior Force,
Rule the wild Waves, and regulate their Courſe?

HENCE lofty *Windſor* to the Sight appears ;
And, high in Air, her pompous Turrets rears :
Wide, round her Domes, the ſpacious Foreſt ſhines,
Tho' brighter much in POPE's harmonious Lines :
O! wou'd his tuneful Muſe my Breaſt inſpire,
With equal Warmth, with her ſublimer Fire ;
Then *Richmond* Hill renown'd in Verſe ſhou'd grow,
And *Thames* re-echo to the Song below ;
A ſecond *Eden* in my Page ſhou'd ſhine,
And MILTON's *Paradiſe* ſubmit to mine.

OFT, loſt in Thought, forgetful of my Way,
I, o'er the Park, thro' Wilds of Beauty ſtray ;

Where

Where ſportive Nature wantons at her Will,
And laviſhes her Bloom, uncheck'd by Skill.
Old venerable Trees, majeſtic, riſe,
Sublime in Air, and brave the vaulted Skies;
Which, free from cruel Steel, or Lab'rer's Hand,
In peaceful Age, and hoary Honour ſtand.
Here, when AURORA firſt begins to dawn,
The wakeful Larks ſpring mounting from the Lawn;
Pois'd by their Plumes, in lofty Flights they play;
With joyful Warblings hail th' approaching Day:
But, when the Sun diſplays a purple Scene,
And drinks the pearly Dew, that deck'd the Green;
A thouſand tuneful Birds in Concert meet,
A thouſand tuneful Notes the Groves repeat;
And, when their Muſic ceaſes with the Day,
Sweet PHILOMELA chants her penſive Lay.

BUT, hark! I hear a louder Muſic ſound;
From Woods and Vales the various Notes rebound:
'Tis *Albion*'s KING purſues the Royal Chace:
The nimble Stag ſkims o'er th' unbending Graſs:
The Way which Fear directs, he trembling tries;
Nor knows, where Fear directs, or where he flies:

A Hundred diff'rent Sounds aſſail his Ears;
A Death, in ev'ry diff'rent Sound, he fears:
And now he faintly moves a ſlower Pace,
And cloſer now the Hounds purſue their Chace;
Till, in Deſpair, back on his Foes he turns;
Makes feeble Efforts with his branchy Horns;
Short is the Combat, ſoon he yields his Breath,
And gaſping falls, and trembling pants, in Death.

Now to a ſofter Theme deſcends my Muſe;
Thro' artful Walks her pleaſing Path purſues;
Where lofty Elms, and conic Lindens riſe,
Or where th' extenſive Terras charms her Eyes;
Where Elegance and noble Grandeur meet,
As the Ideas of its Miſtreſs, great,
Magnificently fair, majeſtically ſweet.
See, on its Margin, Fields of waving Corn;
Theſe bearded Crops, and Flow'rets this, adorn;
CERES and FLORA lovingly embrace,
And gay Varieties the Landſcape grace.

HENCE lead me, Muſes, thro' yon arched Grove,
Adorn'd with Sand below, and Leaves above;

Or let me o'er the ſpacious Oval trace,
Where verdant Carpets ſpread the lovely Place;
Where Trees in regular Confuſion ſtand,
And ſylvan Beauties riſe on ev'ry Hand:
Or bear me, Nymphs, to the ſequeſter'd Cell,
Where BOYLE and NEWTON, mighty Sages! dwell;
Whoſe Fame ſhall live, altho' the Grot decay,
Long as thoſe ſacred Truths their Works diſplay.

How ſweetly pleaſing is this cool Retreat,
When PHOEBUS blazes with meridian Heat!
In vain the fervid Beams around it play;
The rocky Roof repels the ſcorching Ray;
Securely guarded with a ſylvan Scene,
In Nature's Liv'ry dreſt, for ever green.
To viſit *this*, the curious Stranger roves,
With grateful Travel thro' a Wild of Groves;
And, tho' directed, oft miſtakes his Way,
Unknowing where the winding Mazes ſtray;
Yet ſtill his Feet the magic Paths purſue,
Charm'd, tho' bewilder'd, with the pleaſing View.

Nor ſo attractive lately ſhone the Plain,
A gloomy Waſte, not worth the Muſe's Strain;

Where thorny Brakes the Traveller repell'd,
And Weeds and Thiſtles overſpread the Field;
Till Royal GOERGE, and heav'nly CAROLINE,
Bid Nature in harmonious Luſtre ſhine;
The ſacred *Fiat* thro' the Chaos rung,
And Symmetry from wild Diſorder ſprung.

So, once, confus'd, the barb'rous Nations ſtood;
Unpoliſh'd were their Minds, their Manners rude;
Till *Rome* her conqu'ring Eagles wide diſplay'd,
And bid the World reform——The World obey'd.

How bleſs'd the Man in theſe delightful Fields!
New Pleaſures each indulgent Moment yields.
Let gayer Minds in Town purſue their Joys,
Exchanging Quietneſs for Crowds and Noiſe;
Conſume the Night at Maſquerade or Play;
Or waſte, in buſy Idleneſs, the Day:
I envy not *Auguſta*'s pompous Piles,
Since rural Solitude more pleaſing ſmiles.
O Solitude! the Sage's chief Delight!
What Numbers can thy lovely Charms recite!
Hail, peaceful Nymph! thou eldeſt Thing on Earth!
Nay, like Eternity, thou hadſt no Birth:

The

The Heav'ns alone can thy Commencement tell,
Ere MICHAEL fought, or peccant Angels fell;
Before the Skies with radiant Light were clad,
In awful Gloom, and venerable Shade,
The FATHER thee his ſole Companion made.
When to Creation firſt his Thoughts inclin'd,
And future Worlds were riſing in his Mind;
He ſat with thee, and plann'd the mighty Scheme;
With thee adjuſted the ſtupendous Frame;
Contriv'd how Globes, ſelf-balanc'd in the Air,
With reſtleſs Rounds ſhould rule the circling Year;
How Orbs o'er Orbs in myſtic Dance ſhould roll,
What Laws ſupport, and regulate the Whole:
Nor art thou yet impair'd, celeſtial Dame;
Thy Charms are ſtill attractive, ſtill the ſame;
With thee the Mind, abſtracted from the Crew,
May ſtudy Nature, and her Ends purſue;
With thee I hear the feather'd Warblers ſing;
With thee ſurvey the Beauties of the *Spring*,
When Bloſſoms, Leaves, and Fruits the Branches yield,
And *Eden*'s Glory crowns the happy Field.

HERE firſt the Muſe (auſpicious was the Place!)
Rejoic'd to ſee her Royal Guardian's Face:

How mild, yet how majeſtic, was her Look!
How ſweetly condeſcending all ſhe ſpoke!
On ev'ry pleaſing Accent Wiſdom hung,
And Truth and Virtue dwelt upon her Tongue.
O! were I equal to the glorious Theme,
Then ſhould my Lays immortalize her Fame;
Or paint Great GEORGE in peaceful Laurels dreſt,
With *Albion's* Safety lab'ring in his Breaſt;
Who (while contending Nations round him jar,
And Subjects Wealth ſupports their Monarch's War)
Guards happy *Britain*, with his floating Tow'rs,
From purple Slaughter, and invading Pow'rs;
No plund'ring Armies rob our fruitful Plain;
But, bleſs'd with Peace and Plenty, ſmiles the Swain.
Nor ſo he ſmiles upon the foreign Shores;
But ſtarving walks thro' Nature's laviſh Stores;
Poor Peaſants with their rigid Burdens groan,
And till the Glebe for Harveſts not their own.
What, tho' their more propitious PHOEBUS ſhines
With warmer Rays, and chears the curling Vines?
What, tho' rich Olives grace the fertile Soil,
And the hot Climate teems with fatt'ning Oil?
The hungry Farmer views his Crops in vain,
In vain the Vineyard tempts the thirſty Swain;

While their ſtern Tyrant's arbitrary Pow'r
Rifles the Plains, and ravages their Store:
Thy Sons, BRITANNIA, from ſuch Evils free,
Enjoy the Sweets of Peace and Liberty;
A gracious Sov'reign ſmiles upon the Throne,
And Heav'n confirms the happy Realm his own.

AVARO and *AMANDA*.

A POEM, in FOUR CANTO'S,

Taken from the Spectator, Vol. I. NUMB. XI.

CANTO I.

WHAT Ills from Want of Education flow,
From Avarice what cruel Scenes of Woe,
I mean to ſing; except the tuneful Maid
Neglect my Numbers, and refuſe her Aid.
Say, Goddeſs, firſt, what made the Youth explore
A foreign Clime, and quit his native Shore?
Say too, how on the barb'rous Iſle he came;
What mov'd the Kindneſs of the *Negro* Dame?
What cou'd provoke a faithleſs Youth to ſell
A Friend, whoſe only Crime was loving well?

Now

Now had AVARO twenty *Winters* paſs'd,
His blooming Features ev'ry Beauty grac'd;
In ſilver Rings, his looſely flowing Hair
Hung o'er his Shoulders with a comely Air;
Robuſt his Limbs, and daring was his Soul,
And Vigour crown'd the well-proportion'd Whole:
His graceful Charms the Ladies oft ſurvey'd,
And oft their Eyes an am'rous Signal made;
But never could the tender Paſſion move,
The ſtubborn Youth was ſtill averſe to Love;
Yet, tho' his Breaſt was Proof to CUPID's Dart,
A more ignoble God enſlav'd his Heart.

No Myſteries of Faith diſturb'd his Head;
For Myſteries of Faith he ſeldom read;
That moral Law, which Nature had impreſt,
He blotted from the Volume of his Breaſt;
Yet in his Mind his Father's Precepts bears,
Who often rung this Leſſon in his Ears:
" Wou'd you, my Son, to Happineſs aſpire,
" Know, *Gold* alone can Happineſs acquire;
" He that has *Gold*, is pow'rful as a King,
" Has Valour, Virtue, Wiſdom, ev'ry Thing!

" *This*

" *This* to obtain, your utmoſt Skill beſtow;
" And if you gain it, be not careful how:
" If in the Court, or Camp, you take Delight,
" Then dare to flatter *there*, or *here* to fight:
" Or, ſhou'd the Merchant's Life your Fancy pleaſe,
" Be bold, and bravely venture on the Seas;
" Many by Merchandize have gain'd Renown,
" And made the *Indies* Wealth become their own."
The Youth imbib'd the Precepts of his Tongue,
Neglecting ev'ry Law of Right and Wrong;
Taught by his Sire to court deſtructive Gain,
He burns to try his Fortune on the Main.

WHILE other Youths, by Wit or Pleaſure ſway'd
Frequent the Play, the Ball or Maſquerade;
AVARO, ſtudious, in his Chamber ſtays,
Careleſs of Balls, of Maſquerades, and Plays;
There adds, ſubſtracts, and, with unweary'd Pain,
Learns all the Rules of Int'reſt, Loſs, and Gain.

NEXT, from an old Aſtronomer, he tries
To learn the Planets Journey thro' the Skies;
With *him*, at Night, when Heav'n ſerene appears,
He points the Quadrant at the ſhining Spheres;

The

The HYADES, and frozen Pole ſurveys,
Which guide the Sailor o'er the diſtant Seas;
Then Maps and Models of our Globe prepares,
And carefully inſpects both Hemiſpheres;
From Eaſt to Weſt he views the ſpacious Round,
Pleas'd with the modern World COLUMBUS found:
In Hope elate, the Youth impatient ſtands,
And ſeems to graſp both *Indies* in his Hands.
This ſees the Sire, and haſtily provides
A Veſſel, Proof againſt the Winds and Tides.
The Youth embarks, the ſoft propitious Gales
Ariſe, and ſoon expand the ſwelling Sails;
The Ship glides ſwiftly o'er the liquid Plain,
And NEPTUNE ſmiles, and courts him on the Main.

BUT ſee, how Mortals are the Sport of Fate!
How oft unhappy, ſtriving to be great!
Ere CYNTHIA twice her monthly Race had run,
An Omen of the fatal Storm begun:
The murm'ring Wind ariſes by Degrees,
And rocks the Ship, and ſweeps the curling Seas;
Now louder, with impetuous Force it roars,
And ſhoves the ſwelling Surges to the Shores;

Till

Till rapid Rain, and Flakes of bick'ring Flame,
With dreadful Thunder vex th' etherial Frame.
Struck with Surprize, the tim'rous Merchant ſtands,
Nor knows what he forbids, or what commands:
Nor ſafely back, nor can he forwards go;
But trembling waits, and fears the fatal Blow.

Long Time the Sailors work againſt the Wind,
With fruitleſs Toil, to gain the Port aſſign'd;
Till Courage, Hope, and all Proviſions fail'd,
And Fear, Deſpair, and Want their Souls aſſail'd.
Forc'd by the Storm into a winding Bay,
Their joyful Eyes an *Indian* Iſle ſurvey;
When ſtraight they quit their Ship, and gain the Shore,
And for Recruits the ſavage Land explore.

Adjoining to the dreary Beach, their ſtood
Wild Shrubs and Trees, that form'd a gloomy Wood;
Where, cloſe obſcur'd, the crafty Natives lay,
And watch'd the wand'ring Crew, remote from Sea:
Then forth they ruſh, and ſtrait their Bows prepare;
Too late the Sailors ſee th' approaching War:
In vain the Brave engage, or Tim'rous fly;
The Tim'rous and the Brave, promiſcuous die;

The

The barb'rous Fields are ſtain'd with purple Gore,
And dreadful Groanings echo to the Shore.
Our youthful Merchant 'ſcapes, and flies alone;
His Fear impels, and Safety prompts him on;
Thro' dusky Woods he takes his trembling Flight,
The dusky Woods conceal him from their Sight;
Till in the devious Wilds, remote from Foes,
Then, on the Ground, he weeping vents his Woes;
Oft curs'd his hapleſs Fate, and often thought
On what the hoary Star-monger had taught;
How, at our Birth, as diff'rent Planets rule,
They form a Wit, or conſtitute a Fool;
How, in the Maze of Life, we act, as they
Attract, retard, or force us in the Way.
And, as he theſe uncertain Cenſures made,
Againſt the Stars he, thus exclaiming, ſaid:

THE Planets ſure ſome noxious Pow'r diſplay,
And rule my Life with arbitrary Sway;
Elſe I had ne'er forſook my native Home,
Nor in this baleful Deſert met my Doom——
And yet, when I reflect, I cannot ſee,
How Globes inſenſible ſhould influence me!

I chuſe my Actions; when the Choice is made,
I nor invoke, nor yet conſult their Aid.
When Mortals act according to their Will,
Can Heav'n be call'd the Author of their Ill?
Too late I find, the Stars are not in Fault;
But 'tis that golden Wiſh my Sire has taught:
Enticing *Gold*, that damn'd deceiving Guide,
Induc'd me firſt to ſtem the foaming Tide;
Fallacious *Charm*, that led me from Repoſe,
Now leaves me in a Labyrinth of Woes.

So, when compacted Vapours, in the Night,
Skim o'er the Fields, with a deluſive Light,
The injudicious Traveller ſurveys
Th' alluring *Scene*, and courts the gliſt'ring Blaze;
Till, tempted o'er a Rock's impending Brow,
He falls to ſome tremendous Gulph below.

THUS the unhappy Youth laments his Fate,
Conſcious of all the Ills that round him wait;
Till ſetting PHOEBUS leaves the bluſhing Sky,
And glimm'ring Stars a feeble Light ſupply:
The Shades of Night increaſe his anxious Care,
And add a greater Horror to Deſpair.

CANTO II.

ALL Night in Tears the penſive Merchant lay,
And often wiſh'd, and fear'd the coming Day;
Till, on the Hills, the riſing Sun diſplay'd
His golden Beams, and chas'd away the Shade:
Harmonious Birds ſalute his chearful Rays,
And hail the roſy Morn with joyful Lays;
While, ſtretch'd upon the Ground, AVARO moans,
Anſw'ring their tuneful Songs with piercing Groans.

NOT diſtant far from where the Youth was laid,
A purling Stream, in pleaſing Murmurs, play'd;
And, by the Margin of the cryſtal Flood,
Two Rows of Trees in beauteous Order ſtood;
Whoſe Branches form'd a pendent Arch above,
Diffuſing gloomy Verdure o'er the Grove.
An *Indian* Princeſs hither daily came,
Pleas'd with the grateful Shade, and cooling Stream:
She now was walking to her lov'd Retreat,
And heard the mourning Youth lament his Fate:

Fix'd

Fix'd in Amaze, a-while ſhe liſt'ning ſtood;
Then ſwift approach'd him, ruſhing thro' the Wood.
Th' affrighted Merchant roſe with gazing Eyes,
And tim'rous Looks, that teſtify'd Surprize:
Backward he ſtarts; the Dame, with equal Fears,
Recedes as faſt, and wonders what appears;
Yet, bolder grown, ſhe ſoon advanc'd again,
Smit with the Beauty of the Godlike Man:
His Dreſs, and fair Complexion, charm'd her Sight;
Each glowing Feature gave her new Delight;
While Love and Pity both aroſe within,
And kindled in her Soul a Flame unſeen.
With equal Joy AVARO now ſurvey'd
The native Graces of the *Negro* Maid:
He view'd her Arms, with various Ribbands bound;
Her downy Head, with painted Feathers crown'd;
With Bredes, and lucid Shells, in Circles ſtrung,
Which ſhone refulgent, as they round her hung.

As when, in ſplendid Robes, a courtly Maid
Begins the Dance at Ball or Maſquerade;
The Pearls and Di'monds ſhine with mingled Light,
And glitt'ring Pendants blaze againſt the Sight.

So

So ſhone the beauteous Shells around her Waiſt,
And ſparkling Gems, that deck'd her jetty Breaſt;
All which AVARO's gazing Eyes purſue,
Charm'd with her lovely Shape, diſclos'd to View:
Each Limb appears in juſt Proportion made,
With Elegance thro' ev'ry Part diſplay'd:
And now his Cares diſſolve, new Paſſions move;
And Nature intimates, the Change is LOVE.

NOT far remote, a cooling Grot was made,
In which the Virgin often ſought a Shade:
Thick Shrubs, and fruitful Vines, around it grew;
And none, except herſelf, the Manſion knew.
To this obſcure *Receſs* the Royal Dame,
Rejoicing, with her lovely Captive came:
Then, from the Branches, with officious Haſte,
She plucks the Fruits, which yield a ſweet Repaſt:
That done, ſhe, with her Bow, explores the Wood;
Pierc'd with her Shaft, the Fowl reſigns his Blood.
Then back ſhe haſtens to her cool Retreat,
And for AVARO dreſs'd the grateful Meat:
To ſlake his Thirſt, ſhe next directs his Way,
Where cryſtal Streams in wild Meanders ſtray:

Nor lets him there, expos'd to Foes, remain;
But to the Cave conducts him ſafe again.

So doats AMANDA on the Merchant, while
She ſcorns the *Lovers* of her *native Iſle:*
For all the Heroes of her Country ſtrove,
With Emulation, to attract her Love;
And, when they could the painted Fowls inſnare,
Or pierce the ſavage Beaſt in ſylvan War,
The Skins and Feathers, Trophies of their Fame,
They gave for Preſents to the Royal Dame;
All which ſhe to her lov'd AVARO brought,
And with them gayly deck'd his ſhining Grot:
The ſpotted Panther here ſhe hung; and there
With Paws extended, frown'd the ſhaggy Bear;
Here gaudy Plumes appear, in Luſture bright;
There Shells and Pearls diffuſe a ſparkling Light.

As when, to grace ſome Royal Prince's Hall,
The ſkilful Painter animates the Wall;
Here warlike Heroes frown in martial Arms,
There a ſoft Nymph diſplays her bluſhing Charms;
A pleaſing Landſcape next invites our Eye,
And the Room glows with ſweet Variety.

Yet,

YET, ſtill to give her Lover more Delight,
(Leſt what he daily ſaw, ſhould pall the Sight)
When SOL with Purple cloath'd the Weſtern Sky,
And Shades extended ſhew'd the Ev'ning nigh,
She to ſome verdant Grove the Youth convey'd,
Where Nightingales harmonious Muſic made:
Soft Flow'rets were their Couch; and, all around,
Diffuſive Sweets perfum'd the fragrant Ground.
There oft ſhe would his ſnowy Boſom bare,
Oft round her Fingers wind his ſilver Hair;
Charm'd with the Contraſt, which their Colours made,
More pleaſing than the Tulip's Light and Shade.
Nor was the Youth inſenſible; but ſoon
Repaid her Love by ſhewing of his own:
Oft would his Boſom heave with ſpeaking Sighs;
Oft would he gaze, and languiſh with his Eyes:
Now on her panting Breaſt his Head repoſe,
To meet his Head her panting Breaſt aroſe;
While in her Soul ecſtatic Raptures glow'd,
And her fond Arms believ'd they claſp'd a God.

So liv'd the happy Pair, obſerv'd by none,
Till both had learnt a Language of their own;

In

In which the Youth, one Ev'ning in the Shade,
Beguiles the harmleſs unſuſpicious Maid;
Leans on her Breaſt, and, with a Kiſs, betrays;
Then vents his ſpecious Fraud in Words like theſe:

WITNESS, ye Gods, and all ye Bleſs'd above,
(For ye can witneſs beſt, how well I love)
If e'er among our blooming Nymphs, I knew
Such Pleaſures, as my Soul receives from you?
O dear AMANDA! could I but, with thee,
Once more my happy native Country ſee,
You ſhould not there in lonely Caves retreat,
Nor trace the burning Sands with naked Feet;
Your Limbs, which now the Sun and Wind invade,
Should neatly be in ſofteſt Silks array'd;
In gilded Coaches gayly ſhould you ride,
By Horſes drawn, which prancing Side by Side,
Neigh, foam, and champ the Bit with graceful Pride;
Our Time, in Pomp and Peace, ſhould ſlide away,
And blooming Pleaſures crown the ſmiling Day;
And when the ſetting Sun forſook the Skies,
Approaching Night ſhould but increaſe our Joys:
We would not on the chilling Ground embrace,
Nor Foes, as now, ſhould interrupt our Peace;

But both repoſing on ſome eaſy Bed,
Soft, as the fleecy Down, that decks thy Head,
The ſportive God of Love ſhould round us play,
While we, in Raptures, paſs'd the Night away:
Then let us carefully, my Dear, explore
The Haven, where I firſt approach'd the Shore.
Perhaps we ſhall ſome floating Ship ſurvey,
Safe to conduct us o'er the watry Way:
Nor let the foaming Waves your Steps retard;
I'll guard you o'er, and be a faithful Guard.

How oft, alas! is Innocence betray'd,
When Love invites, and Flatterers perſuade?
How could the Dame, a Stranger to Deceit,
Imagine ſuch a heavenly Form a Cheat?
She paus'd, ſhe ſigh'd; then, with a penſive Look,
Half loth, and half conſenting, thus ſhe ſpoke;

Once has Avaro 'ſcap'd the raging Main:
Why would you tempt the fickle Seas again?
To ſeek new Dangers, when in Safety here,
Would but provoke the Deities you fear——
Sometimes, I own, we've been ſurpriz'd by Foes,
Whoſe nightly Walks have wak'd you from Repoſe:

Yet

Yet ſtill I guard your ſacred Life ſecure,
And always will——What can AMANDA more?

THUS ſaid, ſhe claſp'd him in her loving Arms,
Embrac'd his Neck, and doated on his Charms:
And now both ſhew their Paſſions in their Look,
And now Connubial HYMEN both invoke;
In ſportive Joys they clos'd the genial Day,
While PHILOMELA ſung the Nuptial Lay;
Till ſoon the Youth reclin'd upon her Breaſt,
And golden Slumbers ſeal'd their Eyes to Reſt.

CANTO III.

SOON as the Sun began to gild the Day,
And on the Hills emit a trembling Ray;
AMANDA, from her flow'ry Bed awoke;
Sad was her Heart, and diſcom[illegible]os'd her Look;
The briny Torrent flows adown her Cheeks,
While thus ſhe to her dear AVARO ſpeaks:

O Thou, on whom my Life and Love depend,
If e'er AMANDA claim'd the Name of Friend;

If e'er I gave thy troubled Mind Repoſe,
Or hid thee, when purſu'd with furious Foes;
Explain this *Dream*, that terrifies my Breaſt;
The ſtrangeſt, Fear, or Fancy e'er impreſt!

METHOUGHT a God deſcended from the Skies;
Celeſtial Beauty ſparkled in his Eyes;
Like Rays of PHOEBUS ſhone his radiant Hair,
His Shape like thine, like thine his graceful Air;
A Robe was neatly girt about his Waiſt,
Fine as my lov'd AVARO's ſilken Veſt;
His ſhining Lips upon my Breaſt he laid,
And ſoftly preſs'd my Hand, and ſmiling ſaid:

"ARISE, my Dear, my lov'd AMANDA riſe;
"An eaſier Lodging waits thee in the Skies:
"I am deſcended from the bleſt Abodes,
"To bear thee hence to Heav'n among the Gods;
"No Enemies ſhall there diſturb thy Reſt;
"There, with thy *Lover*, live for ever bleſt."

THUS ſaid, he rais'd me from the dewy Plain,
And bore, or ſeem'd to bear me, o'er the Main:

But ſoon he led me to a diſtant Iſle,
Where Horrors reign, and Comforts never ſmile:
Thick Brakes and Brambles choak'd the dreary Coaſt,
The only Product, which the Land could boaſt;
Till a dejected, ſervile Race aroſe,
With gloomy Sadneſs brooding on their Brows:
This Crowd, promiſcuous, with inceſſant Toil,
Or rooted up the Wood, or plow'd the Soil:
How each perform'd his Task, a Tyrant view'd;
And ſternly ſhook his Whip, and menac'd as he ſtood.
Sometimes to ſhun the direful Laſh, they fled;
Th' inſulting Lord purſu'd with greater Speed:
Sure not ſo fearful fly the trembling Bears,
To ſhun our Hunters Darts, and miſſive Spears;
Sure not ſo ſwift our Hunters e'er purſu'd
The trembling Bears, when flying thro' the Wood;
As from the Tyrant's Wrath they ſwiftly run,
Or, as the Tyrant, ſwifter urg'd them on.
Each to his wonted Task he drove again,
And made *me* mix among the ſervile Train;
Doom'd with the reſt to groan beneath the Yoke,
Alike I felt the dire correcting Stroke.
But, O! what added moſt to my Deſpair,
My Godlike Guide was falſe, and left me there——

As thus ſhe ſpake, confus'd her Looks appear'd;
For ſtill her Soul the dreadful Viſion fear'd:
Deciding Reaſon from her Seat withdrew,
And Fancy painted all the Scene anew.
The Youth to chear the drooping Dame eſſay'd,
When ſtrait a Boar came ruſhing thro' the Shade;
The craſhing Woods proclaim'd his rapid Force,
While two fleet Youths purſu'd the ſylvan Courſe:
The Lovers ſtarted from their flow'ry Seats,
Surpriz'd; and each a diff'rent Way retreats.

As when ſome Muſquet's Thunder has expell'd
Two loving Turtles from the verdant Field;
Both, diverſe, thro' the wide ethereal Plain
Fly ſwift; and flying, fear their Mate is ſlain.

So parting, devious fled th' affrighted Pair;
Such was AVARO's, ſuch AMANDA's Fear.
The foaming Boar between 'em ſwiftly paſt,
The nimble Courſers urge the Chace as faſt;
Till ſoon they pierce him with a mortal Wound;
He falls, and purple Gore diſtains the Ground:

Then,

Then, from the ſavage War, they take their Way;
And to the Cave, triumphant, bear the Prey.

Soon as the ſportive Hunters left the Wood,
The loving Pair conceal'd no longer ſtood;
But trembling both forſook the dusky Shade,
Both trembling met upon the op'ning Glade:
Mute with Surprize a-while they ſtood; the Man
Broke Silence firſt, and thus his Tale began:

O dear Amanda! ſoon we have ſurvey'd
This myſtic Viſion of the Night diſplay'd:
Theſe are the frowning Tyrants in thy Dream;
That chas'd the Slaves, and we their flying Game.

Some Part, ſaid ſhe, reſembled this, I own;
And ſome remains a Riddle yet unknown:
What meant that God, which ſtill, methinks, I view?
That radiant Deity! ſo much like You!
And what the Fields above, which he propos'd?
Say, if the Myſtery can be diſclos'd?

To whom the Youth: Our active Fancy ſeems
For ever roving, roving moſt in Dreams:

For then the Soul, disburden'd of her Load,
Soars high, and grows prophetic, like a God;
Minds Things when paſt, as preſent to our View;
And, by Alluſion, knows the future too.
Thus, when to Sleep your muſing Head reclin'd,
She kept our Ev'ning Converſe in her Mind;
Reflected on the Joys my Country yields,
Joys, ſweet as thoſe in yonder azure Fields;
Till ſoaring higher, ſtriving to diſcern
Her hidden Fate, and future Fortune learn,
Heav'n ſhew'd her ſomething like this Morning Chace,
By trembling Slaves, who fled their Tyrant's Face;
Perhaps to warn us timely from our Bed;
For, O my dear AMANDA! had we ſtay'd,
I had not liv'd to tell this myſtic Tale,
Nor you, to hear the Secrets I reveal——
But let us to my happy Country ſteer,
Nor longer wait impending Ruin here.

So ſpake the Youth; and, with a gracious Look,
He ſeem'd to ſanctify the Words he ſpoke.

Go, ſhe reply'd; go were you are inclin'd;
Your faithful Lover will not ſtay behind.

If o'er the Seas you ſhall attempt your Way,
The Seas ſhall not compel me here to ſtay;
Nor will I fear the Surges of the Deep;
(For Surges oft, you ſay, aſſail the Ship)
Calm and compos'd, intrepid, will I ſtand,
Till you conduct me to your native Land.
Or, if you wou'd ſome other Clime purſue,
Then ſhall ſome other Climate pleaſe me too.
And when the happy deſtin'd Land we meet,
Where Providence ſhall fix our wand'ring Feet;
With joyful Servitude, I'll ſtill attend
On you, my nuptial Lord, and deareſt Friend.
Soon as AURORA ſpreads her purple Ray,
When you awake to chace the nimble Prey,
I'll alſo riſe; and, with an equal Art,
Diſplay the Net, or ſpeed the pointed Dart;
Or ſearch the Plains, and taſteful Herbs provide;
Or ſtrip the Vines, and preſs their juicy Pride:
Each Ev'ning will I fondly deck your Bed
With ſweeteſt Flow'rets gather'd from the Mead;
And when, diſſolv'd in downy Sleep, you lie,
I'll wake, and watch if Foes approach too nigh:
To guard your Life, all Hazards will I run;
And, for your Safety, ſacrifice my own.

To whom the Youth: No Hazards ſhall you run;
Nor, for my Safety, ſacrifice your own;
Nor yet at Ev'ning fondly deck my Bed
With ſweeteſt Flow'rets, gather'd from the Mead;
Nor ſhall AMANDA taſteful Herbs explore;
Nor ſhall AVARO chaſe the ſavage Boar:
A ſofter Bed, than Flow'rs, ſhall give you Reſt;
A choicer Meat, than Fruits, indulge your Taſte.
Ten Thouſand Things my grateful Soul ſhall find,
To charm your Fancy, and delight your Mind;
I'll vary Love a hundred diff'rent Ways,
And inſtitute new Arts to make it pleaſe:
So ſhall our future Race of Children ſee
A conſtant Proverb made of you and me:
When *Britiſh* Youths ſhall court the doubting Dame,
And want Expreſſions equal to their Flame;
Then, ſtrongly to atteſt it, ſhall be ſaid,
"*True as* AVARO *to the* Indian *Maid.*"

To whom AMANDA, (pauſing at the *Name*)
What meant AVARO by the *doubting Dame?*
Has any of your *Britiſh* Damſels made
A *Doubt* of what ſuch godlike Being ſaid?

Or

Or is it cuſtomary to your Clime?
Has ever Youth committed ſuch a *Crime*,
As *baſe Ingratitude?* Has any there
Deluded firſt, and then forſook the Fair?
I cannot think, your Love will e'er decline,
Nor can my radiant Angel queſtion mine.
By yon bright Beams, which paint the riſing Day;
By thy bright Charms, as beautiful as they;
By all our pleaſing Hours of Love, I vow
To ſhare your Fate thro' ev'ry Scene of Woe;
Content, with you, to yield my vital Breath;
For Life, without you, would but lengthen Death.

WITH ſuch ſweet Talk their Moments they beguile;
Both ſeem impatient for the deſtin'd Iſle:
He daily vows, and daily is believ'd;
She daily hears, and daily is deceiv'd.

CANTO IV.

FArewel, bright Goddeſs of th' *Idalian* Grove;
Farewel, ye ſportive Deities of LOVE!
No longer I your pleaſing Joys rehearſe;
A rougher Theme demands my penſive Verſe;

A Scene of Woes remain to be diſplay'd,
Indulgent Love with Slavery repaid:
Ingratitude, and broken Vows, and Lies,
The mighty Ills that ſpring from Avarice,
Provoke my Lays: Your Aid, ye Muſes, bring;
Aſſiſt my Tragic Numbers, while I ſing.
Say, what enſu'd, when, on the briny Deep,
The watchful Dame beheld a floating Ship?
She call'd, and beckon'd to it from the Shore;
Then to the Youth the grateful Tidings bore;
And ſaid, I ſomething ſee like winged Trees,
(Strange to behold!) fly ſwiftly o'er the Seas;
Their bulky Roots upon the Billows float:
Say, is not this the Ship, you long have ſought?
Or I miſtake, or, by the Gods Command,
This comes to bear us to your native Land:
Then haſten, ſee the Partner of your Heart,
With You, her Guide, is ready to depart;
My Father, Mother, Friends, I bid Adieu,
Friends, Father, Mother, not ſo dear as *You*.

To whom the Youth, with ſmiling Brow, reply'd:
O thou true Pattern of a faithful Bride!

Who dar'ſt thy Father, Mother, Friends reſign;
And riſque thy own dear Life, to reſcue mine!——
If I forget the Debt I owe to *Thee*,
May all the Gods forget their Care of *Me*.
In more wild Deſarts let me rove again;
Nor find a Friend, like *Thee*, to eaſe my Pain!
There let the Vultures, Wolves, and Tigers tear
This Body, *Thou* haſt kindly nouriſh'd here!

So ſaying, to the Beach he ſtraight deſcends;
And, by the Flag diſcerns the Crew his Friends:
And now his Heart exults within his Breaſt;
His loving Mate an equal Joy conſeſt;
She, with him, gladly ventures on the Main,
Unthinking of her future Toil and Pain.

So, to the Plough, the Heifer, yet unbroke,
Walks chearful on, nor dreads th' impending Yoke;
Till, in the Fields, urg'd with the piercing Goad,
She groans, and writhes, reluctant with her Load.

The *Britiſh* Bark was to *Barbados* bound:
Th' expected Shore the Sailors quickly found;

Where,

Where, ſafe from Danger, now the perjur'd Youth,
Falſe to his former Vows of ſacred Truth,
Reflecting, counts the Int'reſt he had loſt,
While Fate det in'd him on the *Indian* Coaſt:
The frugal Thoughts ſuppreſs his am'rous Flame,
And promp him to betray the faithful Dame.
Yet ſcarce he can the curſed Fact purſue;
But heſitates at what he fain wou'd do:
For, tho' his Av'rice moves him to the Ill,
His Gratitude within him ſtruggles ſtill;
And, 'twixt two Paſſions, neither guides his Will.

As when two Scales, with equal Loads ſuſpend,
Sway to and fro; alternate both deſcend,
Till, undeclining, each aloft abides;
Nor this, nor that, the doubtful Weight decides.

So ſtood the doubtful Youth a-while; nor wou'd
Forſake the Evil, nor purſue the Good;
Till, as the Sailors in the Haven ſtay,
To purchaſe Slaves, the Planters croud the Key:
One asks, for what the *Negro* may be ſold;
Then bids a Price, and ſhews the tempting Gold:

Which

Which when AVARO views with greedy Eyes,
He ſoon reſolves to gain th' alluring Prize;
Nor Oaths, nor Gratitude, can longer bind;
Her Fate he thus determines in his Mind:

" SUPPOSE I ſhould conduct this *Indian* o'er;
" And thus, inſtead of Gold, import a *Moor*——
" Would not my Sire, with ſtern contracted Brows
" Condemn my Choice, and curſe my nuptial Vows?
" Was it for this I learn'd the Merchant's Art?
" Only to gain a doating *Negro's* Heart!
" Was it for this the raging Seas I croſt?
" No; Gold induc'd me to the *Indian* Coaſt;
" And Gold is offer'd for this ſimple Dame;
" Shall I refuſe it, or renounce my Flame?——
" Let am'rous Fools their tireſome Joys renew,
" And doat on *Love*, while *Int'reſt* I purſue."
He added not; for now, intent on Gold,
And dead to all Remorſe, the *Dame* he ſold.

AMANDA ſtood confounded with Surprize,
And ſilently reproach'd him with her Eyes:
She often try'd to ſpeak, but when ſhe try'd,
Her Heart ſwell'd full, her Voice its Aid deny'd;

And,

And, when ſhe made her fault'ring Tongue obey,
Theſe Words, commix'd with Sighs, found out their Way.

" Who can the myſtic Ways of Fate explain?
" Am I awake, or do I dream again?
" Is *this* the ſad Reward of all my Care?
" Was it for this I chear'd thee in Deſpair?
" The Gods above (if any Gods there be)
" Witneſs what I have done to ſuccour thee!
" Yet, if my *Kindneſs* can't thy Pity move,
" Pity the *Fruits* of our unhappy *Love:*
" Oh! let the Infant in my pregnant Womb,
" Excite thee to revoke my threaten'd Doom!
" Think how the future Slave, in Climes remote,
" Shall curſe the treach'rous Sire, that him begot."

So ſpake the mourning Dame, but ſpake in vain;
Th' obdurate Youth inſults her with Diſdain;
Not all her Kindneſs could his Pity move,
Nor yet the *Fruits* of their unhappy *Love.*
But, as the Flames, which ſoften Wax, diſplay
The ſame warm Force to harden ſordid Clay;
That Motive, which would melt another Heart,
More harden'd his, and made him act a double Villain's Part.

He,

He, for the Child, demands a larger Sum;
And ſells it, while an Embryo in the Womb.

AND now he ſternly takes her by the Hand;
Then drags her on, reluctant, to the Land;
While, as ſhe walks, her diſmal Fate ſhe moans,
The Rocks around her echo to her Groans:
" O baſe, ungrateful Youth! ſhe loudly cries;
" O baſe, ungrateful Youth! the Shore replies:
" And canſt thou, cruel, perjur'd Villain! leave
" Thy tender Infant too, an abject Slave,
" To toil, and groan, and bleed beneath the *Rod?*
" Fool, that I was, to think thou wert a God!
" Sure from ſome ſavage Tiger art thou ſprung——
" No! Tigers feed, and fawn upon their Young:
" But thou deſpiſeſt all paternal Cares,
" The Fate of Infants, and their Mothers Pray'rs."

IN vain ſhe does her wretched State deplore;
Pleas'd with the Gold, he gladly quits the Shore;
The ruffling Winds dilate the Sails, the Ship
Divides the Waves, and skims along the Deep.
Three Days the bellying Canvas gently ſwells,
Clear ſhines the Sun, and friendly blow the Gales;

Then

Then frowning Clouds inveſt the vaulted Sky,
And hollow Winds proclain a Tempeſt nigh;
Fierce BOREAS loudly o'er the Ocean roars,
Smoke the white Waves, and ſound the adverſe Shores;
While, to increaſe the Horrors of the Main,
Deſcends a Deluge of impetuous Rain.
The giddy Ship on circling Eddies rides,
Toſs'd, and retoſs'd, the Sport of Winds and Tides.
Redoubled Peals of roaring Thunder roll,
And Flames, conflicting, flaſh from Pole to Pole,
While guilty Thoughts diſtract AVARO's Soul.
Of Life deſpairing, tho' afraid to die,
One fatal Effort yet he means to try:
While all the buſy Crew, with panting Breath,
Were lab'ring to repel the liquid Death;
AVARO from the Stern the Boat divides,
And yields up to the Fury of the Tides:
Toſs'd on the boiſt'rous Wave, the Veſſel flies,
Now ſinking low, now mounting to the Skies;
Till ſoon the Storm decreas'd, and, by Degrees,
Huſh'd were the Winds, and calm the ruffled Seas;
The Sailors ſafely ſteer their Courſe again,
And leave AVARO floating on the Main;

Who

Who landed quickly on a lonely Iſle,
Where human Feet ne'er print the baleful Soil;
A dreary Wilderneſs was all appear'd,
And howling Wolves the only Sound he heard;
A thouſand Deaths he views before his Eyes,
A thouſand Guilt-created Fiends ariſe;
A *conſcious Hell* within his Boſom burns,
And racks his tortur'd Soul, while thus he mourns:

" CURS'D be the Precepts of my ſelfiſh Sire,
" Who bad me after fatal Gold aſpire!
" Curs'd be myſelf, and doubly curs'd, who ſold
" A faithful Friend, to gain that fatal Gold!——
" O! could theſe gloomy Woods my Sin conceal,
" Or in my Boſom quench this fiery *Hell*;
" Here would I pine my wretched Life away,
" Or to the hungry Savage fall a Prey——
" But can the gloomy Woods conceal my Sin,
" Or cooling Shadows quench the *Hell* within?
" No; like ſome Spirit baniſh'd Heav'n, I find
" Terrors in ev'ry Place, to rack my Mind;
" Tormenting conſcious Plagues increaſe my Care,
" And guilty Thoughts indulge my juſt Deſpair——

" O

" O! where ſhall I that piercing Eye evade,
" That ſcans the Depths of Hell's tremendous Shade?

So ſaying, ſtraight he gave a hideous Glare,
With rolling Eyes, that witneſs'd ſtrong Deſpair:
Then drew his pointed Weapon from the Sheath,
Confus'dly wild, and all his Thoughts on Death;
To pierce his trembling Heart he thrice eſſay'd,
And thrice his coward Arm deny'd its Aid:
Meanwhile a howling Wolf, with Hunger preſt,
Leap'd on the Wretch, and ſeiz'd him by the Breaſt;
Tore out his Heart, and lick'd the purple Flood;
For Earth refus'd to drink the *Villain*'s Blood.

To a Young LADY, *who had a* CUPID *given Her.*

FAIR Lady, take a ſpecial Care,
This pleaſing Toy become no Snare;
The *ſubtle God* is full of Wiles,
And Miſchiefs moſt, when moſt he ſmiles.
Beware to claſp him in your Arms,
Nor gaze too much upon his Charms;

Leſt

Leſt in a borrow'd Shape he wound,
As once unhappy DIDO found;
For while ſhe view'd his ſmiling Look,
Her Heart receiv'd a fatal Stroke.

On the Hon. Mrs. HORNER's *Travelling for the Recovery of her* Health.

CLARISSA long has ſought, in vain,
Phyſicians Aid, to eaſe her Pain;
But now their Aid ſhe ſeeks no more,
Nor longer will their Drugs endure:
Spite of their Art, her Spirits fail,
Her Cheeks are turn'd a languid Pale;
Yet, tho' her mortal Part's decay'd,
Her nobler *Vertue* does not fade;
Her Soul, inflexible to Ill,
In Piety advances ſtill:
So Metals lie in chymic Fires;
And, while the groſſer Part expires,
The Flames refine the golden Ore,
And make it brighter than before.

SHE

SHE now a warmer Clime explores,
To prove the Air of foreign Shores:
O! may the temp'rate Breezes bring
Salubrious Med'cines on their Wing:
Thou, PHOEBUS, too, propitious ſhine;
And, (ſince the Power of Phyſic's thine)
Send blooming Health on ev'ry Beam,
Diſpel her Pains, and chear the Dame:
Elſe muſt my melancholy Strain,
In mournful Elegies, complain.
Ev'n now, too well, theſe Numbers ſhow,
My drooping Fancy's damp'd with Woe:
Yet, tho' my Verſe deſerves no Praiſe,
Let no ſour Critic damn my Lays;
Since OVID's ſelf but faintly ſung,
When only Grief inſpir'd his Tongue.

The ABSENT LOVER.

ALEXIS, walking in the Park,
Met CHLOE, juſt before 'twas dark:
He ask'd a Kiſs, nor ſhe deny'd,
I don't know what they did beſide:

But,

But, as a Child, in Thought, chews o'er
The Sweatmeats which he eat before;
So in his Mind ALEXIS keeps
The dear Impreſſion of her Lips:
He felt it all the foll'wing Day,
At Night indulg'd it at the Play;
One ling'ring Act he muſing ſtay'd,
But knew not what the Actors ſaid;
He thought the Park in *Drury-Lane*,
Believ'd the Nymph appear'd again;
He ſeems to view her ſnowy Neck,
Her ruby Lip, and roſy Cheek,
Her graceful Smiles, and ſparkling Eyes,
Her panting Boſom fall and riſe:
And now he claſp'd her in his Arms,
('Twas all imaginary Charms)
When, riſing to the Height of Bliſs,
His Lips eſſay'd to take a Kiſs;
An Orange wench trod on his Foot;
And ſcreaming, "*Will you have ſome Fruit?*"
Surpriz'd, he dropt the pleaſing Theme,
And found his Joys a waking Dream;
He ſwore, and wept, and kick'd the Wench,
Forgot his Hat, and left the Bench.

On a Screen, *work'd in Flowers by Her* Royal Highneſs *ANNE, Princeſs of* ORANGE.

ILLUSTRIOUS Nymph! whoſe Art could raiſe
This skilful Monument of Praiſe,
Forgive the Bard, who ſtrikes the Lyre;
Accept the Verſe, your Toils inſpire:
For, when your Labours ſtrike my Eyes,
The voluntary Numbers riſe.
Who can be ſilent, when they view
This fair Creation, wrought by *You?*
Each Flow'r does with ſuch Luſtre ſhine,
Such Beauties crown the gay Deſign;
That Nature fix'd in Wonder ſtands,
To ſee ſhe's rival'd by your Hands;
And, jealous of your Art, diſplays
A Bluſh, when ſhe the Work ſurveys.
Yet this accompliſh'd Piece, we find,
Shews a faint Image of your *Mind*;
The lovely Charms, and Graces *here*,
But copy thoſe, that centre *there*.

To His Royal Highness

The Duke of CUMBERLAND,

On His Birth-Day.

TWELVE * times hath Sol his annual Race begun,
Since Jove deſcended from his radiant Throne:
Around the pendent Globe, the God purſu'd
His circling March, and human Actions view'd;
But griev'd that *Virtue* droop'd her languid Head,
While *Vice* from Clime to Clime contagious ſpread;
Back, to his native Seat, he ſternly flies;
And ſends an Edict thro' the ſpacious Skies,
To call th'Ethereal Pow'rs: Swift flew his Word;
Th'Ethereal Pow'rs, as ſwift, attend their Lord.
Upon *Olympus'* Top the Synod met,
Where, high inthron'd, the thund'ring Monarch ſat;
And, with a Nod, that ſhook the Spheres, he ſwore,
The Minor Gods ſhould viſit Earth no more.

* This was writ, when the Duke enter'd into the Twelfth Year of his Age.

What, muſt your earthly Sons, MINERVA cry'd,
Explore their doubtful Way without a Guide?
If PALLAS muſt no more to Mortals go,
Let PALLAS beg a Subſtitute below,
Worthy to rule the World, whoſe noble Mind
May copy out the Gods to human Kind.
She lowly bow'd; and JOVE, conſenting, ſmil'd;
Go, form, ſaid he, this new-imagin'd Child:
Collect the beſt Materials, where you will;
And let us ſee, for once, MINERVA's Skill.
He ſaid; ſhe haſtens o'er the bright Abodes,
Selecting each Perfection of the Gods:
From MARS ſhe warlike Strength and Courage took;
But ſoften'd them with VENUS' graceful Look:
To theſe ſhe added HERMES' Eloquence,
And crown'd it with her own ſuperior Senſe:
Some of APOLLO's piercing Rays ſhe ſtole;
And while the MUSES play'd, ſhe form'd a Soul.
When thus compos'd the bright Ingredients lay,
She nobly dreſt them in Ethereal Clay;
JOVE touch'd the Maſs with his enliv'ning Hand,
And vital Warmth inſpir'd a CUMBERLAND.

To DEATH.

An IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

HAIL, formidable KING!
My Muſe thy dreaded Fame ſhall ſing.
Why ſhould old HOMER's pompous Lays
Immortalize ACHILLES' Praiſe!
Or why ſhould ADDISON's harmonious Verſe
Our MARLBRO's nobler Deeds rehearſe?
Alas! no more theſe *Heroes* ſhine;
Their Pow'r is all ſubdu'd by *Thine.*
Where are theſe mighty *Leaders* now,
Great POMPEY, CÆSAR, and Young AMMON too,
Who thought he drew immortal Breath?
Theſe bold ambitious Sons of MARS,
Who dy'd the Globe with bloody Wars,
Are vanquiſh'd all by thee, victorious DEATH!

II.

Ev'n while they liv'd, their Martial Hate
But firmer fix'd thy Throne;
Nor, tho' it haſten'd others Fate,
Could it delay their own.

Nor didſt thou want *their Rage* to kill;
Thy own can execute thy Will:
Whene'er thou doſt exert thy Pow'r,
A Thouſand morbid Troops thy Call obey;
Sometimes thy waſting Plagues devour,
And ſweep whole Realms away.
Now with contagious Biles the City mourns,
And now thy ſcorching Fever burns,
Or trembling Quartan chills;
Of Heat and Cold the dire Extremes
Now freeze, now fire the Blood with Flames,
Till various Torment kills.

III.

Consumptions, and Rheumatic Pain,
And Apoplectic Fits, that rack the Brain;
Soul-panting Aſthmas, Dropſy, and Catarrh,
Gout, Palſy, Lunacy, and black Deſpair;
Pangs, that neglected Lovers feel;
Corroding Jealouſy, their earthly Hell,
Which makes the injur'd Woman wild;
And pow'rful Spleen that gets the *Man* with Child;
Phyſicians, Surgeons, Bawds, and Whores, and Wine,
Are all obſequious Miniſters of *Thine*;

Nay,

Nay, and RELIGION too,
When Hypocrites their Intereſt purſue,
Or frantic Zeal inſpires,
It calls for Racks, and Wheels, and Fires:
Then all our myſtic Articles of Faith,
Inſtead of ſaving Life, become the Cauſe of DEATH.

IV.

GREAT MONARCH! how ſecure muſt be thy Crown,
When all theſe Things conſpire to prop thy Throne?
Yet, in thy univerſal Reign,
Thou doſt not uſe tyrannic Sway.
Whate'er the Weak and Tim'rous ſay,
Who tremble at thy Frown;
Thou art propitious to our Pain,
And break'ſt the groaning Pris'ner's Chain,
Which Tyranny put on.
In *Thee* the Lover quits his Care,
Nor longer courts the cruel *Fair*,
Her Coldneſs mourns no more:
In *Thee* Ambition ends its Race,
And finds at length the deſtin'd Place,
It ne'er could find before:

The Merchant too, who plows the Main,
In greedy Queſt of Gain,
By Thee to happier Climes is brought,
Than thoſe his wild, inſatiate Av'rice ſought.

V.

PROPITIOUS Succourer of the Diſtreſt,
Who often, by the Dead, doſt make the Living bleſt!
How could profuſive *Heirs* attend
Their Miſtreſs, Bottle, Ball, and Play,
If timely *Thou* wert not their Friend,
To ſnatch the ſcraping Sire away?
How would dull Poets weary Time
With their inſipid Rhyme,
And teaze and tire the Reader's Ears
With Party Feuds, and Paper Wars,
If *Thou*, great Critic! didſt not uſe
Thy Pow'r, to point a Period for their Muſe?
The Bard, at thy deciſive Will,
Diſcards his *mercenary Quill*,
Then all his mighty Volumes lie
Hid in the peaceful *Tomb* of vaſt Obſcurity.

VI.

I, like the reſt, advance my Lays;
With uncouth Numbers, rumble forth a Song,
Sedately dull, to celebrate thy Praiſe;
And laſh, and ſpur the heavy lab'ring Muſe along:
But ſoon the fatal Time muſt come,
(Ordain'd by Heav'n's unerring Doom)
When Thou ſhalt cut the vital Thread,
And ſhove the verbal Embryos from my Head.
Then, ſince I'm ſure to meet my Fate,
How vain would *Hope* appear?
Since *Fear* cannot protract the Date,
How fooliſh 'twere to *fear?*
I'll ſtrive, at leaſt, to ſtand prepar'd,
Thy Summons to obey;
Nor would I think thy Sentence hard,
Nor wiſh, nor fear the *Day*;
But live in conſcious Peace, and die without Diſmay.

VII.

FALLACIOUS Reas'ners wrong *Thee*, when
They call thy Laws ſevere.
Severe! to whom? *To wicked Men:*
Then let the Wicked fear.

Thou judgeſt all with equal Laws,
No venal Witneſs backs thy Cauſe,
No Bribes to *Thee* are known;
If thy impartial Hand but ſtrike,
The Prince and Peaſant fall alike,
The Courtier and the Clown.
What tho' a-while the Beggar groans,
While Kings enjoy their gilded Thrones?
What are Diſtinctions, Pomp, and Regal Train,
And *Honours*, got with Care, and kept with Pain?
One friendly Stroke of *Thine* ſets level all again.
All earthly Grandeur muſt decline;
Nay, ev'n Great GEORGE's Pow'r ſubmit to *Thine*:
But *thy Dominion* ſhall endure,
Till PHOEBUS meaſures Time no more:
Then all ſhall be in dark Oblivion caſt,
And ev'ry mortal Kingdom fall; but thine ſhall fall the laſt.

On Mrs. L——s.

SUCH Sweetneſs and Goodneſs together combin'd;
So beauteous her Face, and ſo bright is her Mind;
So loving, yet chaſte: and ſo humble, yet fair;
So comely her Shape, and ſo decent her Air;
So skilful, that Nature's improv'd by her Art;
So prudent her Head, and ſo bounteous her Heart;
So wiſe without Pride, and ſo modeſtly neat;
'Tis ſtrange, this agreeable Creature's a Cheat!
For, tho' ſhe to Man, for a Mortal was giv'n,
Theſe Virtues betray her Extraction from Heav'n.

TRUTH and *FALSHOOD.*

A FABLE.

SOON as the Iron Age on Earth began,
And Vice found eaſy Entrance into Man;
Forth from her Cave infernal *Falſhood* came;
Falſhood, the Hate of Gods, of Men the Shame:

A ſilken Robe ſhe wore, of various Hue,
Its Colour changing with each diff'rent View:
Studious to cheat, and eager to beguile,
She mimick'd *Truth*, and ap'd her heav'nly Smile;
But mimick'd *Truth* in vain; the varying Veſt,
To ev'ry ſearching Eye, the Fiend confeſt.

At length ſhe ſaw celeſtial *Truth* appear:
Serene her Brow, and chearful was her Air;
Her ſilver Locks with ſhining Fillets bound,
With Laurel Wreaths her peaceful Temples crown'd:
A Lilly Robe was girded round her Waiſt;
And, o'er her Arms, a radiant Mantle caſt:
With decent Negligence, it hung behind;
And, looſely flowing, wanton'd in the Wind.
Thus *Truth* advanc'd, unknowing of Deceit;
And *Falſhood*, bowing low, began the Cheat:

Hail, charming Maid, bright as the Morning Star,
Daughter of Jove, and Heav'n's peculiar Care!
'Tis thine to weigh the World in equal Scales,
And chide the conſcious Soul, when Vice prevails,
Diſpenſing Juſtice with impartial Hand,
The mightieſt Pow'rs ſubmit to thy Command:

Ev'n

Ev'n Gods themſelves, tho' in their Actions free,
Conſult, reſolve, and act, as you decree:
Great Sov'reign Jove, the firſt Ethereal Name,
Advis'd with thee to form the heav'nly Frame:
As *Truth* approv'd, he bad the Fabric riſe,
And ſpread the azure Mantle of the Skies;
Plac'd ev'ry Planet in its proper Sphere,
Nor rolls *this* Orb too wide, nor *that* too near——
But why thus walk we, mindleſs of our Eaſe,
Expos'd beneath the Sun's meridian Blaze?
Better retire, and ſhun the ſcorching Ray,
Till fanning *Zephyrs* cool our Ev'ning Way.
Hear how yon limpid Streams run murm'ring by,
And tuneful Birds their ſylvan Notes apply;
See fragrant Shrubs along the Borders grow,
And waving Shades beneath the Poplar Bough;
All theſe invite us to the River's Side,
To bathe our Limbs, and ſport within the Tide:
So cool the Stream, the flow'ry Bank ſo ſweet,
Diana's Self might covet the Retreat:
Nor can a ſhort Diverſion check your Haſte;
Freſh Strength will ſoon ſucceed ſuch welcome Reſt:
As rapid Currents, held a-while at Bay,
With ſwifter Force purſue their liquid Way.

So ſpake the Phantom; and, with friendly Look
Supporting what ſhe ſaid, approach'd the Brook:
Truth follow'd, artleſs, unſuſpicious Maid!
And, in an evil Hour, the Voice obey'd.
Both, at the cryſtal Stream arriv'd, unbound
Their diff'rent Robes; both caſt them to the Ground:
The Fiend, upon the Margin, ling'ring ſtood;
The naked Goddeſs leapt into the Flood:
Sporting, ſhe ſwims the liquid Surface o'er,
Unmindful of the matchleſs Robe ſhe wore.
Not *Falſhood* ſo——She haſty ſeiz'd the Veſt,
And with the beauteous Spoils herſelf ſhe dreſt:
Then, wing'd with Joy, outflew the ſwifteſt Wind,
Her own infernal Robe far left behind.
Straight ſhe aſpires above her former State,
And gains Admittance to the Rich and Great:
Nay, ſuch her daring Pride, that ſome report,
When thus equipp'd, ſhe boldly went to *Court*:
Their ſpake and look'd with ſuch a graceful Air,
Miſtaken *Fame* pronounc'd her wiſe and fair.
She fill'd the Wanton's Tongue with ſpecious Names,
To deal in *Wounds*, and *Deaths*, in *Darts*, and *Flames*;

He prefac'd all his leud Attempts with Love;
And *Fraud* prevail'd, where *Reaſon* could not move.
At length ſhe mingled with the learned Throng,
And tun'd the Muſes mercenary Song.
In all the Labyrinths of Logic skill'd,
She taught the ſubtle Reas'ner *not* to yield;
Inſtructed how to puzzle each Diſpute,
And boldly *baffle* Men, tho' not *confute*.
Now, at the Bar, ſhe play'd the Lawyer's Part;
And ſhap'd out *Right* and *Wrong* by Rules of Art;
Now, in the Senate, rais'd her pompous Tone;
Talk'd much of *Public Good*, but meant *her Own*.
Oft to th'*Olympian* Field ſhe turn'd her Eyes,
And taught the Racers how to gain the Prize.
In Schools and Temples too ſhe claim'd a Share,
While *Falſhood*'s Self admir'd her Influence there.

Deluded *Truth* obſerv'd the Fraud too late,
Nor knew ſhe to repair a Loſs ſo great:
In vain her heav'nly Robes, ſhe, ſighing, ſeeks;
In vain the humid Pearls bedew her Cheeks;
In vain ſhe tears the Laurel from her Hair,
While Nature ſeems to ſympathize her Care:

The glowing Flow'rs, that crown th'enamel'd Meads,
Weep fragrant Dews, and hang their drooping Heads;
The ſylvan Choirs, as conſcious of her Pains,
Deplore her Loſs in melancholy Strains.
Thus, penſive and uncloath'd, upon the Shore
She ſtands, and ſees the Robe, which *Falſhood* wore:
Deteſted Sight! nor longer now ſhe mourns;
But, Grief to Rage transform'd, with Anger burns:
Into the Stream, the helliſh Robe ſhe toſt;
And ſcorn'd a Habit, ſo unlike the loſt.

Hence *Truth* now naked roves, as in Diſgrace;
None, but the Wiſe and Virtuous, ſee her Face:
From Cities far ſhe modeſtly retreats,
From buſy Scenes of Life, to peaceful Seats;
Is chiefly found in lonely Fields and Cells,
Where Silence reigns, and Contemplation dwells.
Hence *Falſhood* cheats us in the fair Diſguiſe,
And ſeems *Truth's* Self to all unwary Eyes;
Triumphs and thrives, in Pow'r, and Wealth, and Fame;
And builds her Glory on her Rival's Name;
With Safety dares to flatter, fawn, and ſooth;
For who knows *Falſhood*, when array'd like *Truth*?

Proper

Proper Ingredients *to make a* Sceptic.

WOULD you, my Friend, a finiſh'd Sceptic make,
To form his Nature, theſe Materials take;
A little Learning, twenty Grains of Senſe,
Join'd with a double Share of Ignorance;
Infuſe a *little Wit* into the Scull,
Which never fails to make a mighty *Fool*;
Two Drams of Faith; a Tun of Doubting next;
Let all be with the Dregs of Reaſon mixt:
When, in his Mind, theſe jarring Seeds are ſown,
He'll cenſure all Things, but approve of none.

On Two Young Ladies leaving the Country.

SAY, lovely Nymphs! who fly from rural Sweets,
To noiſy Crouds, thick Air, and ſmoky Streets,
Do Balls, or Plays, your graceful Steps invite?
Can Balls, or Plays, like *Richmond* Groves, delight?

No

No tuneful PHILOMEL, in Town, complains,
To charm your liſt'ning Ear with vary'd Strains;
No fragrant Gales refreſh the ſick'ning Fields,
No chearful flow'ry Scenes the City yields:
But Miſts, and lambent Fogs, where-e'er you paſs,
Shall cloud the Graces that adorn your Face;
While thoſe bright Eyes, like ſully'd Gems, appear,
Or Stars, juſt glimm'ring thro' the dusky Air.

NOR will you only Change of Beauty find;
Illuſive Scenes will mock your penſive Mind:
In cloudleſs Mornings, when you've drank your Tea,
And read a Page in SHERLOCK, or in——GAY;
Perhaps your Thoughts, tranſported, here may rove,
And, to your Mind, preſent the bliſsful Grove:
You'll think to walk by ſilver *Thames*'s Shore;
Or trace the verdant Mead, as heretofore:
When at the Door, the rural Viſion flies,
Smoak, Coaches, Fops, and Carmen meet your Eyes:
Straight back you'll turn, vex'd with the fruitleſs Search;
Bid * ROBERT call a Chair, and go to *Church*.

* The Footman.

On MITES. *To a* LADY.

'Tis but by way of Simile. PRIOR.

DEAR Madam, did you never gaze,
Thro' Optic-glaſs, on rotten *Cheeſe?*
There, Madam, did you ne'er perceive
A Crowd of dwarfiſh Creatures live?
The little Things, elate with Pride,
Strut to and fro, from Side to Side:
In tiny Pomp, and pertly vain,
Lords of their pleaſing Orb, they reign;
And, fill'd with harden'd Curds and Cream,
Think the whole Dairy made for *them.*

So Men, conceited Lords of all,
Walk proudly o'er this pendent Ball,
Fond of their little Spot below,
Nor greater Beings care to know;
But think, thoſe *Worlds*, which deck the Skies,
Were only form'd to pleaſe *their* Eyes.

CHLOE's

CHLOE's CONQUEST.

'TWAS by a purling Stream, beneath a Shade,
Young CHLOE, CUPID, and ALEXIS play'd:
LOVE's Goddeſs, with her Doves, ſat looking on;
And, ſmiling, nodded to her wanton Son:
Her wanton Son his keeneſt Arrow drew:
Swift, to the Swain, the pointed Weapon flew.
Inflexible to *Love*, the Shepherd ſtood,
Repell'd the Shaft, and mock'd the baffled God;
Till CHLOE rais'd her Eyes with killing Art,
And ſhot him with a more pernicious Dart:
Your's is the Victory, ALEXIS cries;
Not CUPID's Shaft has kill'd, but CHLOE's Eyes.

Occaſion'd by a Diſpute *with a* LADY.

FORGIVE me, CHLOE; 'twas a Deed,
That from Ambition ſprung;
I'll ne'er again preſume to plead
With your victorious Tongue.

II.

Such Wiſdom in your Words appears,
Such Muſic makes them pleaſe;
Mine loſe their Force, like Morning Stars
Before the Solar Rays.

III. Con-

III.

Conquer'd by your ſuperior Senſe,
I drop the wordy War,
Convinc'd, your pow'rful Eloquence
Is ſtrong, as you are fair.

IV.

Yet, tho' ſubdu'd, my Fall is great,
Nor ſhamefully I yield;
'Tis Honour to contend, tho' beat,
When *Angels* take the Field.

To Mr. WORSDALE. *Occaſion'd by ſeeing* CELIA's Picture *unfiniſh'd.*

Writ extempore *at* Kenſington.

YET, WORSDALE, yet, thou muſt exert thy Art,
To paint the matchleſs Virtues of her *Heart*:
'Tis not enough, that Wit and Beauty join;
But, in her Face, let Senſe and Judgment ſhine;
Let Godlike Bounty crown her gen'rous Soul,
And ſolid *Wiſdom* dignify the *Whole*:
So, in thy Piece, ſhall each Beholder ſee
A finiſh'd CELIA *Her*, a KNELLER *Thee*.

On the QUEEN's GROTTO, *in* Richmond Gardens.

NOW bluſh, CALYPSO, 'tis but juſt to yield,
That all your moſſy Caves are here excell'd.
See how the Walls, in humble Form, advance,
With careleſs Pride, and ſimple Elegance:
See Art and Nature ſtrive with equal Grace,
And Fancy charm'd with what ſhe can't ſurpaſs.
Flow ſwiftly, THAMES; and flowing, ſtill proclaim
This *Building*'s Beauty, and the *Builder*'s Fame;
Tell *Indian* Seas, thy NAIADS here have ſeen
The ſweeteſt *Grotto*, and the wiſeſt QUEEN;
Whoſe Royal Preſence bleſs'd this humble Seat:
How ſmall the *Manſion*, and the *Gueſt* how Great!
So Angels ſat in *Canaan*'s ſweet Abodes,
So rural Shades were honour'd with the Gods.
Here may her Soul th'Almighty's Wonders trace,
Far as the *Worthies*, that adorn the Place;
Whoſe awful Buſts around the *Grot* appear,
The brighteſt Stars in Learning's Hemiſphere:

Their

Their Fathers dimly view'd the dawning Ray;
Theſe roſe like Suns, and brought a Flood of Day.

BUT ceaſe, my Muſe, and caſt thy wond'ring Eyes,
Where PHOEBUS' loſty * Domes majeſtic riſe;
Whoſe tuneful Train have ſung this *Grotto*'s Praiſe,
Contending each, till each deſerves the Bays.
O pardon me, ye learned Sons of Fame!
Who faintly, after you, attempt the Theme;
Nor think, I rival your poetic Fires;
My QUEEN, commands, and *Gratitude* inſpires.
And You, Imperial Foundreſs! deign to ſmile,
Nor ſcorn the leaſt, the lateſt Muſe's Toil;
Who brings the tardy Off'ring of her Lays,
The firſt in *Duty*, tho' the laſt in *Praiſe*.

* *Eaton* and *Weſtminſter* Schools.

To the Author *of a* Poem *on the Duke of* Lorrain's *Arrival at the* Britiſh *Court.*

IS Denham's nervous Muſe reviv'd again,
To hail the Regal Viſit of Lorrain?
Or is it Pope's harmonious Voice we hear,
Or whoſe majeſtic Numbers charm our Ear?
What modeſt Youth fears to expoſe his Name,
When ev'ry Line ſo juſtly merits Fame?
Lorrain may learn to rule of *Britain's* King;
But *Britiſh* Bards may learn of *Thee* to ſing.
Whoe'er thou art, theſe feeble Lays receive,
Tho' I this Tribute with Reluctance give;
For, when my Eye thy pompous Verſe ſurveys,
I read with *Wonder*, but with *Envy* praiſe.

So, when *Britannia's* Senators conteſt,
And jarring Feuds enrage the Patriot's Breaſt;
If ſome judicious Speech great Walpole makes,
Oppoſing Parties praiſe him, while he ſpeaks;
His Foes reſign the long-diſputed Cauſe;
And, ſpite of Malice, Envy gives Applauſe.

On

On FLORELLA's Birth-Day.

THE Queen of Love, and PALLAS once, 'tis ſaid,
Had both agreed to form a finiſh'd Maid:
Upon a noted *Day* they flew to Earth,
A *Day* ſtill noted by FLORELLA's Birth:
Both Deities employ'd their utmoſt Care,
To make their darling Lady wiſe and fair:
This gave her Beauty, that a ſprightly Wit,
Which render'd Soul and Body juſtly fit:
But MERCURY, that nimble winged Thief,
Who loves his Joke, as dearly as his Life,
Down from *Olympus* to his Siſters flew,
When juſt to Life their little Embryo grew;
And pour'd a little *Folly* in her Breaſt;
A little *Folly* leaven'd all the reſt:
Hence 'tis, ſhe's ſometimes ſprightly, ſometimes dull;
And ſometimes witty, ſometimes quite a *Fool*;
Scarce fooliſh now, nor witty, ſprightly neither;
But ſprightly, witty, fooliſh, all together.

To the Rev. Dr. Freind, *on his quitting* Weſtminſter *School.*

IF void of Art my languid Verſe appears,
Forgive, O FREIND, the Bard, who ſings in Tears:
Rude are the Lays, which only Grief adorns,
And dull the Muſes, when APOLLO mourns;
When *Science* trembles o'er MINERVA's Shrine,
To ſee her fav'rite Prieſt his Charge reſign.
Yet why ſhould Grief debaſe his glorious Name,
Or blaſt the Bays his Merits juſtly claim?
No venal View his noble Temper ſways;
He quits with Honour, what he kept with Praiſe.
As ſome wiſe *Leader*, in ſucceſsful Wars,
Worn out with Age, and cover'd o'er with Scars,
Reſigns the Poſt, he bravely long ſuſtain'd,
Crown'd with the *Palm*, his former Valour gain'd:
So thou, paternal *Sage*, may'ſt now repoſe;
Nor ſeek new Laurels, to adorn thy Brows;
Review thy Toils, and ſee what poliſh'd Peers
Honour thy forming Hand, and ſtudious Cares:

Let

Let learned CART'RET, elegant of Taſte,
Confeſs the Mould, in which his Mind was caſt:
Let HERVEY's Muſe her *Tutor's* Worth proclaim,
And PELHAM's Royal Truſt declare thy Fame;
PELHAM, in whoſe capacious Soul we find
The *Scholar*, *Stateſman*, and the *Patriot* join'd.
Nor ſhall the tender Plants, which round thee ſtand,
E'er prove ungrateful to the Planter's Hand;
Water'd by *Thee*, their well-fix'd Roots extend,
Their Branches flouriſh, and the Fruits aſcend;
While pleaſing Hope with Expectation ſmiles,
To reap the future Product of thy Toils,
Intent to ſee thy Pupils ſhining forth,
Whoſe Actions ſoon ſhall better ſpeak thy Worth;
When in the Train of Senators they come,
Refin'd with all the Arts of *Greece* and *Rome*;
While in each *Act* their prudent Counſels ſhew
Their Maſter's Loyalty, and Learning too.
Thus have thy Precepts made thy Province ſhine,
And ev'n MINERVA's *Athens* yield to *thine*.

On CELIA's Picture, *drawn by Sir* Godfrey Kneller.

WITH ſuch a ſapient Eye, and heav'nly Mind,
MINERVA taught her Arts to human Kind;
With ſuch attractive Charms, and graceful Air,
VENUS was judg'd the *Queen* of all the *Fair:*
Such Senſe and Beauty to the *Painter* ſhone,
He drew *Two* Goddeſſes to finiſh *One.*

On the Marriage *of His Serene Highneſs the Prince of* Orange.

ILluſtrious Prince! forgive the feeble Lay,
That now aſpires to hail your Nuptial Day;
Nor ſcorn a Muſe, the meaneſt of the *Nine*,
Who brings her humble Off'ring to your Shrine.
And you, Imperial Nymph! whoſe lovely Face
Invites the Hero to your chaſte Embrace,
Vouchſafe a Spark of your celeſtial Fire;
Harmonious Words, and pleaſing Thoughts inſpire,
Soft, as your Love, and tuneful as your Lyre:

So

So ſhall my Numbers charm the liſt'ning Ear,
And ev'n the glad NASSAU delighted hear.
NASSAU has long enrich'd the Book of Fame,
And ANNA now adorns the noble Name.
Nations, who ſaw the Light of ORANGE riſe,
With aweful Splendor in the *Belgian* Skies;
Shall ſoon behold it with new Luſtre ſhine,
Join'd to a glorious Star, of BRUNSWIC's Line.

So, where the flowing *Sambre* gently glides,
The Swain delights to view the beauteous Tides:
But, when his more extended Eye ſurveys
The ſhining Torrent join the ſpacious *Maeſe*;
Both Rivers, thus, with friendly Union flow,
And to the Sight ſuperior Beauty ſhow.

WHENE'ER the Gods a noble Race intend,
They ſuit the Cauſes to the deſtin'd End,
Nor yoke unequal Hearts in Nuptial Love:
JOVE's valiant Bird diſdains the fearful Dove;
Great Minds, by native Sympathy, combine,
As golden Particles the cloſeſt join.
Paternal Virtues in their Boſom roll,
Ally'd in Love by Nobleneſs of Soul:

Hence Thrones and Sceptres ſhine neglected Things,
Hence Royal ANNE prefers NASSAU to Kings;
While *Britons* with united Hearts rejoice,
And willing Senators applaud the Choice,
To ſee their KING (to Honour ever true)
Diſcharge the Debt to ſacred WILLIAM due;
Immortal WILLIAM! by whoſe prudent Cares
We yet enjoy the Fruits of all our Wars;
Our Laws, Religion, Liberty, and Peace,
And ev'n the Bleſſings of the BRUNSWIC Race.

NOR Thou, illuſtrious ORANGE! bluſh to own,
Thy Honour, thus ally'd to *Albion*'s Crown;
Bleſt with a Princeſs, in whoſe Form we trace
Her Father's Majeſty, and Mother's Grace;
Bright Orbs of Pow'r, that, with propitious Ray,
Diſpel our Clouds, and beautify our Day:
Not as the Comet, raging thro' the Air,
Infects the World with Peſtilence and War;
But, like the Sun, their Beams of Goodneſs glow,
Inſpiring Life, and chearing all below.
Such are the glorious SIRE, and gracious DAME,
From whence the beauteous Bride of ORANGE came.

And ſhall unerring Nature change her Kind?
What Lion e'er produc'd a tim'rous Hind?
The Royal Eagles Royal Eagles breed,
And Heroes from heroick Sires proceed:
Rome's Founder, thus, confeſs'd his Race Divine;
Thus NASSAU copies the NASSOVIAN Line;
Thus ANNA's noble Stream of Virtue flows,
High, as the Regal Spring, from whence it roſe.
Thrice happy Nymph, with ev'ry Grace ſupply'd!
Thrice happy Prince, with ſuch a heav'nly Bride!
In whom ſuperior Senſe with Judgment joins,
Her Beauty much, but more her Merit ſhines.
How glorious! When ſuch Worth adorns the Great,
We hear, we ſee, admire, and imitate:
Virtue, in Them, attracts remoteſt Eyes;
But in the vulgar Soul, unheeded lies.
As radiant PHOEBUS darts ſuperior Light,
While ſmaller Planets ſhun the watchful Sight.

ACCOMPLISH'D thus, let her Example fire,
The drooping Muſe, and wake the ſounding Lyre:
To aid Religion, be her chiefeſt Care,
(Heav'n juſtly claims the Soul it made ſo fair)

To ſtem the Torrent of licentious Rage,
And prop the Virtues of a ſinking Age;
Exalting Science to her antient Height,
To raiſe declining Arts, and make the Rude polite:
While great NASSAU, whoſe native Glory warms,
Whene'er his Country calls him forth to Arms,
May fire the *Belgians* in the Field of MARS,
Conſult their Peace, or animate their Wars;
Paint his Foreſathers to their wond'ring Eye,
And teach 'em how to conquer, or to die;
Like him, who bravely dar'd to break their Chain,
Tho' held by all the Force and Fraud of *Spain*:
For injur'd Liberty the Sword he draws,
Reſolv'd to gain, or periſh in the Cauſe;
And having long the doubtful Combat try'd,
Like CÆSAR vanquiſh'd, and like CÆSAR * dy'd;
Tho' diff'rent far the Motives of their Mind;
That fought to *conquer*, this to *ſave* Mankind;
Till prais'd, lamented, envy'd, and admir'd,
The *Hero*, *Patriot*, and the *Prince* expir'd.

* King WILLIAM's Great-Grandfather, the Firſt great Aſſertor of the *Belgian* Liberties, aſſaſſinated at *Delph*.

O!

O! where did then the Guardian Angels hide?
Nor watch'd to turn the guilty Ball aſide;
When he, whom armed *Hoſts* could not withſtand,
Now falls a Victim to *one* Villain's Hand!

But riſe, ye Muſes, quit the penſive Lay:
Nor damp the Joys of this auſpicious Day.
Since yet the glorious Name of Orange ſtands,
Since Royal Anna ſeals the nuptial Bands;
Soon may Imperial Adolphs riſe again,
Again new Fred'rics thunder on the Main,
Rouzing the Martial Youth to War's Alarms,
(If proud *Iberians* ſhine again in Arms)
To guard their Country from tyrannic Pow'r,
And be, what glorious William was before.

Nor ſhall the *States* invading Forces fear,
Ere pregnant Time the promis'd Heroes bear;
Nor want Allies their Freedom to defend,
Since Brunswic reigns, and Albion is their Friend.
As branching Oaks protect the rural Swain,
Secure from *Summer* Heat, and *Winter* Rain;

So ſhall our Monarch, with paternal Aid,
His Regal Shelter o'er *Batavia* ſpread:
Long as the Sceptre fills his Royal Hand,
A true *Palladium* ſhall inſure the Land.

And if the preſcient Muſes guide my Lay,
Or future Secrets Phœbus can diſplay;
The Day ſhall ſhine diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
That Anna dignify'd, and Hymen bleſt;
In which Augustus fortifies his Throne,
And plans a Scheme of Union for his Son;
Beſpeaks Allies for Princes yet to come,
New Friends to *Britain*, and new Foes to *Rome*.

Proceed, Great Monarch! new Allies to gain,
And with new Nuptial Leagues our Peace maintain:
So ſhall thy beauteous Nymphs ſecure with Charms
That Safety, other Kings defend with Arms;
They, Venus like, could Mars himſelf ſurprize,
And awe ſtern Tyrants with their conqu'ring Eyes.

VERSES to the Author

In IMITATION of

HORACE's ODE on PINDAR.

By a DIVINE.

Apply'd to the Marriage of his Highneſs the Prince of Orange, *with* ANNE, *Princeſs Royal of* Great Britain.

WHO hopes to rival MILTON's Flame,
With waxen Pinions fondly flies;
His Fall will give the Sea a Name,
While he attempts to reach the Skies.

MILTON is like a Flood, whoſe Tide,
Swell'd with tempeſtuous Deluge, roars,
Which from ſome lofty Mountain's Side
Reſiſtleſs foams, and knows no Shores.

With ſacred Laurels juſtly crown'd,
  Whether, in bold, unfetter'd Strains,
His tow'ring Muſe the common Bound,
  Superior to all Rhyme, diſdains;

Whether the Realms of endleſs Day
  He fill with Wars, and rude Alarms;
Or ſet, in terrible Array,
  Seraphic *Legions*, clad in Arms.

Aloft, with all their Foreſts, thrown
  See Hills, from their Foundations raz'd!
See Angels hurl'd with Vengeance down,
  When the MESSIAH's Standard blaz'd!

Or leads he to connubial Bow'rs
  The new-form'd Pair? The teeming Ground
Smiles with a Wilderneſs of Flow'rs,
  Diffuſing Gales of Fragrance round.

Lo! ADAM, with majeſtic Mien,
  For Empire and Command deſign'd!
Conſummate Beauty crowns his Queen,
  With Dignity and Sweetneſs join'd.

While

While he the charming Scene diſplays,
Where Innocence and Pleaſure reign'd;
Delighted with his ſacred Lays,
We hear it loſt, and feel it gain'd.

His Lays, inimitably fine,
With Ecſtaſy each Paſſion move,
When loud they trumpet War divine,
Or ſoftly warble human Love.

O STEPHEN! this *Britannic* Swan
Surmounts the Clouds with noble Flight,
While I, at Diſtance, only can
Admire him liſt'ning to the Sight.

As the poor Bee, with endleſs Toil,
To ſuck the Thyme, and blooming Roſe,
Skims over *Richmond*'s fragrant Soil,
Thus I with pleaſing Pain compoſe.

You, with a happy Genius bleſt,
In bolder Strains ſhall NASSAU ſing,
When ANNA, by the Graces dreſt,
He to the Nuptial Dome ſhall bring:

ANNA, enrich'd with various Charms
By the indulgent Care of Heav'n;
Than whom, into his longing Arms,
No greater Treaſure can be giv'n.

Not, tho' with Riches of the *Eaſt*,
At His Command, the *Ganges* flow;
Tho', with full Empire, he poſſeſs'd
Whate'er Ambition wiſh'd below.

Ye NEREIDS, with propitious Gales
The gilded Veſſel kindly aid;
Let CUPIDS fan the ſwelling Sails,
And waft him to the Royal Maid.

* When THAMES, with floating Foreſts crown'd,
LEANDER ſafe arriv'd proclaims,
And of tumultuous Joy the Sound
Shall bid AUGUSTA riſe in Flames;

Loud Thunder, burſting from her Tow'rs,
Shall ſignalize the ſacred Day;
And Tranſport to the *Belgic* Shores,
For Bleſſings which they lent, convey.

* This was written before the Prince came to *England*.

Around

Around while *Hymeneals* ring,
My Voice to higheſt Pitch I'll raiſe;
Thrice happy, if I can but ſing
An humble Ode to NASSAU's Praiſe.

You, ſoaring in heroic Verſe
By native Strength of Wing upborn,
His godlike Virtues ſhall rehearſe,
And Beauties, which the Bride adorn.

He, in your Lays, ſhall finiſh'd riſe
For Council, or th'embattled Field;
Immortals the conteſted Prize
To her ſuperior Charms ſhall yield.

Then, raviſh'd with prophetic Views,
Succeeding Glories ſhall preſage;
And, from the Genial Bed, the Muſe
Raiſe Princes, to improve the Age.

Who, bravely prodigal of Blood,
Shall prove, that to ſet free Mankind,
And conquer for the Public Good,
The Race of NASSAU was deſign'd.

Thus

Thus great ALCIDES (Poets feign)
By Labours gain'd the Seats above;
Countries preſerv'd, and Monſters ſlain,
Aſſert the genuine Son of JOVE.

The ANSWER.

WHEN I, in feeble Verſe, eſſay'd
NASSAU and ANNA's Praiſe,
A Lyric Muſe flew o'er my Head,
And drop'd a Branch of Bays.

I would have fix'd it on my Brow;
But PHOEBUS ſaid, Forbear;
'Tis *Vanity* to *touch* the Bough,
And *Sacrilege*, to *wear*.

Give it the Bard, who boldly dares
Attempt the *Roman* Lyre;
Who wiſely checks, but not impairs
The tow'ring PINDAR's Fire.

Thus, Sir, to you, in PHOEBUS' Name,
The Laurel Wreath I ſend;
And, ſince the God denies *me* Fame,
Am glad it crowns my *Friend*.

On Delia *ſinging, and playing on Muſic.*

I.

WHEN DELIA tunes her vocal Song,
And ſtrikes the trembling Strings;
The liſt'ning Audience round her throng,
Admiring, while ſhe ſings.

II.

BUT, when we view the skilful *Fair*,
We're ſtruck with more Surprize;
Before, ſhe only pleas'd our Ear,
But now, inchants our Eyes.

III.

BEAUTY and Harmony combin'd,
Like ſecret Charms betray;
Like Ghoſts in magic Rings confin'd,
We cannot ſtir away.

IV.

So Birds, imprudent, fall to Ground,
When pleaſing Notes they hear,
Charm'd with the Piper's artful Sound,
Till taken in his Snare.

To the Right Honourable WILLIAM CLAYTON, *Eſq*; (*now Lord* SUNDON) *on his being elected Repreſentative in Parliament for* Weſtminſter, *without Oppoſition.*

TO You, great Steward of the Public Truſt,
True to your King, and to your Country juſt!
No venal Bard his joyful Tribute brings,
Nor *Envy* ſure can cenſure what he ſings;
Since each impartial Tongue your Praiſe declares,
The Muſe but echoes, what the Poet hears.

SOME, by their Birth, to Senates lay their Claim,
Whoſe Folly ſhames the Seat, which honours *them.*
But You, whoſe Merits mov'd the People's Voice,
Unanimous, to make ſo wiſe a Choice,
With ſolid Senſe, and prudent Conduct ſhew,
You grace the Senate, not the Senate You.
Where, in the Liſt of Patriots, could we find
A ſounder *Judgment*, a ſincerer *Mind?*

Or where a juſter *Hand*, to poiſe the Scale
Of *Kings Prerogative*, and *Public* Weal?
Nor *this* you ſtrive to ſink, nor *that* extend?
Bigot to neither Side, to both a Friend.
So flow the Spirits thro' your vital Frame;
Nor yet this Member chill, nor that inflame.

TRUE to your Principles, you never ſtray
From *Public Good*, tho' Int'reſt lead the Way:
For *Public Good* you ſtill employ your Tongue;
And, rather than commit, you ſuffer Wrong.
When *South-ſea* * Waves o'erflow'd the *Britiſh* Plain,
And *Members* barter'd Honeſty for Gain;
No Gain, no Place, nor Profit could controul
The ſtubborn Virtue of your ſteady Soul:
You firm to *Honour*, *Truth*, and *Conſcience* ſtood,
Unfaſhionably juſt, and obſtinately good.

BUT why ſhould I in feeble Numbers tell
Thoſe Virtues, which your Actions paint ſo well?
For all the Actions of your Life proclaim
A Subject's loyal Love, a Patriot's Fame.
Your Care to keep the People's Int'reſt ſure,
Your Zeal to guard the Prince's Crown ſecure,

* 1720.

Make

Make Prince and People both eſpouſe your *Cauſe*;
Witneſs their lateſt Choice, and loud *Applauſe*;
When crouded Streets with Acclamations rung,
And CLAYTON's Praiſes dwelt on ev'ry Tongue;
Parties themſelves agreed your Worth to boaſt,
Or differ'd only, who ſhould praiſe it moſt;
While tim'rous Candidates the *Teſt* declin'd,
And, to your nobler Brow, the Palm reſign'd:
So fly the Stars before the riſing Sun;
And, from his brighter Beams withdraw their own.

To Mr. WINDER, (*now Fellow*) *of* Corpus-Chriſti, Oxford; *in Anſwer to a* Latin *Epiſtle, which he ſent me.*

SOON as your partial Lays I ſaw,
I gueſs'd your crafty Views;
And thought you writ in Verſe, to draw
A Bill upon my Muſe.

II.

BUT, ſince the Treaſure you convey,
Comes from the *Roman* Mine;
Forgive me, if I can't repay
The Value of your Coin.

III.

WHILE on thy manly Lines I dwell,
Lines, that might POPE employ;
What ſtrange Viciſſitudes I feel
Of Sorrow, Love, and Joy.

IV.

Now Pleaſure charms my glowing Soul,
To hear thy pompous Song
In ſoft, majeſtic Numbers, roll,
Like FLACCUS, ſweet and ſtrong.

V.

BUT quickly ſympathizing Pain
Succeeds my ſhort Delight,
To find thy moving, mournful Strain
Deſcribe thy * Loſs of Sight.

* Mr. WINDER was much afflicted with ſore Eyes, when he ſent the Epiſtle.

VI.

VI.

I grieve to think, MACHAON's Art
Can give thee no Relief;
I weep, and wiſh my grateful Heart
Could cure, or ſhare, thy Grief.

VII.

No more to me Encomiums ſend,
In ſuch a learned Strain;
But, if you'd compliment your Friend,
Preſent him half your *Pain*.

VIII.

To PHOEBUS make thy Muſic ſoar,
To *Him* direct thy Lays;
Invoke his Aid, and healing Pow'r,
To purge the viſual Rays.

IX.

FOR, if your Lyre but ſtrike his Ear,
(The Lyre you lately ſtrung)
The God of Verſe and Light *muſt* hear
A Suit ſo ſweetly ſung.

A Deſcription *of a* JOURNEY

To Marlborough, Bath, Portſmouth, *&c.*

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount PALMERSTON.

WHILE ſome, my Lord, the *Roman* Coaſt explore,
Survey the Fanes, and trace their Beauties o'er,
Studious of Arts, by which ingenious BOYLE,
Now draws the Plan, or now erects the Pile;
More bounded in my Fancy, and my Purſe,
I, o'er domeſtic Plains, purſue my Courſe;
And ev'ry pleaſing Object in the Way,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, if you accept her Lay.

WHEN CANCER fiercely glow'd with PHOEBUS' Heat,
And Clouds of Duſt flew ev'n in *Brentford-Street*;
O'er *Hounſlow-Heath* my early Courſe I ſteer,
For Robbers fam'd; but I no Robbers fear:

Let

Let Gold, like Guilt, increaſe the *Miſer's* Grief;
A *Poet's* Purſe, like *Virtue*, dares a Thief.
Colebrook I quickly paſs, and ſoon my Eyes
Survey the Royal Tow'rs of *Windſor* riſe:
Charm'd with the Theme of POPE's harmonious Song,
I check my Steed, and ſlowly move along;
As ling'ring Mariners contract their Sails,
To feaſt on Odours of *Arabian* Gales.
But leſt, my Lord, your Patience ſhould accuſe
The dull Narration of a tedious Muſe,
I will not ſing each Trifle that occur'd,
How much I eat, and drank, and whipp'd and ſpurr'd:
How oft my Palfry ſtumbled in the Way,
Till * *Hatford* ends the Travel of the Day;
Where kind † MENALCAS, Partner of my Soul,
Revives me with his friendly, flowing Bowl;
Yet forces no intemp'rate Bumpers round,
Except when DELIA's Health the Glaſſes crown'd.
A thouſand Labours paſt, we now run o'er,
What Scenes we acted, and what Toils we bore:
No Party Feuds, nor Politics we name;
The Joys of Friendſhip moſtly were our Theme.

* A little Village, near *Farringdon* in *Bucks*.
† A Farmer, once the Author's Maſter, and ſtill his Friend.

Warn'd

Warn'd by the Clock, we now retire to Reſt,
Till riſing PHOEBUS ſtreak'd the purple Eaſt.
Breakfaſt ſoon o'er, we trace the verdant Field,
Where ſharpen'd Scythes the lab'ring Mowers weild:
Straight Emulation glows in ev'ry Vein;
I long to try the curvous Blade again.

As when, at *Hockley-hole*, old Gameſters view
Young Combatants their Martial Sports renew,
A youthful Vigour fires their antient Soul,
Nor former Wounds their Courage can controul;
Again they mount the Stage, again they play,
Again they bear the noble Prize away:
So with Ambition burns my daring Breaſt;
I ſnatch the Scythe, and with the Swains conteſt;
Behind 'em cloſe, I ruſh the ſweeping Steel;
The vanquiſh'd Mowers ſoon confeſs my Skill.

Not long at this laborious Sport I ſtay;
But, with my Friend, to * *Charlton* take my Way:
'Twas there, my Lord, induc'd by potent Ale,
Swains leave their Ploughs, and Threſhers quit their Flail:

* Where the Author liv'd a *Threſher*.

Your

Your * Bounty ſoon provokes the Bells to ring;
Clowns dance, Boys hollow, and hoarſe Coblers ſing.
Not greater was the Joy in antient *Greece*,
When *Æson's* Son produc'd the *Golden Fleece*,
Than now appear'd in ev'ry *Threſher's* Breaſt,
Soon as your *Gold* ſung Prologue to the Feaſt.

WHY ſhould the Muſe recite our Bill of Fare,
And with a long Deſcription tire your Ear?
None can your gen'rous Treat with Want reproach;
All eat enough, and many drank too much:
Full twenty *Threſhers* quaff around the Board;
All name their Toaſt, and ev'ry one, *my Lord*.
No Cares, no Toils, no Troubles now appear;
For Troubles, Toils, and Cares are drown'd in *Beer*;
Till ſoon the chol'ric Fumes of Liquor riſe,
Fluſh in their Face, and ſparkle in their Eyes:
They now the ruſtic Feats of Manhood boaſt,
Who beſt could reap, or mow, or threſh the moſt:
Contention doubtful! All with Anger burn,
While each appears a Hero in his Turn:
Hard Words ſucceed; ſo far can *Beer* prevail,
That Blows are menac'd ev'n without a Flail;

* Money which his Lordſhip ſent to treat the *Threſhers*.

Till

Till thus our Landlord, riſing from his Chair,
Like prudent NESTOR, ſtops impending War:

" WHAT Madneſs, Friends, what Madneſs can engage
" Your Minds to burn with this unſeemly Rage?
" For Shame, ſtain not with Blood our grateful Chear;
" Deſiſt from *Blood*——or elſe deſiſt from *Beer*.
" Are theſe the only Thanks you give my Lord?
" And is it thus his Favours you reward?
" If no Reſpect you pay this chearful Feaſt,
" Yet pay the noble Founder ſome, at leaſt——

HE ſaid: Abaſh'd the conſcious Heroes ſtood,
Shook Hands, and thirſted more for *Beer*——than *Blood*.
Another Glaſs to TEMPLE's Health they pour;
And praiſe their Liquor much, his Bounty more.

OFT as this * *Day* returns, ſhall *Threſhers* claim
Some Hours of Reſt ſacred to TEMPLE's Name;
Oft as this *Day* returns, ſhall TEMPLE chear
The *Threſhers* Hearts with Mutton, Beef, and Beer:

* 30th of *June*, on which his Lordſhip treats the *Threſhers* every Year.

Hence, when their Childrens Children ſhall admire
This Holiday, and, whence deriv'd, inquire;
Some grateful Father, partial to my Fame,
Shall thus deſcribe from whence, and how it came.

" HERE, Child, a *Threſher* liv'd in antient Days;
" Quaint Songs he ſung, and pleaſing Roundelays;
" A gracious QUEEN his Sonnets did commend;
" And ſome *great Lord*, one TEMPLE, was his *Friend*:
" That *Lord* was pleas'd this Holiday to make,
" And feaſt *the Threſhers*, for *that Threſher*'s Sake."

THUS ſhall Tradition keep my Fame alive;
The *Bard* may die, the *Threſher* ſtill ſurvive.

NEXT, over *Pewſey*'s fertile Fields I haſte,
Fields with the bearded Crops of CERES grac'd!
While pleaſing Hopes my grateful Boſom chear;
But ſoon they vaniſh'd——* STANLEY was not here.

FROM hence the Muſe to ſilver *Kennet* flies,
On whoſe green Margin *Hertford*'s Turrets riſe.

* Rev. Mr. *Stanley*, Rector of *Pewſey*, who firſt encouraged the Author.

Here

Here often round the verdant Plain I ſtray,
Where * THOMSON ſung his bold, unfetter'd Lay;
Or climb the winding, mazy † Mountain's Brow;
And, tho' I ſwiftly walk, aſcend but ſlow.
The ſpiral Paths in gradual Circles lead,
Increaſe my Journey, and elude my Speed:
Yet, when at length I reach the lofty Height,
Towns, Vallies, Rivers, Meadows meet my Sight;
A thouſand grateful Objects round me ſmile,
Whoſe various Beauties overpay my Toil.

So may you often ſee the ſtudious Youth
Begin the long, laborious Search for TRUTH;
How ſlow his Progreſs, but how great his Pain!
How many mazy Problems vex his Brain.
Before he o'er the Hills of *Science* riſe,
Where, far from vulgar Sight the Goddeſs lies!
Yet, there arriv'd, he ends the happy Chace;
Reflects, with Pleaſure, on his glorious Race;
Sees the bright Nymph ſo many Charms diſplay,
As crown the Labours of the lengthen'd Way.

* Mr. *Thomſon* compos'd one of his *Seaſons* here.
† *Marlborough* Mount.

WITHIN the Baſis of the verdant Hill,
A beauteous Grot confeſſes HERTFORD's Skill;
Who, with her lovely Nymphs, adorns the Place;
Gives ev'ry poliſh'd Stone its proper Grace;
Now varies ruſtic Moſs about the Cell;
Now fits the ſhining Pearl, or purple Shell:
CALYPSO thus, attended with her Train,
With rural Palaces adorns the Plain;
Nor with more Elegance her Grots appear,
Nor with more Beauty ſhines th'*Immortal Fair.*

THE Muſe her Journey, next, to *Bath* purſues;
Bath, fix'd by Nature to delight the Muſe!
Where flow'ry Shrubs, and curling Vines unite;
Hills, Vales, and waving Woods attract the Sight;
A vary'd Scene! For Nature here diſplays
A thouſand lovely Charms, a thouſand Ways:
ALLEN attends, to dreſs her beauteous Face,
With Handmaid Art improving ev'ry Grace;
Now forms the verdant Walk, or ſunny Glade,
Or pours the Waters o'er the ſteep Caſcade;
Or now contracts 'em with judicious Skill,
And leads 'em, gently murm'ring, down the Hill.

A Son of ÆSCULAPIUS here I meet;
Polite his Manners, and his Temper ſweet:
His ſage Diſcourſe, with ſoft, perſuaſive Art,
Charm'd the pleas'd Ear, till it improv'd the Heart:
Bright *Truth*, and *Virtue*, were his lovely Theme;
Which ſeem'd more lovely, when deſcrib'd by *him*.

VARIOUS Diverſions here employ the *Fair*;
To Dancing ſome, and ſome to Play repair:
Not * MUSIDORA ſo conſumes her Days,
The Dame who bad me ſing JEHOVAH's Praiſe:
Uncharm'd with all the flutt'ring Pomp of Pride,
Heav'n, and domeſtic Care her Time divide:
In her own Breaſt ſhe ſeeks a calm Repoſe,
And ſhuns the crouded Rooms of *Belles* and *Beaux*;
Where COQUETILLA oft her Eyes has roll'd,
Oft won a worthleſs Heart, and loſt her Gold.

FROM *Bath*, I travel thro' the ſultry Vale,
Till *Sal'sb'ry* Plains afford a cooling Gale:

* Mrs. STANLEY, who deſired the Author to write the *Slunammite*.

Arcadian Plains, where PAN delights to dwell,
In verdant Beauties cannot theſe excel:
Theſe too, like them, might gain immortal Fame,
Reſound with CORYDON and THYRSIS' Flame;
If, to his Mouth, the Shepherd would apply
His mellow Pipe, or vocal Muſic try:
But, to his Mouth, the Shepherd ne'er applies
His mellow Pipe, nor vocal Muſic tries:
Propt on his Staff, he indolently ſtands;
His Hands ſupport his Head, his Staff his Hands;
Or, idly basking in the ſunny Ray,
Supinely lazy, loiters Life away.
Here, as I paſs'd the Plains, (a lovely Scene,
Array'd in Nature's Liv'ry, gaily green!)
On ev'ry Side the wanton Lambkins play'd,
Whoſe artleſs Bleatings rural Muſic made;
Too harſh, perhaps, to pleaſe politer Ears,
Yet much the ſweeteſt Tune the Farmer hears.

SOON as the Plains are raviſh'd from my Sight,
New diff'rent Proſpects equally delight;
Where * PEMBROKE's Turrets charm my gazing Eyes,
And awful Statues ſolemnly ſurprize:

* Earl of PEMBROKE's Seat at *Wilton*.

Ears,

Bards, Sages, Heroes, Patriots, Princes ſtand,
A mixt, majeſtic, venerable Band!
Here mighty HOMER, PHOEBUS' eldeſt Son,
Or ſings, or ſeems to ſing, in breathing Stone.
See Martial PHOCION ſilently perſuade,
And ſmooth-tongu'd CICERO, in *Marble*, plead:
Here ſhines great POMPEY, greater JULIUS there,
With daring BRUTUS, honeſtly ſevere:
Friendſhip, and *Freedom* in his Soul contend;
Forgive him, CÆSAR, if he wrong'd his Friend!
Tho' BRUTUS' Dagger pierc'd thy Boſom thro',
'Twas *Liberty*, not *Malice*, ſtruck the Blow.
Unhappy BRUTUS, deſtin'd to withſtand
Thy Friend's Ambition with a fatal Hand!
Unhappy CÆSAR, whoſe Ambition mov'd
That fatal Hand to murder whom it lov'd!
Had'ſt thou, like *Britain*'s Monarch, ſtrove to ſave
Expiring Nations, not the World enſlave;
Thy Laurels then had ſtill unblaſted ſtood,
Nor BRUTUS e'er been ſtain'd with CÆSAR's Blood.

NOT far from hence, old *Sarum*'s Ruins ſtand,
High on a bleak and barren Tract of Land;

A Mount, which once ſuſtain'd a City's Weight,
And lofty Tow'rs adorn'd its aweful Height;
Till Want of Water forc'd the thirſty Croud
To ſeek the Vale, where cryſtal Rivers flow'd.
There * POORE the firſt auſpicious Work began;
Firſt, for a Temple, drew the glorious Plan;
Then quickly makes the ſacred Columns riſe,
And bids the lofty Spire invade the Skies.
The prudent People too, with equal Haſte,
New Dwellings built, which far their old ſurpaſt:
Cautious of Thirſt, they make the docile Tide,
In winding Currents, thro' the City glide:
In ev'ry Street the wanton NAIADS play,
To ev'ry Door their liquid Urns convey;
In which the lately thirſty Peaſant ſpies
At once the cooling Draught, and ſcaly Fries;
Scenes, which, before, the lofty Mount deny'd!
Hence let Ambition learn to check its Pride:
High Stations often bring a Weight of Cares;
True Happineſs is found in humble Spheres:
This uſeful Truth let *Sarum's* Glory ſhow,
Which faded when on high, but flouriſhes below.

* Biſhop POORE, who built the Cathedral.

I next to BATHURST's * rural Seat aſcend,
BATHURST, my infant Muſe's gen'rous Friend!
And, as around his ſpacious Park I ſtray'd,
Charm'd with the Proſpect, which the Fields diſplay'd,
Muſing on Verſe, the willing Numbers came,
My Song began, and CLARENDON my Theme.
What ſweeter Subject could I wiſh to chuſe?
What Scenes more lovely can delight a Muſe?
See, FLORA paints the Ground with vary'd Dyes,
And fragrant Shrubs with Odours fill the Skies!
Here curling Vines their luſcious Sweets diſcloſe,
There fair POMONA loads the bluſhing Boughs:
See, fruitful CERES crowns the Vales with Corn,
And fleecy Flocks the verdant Hills adorn!
Here waving Trees project a cooling Shade,
Where BATHURST oft converſes with the *Dead*;
Reads over what the antient Sages wrote;
Nor only reads, but acts as Sages taught;
Improves the preſent Hour that Fortune gives;
Nor truſts To-morrow, but To-day he lives.

* CLARENDON Park.

As thus my careleſs Lay, unlabour'd, flows,
Before my Eyes a * Pile of Ruins roſe;
Whoſe rugged Walls, like native Rock-work, ſhone;
For Time had turn'd the Cement into Stone.
Our Second HENRY here, if Fame be true,
Meaſur'd the Prince's Right, and People's Due:
Made Laws to bound the Prieſts and Barons Claim——
Nor ev'n thoſe Laws did haughty BECKET blame;
BECKET! true Tyrant of the *Roman* State,
Curs'd with Religion juſt enough to hate;
Whoſe ſtern, ambitious Zeal his King defy'd,
And damn'd all thoſe, who dar'd oppoſe his Pride.

O Thou Supreme! whoſe Mercy ever ſhone
The beſt, the brighteſt Jewel in thy Crown!
Never let me ſuch cruel Faith approve,
Which bids me hate, when Heav'n commands to love!
Let Chriſtian Charity incline my Mind
To wiſh the Happineſs of all Mankind!
In ſocial Friendſhip always let me live,
Slow to be angry, eaſy to forgive!

* *King-Nanor*, where the Conſtitutions of CLARENDON were made. See CAMDEN of *Wiltſhire*.

PAULTONS affords me next a kind Retreat,
Where crouding Joys my grateful Heart dilate;
To ſee the Friend, who firſt my Lays approv'd,
Who loves the Muſe, and by her is belov'd;
Who taught her tender Pinions how to fly,
Told when ſhe crept too low, or ſoar'd too high.
O STANLEY! if, forgetful of thy Love,
I e'er to Gratitude rebellious prove;
Still may I want a Friend, but never find;
May FORTUNE, PHOEBUS, STANLEY, prove unkind.

HERE often thro' the gloomy Woods I rove,
Pleas'd with the ſilent Horror of the Grove.
And now the Lawn, and winding Walks delight;
And now the *Memphian* Turret charms my Sight:
Here conic Firs in graceful Order ſtand;
Tall Cedars there, the Growth of *Syrian* Land.
Lead me, ye ſacred DRYADS! lead me thro'
Your ſylvan Scenes, where future Navies grow;
Where lofty Oaks their branching Arms extend,
And tow'ring Pines to kiſs the Clouds aſcend;]
Where op'ning Glades admit the ſunny Ray,
Or venerable Groves exclude the Day.

There

There let me Knaves, and Fools, and Fops deſpiſe,
And think of Actions worthy of the Wiſe.

My Friend and me, *Southampton* next receives;
Southampton, waſh'd with Thetis' ſilver Waves.
Upon whoſe ſandy Margin * *Bevis* rears
His Head, on which a ſtately Dome appears;
Where *Britiſh* Scipio, crown'd with Martial Bays,
In Solitude enjoys his antient Days:
Yet, ſtill inclin'd to conquer, wages here,
With ſtubborn Woods and Wilds, innoxious War;
Subdues the native Rudeneſs of the Soil,
And makes the barren Sand with Verdure ſmile;
Bends the young Plant obedient to his Will,
Or thro' the Valley leads the cryſtal Rill;
Sublimes the Mount, or bids the Mole ſubſide,
To ſtretch the Proſpect o'er the lucid Tide:
The Foils of Art illuſtrate his Deſign;
And make the *Di'mond* Nature brighter ſhine.

* Mount *Bevis*, Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Peterborough*, who was then living.

CHARM'D with the Beauties of the ſilver Sea,
We board a Ship, and skim the watry Way:
Blown with propitious Gales, we quickly view
BRITANNIA's Strength, her Guard, and Glory too;
Where * GEORGE's dreadful Eagles waiting ſtood,
To bear his fatal Thunder o'er the Flood.
The wondrous Scene delights my gazing Eyes,
At once imparting Pleaſure and Surprize:
Intrepid Sailors, ſwarming in the Sky,
Intent on Buſineſs, diff'rent Labours try:
Some ſtride the Yard, or tow'ring Maſts aſcend;
Some on the Ropes, in airy Crouds, depend;
Thick as the Inſects, round the Poplar, play,
When PHOEBUS gilds 'em with a Weſtern Ray.

BUT unexpected Dangers oft deceive
The daring Man, who tempts the foamy Wave:
While on the Fleet we all delighted gaze,
The ſudden Winds ariſe, and ſweep the Seas;
With rapid Force they fly, and from the Ship,
Disjoin the Boat, and drive it o'er the Deep:

* SPITHEAD.

Our

Our cautious Pilot quickly ſhifts the Sails,
Reverts his Courſe againſt the furious Gales.
O CHLOE! then what ruthleſs Pains diſtreſt,
Thy dizzy Head, and rack'd thy tender Breaſt!
How often did the Bard thy Fate bemoan!
How often did he wiſh thy Pains his own!
How did the TRITONS, mov'd with Pity, gaze
On thy fair Face, diſtorted twenty Ways!
Yet, tho' diſtorted, ſtill thy Features ſhow
Bright in Diſtreſs, and innocent in Woe.
So VENUS oft her ſilver Light diſplays,
Thro' Ev'ning Miſts, that riſe to cloud her Rays.

BUT NEPTUNE now, who pity'd CHLOE's Pain,
Returns the Boat; we ſteer our Courſe again.
At Six, we ſafely land at *Portſmouth* Key,
And ſoon forget the Dangers of the Sea.
Straight to ſome hoſpitable Inn we haſte,
Revive our Spirits with a ſweet Repaſt:
The ſmiling Glaſs, with roſy Liquor crown'd,
Sacred to friendly Healths, goes chearful round;
While Time, in mirthful Converſe, ſweetly flows,
Till gentle Sleep invites us to Repoſe.

THE Morning come, we to the Wharfs repair,
Survey the mighty Magazines of War:
Tremendous Rows of Cannon meet our Eyes;
And Iron Deaths, in maſſy Mountains riſe:
Store-houſe of MARS! where, rang'd in Order, lay
Ten thouſand Thunders for ſome fatal Day.

DEPARTING hence, the Dock we travel round,
Where lab'ring Shipwrights rattling Axis ſound:
Some bend the ſtubborn Planks, while others rear
The lofty Maſt, or crooked Timber ſquare;
Some ply their Engines, ſome direct the Toil,
And carefully inſpect the mighty Pile;
See ev'ry Chink ſecurely ſtopt, before
The winged Caſtle ventures from the Shore.

SO, when the youthful Crane intends to fly
Her firſt long Journey thro' the ſpacious Sky;
Before ſhe rears herſelf ſublime in Air,
She ranges ev'ry Plume with prudent Care;
Tries if her Pinions can her Flight ſuſtain;
Then ſprings away, and ſoars above the Main.

BUT ſee! the ſmoking, fiery Forge appears;
Vulcanian Sounds ſurprize our liſt'ning Ears:
See! buſy Smiths around their Anvils ſweat;
Their brawny Arms the glowing Anchor beat;
Alternately the chiming Hammers fall,
And loud Notes echo thro' the ſooty Hall.
Such, haply, on the ſounding Anvil rung,
When firſt the Harp melodious TUBAL ſtrung:
As TUBAL-CAIN the ductile Metal wrought,
And VULCAN's heav'nly Art to Mortals taught;
The Brother, pleas'd to hear his Hammers chime,
Soon harmoniz'd their Notes to proper Time:
Man's Boſom then ſonorous Organ warm'd,
The ſofter Lyre his gloomy Sorrows charm'd;
While Tyrants Hearts unuſual Pity found,
And ſavage Tempers ſoften'd with the Sound.

'TWAS now the Time, when PHOEBUS' piercing Ray
Shot down direct, and meaſur'd half the Day:
A brave * Commander luckily we meet,
Who courteouſly invites us to the Fleet:

* Captain REDDISH, Commander of the *Amelia*.

A Table elegantly ſpread we found,
And loyal Healths the Captain puſhes round;
Augustus firſt, and all the Royal Line,
Give ſweeter Flavour to the ſparkling Wine;
Wager, and Norris, next, who boldly reign,
In floating Caſtles, Monarchs of the Main.

But now again our winged Sails we ſpread,
Again we viſit *Paulton*'s ſylvan Shade;
Where, parting from my Friend, I mount my Steed,
And, o'er the Wilds of *Wellow*, urge his Speed:
Wilds, which were lately ſterile, as the Coaſt,
Where patient Cato march'd his fainting Hoſt!
Nor could the Swain explore a cooling Shade,
When fervid Phoebus burnt his glowing Head;
Till Chandois bad the dreary Deſart ſmile
With verdant Groves, and beautify'd the Soil:
He ſaid; ten thouſand Trees adorn'd the Plain,
Ten thouſand Shades, delightful to the Swain.

Hence, o'er the Plains, and fruitful Fields I paſs,
Full forty Miles, till *Witney* ends my Race.

I viſit here an elegant * Divine,
In whom the Scholar, Friend, and Critic join;
Who freely judges of an Author's Thoughts,
Improves his Beauties, and corrects his Faults;
Severely kind, and candidly ſevere;
Polite, as Courtiers; and, as Truth, ſincere;
Who, in MINERVA's Temple, taught our Youth
The Path to Wiſdom, Virtue, Honour, Truth;
Till having, with a gen'rous Mind, beſtow'd
The Flow'r of all his Years in doing Good;
Fatigu'd with Labours, and with Age decay'd,
Retires, with Honour, to the rural Shade.

So, when the Prince of Rivers, fruitful *Nile*,
Has flow'd, and fatten'd all the *Memphian* Soil,
Spent all the Riches, that his Waves contain,
Back to his Banks, he draws his humid Train.

I pay my Off'rings next at PHOEBUS' Shrine,
Oxford, the Seat of all the tuneful Nine.
Forgive me, God of Verſe, who daring greet
Thy ſacred Temples with unhallow'd Feet!

* Rev. Dr. FREIND.

As pious *Muſſelmen* to *Mecca* roam,
Zealous to worſhip at their Prophet's Tomb;
So comes the Poet to thy rev'rend Fanes,
Invoking thee to aid his humble Strains.
O! might a Spark of thy celeſtial Flame
But raiſe my Numbers equal to my Theme,
ALFRED immortal in my Page ſhould ſhine;
ALFRED, the *Monarch*, *Hero*, and *Divine*.
Who, having bravely all his Foes o'erthrown,
Advanc'd thy Kingdom, and confirm'd his own;
Water'd his Realm with the *Pierian* Spring,
Recall'd the baniſh'd *Arts*, and bad the Muſes ſing.
Then ſhould my Numbers ſound with *WICKHAM's Praiſe;
Nor leſs ſhould † FOXE's Fame adorn my Lays,
Whoſe pious Care the decent Fabric rear'd,
Which kindly ſhelter'd the unworthy Bard;
Nor the unworthy Bard ſhould leave unpaid
The grateful Debt, contracted while he ſtay'd:
Thy Favours, chiefly, WINDER, ſhould be known,
In laſting Numbers, tuneful as thy own.
Thee, BODLEY, would I ſing; who can refuſe
A Verſe to BODLEY, Patron of the Muſe?

* Founder of *New* College.
† Founder of *Corpus-Chriſti* College, where the Author was kindly entertain'd.

Whoſe

Whoſe letter'd Bounty to the World declares
The treaſur'd Wiſdom of three thouſand Years.
Nor ſhould the Muſe forget the * Prelate's Fame,
Who grac'd the River with a ſtately Frame,
Known by the flow'ry Meads, which round it lie,
And beauteous Walks, that charm the Student's Eye;
Where courtly ADDISON attun'd his Lays,
And rais'd his own, by ſinging DRYDEN's Praiſe.
Hail, happy Bard! whoſe Genius ſtill could ſhine
In ev'ry Art; for ev'ry Art was thine:
Whether thou didſt the Critic's Pen engage,
The Critic's Pen improv'd the Poet's Rage;
Whether thou didſt the Hero's Deeds rehearſe,
The Hero's Deeds ſhone brighter in thy Verſe:
Or did thy tragic Muſe ſublimely tell,
How ſtubborn CATO for his Country fell;
Parties no more retain'd their factious Hate;
All pity'd CÆSAR's, honour'd CATO's Fate:
Nor leſs thy ſoft diurnal Eſſays pleaſe,
That Glaſs, where ev'ry Fool his Folly ſees;

* WAINFLET, Biſhop of *Winchester*, Founder of *Magdalen* College, where Mr. ADDISON writ a Panegyric on Mr. DRYDEN, the firſt *Engliſh* Verſes he ever made public.

Where

Where Virtue ſhines with ſuch attractive Grace,
She tempts the Vicious to her chaſte Embrace.
O! may thy Labours be a Star to guide
My Thoughts and Actions o'er Life's devious Tide!
If Pride, or Paſſion check my doubtful Sail,
Let thy Inſtructions lend a friendly Gale,
To waft me to the peaceful, happy Shore,
Where thou, immortal Bard! art gone before:
Then thoſe who grant me not a Poet's Name,
Shall own I left behind a better Fame.

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

Paraphras'd from OVID.

THESE Lines I ſend, impatient of your Stay,
To you, my Lord, who kill me with Delay;
Yet crave not any Anſwer back, beſide
Yourſelf, the beſt of Anſwers to your Bride.
Sure *Troy*, ſo hateful to the *Grecian* Dames,
Is ruin'd now, with dire, conſuming Flames;

Tho'

Tho' ſcarcely *Troy*, nor all his King could boaſt,
Was worth the Trouble which her Ruin coſt.
O! had lewd PARIS ſunk beneath the Tide,
When, o'er the Seas, he ſought the *Spartan* Bride;
I had not then accus'd the ling'ring Day,
Nor weav'd, to charm the tedious Night away;
Nor in the Bed, deſerted and forlorn,
Lain weeping, cold and comfortleſs, till Morn.

WHENE'ER of Dangers in your Camp I heard,
Thoſe Dangers threaten'd *you*, I always fear'd:
For Love, like mine, no cold Indiff'rence bears;
It feeds on tim'rous Thoughts, and anxious Cares.
I fancy'd, furious *Trojans* round thee came;
And trembling, ever dreaded HECTOR's Name:
If any ſaid, ANTILOCHUS was ſlain,
ANTILOCHUS was he who caus'd my Pain:
Or, if in borrow'd Arms PATROCLUS bled,
I wept, becauſe his Craft no better ſped:
When *Rhodian* Blood had bath'd the *Lycian* Spear,
The *Rhodian* * Youth again renew'd my Care:
In fine, whatever *Grecian* Chief was kill'd,
My fearful Heart, like frigid Ice, as chill'd;

* TLEPOLEMUS

Leſt

Leſt flatt'ring Fame my doubtful Ears ſhould cheat,
And, for my Lord's, proclaim another's Fate:
But Heav'n, propitious to my chaſte Deſire,
Preſerv'd you ſafe, and *Troy* conſum'd with Fire.

But now the other *Grecian* Chiefs return,
And on their ſmoking Altars Off'rings burn;
Their uſeleſs Arms they conſecrate to Peace,
And *Trojan* Spoils the *Grecian* Temples grace:
Each youthful Bride ſome pleaſing Gift affords,
To welcome home their ſafe-returned Lords;
Their ſafe-returned Lords, in Songs of Joy,
Reſound the vanquiſh'd Fates of ruin'd *Troy*:
The wond'ring Sages croud around to hear;
The trembling Girls admire the Tales of War:
The Wives ſtand liſt'ning, while their Husbands tell,
How *Greece* had conquer'd, and how *Ilion* fell:
One ſtains a Table with the purple Draught,
And ſhews the furious Battles, which you fought;
Paints with the Wine, which from the Glaſs he pours,
Camps, Rivers, Hills, and all the *Trojan* Tow'rs:
And, This, ſays he, is the *Sigean* Plain;
And here the ſilver *Simois* rolls his Train;

There

There ſtood old PRIAM's ſtately Palace; here
ACHILLES pitch'd his Tent, ULYSSES there:
Here mangled HECTOR, dreadful in his Fall,
Affrights the Steeds, that drag him round the Wall.
Your Son, who ſent by me to NESTOR's Court,
To ſeek his Father, brought me this Report
From NESTOR's Mouth, and how the *Thracian* Lord,
In Sleep, became a Victim to your Sword;
How DOLON fell into your crafty Snare——
But, O! ULYSSES, you too boldly dare;
Too fearleſs, thro' the Camp of Foes you rove,
Mindful of Wiles, forgetful of your Love;
Slaying ſo many in a gloomy Night,
One Friend alone, to aid you in the Fight.
It was not thus you raſhly us'd to go
Among the Midnight Terrors of the Foe;
Fondly of me you formerly have thought,
With Prudence acted, and with Caution fought.
Heav'n knows, with Fear my trembling Boſom beat,
To hear my Son your daring Deeds relate;
Till told how you victorioufly return'd,
Safe, to your Camp, with *Thracian* Spoils adorn'd.

BUT what avails it me, your Arms have thrown
Troy's ſtately Walls, and lofty Turrets down?
As when they ſtood; if I am robb'd of thee,
Troy's fall'n to *others*, ſtanding ſtill to *me*;
To *others*, who, with captive Oxen, toil
To turn the Glebe, and till the *Trojan* Soil;
And while, with crooked Ploughs, they diſcompoſe
Th'ill-bury'd Aſhes of their ſlaughter'd Foes;
While *Phrygian* Fields, grown fat with native Blood,
Bear fruitful Crops, where ſtately *Ilion* ſtood;
While verdant Harveſts hide their ruin'd Wall,
I mourn my abſent Lord, who wrought its Fall;
Nor can I know the Land, where you reſide,
Nor who, nor what detains you from your Bride.

WHATEVER Sailors on our Coaſt appear,
(Hopeful to find ſome Tidings of my Dear)
I fly to them, and ask 'em o'er and o'er,
If e'er they ſaw you on ſome foreign Shore.
Then to their Hands a Letter I impart,
To give it you, the Partner of my Heart;
If Chance, or Deſtiny ſhould ever prove
So kind to lead them to my abſent Love.

We ſought for you at antient Nestor's Court;
But ſought in vain, we heard no true Report:
We ſent to ask the *Spartans* too; but they
Knew not the Climate, where you, ling'ring, ſtay.
O! had Apollo ſav'd his ſacred Town——
Ye Gods! why did I ever wiſh it down?
If *that* were ſtanding, and Ulysses there,
I nothing, but the Chance of War, ſhould fear:
I ſhould not then be ſingly curs'd to cry;
Others would fear the War, no leſs than I.
But now a thouſand Whimſies feed my Care,
Nor know I what to hope, or what to fear;
Yet fearing all, that Fancy can ſuggeſt,
Unnumber'd Troubles rack my anxious Breaſt:
Upon the Land whatever Dangers reign,
I fear thoſe Dangers make you there remain;
Upon the Seas whatever Storms increaſe,
I fear thoſe Storms detain you on the Seas.
While thus my fooliſh Thoughts uncertain rove,
Perhaps you revel with a foreign Love;
Perhaps you ridicule your Bride at home,
Tell how ſhe ſpins, or drudges in the Loom:

Suſpicious Thoughts! that vex my jealous Mind,
Be gone, and vaniſh into empty Wind!
If cruel Fate did not obſtruct the Way,
My Lord would never make ſo long Delay.
Your long Delay my Father often blames,
And often chides me for my conſtant Flames:
My conſtant Flames ſhall ever true remain;
Let Fathers chide, and Suiters court in vain.
At length my Sire, who finds he can't remove
My Faith from you, or ſhake my ſettled Love,
Remits his Anger, ſoften'd with my Pray'rs;
Yet ſtill a Croud of Suiters teaze my Ears;
From various Realms they come to ſeek your Crown,
And feaſt, and reign ſecurely in your Throne:
'Twould tire me ev'n to count their Number o'er,
MEDON, PISANDER, and a hundred more!
All bent on Love, and Robbers of the State,
And All, by your pernicious Abſence, great!
To crown your Shame, the Beggar IRUS preys
Upon your Sheep, and all the fatteſt ſlays:
And ev'n your Shepherd, faithleſs to his Lord,
Slaughters your Lambs, to grace the Suiters Board:
Nor have we Strength, their Rapine to oppoſe;
For how can Three reſiſt ſo many Foes?

Your feeble Wife, your Father worn with Age,
Your tender Son, too weak to check their Rage;
For whom they lately crafty Ambuſh laid,
And menac'd Death on his devoted Head;
When, mocking all their Stratagems, he croſt
The Seas, to ſeek you on the *Pylian* Coaſt.
O! may the Gods extend his vital Date,
And guard his Life, till our's ſubmit to Fate:
So may he cloſe our Eyes with decent Care;
Such is your Servant's, ſuch his Nurſe's Pray'r.

SINCE then your aged Father, feeble grown,
Amidſt your Foes, cannot defend your Crown;
Your Wife, too weak to chaſe the Foes away,
Your Son, too young to bear the Regal Sway;
Haſte, haſte, ULYSSES, to your Royal Seat;
For you alone can cure our troubled State:
Think of your Son, who wants you to inſpire
His Soul with all the Virtues of his Sire:
Think, on the Brink of Fate your Father lies:
Return, my Lord, return, and cloſe his Eyes:
Think of your faithful Wife, whoſe youthful Face,
At your Departure, bluſh'd with blooming Grace:

But now I bluſh with bloomy Grace no more;
Tears, for your Abſence, cloud my Beauty o'er.
O! may you ſoon return, before I prove
An antient Dame, unworthy of your *Love.*

An EPIGRAM.

Words are but Wind. Tale of a Tub.

IF Words are Wind, as ſome allow;
No Promiſes can bind;
Since breaking of the ſtricteſt Vow,
Is only breaking Wind.

A POEM *on Her* MAJESTY's Birth-Day.

O You, the MONARCH's Bliſs, the Muſe's Friend!
Accept the Tribute Duty bids me ſend:
'Tis what the Bard ſhould long before have paid;
But fearful to aſpire, has long delay'd.
PHOEBUS alone can PHOEBUS' Chariot Guide;
The Youth who dar'd to drive it, daring, dy'd.
My humble Muſe can humble Subjects treat;
But trembles to attempt a Theme ſo great:
Yet, warm with Gratitude, would fain diſplay
Her Zeal to You, on this auſpicious Day.

To You! whoſe gracious Goodneſs plumes her Wings,
By whom ſhe lives, by whom inſpir'd, ſhe ſings:
Long may ſhe celebrate your ſacred BIRTH;
Long may you ſtay from Heav'n, to bleſs the Earth;
To chear the Royal Sov'reign of our ISLE;
Increaſe his Joys, or ſoften all his Toil;

Who

Who now, while Death in purple Triumph reigns,
And ſanguine Floods pollute the diſtant Plains;
Watchful o'er *Britain*'s Fate, employs his Care,
Or wiſely to avert, or bravely meet the War.

O glorious QUEEN! by Nature form'd to bring
The ſweeteſt Comfort to the juſteſt KING!
Let proud Oppreſſors, who abuſe their Pow'r,
Hear groaning Subjects curſe their natal Hour:
You, on that happy Hour may juſtly feaſt
Your Soul with Thoughts of making Thouſands bleſt;
Whoſe godlike Bounties, to the Wretched, ſhow,
You're only pow'rful to relieve their Woe.

WHAT tho' the Muſe old Annals ſhould explore,
Mark all our Queens, and trace their Virtues o'er?
Where could you find ſo much exalted Senſe,
Nobly employ'd, like your's, in Truth's Defence?
You ſtrive to make the Seeds of Virtue grow,
To ſpread the Light, which Heav'n reveal'd below:
Yet, free from ſuperſtitious Zeal, incline
To make the Rays of Moral Goodneſs ſhine;
Supporting thoſe, who, firm to Truth, defend
That firſt-fix'd Law, on which all Laws depend.

BENEATH your Influence, Art and Science rear
Their ſacred Heads, and flouriſh by your Care:
This Truth let *Oxford's* pompous Dome proclaim,
Which boaſts the Honour of a * Royal Name.
Lately your Bard ſurvey'd the graceful Scene,
Riſing with Bounties of a gen'rous QUEEN!
O! had the Muſe there fledg'd her infant Wing,
And early taſted of that learned Spring;
She then had ſoar'd in more heroic Lays,
In more majeſtic Numbers ſung your Praiſe;
But fearful now, muſt quit the glorious Theme,
Muſt leave the Architect to ſpeak your Fame:
His Art ſhall there another *Athens* ſhew,
And there another Guardian PALLAS You.

* *Queen's* College.

FELIX and *CONSTANCE.*

A POEM, taken from BOCCACE.

To the Right Honourable the Counteſs of Pomfret.

BLOWN on the rolling Surface of the Deep,
The mourning Maid at length reclines to Sleep;
While conſcious Viſions labour in her Breaſt,
And airy Spectres diſcompoſe her Reſt.
Sometimes ſhe ſeems upon her native Shore,
Bleſs'd with the beauteous Youth, as heretofore;
Hears him converſe, while from his tuneful Tongue
Melodious Senſe, in melting Muſic, rung:
Sometimes ſhe finds, or ſeems at leaſt to find,
His ſhatter'd Veſſel forc'd before the Wind,
With foaming Waves, and furious Tempeſts toſt;
The Maſt, and broken Sails, and Sailors loſt:
Sometimes her Dream, in frightful Forms, diſplay'd
A Croud of Martyrs, cruel Love had made;

Lamenting THYSBE's Shade before her ſtands,
Shews her capacious Wound, and purple Hands;
Now lyric SAPPHO in the Tide expires,
Now faithful PORCIA eats the living Fires.
At length, awaking from her Dream, ſhe hears
A *Latian* Voice, which thus ſalutes her Ears:

UNHAPPY *Chriſtian* Maid! (for ſuch, at leaſt,
You, by your decent Habit, ſeem expreſt)
Say whence you came, and hither how convey'd,
Expos'd to Sea, without the Seaman's Aid?

SOON as the Nymph her native Language hears,
Her frighted Soul was fill'd with Doubts and Fears:
She thought, the adverſe Wind, or refluent Main,
Had forc'd her back to *Liparis* again;
Till, ſtarting up, a ſpacious Land ſhe ſpies;
Barbarian Caves and Cots her Sight ſurprize:
She ſees a Matron on the neighb'ring Strand;
Nor knows the Matron, nor the neighb'ring Land.
O! whither, whither am I blown? ſhe cries;
What Dens and Caves appear before my Eyes?
And who inhabit 'em? or Beaſts of Prey,
Or Men, leſs kind, and crueller than they?

To whom the Matron: Fly, nor dare to truſt
The faithleſs People of this hated Coaſt:
Here Sailors oft their hapleſs Fate deplore;
Who ſcape the Seas, are wreck'd upon the Shore:
For, when the forceful Wind, and foaming Deep,
To this inhuman Coaſt impel the Ship;
Around the Beach the rude Barbarians ſtray,
Deſtroy the Mariners, and ſeize their Prey;
By others Death, they keep themſelves alive,
Subſiſt by Rapine, and by Ruin thrive.

Unhappy Fate! the mourning Nymph reply'd;
O! had I periſh'd in the ſafer Tide!
For much I fear, the Land I now ſurvey,
Dooms me to greater Evils, than the Sea:
And yet what greater Ills can Fate provide,
Than thus to ſeek for Death, and be deny'd?
Not ſo my Felix 'ſcap'd the raging Waves;
Him Neptune ſunk, and me unkindly ſaves;
Saves, only to increaſe my former Woes;
To fall, perhaps, by more ungen'rous Foes,
Or to indulge ſome luſtful Tyrant's Will:
But, O ye Heav'ns! avert the fatal Ill;

Proteſt

Protect my Honour in this foreign Coaſt,
The only Bleſſing which I have not loſt!

THE liſt'ning Matron wonders with Surprize;
Nor hears, unmov'd, the weeping Damſel's Cries:
But leads her to her neighb'ring Cottage, where
She chears her fainting Soul with homely Fare;
Condoles her Grief, and begs her to diſcloſe
Her Country, Cares, and Cauſe of all her Woes.
Excited by her Words, the penſive Maid
Preludes with Sighs, and thus, reluctant, ſaid:

O hoſpitable Dame! why would you move
A Wretch to tell a Tale of hapleſs Love?
Which, in relating, muſt renew my Grief;
Nor can I hope, nor you beſtow Relief:
Yet, ſince you ſeem a Partner of my Care,
'Tis juſt a Partner know the Weight I bear.

NOT far from *Ætna*'s flaming Mount I came,
From *Liparis*, and CONSTANCE is my Name:
Great Honours and Eſtates my Sire poſſeſs'd,
And, O! too much to make his Daughter bleſs'd.

I once with Fame and Fortune was ſupply'd,
Nor envy'd Empreſſes their Pomp and Pride;
Now, like a Meteor, fallen from its Height,
My Glory's vaniſh'd, and extinct my Light——
Full twenty Years in Happineſs I paſs'd,
And ev'ry Year was happier than the laſt.
Young FELIX then his Love began to ſhow;
(Young FELIX was the Cauſe of all my Woe)
A beauteous Youth, endow'd with manly Grace;
But far his noble Soul excell'd his Face:
And, tho' his niggard Fate had Wealth deny'd,
The Want of Wealth by Virtue was ſupply'd.
Two Years to win my doubtful Heart he ſtrove,
Two Years my doubtful Heart declin'd his Love:
Yet ſtill he preſs'd me with his am'rous Tale,
Nor found at length, 'twas fruitleſs to aſſail:
For, by Degrees, inſenſibly I came
To firſt approve, and then indulge, his Flame;
Nor could his Suit, nor would his Vows reprove;
I heard with Joy, nor thought it Sin to love;
Till in my Breaſt imperious CUPID reign'd:
Alas! how eaſy *Love* a Conqueſt gain'd!
And now my Reaſon check'd my Will no more;
But fed the Flame, it ſtrove to quench before:

Yet

Yet durſt not an immodeſt Thought approve;
Love rul'd my *Heart*, but *Honour* rul'd my *Love*:
I ſcorn'd to ſtain my Virtue with a King;
As much my Lover ſcorn'd ſo mean a Thing.
What could we do? What cannot *Love* inſpire?
The Youth reveals his Paſſion to my Sire;
And in ſuch melting Accents made it known,
As might have mov'd all Fathers, but my own:
But proudly he my Lover's Suit repell'd;
And, frowning, thus our mutual Ruin ſeal'd:

No more, preſumptious Youth! thy Paſſion name;
Suppreſs the Sparks, before they riſe to Flame.
How dar'ſt thou, vulgar Wretch, ignobly born,
My Daughter's Scandal, and her Father's Scorn!
Aſpire to wed ſo far above thy Fate?
He ſternly ſaid, and forc'd him from his Gate.

O *Avarice*! what Evils doſt thou cauſe,
Breaking the Bands of Love, and Nature's Laws?
Go, hungry God! and rule the Narrow-ſoul'd;
Collect, and guard their curſt, bewitching Gold;
Fit Province for thy Reign! too mean to prove
The Charms of Nuptial Life, and Joys of Love!

Ah!

Ah! what avails to gain a pompous Name,
With boaſted Titles of paternal Fame,
Deriv'd from Anceſtors of noble Blood?
Things common to the Vicious and the Proud!
Refulgent Equipage, and gaudy Shows,
Fictitious Ornaments of real Woes!
If Love be abſent, Pomp and worldly Gain
But gild our Cares, and varniſh o'er our Pain.
O! had my cruel Father thought like me,
I ne'er had prov'd the Dangers of the Sea,
Nor ever wander'd here a baniſh'd Maid;
And, O dear FELIX! thou hadſt not been dead!

So ſpeaks the trembling Nymph; and while ſhe ſpeaks,
The pearly Torrents ſtream adown her Cheeks;
Cold clammy Sweats, and throbbing Sighs ariſe,
Slow moves the Blood, and dizzy roll her Eyes;
So much affected with her Lover's Fate,
She ſtruggled, groan'd, and fainted from her Seat.
Her Hoſteſs ſtraight a grateful Cordial ſought,
And to her Lips applies the chearful Draught,
Waſhing her Temples with reviving Oil;
The vital Spirits anſwer to her Toil;

The purple Tide begins to roll again,
Again diffuſes Life thro' ev'ry Vein:
And now ſhe ſighing, rais'd her drooping Head;
And, Is my Death, ſhe cries, again delay'd?
Why did you check me on the Brink of Fate?
Better the Soul had fled her loathſome Seat.
Death is the only Good I wiſh to know,
End of my Pain, and Period of my Woe.

To whom replies the Dame: Unhappy Fair!
Rely on Heav'n, nor let your Soul deſpair:
Teach me to give your troubled Heart *Relief*;
Or teach me how, at leaſt, to ſhare your Grief:
Your mournful Story much affects my Mind,
Yet ſomething ſeems remaining ſtill behind.

O! much, CONSTANTIA ſays, remains to come,
The fatal Part that finiſhes my Doom:
For, when my FELIX, (FELIX now no more!)
Was baniſh'd from my haughty Father's Door,
Not able to obtain me for his Bride,
Nor willing to reſign me, tho' deny'd;
Hope, from Deſpair, his daring Soul conceives:
A Bark he builds, to plough the briny Waves:

Then

Then call'd a few Domeſtics to his Aid,
Embrac'd me in his Arms, and ſighing, ſaid:

O Thou, for ever dear, for ever bleſt,
At once the Joy, and Trouble of my Breaſt!
Since Poverty expels me from thy Arms,
Since Wealth alone is worthy of thy Charms;
I ſwear by all the mighty Pow'rs above,
(Sad Fate, that drives me from the Nymph I love!
To try my Fortune on remoter Shores,
And ſeek the Gold, thy Sire ſo much adores.
Perhaps the Planets, unpropitious here,
In other Climes may kinder Aſpects wear;
May lead me where the rocky Di'monds lie,
Or where the golden Mines may Wealth ſupply;
If not, the laſt ſad Pleaſure is to die.

Such was the fatal Vow he raſhly made;
A fatal Vow, and fatally obey'd!
Struck dumb, my Tears the Want of Words ſupply'd;
His, mixt with mine, increas'd the pearly Tide:
Yet, leſt I ſhould his Reſolution ſhake,
He ruſh'd away, and mounted on the Deck:

His haſty Crew expand the ſwelling Sails,
Strong rolls the Sea before impulſive Gales;
The crooked Keel the frothy Flood divides,
Swift flies the Ship, and ruſhes thro' the Tides.

My Lover long my gazing Eyes purſue;
As long my Lover kept me in his View:
Reluctant ſo, departing Souls prepare,
To wing their doubtful Flight, they know not where;
Reluctant ſo, expiring Bodies lie,
Nor willing theſe to ſtay, nor thoſe to fly.

Twice twenty Days I ſpent in fruitleſs Tears,
Before the fatal Tidings reach'd my Ears;
How Felix, ſailing o'er the watry Way,
Was wreck'd on Rocks, and periſh'd in the Sea.
O! then what Trouble, Grief, and anxious Care,
Confus'd my Soul, and bent it to Deſpair!
I curs'd the Cauſe, that forc'd him to expire;
O Heav'n! forgive me, if I curs'd my Sire:
I fled his Houſe, and ſought the lonely Grove,
(The gloomy Witneſs of my former *Love*.)
Where, once reſolv'd to ſeek the Shades below,
I drew the Knife, to ſtrike the mortal Blow;

'ill Piety the cruel Thought ſuppreſt,
.n d check'd the *Roman* Courage of my Breaſt:
trembling ſaw two doubtful Paths; nor knew,
Which Path was beſt to ſhun, or which purſue;
Oppoſing Paſſions in my Boſom ſtrove,
And *Conſcience* now prevail'd, and now my *Love.*

As when the Wind and Tide a Conteſt make,
The Sailor, trembling, ſees his Veſſel ſhake;
This Way, and that, and both, by Turns reclin'd,
As ſwells the Surge, or blows the furious Wind:
So was my Soul with diff'rent Notions ſway'd,
Of this, of that, of both, and all afraid.
Ah! why ſhould Mortals of their *Reaſon* boaſt,
Which moſt deſerts 'em, when they want it moſt?
For, when the troubled Mind's confus'd with Pain,
'Tis but an *Ignis Fatuus* of the Brain;
Which, if our wand'ring Souls from *Virtue* ſtray,
But leads us more and more from *Virtue*'s Way:
So led it me to ſtem the devious Tide,
And ſeek for Death, where wretched FELIX dy'd.

Not diſtant far, a fiſhing Veſſel ſtood,
Nor wholly on the Land, nor in the Flood:

Arriv'd

Arriv'd to this, I row'd it from the Shore;
And, bent on Death, the Tide I now explore;
Expecting, ſoon, the friendly-furious Wave
Would give my Troubles and myſelf a Grave.
But, when I ſaw the Billows round me flow,
The boundleſs Skies above, and Seas below;
Scar'd with the Terrors of the watry Space,
I wrapt my Mantle round my tim'rous Face:
Then lay me down, to all the Dangers blind;
Chance was my *Compaſs*, and my *Pilot*, *Wind*.
Blown here and there, I floated on the Deep,
Which rock'd my Eyes, but not my Fears aſleep:
For now my dreaming Soul, in Fancy's Maze,
A thouſand tragic airy Ghoſts ſurveys;
Which flutter'd round me, and reproaching, ſaid;
Die, Coward! follow FELIX to the Shade:
Why wouldſt thou wiſh to live, now he is dead?
But when, at length, your friendly Voice I heard,
My Viſion ceas'd, the Spectres diſappear'd.
Thus have I told, but can't diſpel my Care;
For who can conquer *Love*, or cure *Deſpair*?

THUS ſhe; and thus CAPRESA ſpake again:
(So was ſhe call'd, who wak'd her on the Main)

Unhappy

Unhappy Nymph! compoſe your troubled Mind,
Nor doubt the gracious Guide of human Kind:
That GOD, who ſav'd you from the foamy Wave,
Will doubtleſs guard the Life, he deign'd to ſave.
Vouchſafe to take the Counſel I can lend:
At *Suſa* Heav'n has bleſs'd me with a Friend,
Much fam'd for Wealth, for pious Actions more;
No Husband, and no Children, but the Poor:
Let me conduct you to her friendly Gate;
(Too ſmall my Cottage for a Gueſt ſo great:)
She will protect you from Barbarian Foes,
With prudent Counſel mitigate your Woes,
And charm your ruffled Soul to ſoft Repoſe.

BLEST Partner of my Grief! the Damſel ſaid,
Some Angel ſurely ſent you to my Aid;
For now ſome dawning Rays of Hope appear,
That chace away the Clouds of dark Deſpair.
This Pauſe of Pain, and Interval of Grace,
Shall be employ'd in Search of future Peace.
Then guide and guard me to your noble Friend;
So may you never want this Aid you lend!
And, as we travel, deign to let me know,
To whom ſo many Thanks I juſtly owe;

What

What hapleſs Fortune caſt you on this Land,
What Occupation here employs your Hand.
Sweet Converſation may ſuſpend my Care,
Diſpel my Grief, or make it leſs ſevere:
So ſhall I eaſier reach the neighb'ring Town;
And, liſt'ning to your Fate, forget my own.

THUS ſhe; and thus the penſive Dame replies:
(With briny Drops diſtilling from her Eyes)
Fain would I, lovely Nymph! ſuſpend your Care,
Diſpel your Grief, or make it leſs ſevere:
But, where I all my Fortune to explain,
'Twould not alleviate, but increaſe your Pain;
For in your Soul ſuch Sparks of Nature glow,
As make you ſhare your Neighbour's Joy or Woe.
The *Chriſtian* Faith I ſecretly embrace,
Tho' doom'd to dwell among a *Pagan* Race:
Trepanum waſted all my Bloom of Life,
Where long I liv'd, a Farmer's happy Wife:
My careful, loving Husband till'd the Soil,
Nor was the Field ungrateful to his Toil:
For, ev'ry *Summer*, CERES crown'd the Plain;
Each *Autumn*, fill'd the Barn with golden Grain:

So thick the verdant Harveſt yearly ſtood,
The Meadows ſeem'd to groan beneath their Load,
Our fleecy Flocks were fruitful of their Young,
Hail were our Oxen, and our Horſes ſtrong;
Nor did our Kine of milky Produce fail,
But with diſtended Udders fill'd the Pail.
'Twas then, alas! how often have I cry'd,
I would not wiſh to be a Monarch's Bride!
When all around my little Infants came,
Hung on my Knees, and liſp'd their *Mama*'s Name;
Or met their Father with the Ev'ning Ray,
Embrac'd his Neck, and kiſs'd his Cares away.
Soon as their riper Age could Labour bear,
We ſent 'em forth to feed the fleecy Care;
Where often have we ſpent the *Summer*'s Day,
Charm'd to behold the wanton Cattle's Play.
What Pleaſure 'twas to ſee the skipping Lambs?
What Muſic, when they bleated for their Dams?
We thought our Joys could never be increas'd;
Love, Peace, and Plenty join'd to make us bleſs'd.
But ſee how *Fortune* holds her fickle Reign!
She raiſes up, to tumble down again:
For now our Thread of Happineſs was ſpun;
The Gains of twenty Years were loſt in one.

'Twas

'Twas in the Seaſon, when the verdant Mead
Begins to ask the Mower's crooked Blade;
Before the Wheat receives a yellow Stain,
Or milky Juice is harden'd into Grain;
A Gale of Poiſon baleful EURUS caſt;
The vernal Product ſicken'd with the Blaſt;
Our Meadows ſtraight a ſaffron Scene diſcloſe,
Our infant Apples quit the blighted Boughs;
Peaſe, Wheat, and Barley, wither'd in the Fields,
And Nature one abortive Harveſt yields:
Nor ſtopt it here; the flying Plague began
To ſpread the Bane in Beaſts, and thence to Man:
Firſt dy'd our Sheep upon the ruſſet Plain,
Next ſwell'd our Oxen with a fatal Blain;
Here tumbles, o'er her Meat, the moping Cow;
There drops the panting Horſe before the Plough:
At length the dire Contagion ſpread ſo wide,
My Virgin Children made the Tomb their Bride.
This Nature bore——But when our Landlord ſent
His Officers, to ſeize my Lord for Rent;
And he, to ſhun the Priſon, flies the Shore;
Lifts on the Sea, to tug the lab'ring Oar?
I wept, I rav'd, I curs'd the baleful Air;
And fled my native Land, but not my Care.

Thus,

Thus, baniſh'd here, a Widow, and a Wife,
Condemn'd to ſuffer, not enjoy a Life,
I toil for thoſe, who catch the finny Prey;
The Toils are great, but very ſmall the Pay!
Their ſcaly Fry to Market oft I bear,
Oft in the Ocean waſh their thready Snare;
And then was waſhing, when, with great Surprize,
You, and your floating Veſſel, met my Eyes.

Now Heav'n defend us both! the Nymph reply'd;
And can ſuch Rage in *Chriſtian* Minds reſide?
What, could the curſt, inhuman Tyrant wreſt
Thy tender Husband from thy loving Breaſt,
When all thy Wealth was loſt, thy Children dead?
O *Virtue*! *Virtue*! whither art thou fled?
Why muſt ſuch Evils on the Guiltleſs flow?
Ye Heav'ns! is Innocence rewarded ſo?

So ſpake the Nymph; her Friend no more replies;
For now PRISCILLA's Dome attracts their Eyes:
Approaching to her friendly Gate, they found
The gen'rous Lady dealing Alms around
To needy Souls, a hapleſs, helpleſs Crowd,
Who daily bleſs'd her Hand for daily Food!

When thus CAPRESA: Hail, for ever bleſs'd!
'Tis Godlike thus to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd:
Yet none of theſe, who claim your *Chriſtian* Aid,
Deſerves it more than this unhappy Maid;
Who once was bleſs'd with Fame and Riches too,
Tho' fickle Fortune now is turn'd her Foe;
Unlike the Mendicants, who daily ſhare
Your friendly Bounty, and maternal Care.

To whom the Lady, with a gracious Look,
That ſeem'd to breath Compaſſion, while ſhe ſpoke:
Sure Decency forbids, a Gueſt ſo great
Should, undiſtinguiſh'd, with the Vulgar eat.
No; deck my Table with the choiceſt Fare;
The Nymph, with me, a kind Repaſt ſhall ſhare;
For, by her Looks, if Truth may be divin'd,
That lovely Body cloaths a lovely Mind.

SHE ſaid, and CONSTANCE low Obeiſance made;
Then gladly follow'd, where PRISCILLA led.
Within the Gate a ſpacious Room ſhe found,
Whoſe Walls were beautify'd with Tap'ſtry round;
Where pious Tales appear'd, ſo lively wrought,
The Work ſeem'd vital, and the Figures Thought:

Here,

Here, in the Shade, the *Jewiſh* Patriarch ſtood,
Feaſting the Sons of Heav'n with earthly Food;
While, there, the good *Samaritan* confeſt
His Kindneſs, and reproach'd the cruel *Prieſt*;
With many more, a charitable Band,
The skilful Labour of PRISCILLA's Hand.

HITHER the Dame convey'd a ſweet Repaſt?
Rich Meats, and roſy Wines the Tables grac'd:
They eat, they drank, in pleaſing Converſe join'd;
And chear'd at once the Body and the Mind.
The Call of Nature being ſoon ſuppreſt,
Thus ſpake the Lady to her youthful Gueſt:

SAY, lovely Stranger! (for I long to know;
So may propitious Heav'n remove thy Woe!)
Whence thus reduc'd? By Famine, Sword, or Fire?
What Sire thy Beauty boaſts, what Land thy Sire?
Perhaps ſome Princeſs, baniſh'd from her Home,
Thus condeſcends to grace my ruſtic Dome:
If ſo, I greatly fear, my homely Feaſt
Has been unworthy of my Royal Gueſt.

She ſaid, the Nymph unfolds her Tale again;
The prudent Dame attempts to ſooth her Pain,
And thus reply'd: Tho' weighty are your Woes,
The weightieſt Ill, with Patience, lighter grows:
Then bear with Patience all that Heav'n deſign'd,
Whoſe Ways are juſt, tho' difficult to find,
Plann'd for the gen'ral Good of human Kind.
God's Paths in winding Mazes often lie,
Too intricate for feeble Reaſon's Eye;
Moſt regular, when in Confuſion loſt;
Moſt conſtant, when they ſeem to vary moſt.
Perhaps his Mercy forc'd you thus to roam,
To ſhun a more unhappy Fate at home;
For with one Evil he removes a worſe,
And bleſſes oft with what we think a Curſe.
Then let your Soul at Fortune not repine;
But truſt in Heav'n's Protection, next, in mine:
In me you ſtill ſhall find a faithful Friend,
With whom, in Time, your Troubles all may end:
But, ſince you now are harraſs'd out with Woes,
Refreſh your weary Soul with ſweet Repoſe;
And when you wake, at Morning, may you find
Heav'n's balmy Comfort heal your wounded Mind!

Thus

THUS chear'd, the Nymph obſequiouſly withdrew,
And bath'd her Cares in Sleep's refreſhing Dew;
Till PHOEBUS, riſing from the Shades of Night,
With roſy Keys unlock'd the Gates of Light:
Bright as his Beams, aroſe the beauteous Maid;
And, to her Patroneſs returning, ſaid:

WHAT Thanks, propitious Lady! ſhall I give
For all the Godlike Bounties I receive?
O! let my *Silence* thank you; for I know,
Words can't expreſs the Gratitude I owe.

TO whom replies the venerable Dame:
No other Thanks, but Gratitude I claim:
The Terms of Charity are never hard,
Love and Compaſſion are their own Reward:
A Soul, that ſuccours Virtue, when diſtreſt,
Can with Reflection make a noble Feaſt;
Which nouriſhes the Mind, and overpays
A gen'rous Deed with ſelf-approving Praiſe.

SUCH was their Converſe, till domeſtic Care
Invites PRISCILLA from the youthful Fair;

Who ſat in penſive Solitude, and ſtrove
To ſoften, or ſuſpend the Pains of Love.
At length the Linen on her Knee ſhe ſpread,
And with her Needle mark'd the docile Thread.
Young THYSBE's Fate ſhe firſt began to frame;
But ſoon commits her Labour to the Flame:
Next drew ſhe HERO ſinking in the Main;
Then raz'd the finiſh'd Image out again;
Both theſe diſpleas'd her, tho' judicious Art,
And Rays of Nature ſhone in ev'ry Part.
At length her own unhappy Tale ſhe choſe,
And lively paints the Scene of all her Woes:
Her charming FELIX firſt the Linen grac'd;
By whom her Father, frowning ſtern, ſhe plac'd:
Her Lover's Parting next to theſe appears;
(But, weeping here, ſhe ſoil'd her Work with Tears)
Next, on the Seas, ſhe drew his floating Ship;
Next, her own Boat, ſlow-wand'ring on the Deep:
By theſe ſhe fix'd CAPRESA on the Strand,
Who wak'd her firſt, and welcom'd her to Land:
The good PRISCILLA laſt employ'd her Art,
Whoſe Aſpect ſpoke the Bounty of her Heart;

Her friendly Roof, a Refuge for the Poor,
The Horn of Plenty, pendent o'er the Door,
Diffuſing Bleſſings ſtill, and ſtill increaſing more.
All theſe conſeſt ſuch Beauty, Skill, and Care,
Not HELEN better wove the *Trojan* War,
While HECTOR, PARIS, and their Martial Train,
With *Grecian* Heroes battled on the Plain.

HERE let us leave the lovely Nymph a-while,
To paſs her tedious Hours in pleaſing Toil:
Her abſent Lover now my Song purſues,
Whoſe valiant Deeds require a nobler Muſe.

SWIFT-PINION'D FAME, which often babling flies,
To bear unwelcome Truths, and oftner Lies,
Had ſpread the ductile Error far and wide,
How wand'ring FELIX periſh'd in the Tide.
But FELIX ſafely reach'd the *Thunic* Port,
And ſoon arriv'd to Honours in the Court:
His Wiſdom there the wiſeſt Peers excell'd;
His Valour more ſurpaſs'd 'em in the Field.
When firſt he to the Royal Palace came,
An Accident occur'd to raiſe his Fame:

A noble Lord there was, of great Renown,
Rebell'd againſt the King, and claim'd his Crown;
Great Preparations made he for the Fight;
Nor leſs the Monarch, to defend his Right;
But ſummon'd all, to meet the daring Foe,
Whoſe Strength could weild a Sword, or bend a Bow;
And promis'd to reward their Martial Care,
With Honours equal to their Deeds in War.

Now rings the Region with the Foe's Alarms,
Terrific ſhines the Field with burniſh'd Arms;
The Martial Trumpet, ſounding from afar,
With dreadful Notes, proclaims approaching War.
The Royal Army valiant FELIX join'd;
Intrepid Courage animates his Mind:
Fix'd in the Front, the Foe he bravely dares,
Like PALLAS prudent, and as bold as MARS.
Say, Muſe, what Goddeſs, that tremendous Hour,
Aided the Youth with ſuch unuſual Pow'r?
Bright VENUS, conſcious of the Lover's Smart,
Sharpen'd his Sword, and pointed ev'ry Dart:
Fierce, as a Lion, thro' the Lines he ſprung,
And forc'd his Foes, like trembling Stags along.

As when reſiſtleſs Winds ruſh o'er the Deep,
And from its Anchor force the driving Ship,
Or furiouſly againſt the Woodland roar;
The leafy Harveſt, tumbling, flies before:
So ruſh'd the Hero on the adverſe Band,
So fled the Legions from his pow'rful Hand;
Till ſoon the rebel Lord he Pris'ner made,
And to the King his captive Prize convey'd.

Now reaps the Youth the Glory of his Toil;
To him the Monarch gives the Martial Spoil,
Rewards his Valour with a noble Poſt,
And makes him firſt Commander of his Hoſt.
Thus, quickly FELIX gain'd a deathleſs Name;
Thus, was his Labour crown'd with Wealth and Fame:
But Wealth and Fame inſipid Things appear;
To give them Taſte, he wants the lovely Fair;
The lovely Fair, oppreſt with equal Grief,
To make her happy, wants the glorious Chief.

His Fame, which ſoon at *Suſa* was reveal'd,
(Heroic Actions ſeldom lie conceal'd)

With pleaſing Wonder ſtruck CONSTANTIA's Ears,
And fill'd her doubtful Soul with Hopes and Fears:
For, tho' the wiſe PRISCILLA often ſtrove
With prudent Counſel to ſuppreſs her Love;
Her Love was only leſſen'd, not ſuppreſt,
But glows again, again diſtracts her Breaſt.

AS when, in rural Cots, the Flames aſpire,
And lab'ring Peaſants quench the mounting Fire
If Chance a latent Spark remain behind,
In heapy Aſhes, fann'd with ambient Wind;
The Fires again, with former Fury, riſe,
Flame thro' the Roof, and flaſh into the Skies:
So in her Boſom glows the am'rous Fire,
And fills her tender Soul with ſoft Deſire.
And is my FELIX yet alive? ſhe ſays;
And is he crown'd with Wealth, and deathleſs Praiſe?
No, no; I fear the flatt'ring Tale deceives;
Methinks I ſee him plunging in the Waves.
Ah! why, ye Heav'ns, are feeble Mortals curſt,
In Things uncertain, to believe the Worſt?
No; rather let me ſee the *Thunic* Court;
There, with my Eyes, confirm the bleſt Report:

Hope

Hope flies before, and points the pleaſing Way;
Love urges on, and *Love* I muſt obey.

So ſaying, to PRISCILLA ſtraight ſhe came,
And with her Thoughts acquaints the pious Dame;
The pious Dame, with tender Pity ſway'd,
Approves the Paſſion of the loving Maid;
And, with CAPRESA, guards her to the Place,
Reſolv'd herſelf to view the Hero's Face,
The Hero meets 'em at the Regal Gate,
Array'd in Armour formidably great;
For on that Morning, by the King's Command,
The Chief was to review the Martial Band:
His ſtudded Chariot darted Splendor round,
His ſtately Courſers, neighing, paw'd the Ground;
The nodding Plumes around his Temples wave,
With awful Grace, and beautifully brave.
He knew th'approaching Nymph; but, in Surprize,
The joyous Stream deſcended from his Eyes:
The Nymph beheld the weeping Chief; nor knew,
For what he wept, nor whom ſhe came to view:
His Martial Dreſs, beſpangled o'er with Gold,
The dreadful *Warrior*, not the *Lover*, told:

But, when he caſt the Helmet from his Head,
And thro' the Gates the bluſhing Damſel led;
She knew her Lover, claſp'd him to her Breaſt,
While ſilent Eloquence her Joy confeſt:
The conſcious Pains an abſent Lover bears,
Deſpair, fallacious *Hope*, and anxious *Fears*,
For Want of Words, were painted with their Tears.
And when, at length, their cryſtal Sluices ceas'd,
The joyful Hero thus the Nymph addreſs'd:

YE Gods! and have I then my Charmer found?
And are my Labours thus completely crown'd!
Yes! let me claſp thee to my longing Arms,
Drink in my Breath, and feed upon thy Charms.
As widow'd Turtles, roving round the Fields,
Thro' all the fruitful Stores, which Nature yields,
Curſt in the midſt of Plenty, cannot eat;
But ſtarve, lamenting for their abſent Mate:
Thus have I been with Fame and Riches grac'd;
Yet wanted thee to give my Riches Taſte.
But ſay, how came this Wealth I wanted moſt?
What brought my *Love* to this Barbarian Coaſt?

He ſaid; and now the joyful Damſel ſpake;
The Dangers which ſhe ſuffer'd for his ſake;
Shews him the Dame, who found her on the Tide;
Priscilla too, who all her Wants ſupply'd:
Then, proſtrate, on her Knees before him bends,
And begs him to reward her faithful Friends.
The grateful Chief, by native Goodneſs ſway'd,
Embrac'd 'em both, and ſoon the Nymph obey'd;
But firſt before his royal Maſter came,
And begs he may reſign his Poſt of Fame:
At which the Monarch frowns with awful Eyes;
Till Felix ſtraight, who ſaw his Paſſion riſe,
Falls on the Ground, and to his Maſter ſhows
The various Scene of all his am'rous Woes.
This heard, the King reſumes his former Grace;
Love tun'd his Soul, and ſmooth'd his ruffled Face:
He rais'd the Hero, bids the Nymph appear;
The Nymph approach'd him with a modeſt Fear;
Before his aweful Throne, ſubmiſs, ſhe fell,
And to him ſtraight unfolds th'amazing Tale.
Mute, on the Ground, a-while he fix'd his Eyes;
Then, Is the Force of Love ſo great? he cries:

We falſely *Man* the World's Commander call;
Thou, mightier Monarch, *Love*! commandeſt All:
Young AMMON's Self could not thy Pow'r confine;
The *World his* Subject was, but *He* was *thine*.

THEN, ſmiling, thus he chear'd the trembling Fair:
Henceforward, lovely Nymph, diſmiſs thy Care;
For, ſince thy Love has conquer'd Wind and Sea,
Curſt be the King, that's crueller than they!
Let HYMEN ſtraight confirm the Marriage Ties;
Thou juſtly haſt deſerv'd the Nuptial Prize.

THIS ſaid, he crown'd the Hero's Martial Care
With Riches far ſuperior to the Fair:
Due Thanks return'd, they to PRISCILLA came,
Beſtowing Gifts and Honours on the Dame:
CAPRESA next, with Age and Labour worn,
In comely Robes the grateful Pair adorn;
With ample Wealth her former Bliſs reſtor'd,
And from the Seas redeem'd her Nuptial Lord;
Her Nuptial Lord again enjoys his Wife,
Again delightful Freedom crowns his Life;
Till *Nature* calls him to reſign his Breath,
In honourable Age, and peaceful Death.

THIS done, the loving Couple quit the Shore,
And joyfully the deſtin'd Port explore;
While ſportive NEREIDS round their Veſſel play,
And wanton CUPIDS hail them on their Way;
Rough THETIS' Self aſſumes a pleaſing Smile,
Glad to return them to their native Soil;
Where ſacred HYMEN join'd their mutual Hands,
And Heav'n, indulgent, bleſs'd their Nuptial Bands.

Ad JOANNEM MILTONUM.

CEDE, Meles; *cedat depreſſa* Mincius *urna*;
Sebetus TASSUM *deſinat uſque loqui*:
At Thameſis *victor cunctis ferat altior undas*;
Nam per te, MILTO, *par tribus unus erit.*

Epigramma JOANNIS SALSILLI Romani.

Thus Imitated.

LET *Mincio* now in humble Waves ſubſide;
The *Mantuan* Swan no more ſupports his Pride;
No more let *Meles* boaſt of HOMER's Lays;
No more *Sebetus* murmur TASSO's Praiſe:
Since *Thames* can glory in our MILTON's Name,
Thames ſhall be equal to them all in Fame.

An Imitation of the Tenth ODE *of the* Second *Book of* HORACE.

Rectius vives, LICINI, *neque altum*
Semper urgendo, &c.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Viſcount PALMERSTON.

IF we, my Lord, with eaſy Striſe,
Would paſs this fickle Tide of Life;
We muſt not always raſhly ſail
With ev'ry light, inconſtant Gale;
Nor yet, at ev'ry Surge that roars,
Too tim'rous, ſeek the craggy Shores.
The Man who keeps the *Golden Mean*,
Where raging Storms are ſeldom ſeen,
Avoids the dang'rous Rocks and Pools,
That fright the Wiſe, and ſwallow Fools:
He's ne'er deſpis'd among the Crowd,
Nor envy'd in the Court;
But ſteers between the Baſe and Proud,
To gain the peaceful Port.

While

While lofty Spires and Cedars fall,
Storm beaten, to the Plain,
The lowly Shrub, and humble Wall,
Are Proof to Wind and Rain;
And Lightnings guiltleſs o'er the Cottage fly;
But ſmite th'ambitious Hills, that, tow'ring, threat the Sky.

THE ſteady Mind, that's truly great,
Surveys, unmov'd, the Turns of Fate:
If Wealth and Fame his Pride increaſe,
His Fears their Force controul;
If adverſe Fortune would depreſs,
Hope elevates his Soul;
Becauſe he knows, the Pow'r who brings
The *Winter* with its dreary Wings,
Can make the vernal Beauties grow,
And turn our Woe to Bliſs, or Bliſs to Woe.
If now on anxious Cares you feed,
A Feaſt of Joy may ſoon ſucceed,
To chear your penſive Mind.
With Times, our Tempers vary round;
Nothing immutable is found,
But all to Change inclin'd.

Tho'

Tho' POPE with Illneſs oft complains,
POPE is not always rack'd with Pains;
But, warm'd with PHOEBUS Fire,
Sometimes he wakes the ſleeping String,
Or bids the ſilent Muſes ſing,
And charms us with his Lyre.

OUR Life's, at beſt, a chequer'd Scene,
Of Health and Sickneſs, Mirth and Spleen:
Yet, ſince we all muſt ſtem this Sea,
Where Calm and Tempeſt dwell;
Grieve not to ſteer the deſtin'd Way,
But ſtrive to paſs it well:
If adverſe Storms begin to rave,
Serenely view the foaming Wave,
Collected in yourſelf, and reſolutely brave.
Or, if you find indulgent Gales
Impel the Bark too faſt,
Wiſely contract the ſwelling Sails,
And check their rapid Haſte;
Leſt, in your ſwift Career, the Ship
Split on a Rock, and ſink beneath the Deep.

An

An IMITATION

Of the Sixteenth ODE

Of the Second Book *of* HORACE.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti
Prenſus Ægeo, &c.

I.

THE trembling Merchant begs for Eaſe,
When toſt upon the foaming Seas;
When frowning Clouds obſcure the Skies,
And dreadful Thunder roars, and Lightning flies.

II.

FOR Eaſe the proud *Iberians* pray,
When Martial Engines round 'em play;
The mighty *Turk*, and *Perſian* too,
Beg Heav'n for Eaſe, which Riches can't beſtow.

III. Nor

III.

or ſilver Mines, or ſhining Gold,
or all the Gems the *Indies* hold,
or purple Robes, nor pompous State,
cure the flutt'ring Cares, which vex the Great.

IV.

Happy the Man, whoſe frugal Board
upplies the Wiſhes of its Lord;
No Fears torment his quiet Breaſt,
ſordid Av'rice breaks his grateful Reſt.

V.

Why ſhould we ſo much Wealth deſire,
When Life ſo little will require?
Why ſhould we rove from Zone to Zone,
d for another Climate change our own?

VI.

Nor thoſe, who fly from Pole to Pole,
Can fly the Cares, which rack the Soul;
But, in remoteſt Regions, find,
hey leave their Country, not themſelves, behind.

VII. For,

VII.

For, tho' we croſs the briny Deep,
Corroding Care purſues the Ship;
It hunts the Horſeman cloſe behind,
More ſwift than Mountain Roes, or rapid Wind.

VIII.

The Man, contented with his State,
Anticipates no evil Fate;
Tho' Fortune is inconſtant ſtill,
With what is good, he ſweetens what is ill.

IX.

The Draught of Life is mixt, at beſt;
There's none can be completely bleſt:
Some overlive their Pleaſures here;
Some die, before they taſte what Pleaſures are.

X.

Age, Wars, and Tumults, factious Hate,
Made * Cottington deſire his Fate;
While tender † Sheffield meets his Doom
Juſt in the Flow'r of Life, and youthful Bloom.

* See Clarendon's Hiſtory, *Lib.* 13.

† Late Duke of *Buckingham*.

XI.

ALL make their *Exit* ſoon or late;
And, if the Gods contract thy Date,
The vital Hour, deny'd to thee,
Their more indulgent Hand may give to me.

XII.

WHAT tho' thy fruitful Paſtures keep
A hundred Flocks of bleating Sheep?
What tho' thy proud, exulting Mares
Neigh, foam, and fly before thy gilded Cars?

XIII.

THY Board tho' twenty Diſhes grace?
Thy Coat as many Yards of Lace?
I envy not the purple Dye,
Nor all thy gaudy Pomp of Luxury.

XIV.

I ſhare ſome Sparks of PHOEBUS' Fire,
To warm my Breaſt, if not inſpire;
Too little Wealth to make me proud,
And Senſe enough to ſcorn the envious Crowd.

An IMITATION

Of the Sixteenth ODE

Of the Third Book *of* HORACE.

Incluſam DANAEN *turris ahenea,*
Robuſtæque fores, &c.

To the Reverend Mr. STANLEY.

BELIEVE me, Sir, your Coſt and Cares,
Your Dogs and Locks, your Bolts and Bars,
Your Paliſades, and Walls of Braſs,
Are all too weak, when Gold attacks the Place.
A brazen Tow'r ACRISIUS rear'd;
A brazen Tow'r, he thought, would guard
His Daughter from the leach'rous Arms
Of thoſe who nightly ſought her Charms;
While ſurly Maſtiff's watch'd the Dame,
And thund'ring, told if Lovers came:
Theſe kept the Nymph from Gods and Men,
Not JOVE himſelf could enter in;
Till VENUS (wondrous to behold!)
Transform'd his Godſhip into Gold.

O STANLEY, STANLEY! Gold has Pow'r
The ſterneſt Heart to move,
To burſt the Wall, or pierce the Tow'r,
Impervious ev'n to JOVE.
Gold can the ſubtleſt Head deceive,
Or Peace, or War can bring,
Buy Votes, raiſe *Gallic* Arms, and give
The *Polanders* a King.
APOLLO knew the Force of Gold,
When PHILIP's Martial Fate he thus foretold:
"The ſharpeſt Lance of Steel may err,
"So may the ſureſt Bow;
"But know, O King, the *Golden* Spear
"Will vanquiſh ev'ry Foe."
The God's Advice the Prince purſu'd;
He fought with Gold, and Gold ſubdu'd:
Whence ſome Hiſtorians ſay, 'twas *this*,
And not young AMMON's Father, conquer'd *Greece*.
Gold has an abſolute Command;
It rules at Sea, as well as Land:
For, when two adverſe Fleets engage,
And fiery Tubes diſplode their Rage;
A Bribe can make their Thunder ceaſe,
And huſh the watry World to Peace.

Yet, notwithſtanding all its Force,
It often brings the greateſt Curſe:
Vexatious Cares and Diſcontents
Increaſing Gold attend;
Deſires enlarge, as Wealth augments,
For Av'rice knows no End.
We labour up the golden Hill with Pain;
But ne'er ſurmount the tow'ring *Alps* of Gain.

O STANLEY, Honour of my Muſe!
I fear, and juſtly fear,
To ſteer the Courſe *Ambition* ſhews,
Or ſoar beyond my Sphere.
He's poor, who always after Wealth aſpires;
He's rich, who always curbs his own Deſires.
I more admire an humble Seat,
Than all the Pomps, which vex the Great;
And from their gilded Roofs retire,
On *Iſis'* Banks to tune my Lyre.
In this Retreat I'm nobler bleſs'd,
Then CROESUS o'er could be,
Than if (like Miſers) I poſſeſs'd
A *wealthy Poverty.*

While favour'd by the beſt of Queens,
Who all my Wants ſupplies;
While fragrant Groves, and flow'ry Scenes,
Delight my Muſe's Eyes;
My Fate a far ſuperior Bleſſing brings,
Than all the Pageantry of *Eaſtern* Kings.
What tho' no Flocks, on *Richmond* Plain,
With Fleeces deck my Pride?
What tho' I ſeldom drink *Champagne*,
Or quaff the purple Tide?
If theſe I wanted, were your Bard to ask,
I know, your gen'rous Soul would ſend a *Cask*.

I make my Wants and Wealth agree;
I pay my Debts no worſe than he,
Who o'er the Seas extends his Reign,
And adds all *Sicily* to *Spain*.
Who covets moſt, is moſt in Need,
And always rides a reſtleſs Steed,
Which foams, and flies without Controul,
Still ſeeks, but ne'er obtains the Goal.

Then happy thoſe, whom Heav'n has bleſs'd,
With what may Life ſuſtain;
Nor are with pinching Want depreſs'd,
Nor curſt with too much Gain:
For boundleſs Wealth ne'er fills a boundleſs Mind;
The Man who ſtill purſues, is ſtill behind.

Felix, qui patriis ævum tranſegit in agris,
Ipſa domus puerum quem videt, ipſa ſenem, &c.

Imitated from CLAUDIAN.

I.

HOW bleſs'd the Swain of *Bethnal-green*,
Who ne'er a Court beheld,
Nor ever rov'd beyond the Scene
Of his paternal Field!

II.

BUT, where he prov'd the Go-cart's Aid,
He prov'd the Crutch's too;
One only Houſe his Manſion made,
Till Life (tho' late) withdrew.

III. FALSE

III.

FALSE Fortune ne'er, with Smile or Frown,
Or rais'd him, or depreſt;
Her Frowns and Smiles were both unknown
To his contented Breaſt.

IV.

THE Chance of Stocks he never try'd,
Nor knew to buy or ſell;
So 'ſcap'd the dreadful golden Tide,
Where *South-Sea* Merchants fell.

V.

SKILL'D in no Buſineſs but his own,
He ſhunn'd the noiſy Bar;
Nor ever prov'd the ſmoky Town,
But breath'd a purer Air.

VI.

NOR by *Lord Mayor*'s *Day* he knew
The rolling Year to bound;
Nor kept an Almanack to ſhew
How Seaſons vary'd round.

VII.

He *Summer* knew by Heat extreme,
The *Winter* by its Cold;
Pomona ſhew'd when *Autumn* came,
When *Spring*, gay Flora told.

VIII.

He planted once an Acorn ſmall,
And liv'd to ſee it riſe
A mighty Oak, ſo wond'rous tall,
It ſeem'd to prop the Skies.

IX.

And, by the Shade its Branches caſt,
Could he much truer know,
What Hour, and how his Moments paſt,
Than by the Clock of *Bow*.

X.

Tho' *London* ſtood ſo near his Cot,
He never mark'd the *Dome*;
But thought St. *Paul's* as far remote,
As *Peter's* Church at *Rome*.

XI.

Of *Iſis* he was only told,
But ne'er beheld her Streams;
Nor knew, but that the *Ganges* roll'd
Near as the neighb'ring *Thames*.

XII.

Of Jellies, Creams, Ragous, and Tarts,
His Stomach never thought;
A perfect Stranger to the Arts
Luxurious Cooks have taught!

XIII.

Yet, with a ſimple Food ſupply'd,
His Health was ſo entire,
That when his antient Children dy'd,
They left a youthful Sire.

XIV.

Let others ſearch for golden Bliſs
On *India*'s wealthy Shore;
Their Joys of Life are leſs than his,
Their Labours ten times more.

Of FRIENDSHIP.

To CELIA.

O CELIA! You, whoſe Rays of *friendly* Fire,
Conſtant as thoſe of Nature, ne'er expire;
If in your Breaſt no weighty Cares you find,
Nor better Thoughts employ your gen'rous Mind;
Vouchſafe an Ear: Theſe Numbers are your Due;
I ſing of *Friendſhip*, and I ſing to *You*:
Friendſhip! a Theme, which all Mankind profeſs,
No Virtue more admire, none practiſe leſs;
For moſt have learn'd the *Grecian* * Sage's Text,
"To love one Day, as if to hate the next."
They change, forſake, as ſerves their ſelfiſh Ends,
Nor are their Dreſſes vary'd more than Friends.

YOU therefore, who are worthy Friendſhip's Name,
And cheriſh in your Breaſt the genuine Flame,

* BIAS in CICERO *de Amic.* §. 16.

Attend

Attend to what a faithful Muſe imparts,
A Muſe unpractis'd in fallacious Arts:
Tho' young in Life, that Life has made her know,
A friendly Aſpect oft conceals a Foe;
That, tho' ſo many ſeeming Friends abound,
For one that's true, a thouſand falſe are found.

When firſt you ſtrive a faithful Friend to find,
Explore the ſecret Motives of his Mind;
Nor, raſhly credulous, his Friendſhip truſt;
Before you know, what Paſſion rules him moſt:
But, as a Horſeman checks the Courſer's Speed,
Till he has try'd the Temper of his Steed;
So check the Reins of Friendſhip, till you prove,
What ſways the Perſon, Intereſt, or Love.

Avoid the Fop impertinently vain,
And ſhun the Slave, who flatters you for Gain;
Beware of him, who ſells you for a Jeſt;
But, moſt of all, beware the leaky Breaſt:
(Who hopes to keep the Wine the Seaſon round,
Muſt firſt be ſure his Cask be ſweet and ſound)
Nor ſhould a formal Fool your Friendſhip claim,
Tho' Wealth and Honours dignify his Name.

Let Knaves and Fools in kindred Vices join;
Chuſe you a Friend, where Senſe and Virtue ſhine;
Whoſe Paſſions move by Reaſon's Rule alone,
Much better, if agreeing with your own.
The Hart and Lion at a Diſtance keep;
Wolves company with Wolves, and Sheep with Sheep:
So we, by Nature's ſympathetic Pow'rs,
Moſt love thoſe Tempers, that reſemble ours.

YET, if it be too difficult to find
A Friend ſo juſtly moulded to your Mind,
Among the virtuous Few ſelect the beſt;
And ſuch is he, whoſe Failings are the leaſt.
Let him a modeſt Freedom always claim,
To praiſe your Virtues, or your Vices blame;
Nor be diſpleas'd his mild Reproof to hear;
For Friends may often kindly be ſevere;
The Beſt ſometimes each other may controul,
Yet not deſtroy the Harmony of Soul.
Rough Notes in Muſic never ſhould be found,
Except adapted to improve the Sound.

WHEN mutual Faith the friendly Knot has ty'd,
And when that mutual Faith is truly try'd,

Prey not upon yourſelf; nor be oppreſt
With conſcious Pains, that ſtruggle in your Breaſt:
For, as the Flames, in *Ætna* cloſely pent,
Convulſe the Mountain, lab'ring for a Vent;
Thus in the Soul uneaſy Thoughts confin'd,
For want of Paſſage, rack the ſuff'ring Mind.
Unveil your Boſom to your other Part;
Your Friend ſhall ſhare the Burden of your Heart,
Alleviate ev'ry Ill your Soul ſuſtains,
Double your Pleaſures, and divide your Pains.

BE zealous for your Friends, whene'er you know
Their Reputation cenſur'd by a Foe;
Nor with a faint Excuſe degrade your Friends;
The Man, who coldly praiſes, diſcommends.
Or, are they juſtly cenſur'd for a Crime?
Reprove them mildly at ſome proper Time:
In private chide all Failings which you find,
In public praiſe the Beauties of their Mind;
Place all their Virtues in the cleareſt Light,
Omit their Faults, or touch them very ſlight;
As Painters, when they draw a beauteous Face,
Contract a Blemiſh, heighten ev'ry Grace.

NEITHER let Paſſion, Pride, or private Ends,
Or changing Fortune, make you change your Friends.
Who varies oft, a faithleſs Temper ſhows,
Or, at the beſt, ill Judgment, when he choſe.
Some Perſons with themſelves ſo diſagree,
They're fix'd to nothing but Inconſtancy;
With each new Day, new Reſolutions come,
Expel the former, and uſurp their Room:
Succeeding Billows thus the foremoſt throng,
Tides roll on Tides, and Waves urge Waves along.
Not but we may with a new Friend engage,
Before we ſee an old one quit the Stage;
Yet ſhould not think the new our old exceeds,
As * Jockeys value moſt their youngeſt Steeds.
One Maxim will in Wine and Friendſhip hold,
Alike the better both for being old.

BUT muſt we then be bound in deathleſs Bands,
And ſtill obey whate'er a Friend command?
Aid him to gain what he unjuſtly craves?
No——Leave the Man, who Truth and Virtue leaves.

* *Ut equis vetulis teneros anteponere ſolemus--------Veterrima quaque (ut ea vina, quæ vetuſtatem ferunt) eſſe debent ſuaviſſima.* Cic. de Amic. §. 19.

Should

Should furious CATILINE ſome Plot deviſe,
To ruin Thouſands, that himſelf might riſe;
The Laws of Honour, Truth, and Conſcience ſhow,
'Tis Friendſhip to the World to be his Foe.
Or, ſhould a Friend baſely betray his Truſt,
To pardon him were to yourſelf unjuſt:
For, * as the Wool, with Crimſon colour'd o'er,
Never acquires its native Whiteneſs more;
So he who breaks his Faith, will ne'er obtain
Your Credit, nor his Innocence again.
If otherwiſe he diſoblige his Friends,
(For where's the perfect Man, who ne'er offends?)
Try if his Ear will kind Reproof endure;
And, if the Balm of Counſel work a Cure,
O'erlook the Failure: All *offend*, and *live*;
Let *Foes* reſent a Treſpaſs, *Friends* forgive.
Yet let the pardon'd Friend not, many times,
Proceed in Folly, and repeat his Crimes.
Tho' pureſt Gold a vaſt Extent will bear,
Yet pureſt Gold will break, if ſtretch'd too far.

* ------*Neque amiſſos colores*
Lana refert medicata fuco;
Nec vera virtus, cum ſemel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus. Hor. Ode 5. Lib. III.

And

And Friends may bear ſome Slips from Wiſdom's Rule;
But who can pardon the perſiſting Fool?

* Among the various Cauſes, that conſpire
To cool our Love, and quench the friendly Fire,
Vile *Avarice* aſſumes the greateſt Pow'r,
A God which baſe ignoble Souls adore:
To pleaſure him, a Tide of broken Vows
(Needful Libations!) on his Altar flows:
Yet, never ſatisfy'd, he craves for more;
And keeps his Votaries, in Plenty, poor:
Who worſhips him, will break the friendly Band,
Whene'er the ſordid, ſelfiſh God commands.

Others there are, induc'd by thirſt of Praiſe,
(And ev'n the greateſt Men this Paſſion ſways)
Who quit their Friends for Honours of the State,
And turn their Love into the rankeſt Hate.
Nor is it Wonder theſe deſert their Friends,
Since all are Foes, who will not ſerve their Ends:

* *Peſtem enim majorem eſſe nullam in amicitiis, quam in pleriſque pecuniæ cupiditatem, in optimis quibuſque honoris certamen & gloriæ, ex quo inimicitias maximas ſæpe inter amiciſſimos extitiſſe.* Cic. de Amic. §. 10.

For

For wild Ambition like a Torrent roars,
Which, when obſtructed, climbs th'oppoſing Shores;
Till to the Top the lab'ring Flood attains,
Swells o'er the Banks, and foams along the Plains.
Not but we may an honeſt Fame embrace;
Nay, Friends ſhould aid us in the glorious Chace.
Man has ſome Principle of heav'nly Fire,
That warms his Breaſt, and prompts him to aſpire;
Wakes him to Actions of ſuperior Kind,
And keeps alive the Faculties of Mind;
For Sloth begets a Lethargy of Soul,
As Want of Motion taints the cleareſt Pool:
Yet, if, too fond and covetous of Fame,
We blow that native Spark into a Flame,
It quickly riſes to a fiery Storm,
And burns the Fabric 'twas deſign'd to warm.
What Bands of Nature can reſtrain its Courſe?
What friendly Offices ſuppreſs its Force?
See how its Rage the young * *Numidian* fires,
The worſt of Children to the beſt of Sires!
Deep, thro' his Brother's Blood, he wades his Way,
And leaps o'er *Gratitude* to *Regal Sway*.

* JUGURTHA.

Young

Young CÆSAR's *Tutor* by his *Pupil* dies,
While TULLY falls by him he help'd to riſe;
Friends, *Fathers*, *Brothers*, *Uncles*, yield to Fate,
To make three *Tyrants* infamouſly great!

O! grant me, gracious Heav'n, where-e'er I go,
To be a faithful Friend, or gen'rous Foe;
Nor let me pant ſo much for empty Praiſe,
As to obtain it by diſhoneſt Ways;
Nor wrong my Friend, tho' 'twere to gain a Throne;
Nor ruin others Fame to raiſe my own.

HE who is only learn'd in Books, will find
A harder Leſſon, when he learns Mankind;
A Volume gilded o'er with ſmiling Art,
Where few can read the Meaning of the Heart.
We often take our Flatterers for Friends;
One would ſuſpect the Man who ſtill commends;
Who, like the Sharper in the *Roman* Play,
Or right or wrong, aſſents to all you ſay;
Bends here or there, which way his Lord's inclin'd,
As Reeds ſubmit to ev'ry diff'rent Wind.
Nor is it ſtrange ſuch Paraſites prevail,
When greedy Ears devour the flatt'ring Tale:

While

While THRASO loves to hear his Praiſes told,
GNATHO will *give* him *Praiſe*, and *take* his *Gold*.
But you, who walk by Wiſdom's ſafer Rules,
(For 'twere but Labour loſt to counſel Fools)
Deteſt the Wretch, who ne'er can Courage find
To ſpeak the genuine Dictates of his Mind;
But, like the *Syrens* ſweet, pernicious Song,
At once would charm and ruin with his Tongue.

YET ſome there are, in ſocial Bands ally'd,
Who, with blunt Truths, err on the other Side;
Void of Good-nature, and Good-breeding too,
They ſourly cenſure every Thing you do.
O! never flatter ev'n a Monarch's Pride,
Nor, with the Sternneſs of a *Cynic*, chide;
But, when you would an erring Friend reprove,
Let gentle Cautions ſhew, the Motive's Love:
Do not begin with Raſhneſs to exclaim;
But rather hint the Fault, before you blame.
'Tis not enough your Admonition's juſt;
Prudence muſt guide it, or the Labour's loſt:
Friends ſhould allure, and charm us into Senſe:
Harſh Counſels not reform, but give Offence.

Nature,

Nature, impatient of ſevere Reproof,
Loves mild Inſtruction, but abhors the rough:
As Fruits and Flow'rs improve with gentle Rain:
But fade, if rapid Storms o'erflow the Plain.

SOME Men are Friends, when Fortune fills the Sails,
And wafts you on with favourable Gales;
But quit the tott'ring Ship, and make the Shore,
When Storms deſcend, and adverſe Surges roar.
Long as in *Credit*, *Pow'r*, or *Place* you ſtand,
Their fawning, formal Friendſhip you command:
With twenty *Squeezes*, and a hundred *Bows*,
As many *Compliments*, as many *Vows*,
They ſwear your Intereſt ſhall be their own,
And wiſh the Time to make it better known;
Like falſe hot Courſers, waiting for the Chace,
Which foam, and neigh, and proudly ſpurn the Graſs,
Intent to run; but droop their jaded Creſt,
And fail you moſt, when moſt you want their Haſte.

WE make a Proſtitute of *Friendſhip's* Name,
If only *Complaiſance* ſupports our Claim.
And yet there are, of this polite Degree,
Who treat you ſtill with *forc'd Civility*;

In

In each obliging Art ſo well refin'd,
Tho' ever falſe, they never ſeem unkind.
Not that my Muſe would Decency offend;
For 'tis Good-breeding poliſhes a Friend:
Nor ſhines it leſs, with *Truth* and *Virtue* join'd,
Than comely Features with a noble Mind:
But thoſe, whoſe Friendſhips moſt in Speeches dwell,
Neglect the Fruit, and trifle with the Shell.
True Friendſhip more intrinſic Worth affords,
Defin'd by Actions better than by Words;
A warm Affection, that can never cool,
Concord of Mind, and Muſic of the Soul;
Which tunes the jarring Strings of Life to Love,
Shews Men below, how Angels live above.
There are in Friendſhip ſuch attractive Charms,
It draws Eſteem from thoſe it never warms.
See how * PACUVIUS' tragic Scenes could move
The People's Praiſes with fictitious Love!

* *Qui clamores tota cavea nuper in hoſpitis & amici mei M. Pacuvii nova fabula, cum, ignorante rege, uter eorum eſſet Oreſtes, Pylades Oreſtem ſe eſſe diceret, ut pro illo necaretur; Oreſtes autem, ita ut erat, Oreſtem ſe eſſe perſeveraret? Stantes plaudebant in re ficta: quid arbitramur in vera fuiſſe facturos?* Cic. de Amic. §. 7.

When

When on the Stage two doubtful Princes ſtrive,
Each ſeeking Death, to keep his Friend alive:
Now PYLADES deceives the Monarch's Eye;
Faithful, yet fraudulent, reſolves to die:
ORESTES now diſplays the friendly Cheat,
Invites the threat'ning Sword, and courts his Fate.
Mov'd with their gen'rous Love, the Audience roſe;
With ſocial Flame each changing Boſom glows;
All feel the ſacred Pow'r of Friendſhip's Laws,
And the Stage rocks, and thunders with Applauſe.

I know the Muſe may give to ſome Offence,
(Tho' rather Men of Wit, than Men of Senſe)
Whoſe Counſel is; "Be not engag'd too far;
"The greateſt Friendſhip brings the greateſt Care:
"Our own Concerns have Plagues enough in Store;
"Who joins in Friendſhip, only makes 'em more:
"The Cares and Troubles, which your Friend endures,
"Are all by Sympathy adopted your's."

WHAT baſe, ungen'rous, ſelfiſh Souls are theſe?
Mere Quacks, who turn ev'n Health into Diſeaſe;
And but the darkeſt Side of Friendſhip find,
To all its radiant Beams and Beauties blind.

Two

Two faithful Friends, in any State, may gain
Comfort to heighten Joy, or leſſen Pain:
If weighty Cares the penſive Mind invade,
They make the Burden light with mutual Aid;
If Profit, or if Pleaſure chears the Soul,
The Bleſſings common, each enjoys the Whole:
If Buſineſs calls them to ſome diſtant Place,
Swift-pinion'd Love contracts the lengthen'd Space;
Each keeps the other's Image in his Breaſt,
As Wax preſerves the Form a Seal impreſt.

HAIL, ſacred *Friendſhip*! by whoſe chearing Ray
All Joys increaſe, without it fade away:
Ev'n HYMEN's *Torch*, tho' burning e'er ſo bright,
Aided by *Friendſhip*, ſhines with double Light.
This you, O CELIA! by Experience find,
Whoſe *nuptial Friend* lives always in your Mind:
No Length of Time, no Diſtance, ever raz'd
His lovely Idea from your tender Breaſt:
Your friendly Flame admits of no Decays,
But glows, unclouded, with augmented Rays,
And makes your bridal Lamp much brighter blaze.
That faint, pale, languid Lamp, in Age, expires;
Except 'tis fed with Friendſhip's conſtant Fires:

Theſe

Theſe to the *Winter* of our Years extend;
And, when the *Lover* cools, they warm the *Friend*.
When all the tranſient *Joys* of Youth are o'er,
When all the *Charms* of Beauty *charm* no more;
Surviving *Friendſhip* gives us freſh Supplies
Of laſting Bliſs, and more ſubſtantial Joys;
Which ſweeten all the Troubles Age has brought,
And make the Dregs of Life a cordial Draught.

An ODE, *preſented to their Royal Highneſſes the* Prince *and* Princeſs *of* WALES, *in* Richmond Gardens, *on* Thurſday, May 6. 1736.

YE Muſes, hail the Royal Dame,
Whoſe Charms Report excel;
Charms, brighter far than ſounding Fame
With *all her Tongues*, could tell.

O glorious PRINCE! *Britannia's* Pride,
Welcome to *Richmond Seats*,
Where *Nature*, proud to pleaſe your BRIDE,
Diſplays her choiceſt Sweets.

See!

See! fragrant Beauties deck the Green,
The Branches bloom Delight;
Gay FLORA paints the verdant Scene,
To charm your Conſort's Sight.

Hear! how the feather'd warbling Throng
Congratulate your FAIR!
Not more melodious was their Song
To the *firſt wedded Pair.*

That *Pair*, in *Eden*, ne'er repos'd
Where Groves more lovely grew;
Thoſe Groves, in *Eden*, ne'er inclos'd
A lovelier PAIR, than YOU.

YOU! happier than the former *Two*,
Have nobler Tasks aſſign'd:
'Twas *Theirs* to *curſe* the World; but YOU
Were born to *bleſs* Mankind.

FINIS.

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