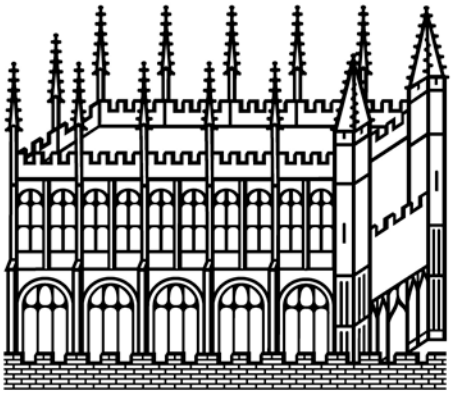

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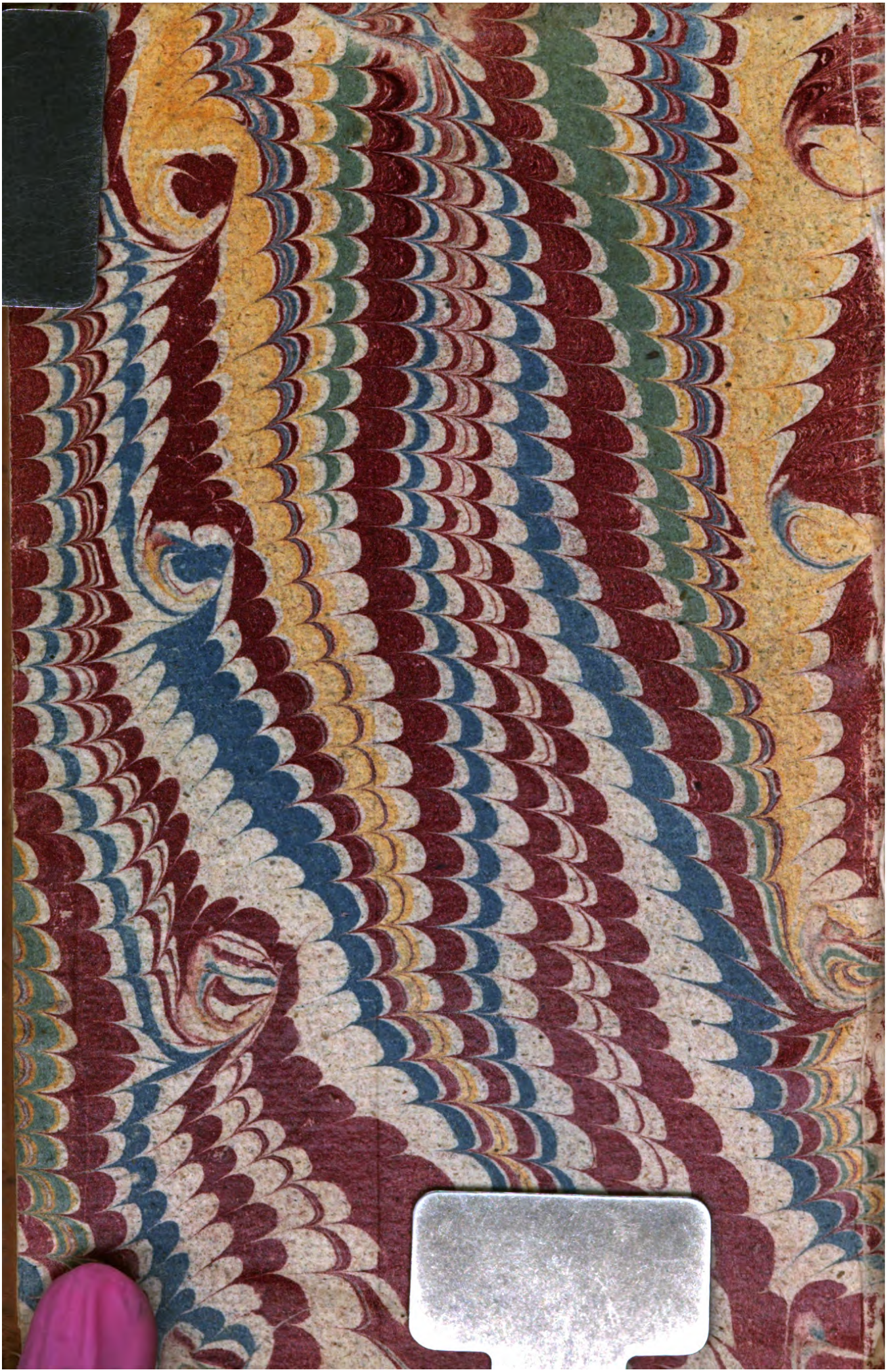



Bb. from Mr. R. W. Chapman

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A

COLLECTION of POEMS.

VOL. I.

A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS

IN SIX VOLUMES.

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.



LONDON: Printed by J. Hughs,
For J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.
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THE intent of the following Volumes is to preſerve to the Public thoſe poetical performances, which ſeemed to merit a longer remembrance than what would probably be ſecured to them by the MANNER wherein they were originally publiſhed. This deſign was firſt ſuggeſted to the Editor, as it was afterwards conducted, by the opinions of ſome Gentlemen, whoſe names it would do him the higheſt honour to mention. He deſires in this place alſo to make his acknowledgments to the Authors of ſeveral pieces inſerted in theſe Volumes, which were never before in print; and which, he is perſuaded, would be thought to add credit to the moſt judicious collection of this kind in our language. He hath nothing farther to premiſe, but that the Reader muſt not expect to be

pleaſed with every particular poem which is here preſented to him. It is impoſſible to furniſh out an entertainment of this nature, where every part ſhall be reliſhed by every gueſt: it will be ſufficient, if nothing is ſet before him, but what has been approved by thoſe of the moſt acknowledged taſte.

ON



ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE, A POEM.

To the LORD PRIVY-SEAL,

By Mr. TICKELL.

— — — — — — — — *Sacerdos*
Fronde ſuper MITRAM, *et fælici comptus olivâ.* VIRG.

COntending kings, and fields of death, too long
Have been the ſubject of the Britiſh ſong.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramilia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube choak'd with ſlain?
Exhauſted themes! A gentler note I raiſe,
And ſing returning Peace in ſofter lays.

Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the ſylvan ſhade.
Diſbanding hoſts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring pow'rs in friendly leagues combin'd;
While eaſe and pleaſure make the nations ſmile,
And heav'n and ANNA bleſs Britannia's iſle.
Well ſends our Queen her mitred BRISTOL forth,
For early counſels fam'd, and long-try'd worth,
Who, thirty rolling years, had oft with-held
The Suede and Saxon from the duſty field;
Compleatly form'd, to heal the Chriſtian wounds,
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds;
The face of ravag'd nature to repair,
By leagues to ſoften earth, and heav'n by pray'r;
To gain by love, where rage and ſlaughter fail,
And make the croſier o'er the ſword prevail.
So when great Moſes, with JEHOVAH's wand,
Had ſcatter'd plagues o'er ſtubborn Pharaoh's land,
Now ſpread an hoſt of locuſts round the ſhore,
Now turn'd Nile's fatt'ning ſtreams to putrid gore;
Plenty and gladneſs mark'd the prieſt of God,
And ſudden almonds ſhot from Aaron's rod.
O thou, from whom theſe bounteous bleſſings flow,
To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,
(For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
To ſtile companion, and to make their friend,
Great STRAFFORD, rich in every courtly grace,
With joyful pride accepts the ſecond place,)

From Britain's iſle, and Iſis' ſacred ſpring
One hour, oh! liſten while the Muſes ſing.
Though miniſters of mighty monarchs wait,
With beating hearts, to learn their maſter's fate,
One hour forbear to ſpeak thy Queen's commands,
Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected ſtands;
The bliſsful proſpects, in my verſe diſplay'd,
May lure the ſtubborn, the deceiv'd perſuade,
Ev'n thou to peace ſhalt ſpeedier urge the way,
And more be haſten'd by this ſhort delay.
The haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'erthrown,
Now ceas'd to think the weſtern world his own.
Oft had he mourn'd his boaſting leaders bound,
And his proud bulwarks ſmoaking on the ground;
In vain with pow'rs renew'd he fill'd the plain,
Made tim'rous vows, and brib'd the ſaints in vain;
As oft his legions did the fight decline,
Lurk'd in the trench, and ſkulk'd behind the line.
Before his eyes the fancy'd javelin gleams;
At feaſts he ſtarts, and ſeems dethron'd in dreams;
On glory paſt reflects with ſecret pain,
On mines exhauſted, and on millions ſlain.
To Britain's Queen the ſcepter'd ſuppliant bends,
To her his crowns and infant race commends,
Who grieves her fame with chriſtian blood to buy,
Nor aſks for glory at a price ſo high.
At her decree the war ſuſpended ſtands,
And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands:

Their open brows no threat'ning frowns diſguiſe,
But gentler paſſions ſparkle in their eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,
Doubt if they're thoſe, whom dreadful to the view
In forms ſo fierce their fearful fancies drew,
At whoſe dire names ten thouſand widows preſs'd
Their helpleſs orphans clinging to the breaſt.
In ſilent rapture each his foe ſurveys,
They vow firm friendſhip, and give mutual praiſe.
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are ſecret friends,
Their gen'rous diſcord with the battle ends;
In peace they wonder whence diſſention roſe,
And aſk how ſouls ſo like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly ſhouts rebound,
And ſocial clarions mix their ſprightly ſound;
The Britiſh flags are furl'd, her troops diſband,
And ſcatter'd armies ſeek their native land.
The hardy veteran, proud of many a ſcar,
The manly charms and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to ſhare his friend's illuſtrious doom,
And in the battle find a ſoldier's tomb,
Leans on his ſpear to take his farewel view,
And ſighing bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous fair, receive the brave with ſmiles,
O'erpay their ſleepleſs nights, and crown their toils;
Soft beauty is the gallant ſoldier's due,
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.

In vain proud Gaul with boaſtful Spain conſpires,
When Engliſh valour Engliſh beauty fires;
The nations dread your eyes, and kings deſpair
Of chiefs ſo brave, 'till they have nymphs ſo fair.
  See the fond wife, in tears of tranſport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound;
Hangs on the lips, that fields of blood relate,
And ſmiles and trembles, at his various fate.
Near the full bowl he draws the fancied line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then ſets th' inveſted fort before her eyes,
And mines that whirl'd battalions to the ſkies;
His little liſt'ning progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.
  Such dire atchievements ſings the bard that tells
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic ſpells;
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,
And cleave a giant at a random blow;
Slay panyms vile, that force the fair; and tame
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.
  Our eager youth to diſtant nations run,
To viſit fields their valiant fathers won;
From Flandria's ſhore their country's fame they trace,
'Till far Germania ſhews her blaſted face.
Th' exulting Briton aſks his mournful guide,
Where his hard fate the loſt Bavaria try'd;
Where Stepney grav'd the ſtone to Anna's fame:
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name;

Here fled the Houſhold, there did Tallard yield,
Here Marlb'rough turn'd the fortune of the field;
On thoſe ſteep banks, near Danube's raging flood,
The Gauls thrice ſtarted back, and trembling ſtood;
When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they ſtood not long,
But plung'd amidſt the waves, a deſp'rate throng;
Crowds whelm'd on crowds daſh'd wide the watry bed,
And drove the current to its diſtant head.

As when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands,
A warlike courſer on the canvaſs ſtands,
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
Or ſet young Ammon on the Granic ſhore;
If chance a gen'rous ſteed the work behold,
He ſnorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold:
So, Hocſtet ſeen, tumultuous paſſions roll,
And hints of glory fire the Briton's ſoul;
In fancy'd fights he ſees the troops engage,
And all the tempeſt of the battle rage.

Charm me, ye pow'rs, with ſcenes leſs nobly bright,
Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious Muſe delight,
Content to ſee the horrors of the field
By plough-ſhares levell'd, or in flow'rs conceal'd.
O'er ſhatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And graſs luxuriant cloath the harmleſs mine,
Tame flocks aſcend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the baſtion, now a fruitful ground;
While ſhepherds ſleep, along the rampart laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable ſhade.

Who was the man, (Oblivion blaſt his name,
Torn out and blotted from the liſt of fame !)
Who, fond of lawleſs rule, and proudly brave,
Firſt ſunk the filial ſubject to a ſlave ;
His neighbour's realms by frauds un-kingly gain'd,
In guiltleſs blood the ſacred ermine ſtain'd ;
Laid ſchemes fordeath, toſlaughter turn'd his heart,
And fitted murder to the rules of art !
Ah ! curs'd ambition, to thy lures we owe
All the great ills that mortals bear below.
Curs'd by the hind, when to the ſpoil he yields
His year's whole ſweat and vainly-ripen'd fields ;
Curs'd by the maid, torn from her lover's ſide,
When left a widow, though not yet a bride ;
By mothers curs'd, when floods of tears they ſhed,
And ſcatter uſeleſs roſes on the dead.
Oh ſacred BRISTOL ! then what dangers prove
The arts, thou ſmil'ſt on with paternal love ?
Then, mix'd with rubbiſh by the brutal foes,
In vain the marble breathes, the canvaſs glows ;
To ſhades obſcure the glitt'ring ſword purſues
The gentle Poet and defenceleſs Muſe.
A voice, like thine alone, might then aſſuage
The warrior's fury, and controul his rage ;
To hear thee ſpeak might the fierce Vandal ſtand,
And fling the brandiſh'd ſabre from his hand.
Far hence be driv'n to Scythia's ſtormy ſhore
The drum's harſh muſic, and the cannon's roar ;

Let grim Bellona haunt the lawleſs plain,
Where Tartar-clans and griſly Coſſacs reign ;
Let the ſteel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,
See virgins raviſh'd with relentleſs eyes ;
To death grey heads and ſmiling infants doom,
Nor ſpare the promiſe of the pregnant womb ;
O'er waſted kingdoms ſpread his wide command,
The ſavage lord of an unpeopled land.
Her guiltleſs glory juſt Britannia draws
From pure religion, and impartial laws :
To Europe's wounds a mother's aid ſhe brings,
And holds in equal ſcales the rival kings :
Her gen'rous ſons in choiceſt gifts abound,
Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.
As when ſweet Venus, (ſo the fable ſings)
Awak'd by Nereids, from the Ocean ſprings ;
With ſmiles ſhe ſees the threat'ning billows riſe,
Spreads ſmooth the ſurge, and clears the louring ſkies ;
Light, o'er the deep, with flutt'ring Cupids crown'd,
The pearly couch and ſilver turtles bound ;
Her treſſes ſhed ambroſial odours round.
Amidſt the world of waves ſo ſtands ſerene
Britannia's iſle, the Ocean's ſtately queen ;
In vain the nations have conſpir'd her fall,
Her trench the ſea, and fleets her floating wall ;
Defenceleſs barks, her powerful navy near,
Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.

What bold invader, or what land oppreſs'd,
Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redreſs'd ?
Say, where have e'er her union-croſſes ſail'd,
But much her arms, her juſtice more prevail'd ?
Her labours are to plead th' Almighty's cauſe,
Her pride to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws :
Who conquers, wins by brutal ſtrength the prize ;
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.

Have we forgot, how from great Ruſſia's throne
The king, whoſe pow'r half Europe's regions own,
Whoſe ſcepter waving, with one ſhout ruſh forth
In ſwarms the harneſs'd millions of the north ;
Through realms of ice purſu'd his tedious way,
To court our friendſhip, and our fame ſurvey !
Hence the rich prize of uſeful arts he bore,
And round his empire ſpread the learned ſtore,
('T' adorn old realms is more than new to raiſe,
His country's parent is a monarch's praiſe.)
His bands now march in juſt array to war,
And Caſpian gulfs unuſual navies bear ;
With Runic lays Smolenſko's foreſts ring,
And wond'ring Volga hears the Muſes ſing.
Did not the painted kings of India greet
Our Queen, and lay their ſcepters at her feet ?
Chiefs who full bowls of hoſtile blood had quaff'd,
Fam'd for the javelin, and invenom'd ſhaft ;
Whoſe haughty brows made ſavages adore,
Nor bow'd to leſs than ſtars, or ſun before :

Her

Her pitying ſmile accepts their ſuppliant claim,
And adds four monarchs to the Chriſtian name.
Bleſt uſe of pow'r ! O virtuous pride in kings !
And like his bounty, whence dominion ſprings !
Which o'er new worlds makes heaven's indulgence ſhine,
And ranges myriads under laws divine !
Well bought with all that thoſe ſweet regions hold,
With groves of ſpices, and with mines of gold.
Fearleſs our merchant now purſues his gain,
And roams ſecurely o'er the boundleſs main.
Now o'er his head the polar bear he ſpies,
And freezing ſpangles of the Lapland ſkies ;
Now ſwells his canvaſs to the ſultry line,
With glitt'ring ſpoils where Indian grottoes ſhine ;
Where fumes of incenſe glad the ſouthern ſeas,
And wafted citron ſcents the balmy breeze.
Here nearer ſuns prepare the rip'ning gem,
To grace great ANNE's imperial diadem ;
And here the ore, whoſe melted maſs ſhall yield
On faithful coins each memorable field ;
Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,
May clear diſputes, and teach the time to come.
In circling beams ſhall godlike ANNA glow,
And Churchill's ſword hang o'er the proſtrate foe ;
In comely wounds ſhall bleeding worthies ſtand,
Webb's firm platoon, and Lumly's faithful band !
Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies dreſs'd,
And Campbell's dragon on his dauntleſs breaſt ;

Great

Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's ſpoils enroll'd,
And Guiſcard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.
And if the Muſe, O Bristol, might decree,
Here Granville noted by the lyre ſhould be,
The lyre for Granville, and the croſs for thee.
Such are the honours grateful Britain pays
So patriots merit, and ſo monarchs praiſe.
O'er diſtant times ſuch records ſhall prevail,
When Engliſh numbers, antiquated, fail:
A trifling ſong the Muſe can only yield,
And ſooth her ſoldiers panting from the field;
To ſweet retirements ſee them ſafe convey'd,
And raiſe their battles in the rural ſhade.
From fields of death to Woodſtock's peaceful glooms
(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes——
Begin, my Muſe, and ſoftly touch the ſtring:
Here Henry lov'd; and Chaucer learn'd to ſing.
Hail fabled grotto! hail Elyſian ſoil!
Thou faireſt ſpot of fair Britannia's iſle!
Where kings of old conceal'd forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to ſhine unknown;
Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,
And Henry's bow'rs near Blenheim's dome appear;
The weary'd champion lull in ſoft alcoves,
The nobleſt boaſt of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the Muſe preſage, ſhall he be ſeen
By Roſamonda fleeting o'er the green,

In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty ſhades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades :
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name ſhall bound,
And hill to hill reflect the favourite ſound.
Here, here at leaſt thy love for arms give o'er,
Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wiſh for more.
Vice of great ſouls alone! O thirſt of fame!
The Muſe admires it, while ſhe ſtrives to blame ;
Thy toils be now to chaſe the bounding deer,
Or view the courſers ſtretch in wild career ;
This lovely ſcene ſhall ſooth thy ſoul to reſt,
And wear each dreadful image from thy breaſt ;
With pleaſure, by thy conqueſts ſhalt thou ſee
Thy Queen triumphant, and all Europe free ;
No cares henceforth ſhall thy repoſe deſtroy,
But what thou giv'ſt the world, thyſelf enjoy.
Sweet ſolitude! when life's gay hours are paſt,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at laſt ;
Toſs'd through tempeſtuous ſeas (the voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and bleſs the friendly ſhore.
Our own ſtrict judges, our paſt life we ſcan,
And aſk if glory hath enlarg'd the ſpan ;
If bright the proſpect, we the grave defy,
Truſt future ages, and contented die.
When ſtrangers from far-diſtant climes ſhall come,
To view the pomp of this triumphant dome ;
Where rear'd aloft diſſembled trophies ſtand,
And breathing labours of the ſculptor's hand,

Where Kneller's art ſhall paint the flying Gaul,
And Bourbon's woes ſhall fill the ſtory'd wall
Heirs of thy blood ſhall o'er their bounteous board
Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental ſword;
Banners, that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gaſping Gauls.
Fair dames ſhall oft, with curious eye, explore
The coſtly robes that ſlaughter'd gen'rals wore,
Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,
(Heſperian nuns the gorgeous broid'ry wrought)
Belts ſtiff with gold, the Boian horſeman's pride,
And Gaul's fair flow'rs, in human crimſon dy'd.
Of Churchill's race perhaps ſome lovely boy
Shall mark the burniſh'd ſteel that hangs on high;
Shall gaze tranſported on its glitt'ring charms,
And reach it ſtruggling with unequal arms;
By ſigns the drum's tumultuous ſound requeſt,
Then ſeek, in ſtarts, the huſhing mother's breaſt.
So, in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the ſoft Paphian dame,
The little loves in ſport the faulchion wield,
Or join their ſtrength to heave his pond'rous ſhield;
One ſtrokes the plume in Tityon's gore embru'd,
And one the ſpear, that reeks in Typhon's blood;
Another's infant brows the helm ſuſtain,
He nods his creſt, and frights the ſhrieking train.
Thus, the rude tempeſt of the field o'er-blown,
Shall whiter rounds of ſmiling years roll on:

Our victors, bleſt in peace, forget their wars,
Enjoy paſt dangers, and abſolve the ſtars.
But oh! what ſorrows ſhall bedew your urns,
Ye honour'd ſhades, whom widow'd Albion mourns?
If your thin forms yet diſcontented moan,
And haunt the mangled manſions once your own;
Behold what flow'rs the pious Muſes ſtrow,
And tears, which in the midſt of triumph flow;
Cypreſs and bays your envy'd brows ſurround,
Your names the tender matron's heart ſhall wound,
And the ſoft maid grow penſive at the ſound.
Accept, great ANNE, the tears their mem'ry draws,
Who nobly periſh'd in their ſov'reign's cauſe:
For thou in pity bid'ſt the war give o'er,
Mourn'ſt thy ſlain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
Vaſt price of blood on each victorious day!
(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)
Lamented triumphs! when one breath muſt tell
That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell,
Great Queen! whoſe name ſtrikes haughty monarchs pale,
On whoſe juſt ſcepter hangs Europa's ſcale;
Whoſe arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,
On whoſe decree the nations anxious wait;
From Albion's cliffs thy wide extended hand
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command,
So vaſt a tract whoſe wide domain ſhall run,
Its circling ſkies ſhall ſee no ſetting ſun.
Thee, thee an hundred languages ſhall claim,
And ſavage Indians ſwear by ANNA's name;

The line and poles ſhall own thy rightful ſway,
And thy commands the ſever'd globe obey.
Round the vaſt ball thy new dominions chain
The wat'ry kingdoms, and controul the main;
Magellan's ſtreights to Gibraltar they join,
Acroſs the ſeas a formidable line;
The ſight of adverſe Gaul we fear no more,
But pleas'd ſee Dunkirk, now a guiltleſs ſhore.
In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
And meant his waters for Britannia's bound;
Her giant Genius takes a mighty ſtride,
And ſets his foot beyond th' incroaching tide;
On either bank the land its maſter knows,
And in the midſt the ſubject ocean flows.
So near proud Rhodes, acroſs the raging flood,
Stupendous form! the vaſt Coloſſus ſtood,
(While at one foot their thronging gallies ride,
A whole hour's ſail ſcarce reach the farther ſide)
Betwixt his brazen thighs, in looſe array,
Ten thouſand ſtreamers on the billows play.
By HARLEY's counſels Dunkirk now reſtor'd
To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord.
In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
Rich in the blood which ſwell'd that patriot's veins,
Who boldly faithful met his ſov'reign's frown,
And ſcorn'd for gold to yield th' important town.
His ſon was born the raviſh'd prey to claim,
And France ſtill trembles at an Harley's name.

A fort ſo dreadful to our Engliſh ſhore,
Our fleets ſcarce fear'd the ſands or tempeſts more,
Whoſe vaſt expences to ſuch ſums amount,
That the tax'd Gaul ſcarce furniſh'd out th' account:
Whoſe walls ſuch bulwarks, ſuch vaſt tow'rs reſtrain,
Its weakeſt ramparts are the rocks and main;
His boaſt great Louis yields, and cheaply buys
Thy friendſhip, Anna, with the mighty prize.
Holland repining and in grief caſt down,
Sees the new glories of the Britiſh crown:
Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
Nor foes more dreadful than the Gauls invite,
Soon may they hold the olive, ſoon aſſuage
Their ſecret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage,
To rend their banks, and pour, at one command,
Thy realm the ſea o'er their precarious land.
Henceforth be thine, vice-gerent of the ſkies,
Scorn'd worth to raiſe, and vice in robes chaſtiſe;
To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
Chaſe the brib'd judge, and huſh the wordy war;
Deny the curs'd blaſphemer's tongue to rage,
And turn God's fury from an impious age.
Bleſt change! the ſoldier's late deſtroying hand
Shall rear new temples in his native land;
Miſtaken zealots ſhall with fear behold,
And beg admittance in our ſacred fold;
On her own works the pious Queen ſhall ſmile,
And turn her cares upon her fav'rite iſle.

So

So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
Array'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames,
He bears a tempeſt on his ſounding wings,
And his red arm the forky vengeance flings;
At length, heav'n's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war,
To roll his orb, and guide his deſtin'd ſtar,
To ſhed kind fate, and lucky hours beſtow,
And ſmile propitious on the world below.
Around thy throne ſhall faithful nobles wait,
Theſe guard the church, and thoſe direct the ſtate.
To BRISTOL, graceful in maternal tears,
The church her tow'ry forehead gently rears,
She begs her pious ſon t' aſſert her cauſe,
Defend her rights, and reinforce her laws,
With holy zeal the ſacred work begin,
To bend the ſtubborn, and the meek to win.
Our OXFORD's earl in careful thought ſhall ſtand,
To raiſe his Queen, and ſave a ſinking land.
The wealthieſt glebe to rav'nous Spaniards known
He marks, and makes the golden world our own:
Content with hands unſoil'd to guard the prize,
And keep the ſtore with undeſiring eyes.
So round the tree, that bore Heſperian gold,
The ſacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,
His eyes up-rearing to th' untaſted prey,
The ſleepleſs guardian waſted life away.
Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
Her ancient pride ſhall every art renew;

(The arts with you, fam'd HARCOURT, ſhall defend,
And courtly BOLINGBROKE, the Muſe's friend)
With piercing eye ſome ſearch where nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darkſome maze;
Whence health from herbs; from ſeeds how groves begun,
How vital ſtreams in circling eddies run.
Some teach, why round the ſun the ſpheres advance,
In the fix'd meaſures of their myſtic dance:
How tides, when heav'd by preſſing moons, o'erflow,
And ſun-born Iris paints her ſhow'ry bow.
In happy chains our daring language bound,
Shall ſport no more in arbitrary ſound,
But buſkin'd bards henceforth ſhall wiſely rage,
And Grecian plans reform Britannia's ſtage:
'Till Congreve bids her ſmile, Auguſta ſtands,
And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands:
Britain's Spectators ſhall their ſtrength combine,
To mend our morals, and our taſte refine,
Fight virtue's cauſe, ſtand up in wit's defence,
Win us from vice, and laugh us into ſenſe.
Nor, Prior, haſt thou huſh'd the trump in vain,
Thy lyre ſhall now revive her mirthful ſtrain,
New tales ſhall now be told; if right I ſee,
The ſoul of Chaucer is reſtor'd in thee.
Garth, in majeſtic numbers, to the ſtars
Shall raiſe mock-heroes, and fantaſtic wars;
Like the young ſpreading laurel, Pope, thy name
Shoots up with ſtrength, and riſes into fame;

With Phillips ſhall the peaceful vallies ring,
And Britain hear a ſecond Spenſer ſing;
That much-lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's walls confine,
To BRISTOL's praiſes ſhall his STRAFFORD's join:
He too, from whom attentive OXFORD draws
Rules for juſt thinking, and poetic laws,
To growing bards his learned aid ſhall ſend,
The ſtricteſt critic, and the kindeſt friend.
Ev'n mine, a baſhful Muſe, whoſe rude eſſays
Scarce hope for pardon, not aſpire to praiſe,
Cheriſh'd by you, in time may grow to fame,
And mine ſurvive with BRISTOL's glorious name.
Fir'd with the views this glitt'ring ſcene diſplays,
And ſmit with paſſion for my country's praiſe,
My artleſs reed attempts this lofty theme,
Where ſacred Iſis rolls her ancient ſtream;
In cloyſter'd domes, the great Philippa's pride,
Where learning blooms, while fame and worth preſide,
Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,
And Edward form'd his Creſſy, yet unfought;
Where laurel'd bards have ſtruck the warbling ſtrings,
The ſeat of ſages, and the nurſe of kings.
Here thy commands, O Lancaſter, inflame
My eager breaſt to raiſe the Britiſh name;
Urge on my ſoul, with no ignoble pride,
To woo the Muſe whom Addiſon enjoy'd;
See that bold ſwan to heav'n ſublimely ſoar,
Purſue at diſtance, and his ſteps adore.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

EARL of WARWICK, &c.

On the Death of Mr. ADDISON.

By the Same.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muſe hath ſtaid,
And left her debt to Addiſon unpaid;
Blame not her ſilence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my boſom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verſe, that real woe inſpires:
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the diſmal night, that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for-ever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the manſions of the dead,
Through breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the ſlow ſolemn knell inſpire;
The pealing organ, and the pauſing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the laſt words, that duſt to duſt convey'd!
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe tears, thou dear departed friend,

Oh

Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And ſleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu!
To ſtrew freſh laurels, let the taſk be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy ſacred ſhrine;
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtis'd by thee.
Oft let me range the gloomy iſles alone,
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And ſaints, who taught, and led the way to heaven.
Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit, or more welcome ſhade.
In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind?

 A winged

A winged virtue, through th' etherial ſky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly,
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold ſeraphs tell,
How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell?
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill eſſay'd below?
Or doſt thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A taſk well ſuited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if ſometimes thy ſpotleſs form deſcend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When age miſguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain diſtreſſes, or when pleaſure charms,
In ſilent whiſp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
'Till bliſs ſhall join, nor death can part us more.
That aweful form (which, ſo the heav'ns decree,
Muſt ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill deplor'd by me)
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If buſineſs calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemiſh'd ſtateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſooth my care,
I meet his ſoul which breathes in Cato there;
If penſive to the rural ſhades I rove,
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:

'Twas

'Twas there of juſt and good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truths, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong ;
There patient ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſincere ;
There taught us how to live ; and (oh ! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the ſudden tears !
How ſweet were once thy proſpects freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks, and unpolluted air !
How ſweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide ſhadow, and the evening breeze !
His image thy forſaken bowers reſtore ;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more ;
No more the ſummer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day ſhade.
From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muſe's art I found ;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to ſing ;
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence they attempt to mourn.
Oh ! muſt I then (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addiſon ſucceeds)
The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong !

Theſe words divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring ſage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues: each other's boaſt! farewel.
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

By the Same.

I.

OF Leinſter fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect a fairer face;

II.

'Till luckleſs love and pining care
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her dainty lip, her damaſk cheek,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

III. Ah!

III.

Ah! have you ſeen a lily pale
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd this ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

IV.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye flatt'ring ſwains, beware!

V.

Three times all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, ſhrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.

VI.

Full well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn-boding ſound,
And thus in dying words beſpoke
The virgins weeping round.

VII.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
"That cries, I muſt not ſtay;
"I ſee a hand you cannot ſee,
"That beckons me away.

VIII.

" Of a falſe ſwain, and broken heart,
" In early youth I die ;
" Am I to blame, becauſe the bride
" Is twice as rich as I ?

IX.

" Ah, COLIN, give not her thy vows,
" Vows due to me alone !
" Nor thou, raſh girl, receive his kiſs,
" Nor think him all thy own !

X.

" To-morrow in the church to wed
" Impatient both prepare :
" But know, falſe man, and know, fond maid,
" Poor LUCY will be there.

XI.

" Then bear my corſe, ye comrades dear,
" The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
" He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
" I in my winding-ſheet."

XII.

She ſpake, ſhe dy'd, her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.

XIII.

What then were COLIN's dreadful thoughts ;
How were theſe nuptials kept ?
The bride-men flock'd round LUCY dead,
And all the village wept.

XIV.

Compaſſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell :
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He groan'd, he ſhook, he fell.

XV.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
The varying crimſon fled ;
When, ſtretch'd beſide her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her lover dead.

XVI.

He to his LUCY's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
In the ſame mould, beneath one ſod,
For-ever now remains.

XVII.

Oft at this place the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen ;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots
They deck the ſacred green.

XVIII.

But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ground forbear!
Remember COLIN's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

AN

IMITATION

OF THE

PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

From HORACE, Book III. Ode XXV.

Dicam inſigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio. Non ſecus in jugis
Exſomnis ſtupet Evias,
Hebrum proſpiciens, & nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
Luſtratam Rhodopen.——HOR.

By the Same.

AS Mar his round one morning took,
(Whom ſome call earl, and ſome call duke)
And his new brethren of the blade,
Shiv'ring with fear and froſt, ſurvey'd,

On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to ſpy
An aged wizard ſix foot high,
With briſtled hair and viſage blighted,
Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd and ſecond-ſighted.
The grizly ſage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back ſo round,
Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of ſnow,
And into theſe tremendous ſpeeches
Broke forth the prophet without breeches.
Into what ills betray'd by thee,
This ancient kingdom do I ſee !
Her realms unpeopled and forlorn !
Wae's me ! that ever thou wert born !
Proud Engliſh loons (our clans o'ercome)
On Scottiſh pads ſhall amble home ;
I ſee them dreſs'd in bonnets blue,
(The ſpoils of thy rebellious crew)
I ſee the target caſt away,
And chequer'd plad become their prey,
The chequer'd plad to make a gown
For many a laſs in London town.
In vain the hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all their warlike geers,
The ſhield, the piſtol, durk, and dagger,
In which they daily wont to ſwagger;
And oft have ſally'd out to pillage
The hen-rooſts of ſome peaceful village,

Or, while their neighbours were aſleep,
Have carry'd off a low-land ſheep.
What boots thy high-born hoſt of beggars,
Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,
With popiſh cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians ?
And Forſter's troops of raggamuffins.
In vain thy lads around thee bandy
Inflam'd with bagpipe and with brandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the truſty,
With heart ſo true, and voice ſo ruſty,
(A loyal ſoul) thy troops affright,
While hoarſely he demands the fight ?
Do'ſt thou not gen'rous Ilay dread,
The braveſt hand, the wiſeſt head ?
Undaunted do'ſt thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athol ſheath'd in arms ?
Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From thanes and peers of high renown,
Fiery and young, and uncontrol'd,
With knights and ſquires, and barons bold,
(His noble houſhold-band) advances,
And on his milk-white courſer prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown ſwarthy in Iberian wars :
And Monroe kindled into rage
Sourly defies thee to engage ;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er ſo many,
And horſe to boot——if thou hadſt any.

But ſee Argyle with watchful eyes,
Lodg'd in his deep intrenchments lies!
Couch'd like a lion in thy way,
He waits to ſpring upon his prey;
While, like a herd of tim'rous deer,
Thy army ſhakes and pants with fear,
Led by their doughty gen'ral's ſkill,
From frith to frith, from hill to hill.
Is thus thy haughty promiſe paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didſt oaths and duty barter
For dukedom, gen'ralſhip, and garter?
Three moons thy Jemmy ſhall command,
With highland ſcepter in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth.
—— Then down ſhall fall the king of Perth.
'Tis ſo decreed: for GEORGE ſhall reign,
And traitors be forſworn in vain.
Heav'n ſhall for ever on him ſmile,
And bleſs him ſtill with an Argyle.
While thou, purſu'd by vengeful foes,
Condemn'd to barren rocks and ſnows,
And hinder'd paſſing Inverlocky,
Shalt burn thy clan, and curſe poor Jocky.

TO

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

At his COUNTRY SEAT.

By the Same.

TO Whitton's ſhades, and Hounſlow's airy plain,
Thou, Kneller, tak'ſt thy ſummer flights in vain,
In vain thy wiſh gives all thy rural hours
To the fair villa, and well-order'd bowers;
To court thy pencil early at thy gates,
Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;
The boaſtful Muſe, of others' fame ſo ſure,
Implores thy aid to make her own ſecure;
The great, the fair, and (if aught nobler be,
Aught more belov'd) the Arts ſolicit thee.
How can'ſt thou hope to fly the world, in vain
From Europe ſever'd by the circling main:
Sought by the kings of every diſtant land,
And every heroe worthy of thy hand?
Haſt thou forgot that mighty Bourbon fear'd
He ſtill was mortal, till thy draught appear'd;
That Coſmo choſe thy glowing form to place
Amidſt her maſters of the Lombard race?

See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns,
Her failing arts, forlorn Heſperia mourns;
While Britain wins each garland from her brow,
Her wit and freedom firſt, her painting now.
Let the faint copier, on old Tyber's ſhore,
(Nor mean the taſk) each breathing buſt explore,
Line after line with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace;
Vain care of parts; if, impotent of ſoul,
Th' induſtrious workman fails to warm the whole!
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
And a cold ſtatue ſtiffens in the frame.
Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid deny'd,
(The kindeſt miſtreſs and the ſureſt guide)
To catch a likeneſs at one piercing ſight,
And place the faireſt in the faireſt light.
Ere yet the pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on the palette lie the blended oyls,
Thy careleſs chalk has half atchiev'd thy art,
And her juſt image makes Cleora ſtart.
A mind that graſps the whole is rarely found,
Half learn'd, half painters, and half wits abound;
Few, like thy genius, at proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the ſame.
Such be thy life. O ſince the glorious rage
That fir'd thy youth, flames unſubdu'd by age;
Though wealth nor fame now touch thy fated mind,
Still tinge the canvaſs, bounteous to mankind.

Since after thee may riſe an impious line,
Coarſe manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on, 'till fate diſſolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art.

ON THE

Death of the Earl of CADOGAN.

By the Same.

OF Marlb'rough's captains and Eugenio's friends,
The laſt, CADOGAN to the grave deſcends:
Low lies each head whence Blenheim's glory ſprung,
The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who ſung.
From his cold corſe though every friend be fled,
Lo! Envy waits, that lover of the dead.
Thus did ſhe feign o'er Naſſau's herſe to mourn;
Thus wept inſiduous, Churchill, o'er thy urn;
To blaſt the living, gave the dead their due,
And wreaths, herſelf had tainted, trim'd anew.
Thou, yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,
And lead to war thy country's growing race,
Take every wiſh a Britiſh heart can frame,
Add palm to palm, and riſe from fame to fame.

An hour muſt come, when thou ſhalt hear with rage
Thyſelf traduc'd, and curſe a thankleſs age:
Nor yet for this decline the gen'rous ſtrife,
Theſe ills, brave man, ſhall quit thee with thy life;
Alive though ſtain'd by every abject ſlave,
Secure of fame, and juſtice in the grave.
Ah! no—when once the mortal yields to fate,
The blaſt of Fame's ſweet trumpet ſounds too late,
Too late to ſtay the ſpirit on its flight,
Or ſooth the new inhabitant of light;
Who hears regardleſs, while fond man, diſtreſs'd,
Hangs on the abſent, and laments the bleſt.
Farewel then fame, ill ſought through fields of blood,
Farewel unfaithful promiſer of good:
Thou muſic, warbling to the deafen'd ear!
Thou incenſe, waſted on the fun'ral bier!
Through life purſu'd in vain, by death obtain'd,
When aſk'd, deny'd us, and when given, diſdain'd.

AN

O D E

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the

EARL OF SUNDERLAND AT WINDSOR.

By the Same.

I.

THOU dome, where Edward firſt enroll'd
His red-croſs knights and barons bold,
Whoſe vacant ſeats, by virtue bought,
Ambitious emperors have ſought;
Where Britain's foremoſt names are found,
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
Who made the hoſtile nations moan,
Or brought a bleſſing on their own:

II.

Once more a ſon of SPENCER waits,
A name familiar to thy gates,
Sprung from the chief whoſe proweſs gain'd
The garter while thy founder reign'd.

He

He offer'd here his dinted ſhield,
The dread of Gauls in Creſſi's field,
Which in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

III.

Theſe ſeats our ſires, a hardy kind,
To the fierce ſons of war conſign'd,
The flow'r of chivalry, who drew
With ſinewy arm the ſtubborn yew;
Or with heav'd poll-axe clear'd the field;
Or who, in jouſts and tourneys ſkill'd,
Before their ladies' eyes renown'd,
Threw horſe and horſeman to the ground.

IV.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,
Our patriots in the liſt were join'd,
Nor only Warwick ſtain'd with blood,
Or Marlb'rongh near the Danube's flood,
Have in their crimſon croſſes glow'd;
But, on juſt law-givers beſtow'd,
Theſe emblems Cecil did inveſt,
And gleam'd on wiſe Godolphin's breaſt.

V.

So Greece, ere arts began to riſe,
Fix'd huge Orion in the ſkies,
And ſtern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
Beſpangled with a thouſand ſtars;

'Till letter'd Athens round the pole
Made gentler conſtellations roll,
In the blue heavens the * Lyre ſhe ſtrung,
And near the Maid the Balance hung.

VI.

Then, SPENCER, mount amid the band,
Where knights and kings promiſcuous ſtand.
What though the hero's flame repreſs'd
Burns calmly in thy generous breaſt;
Yet who more dauntleſs to oppoſe
In doubtful days our home-bred foes?
Who rais'd his country's wealth ſo high,
Or view'd with leſs deſiring eye?

VII.

The ſage, who large of ſoul ſurveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,
Watchful the various climes to guide,
Which ſeas, and tongues, and faiths divide,
A nobler name in Windſor's ſhrine
Shall leave, if right the Muſe divine,
Than ſprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms and myriads ſlain.

VIII.

Why praiſe we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that ſets the world on flame?
My guiltleſs Muſe his brow ſhall bind
Whoſe godlike bounty ſpares mankind;

* Names of Conſtellations.

For thoſe, whom bloody garlands crown,
The braſs may breathe, the marble frown;
To him, through every reſcu'd land,
Ten thouſand living trophies ſtand.

KENSINGTON GARDEN.

By the Same.

Campos, ubi Troja fuit. VIRG.

WHERE Kenſington high o'er the neighb'ring lands,
'Midſt greens and ſweets, a regal fabric ſtands,
And ſees each ſpring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A ſnow of bloſſoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To groves and lawns, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkneſs lies,
They breathe in ſun-ſhine, and ſee azure ſkies;
Each walk, with robes of various dies beſpread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and gloſſy damaſks glow,
And chints, the rival of the ſhow'ry bow.
Here England's Daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, ſurrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the ſhades. She, tow'ring o'er the reſt,
Stands faireſt of the fairer kind confeſs'd,

Form'd

Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunſwick's cauſe deny'd,
And charm a people to her Father's ſide.
Long have theſe groves to royal gueſts been known,
Nor Naſſau firſt prefer'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners wav'd in Britiſh air;
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;
Or Dardan Brutus gave our iſle a name;
A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
The ſcene of wars, and ſtain'd with lovers' blood.
You, who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw pangs and paſſions, as you move along,
Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevell'd the gay garden lies:
If generous anguiſh for another's pains
E'er heav'd your hearts, or ſhiver'd through your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleaſing dale,
And liſten to my melancholy tale.
That hollow ſpace, where now in living rows,
Line above line the yew's ſad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude unfaſhion'd cave;
The landſkip now ſo ſweet we well may praiſe,
But far, far ſweeter in its ancient days,
Far ſweeter was it, when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling tow'rs was crown'd.
Where in the midſt thoſe verdant pillars ſpring,
Roſe the proud palace of the Elfin king;

For every hedge of vegetable green,
In happier years a crowded ſtreet was ſeen,
Nor all thoſe leaves, that now the proſpect grace,
Could match the numbers of its pigmy race.
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whoſe lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the ſprightly fairies play'd
On every hill, and danc'd in every ſhade.
But, foes to ſun-ſhine, moſt they took delight
In dells and dales conceal'd from human ſight:
There hew'd their houſes in the arching rock;
Or ſcoop'd the boſom of the blaſted oak;
Or heard, o'erſhadow'd by ſome ſhelving hill,
The diſtant murmurs of the falling rill.
They, rich in pilfer'd ſpoils, indulg'd their mirth,
And pity'd the huge wretched ſons of earth.
Even now, 'tis ſaid, the hinds o'erheard their ſtrain,
And ſtrive to view their airy forms in vain:
They to their cells at man's approach repair,
Like the ſhy leveret, or the mother hare,
The whilſt poor mortals ſtartle at the ſound
Of unſeen footſteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
Stood the lov'd ſeat of royal Oberon.
From every region to his palace gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy ſtate,

Who, rank'd in council round the ſacred ſhade,
Their monarch's will and great beheſts obey'd.
From Thame's fair banks, by lofty tow'rs adorn'd,
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd:
Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,
Shone every knight and every lovely fay.
Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling ſtage diſplay'd
Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court ſurvey'd,
May gueſs, if old by modern things we trace,
The pomp and ſplendor of the fairy race.
By magic fenc'd, by ſpells encompaſs'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
No mortal enter'd, thoſe alone who came
Stolen from the couch of ſome terreſtrial dame:
For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left ſome ſickly changeling in their ſtead.
It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foſter'd here, the wonder of the wood;
Milkah, for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep-ſkill'd in charms and many a myſtic ſound,
As through the regal dome ſhe ſought for prey,
Obſerv'd the infant Albion where he lay
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And ſtole him from the ſleeping mother's ſide.
Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah wretched nymph, to future evils blind!
The time ſhall come when thou ſhalt dearly pay
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:

Thou in thy turn ſhalt like the queen repine,
And all her ſorrows doubled ſhall be thine :
He who adorns thy houſe, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, ſhall at length deſtroy.
Two hundred moons in their pale courſe had ſeen
The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals meaſure time.
Fluſh'd with reſiſtleſs charms he fir'd to love
Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove ;
For ſkilful Milkah ſpar'd not to employ
Her utmoſt art to rear the princely boy :
Each ſupple limb ſhe ſwaith'd, and tender bone,
And to the Elfin ſtandard kept him down :
She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daiſy's root,
Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous miniature the Man.
Yet ſtill, two inches taller than the reſt,
His lofty port his human birth confeſs'd ;
A foot in height, how ſtately did he ſhow !
How look ſuperior on the crowd below !
What knight like him could toſs the ruſhy launce !
Who move ſo graceful in the mazy dance !
A ſhape ſo nice, or features half ſo fair,
What elf could boaſt ! or ſuch a flow of hair !
Bright Kenna ſaw, a princeſs born to reign,
And felt the charmer burn in every vein.

She, heireſs to this empire's potent lord,
Prais'd like the ſtars, and next the moon ador'd.
She, whom at diſtance thrones and princedoms view'd,
To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel ſu'd,
In her high palace languiſh'd, void of joy,
And pin'd in ſecret for a mortal boy.
He too was ſmitten, and diſcreetly ſtrove
By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love;
For her he cull'd the faireſt flowers that grew,
Ere morning ſuns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
He chas'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night;
When on ripe fruits ſhe caſt a wiſhing eye,
Did ever Albion think the tree too high!
He ſhow'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
To her th' inſcription on their eggs he read,
(Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred)
To her he ſhow'd each herb of virtuous juice,
Their powers diſtinguiſh'd, and deſcrib'd their uſe:
All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
And well ſung Ovid, *There's no herb for love.*
As when a ghoſt, enlarg'd from realms below,
Seeks its old friend to tell ſome ſecret woe,
The poor ſhade ſhivering ſtands, and muſt not break
His painful ſilence, 'till the mortal ſpeak;
So far'd it with the little love-ſick maid,
Forbid to utter what her eyes betray'd.

He ſaw her anguiſh, and reveal'd his flame,
And ſpar'd the bluſhes of the tongue-ty'd dame.
The day would fail me, ſhould I reckon o'er
The ſighs they laviſh'd, and the oaths they ſwore;
In words ſo melting, that, compar'd with thoſe,
The niceſt courtſhip of terreſtrial beaus
Would ſound like compliments from country-clowns
To red-cheek'd ſweet-hearts in their home-ſpun gowns.
All in a lawn of many a various hue,
A bed of flowers (a fairy foreſt) grew;
'Twas here one noon, the gaudieſt of the May,
The ſtill, the ſecret, ſilent hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulip's ample ſhade
Sate the young lover and th' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies ſlept, ah luckleſs pair!
Hid, but in vain, in the ſun's noon-tide glare!
When Albion leaning on his Kenna's breaſt,
Thus all the ſoftneſs of his ſoul expreſs'd.
'All things are huſh'd. The ſun's meridian rays
'Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze;
'Nor moon nor ſtar in heav'n's blue arch is ſeen
'With kindly rays to ſilver o'er the green.
'Grateful to fairy eyes; they ſecret take
'Their reſt, and only wretched mortals wake.
'This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
'A world to me, a multitude in one.
'Oh ſweet as dew-drops on theſe flowery lawns,
'When the ſky opens and the evening dawns!

'Streight

'Streight as the pink, that tow'rs ſo high in air,
'Soft as the blue-bell! as the daiſy, fair!
'Bleſt be the hour, when firſt I was convey'd
'An infant captive to this bliſsful ſhade!
'And bleſt the hand that did my form refine,
'And ſhrunk my ſtature to a match with thine!
'Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
'And all the giant-daughters of the earth.
'Thou, if thy breaſt with equal ardour burn,
'Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
'So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
'A race unknown of demi-gods ſhall riſe.
'Oh ſpeak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
'And ſweetly ſwear my riſing fears away.'
To whom (the ſhining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies.
'By all the ſtars, and firſt the glorious moon,
'I ſwear, and by the head of Oberon,
'A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
'Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
'Where-e'er my footſteps in the dance are ſeen,
'May toadſtools riſe, and mildews blaſt the green,
'May the keen eaſt-wind blight my fav'rite flowers,
'And ſnakes and ſpotted adders haunt my bowers.
'Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock ſhade,
'There rather pine I a neglected maid;
'Or worſe, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
'Parch in the ſun a thouſand ſummer-days,

'Than

'Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
'In ſacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.'
She ended: and with lips of roſy hue
Dipt five times over in ambroſial dew,
Stifled his words. When, from his covert rear'd,
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.
A ſun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing ſight!)
The monarch iſſu'd, half an ell in height:
Full on the pair a furious look he caſt,
Nor ſpoke, but gave his bugle-horn a blaſt,
That through the woodland echo'd far and wide,
And drew a ſwarm of ſubjects to his ſide.
A hundred choſen knights, in war renown'd,
Drive Albion baniſh'd from the ſacred ground;
And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
Where the proud king, among his demi-gods,
For Kenna's ſudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.
If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,
And faultleſs beauty, and a ſpotleſs mind,
To love and praiſe can generous ſouls incline,
That love, Azuriel, and that praiſe were thine.
Blood, only leſs than royal, fill'd thy veins,
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.
Where now the ſkies high Holland-houſe invades,
And ſhort-liv'd Warwick ſadden'd all the ſhades,
Thy dwelling ſtood; nor did in him afford
A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.

For thee an hundred fields produc'd their ſtore,
And by thy name ten thouſand vaſſals ſwore;
So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,
All Fairy ſhouted with a gen'ral voice.
Oriel alone a ſecret rage ſuppreſs'd,
That from his boſom heav'd the golden veſt.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
When cleanly ſervants, if we truſt old tales,
Beſides their wages, had good fairy vails,
Whole heaps of ſilver tokens, nightly paid
The careful wife or the neat dairy-maid,
Sunk not his ſtores. With ſmiles and powerful bribes
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
And ere the night the face of heav'n had chang'd,
Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.
Mean-while driv'n back to earth, a lonely way
The chearleſs Albion wander'd half the day,
A long, long journey, choak'd with brakes and thorns,
Ill-meaſur'd by ten thouſand barley-corns.
Tir'd out at length, a ſpreading ſtream he ſpy'd
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide:
'Twas then a ſpreading ſtream, though now, its fame
Obſcur'd, it bears the creek's inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it ſtrays,
A leap for boys in theſe degenerate days.
On the clear cryſtal's verdant bank he ſtood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,

And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breaſt,
And thus in tears his kindred gods addreſs'd.
'If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came
'From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
'Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
'Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive ſound,
'And urge the god, whoſe trident ſhakes the earth,
'To grace his off-ſpring, and aſſert my birth.'
He ſaid. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,
And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
Shoots to the ſea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd depth reſides.
Rous'd at the news the ſea's ſtern ſultan ſwore
Revenge, and ſcarce from preſent arms forbore;
But firſt the nymph his harbinger he ſends,
And to her care his fav'rite boy commends.
As through the Thames her backward courſe ſhe guides,
Driven up his current by the refluent tides,
Along his banks the pygmy legions ſpread
She ſpies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the hoſt ſhe fires,
And counts the ocean's god among his ſires;
'The ocean's god, by whom ſhall be o'erthrown
'(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
'See here beneath a toadſtool's deadly gloom
'Lies Albion: Him the Fates your leader doom.
'Hear and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,
'By him Azuriel and his king ſhall fall.'

She ſaid. They bow'd: and on their ſhield up-bore
With ſhouts their new-ſaluted emperor.
Even Oriel ſmil'd: at leaſt to ſmile he ſtrove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.
See now the mourner of the lonely ſhade
By gods protected, and by hoſts obey'd,
A ſlave, a chief, by fickle Fortune's play,
In the ſhort courſe of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, ſo ſtrangely bleſt,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breaſt!
His thick-embattel'd troops, with ſecret pride,
He views extended half an acre wide;
More light he treads, more tall he ſeems to riſe,
And ſtruts a ſtraw-breadth nearer to the ſkies.
O for thy Muſe, * great Bard, whoſe lofty ſtrains
In battle join'd the Pygmies and the Cranes!
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion in my verſe ſhould ſhine.
But ſimple I, and innocent of art,
The tale, that ſooth'd my infant years, impart,
The tale I heard whole winter eves, untir'd,
And ſing the battles, that my nurſe inſpir'd.
Now the ſhrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the ſtraggling ſwarms.
Thick rows of ſpears at once, with ſudden glare,
A grove of needles, glitter in the air;

* Mr. Addison.

Looſe

Looſe in the wind ſmall ribbon ſtreamers flow,
Dipt in all colours of the heav'nly bow,
And the gay hoſt, that now its march purſues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thouſand hues.
On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,
Shone Aſia's ſons, a pleaſing dreadful ſight.
In various robes their ſilken troops were ſeen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's ſacred green:
When blooming BRUNSWICK near the Danube's flood,
Firſt ſtain'd his maiden ſword in Turkiſh blood.
Unſeen and ſilent march the ſlow brigades
Through pathleſs wilds, and unfrequented ſhades,
In hopes already vanquiſh'd by ſurprize,
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies;
Already has he ſeiz'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.
The march concludes;- and now in proſpect near,
But fenc'd with arms, the hoſtile towers appear,
For Oberon, or Druids falſely ſing,
Wore his prime viſir in a magic ring,
A ſubtle ſpright, that opening plots foretold
By ſudden dimneſs on the beamy gold.
Hence in a creſcent form'd, his legions bright
With beating boſoms waited for the fight;
To charge their foes they march, a glitt'ring band,
And in their van doth bold Azuriel ſtand.
What rage that hour did Albion's ſoul poſſeſs,
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers gueſs!

Forth iſſuing from his ranks, that ſtrove in vain
To check his courſe, athwart the dreadful plain
He ſtrides indignant: and with haughty cries
To ſingle fight the fairy prince defies.
Forbear, raſh youth, th' unequal war to try;
Nor, ſprung from mortals, with immortals vie.
No god ſtands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandſire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
By beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by love:
He longs, he burns to win the glorious prize,
And ſees no danger, while he ſees her eyes.
Now from each hoſt the eager warriors ſtart,
And furious Albion flings his haſty dart:
'Twas feather'd from the bee's tranſparent wing,
And its ſhaft ended in a hornet's ſting;
But, toſs'd in rage, it flew without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltleſs pierc'd the ground.
Not ſo Azuriel's: with unerring aim
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the ſeven-fold ſhield and ſilken veſt,
And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breaſt.
Rous'd at the ſmart, and riſing to the blow,
With his keen ſword he cleaves his fairy foe,
Sheer from the ſhoulder to the waiſt he cleaves,
And of one arm the tott'ring trunk bereaves.
His uſeleſs ſteel brave Albion wields no more,
But ſternly ſmiles, and thinks the combat o'er;

So had it been, had aught of mortal ſtrain,
Or leſs than fairy felt the deadly pain.
But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight
Gaſh'd and diſmember'd, eaſily unite.
As ſome frail cup of China's pureſt mold,
With azure varniſh'd, and bedrop'd with gold,
Though broke, if cur'd by ſome nice virgin's hands,
In its old ſtrength and priſtine beauty ſtands;
The tumults of the boiling Bohea braves,
And holds ſecure the Coffee's ſable waves:
So did Azuriel's arm, if fame ſay true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence firſt it grew;
And, whilſt in wonder fix'd poor Albion ſtood,
Plung'd the curs'd ſabre in his heart's warm blood.
The golden broidery tender Milkah wove,
The breaſt to Kenna ſacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.
The jetty luſtre ſickens in his eyes;
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freſhneſs dies;
'Oh Kenna, Kenna, thrice he try'd to ſay,
'Kenna farewel:' and ſigh'd his ſoul away.
His fall the Dryads with loud ſhrieks deplore,
By ſiſter Naiads echo'd from the ſhore,
Thence down to Neptune's ſecret realms convey'd,
Through grots, and glooms, and many a coral ſhade.
The ſea's great ſire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident ſhakes, and mounts the pearly carr:

With one ſtern frown the wide-ſpread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into ſtorms.
O'er foaming mountains, and through burſting tides,
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
'Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It ſhoots, and lands him on the deſtin'd ſhore.
Now fix'd on earth his tow'ring ſtature ſtood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
To Brumpton's grove one ample ſtride he took,
(The valleys trembled, and the foreſts ſhook)
The next huge ſtep reach'd the devoted ſhade,
Where choak'd in blood was wretched Albion laid:
Where now the vanquiſh'd, with the victors join'd,
Beneath the regal banners ſtood combin'd.
Th' embattel'd dwarfs with rage and ſcorn he paſt,
And on their town his eye vindictive caſt.
Its deep foundations his ſtrong trident cleaves,
And high in air th' up-rooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vaſt ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung;
Aghaſt the legions in th' approaching ſhade,
Th' inverted ſpires and rocking domes ſurvey'd,
That downward tumbling on the hoſt below
Cruſh'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together loſt,
And a whole empire falls to ſooth ſad Albion's ghoſt.
Such was the period, long reſtrain'd by Fate,
And ſuch the downfal of the fairy ſtate.

This dale, a pleaſing region, not unbleſt,
This dale poſſeſs'd they; and had ſtill poſſeſs'd,
Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,
Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,
Raſh to diſſolve the contract ſeal'd above,
The ſolemn vows and ſacred bonds of love.
Now, where his elves ſo brightly danc'd the round,
No violet breathes, nor daiſy paints the ground,
His towers and people fill one common grave,
A ſhapeleſs ruin, and a barren cave.
Beneath huge hills of ſmoaking piles he lay
Stun'd and confounded a whole ſummer's day.
At length awak'd (for what can long reſtrain
Unbody'd ſpirits !) but awak'd in pain:
And as he ſaw the deſolated wood,
And the dark den where once his empire ſtood,
Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune ſeem'd to riſe:
He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,
The long poſſeſſion of a thouſand years.
Thro' buſh, thro' brake, thro' groves and gloomy dales,
Thro' dank and dry, o'er ſtreams and flowery vales,
Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
And ſtop'd and ſtartled at each ruſsling wind.
Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
Diſperſe, and wander into different lands;
Part did beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,
In ſilent glooms impervious to the ſky;

Part on fair Avon's margin ſeek repoſe,
Whoſe ſtream o'er Britain's midmoſt region flows,
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And ſeas and oceans are but known by fame;
Some to dark woods and ſecret ſhades retreat,
And ſome on mountains chuſe their airy ſeat.
There haply by the ruddy damſel ſeen,
Or ſhepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,
While from their ſteps a circling verdure ſprings;
But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.
Mean-while ſad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathleſs love,
Try'd every art (vain arts) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows) to join him in the tomb.
What could ſhe do? the Fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.
An herb there grows (the ſame old * Homer tells
Ulyſſes bore to rival Circe's ſpells)
Its root is ebon-black, but ſends to light
A ſtem that bends with flow'rets milky white,
Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But ſecret kept from mortal men below.
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice ſhe ſhed,
And murmur'd myſtic numbers o'er the dead,
When lo! the little ſhape by magic power
Grew leſs and leſs, contracted to a flower;

* Odyſſ. l. 10.

A flower,

A flower, that firſt in this ſweet garden ſmil'd,
To virgins ſacred, and the Snow-drop ſtyl'd.
The new-born plant with ſweet regret ſhe view'd,
Warm'd with her ſighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
Its ripen'd ſeeds from bank to bank convey'd,
And with her lover whiten'd half the ſhade.
Thus won from death each ſpring ſhe ſees him grow
And glories in the vegetable ſnow,
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,
Its parent's warmth and ſpotleſs name retains ;
Firſt leader of the flowery race aſpires,
And foremoſt catches the ſun's genial fires,
'Midſt froſts and ſnows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the ſeaſons, and leads on the year.
Deſerted now of all the pygmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
It lay accurs'd, the mark of Neptune's rage ;
'Till great Naſſau recloath'd the deſart ſhade,
Thence ſacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came
(Kenna that gave the neighb'ring town its name)
Proud when ſhe ſaw th' ennobled garden ſhine
With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line.
She vow'd to grace the manſions once her own,
And picture out in plants the fairy town.
To far-fam'd Wiſe her flight unſeen ſhe ſped,
And with gay proſpects fill'd the craftſman's head,

Soft in his fancy drew a pleaſing ſcheme,
And plan'd that landſkip in a morning dream.
With the ſweet view the fire of gardens fir'd,
Attempts the labour by the nymph inſpir'd,
The walls and ſtreets in rows of yew deſigns,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant ſquare:
Nor knows, while round he views the riſing ſcenes,
He builds a city as he plants his greens.
With a ſad pleaſure the aërial maid
This image of her ancient realm ſurvey'd;
How chang'd, how fallen from its primæval pride!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
Each moon his ſolemn obſequies ſhe pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
Pleas'd in the ſhades to head her fairy train,
And grace the groves where Albion's kinſmen reign.

AN EPISTLE from a Lady in ENGLAND, TO A GENTLEMAN at AVIGNON.

By the Same.

TO thee, dear rover, and thy vanquiſh'd friends,
The health ſhe wants, thy gentle Chloe ſends;
Though much you ſuffer, think I ſuffer more,
Worſe than an exile on my native ſhore.
Companions in your maſter's flight you roam,
Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home;
For-ever near the royal out-law's ſide,
You ſhare his fortunes, and his hopes divide;
On glorious ſchemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,
And with imaginary titles ſwell.
Say, (for thou know'ſt I own his ſacred line,
The paſſive doctrine, and the right divine)
Say, what new ſuccours does the chief prepare?
The ſtrength of armies? or the force of pray'r?
Does he from heav'n or earth his hopes derive?
From ſaints departed? or from prieſts alive?

Nor ſaints nor prieſts can Brunſwick's troops withſtand,
And beads drop uſeleſs through the zealot's hand ;
Heav'n to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
But ſkill and courage win the crowns below.
Ere to thy cauſe, and thee, my heart inclin'd,
Or love to party had ſeduc'd my mind,
In female joys I took a dull delight,
Slept all the morn, and punted half the night :
But now, with fears and public cares poſſeſs'd,
The church, the church, for-ever breaks my reſt.
The poſt-boy on my pillow I explore,
And ſift the news of every foreign ſhore,
Studious to find new friends, and new allies ;
What armies march from Sweden in diſguiſe ;
How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
And Rome deals out her bleſſings, and her gold :
Then o'er the map my finger, taught to ſtray,
Croſs many a region marks the winding way ;
From ſea to ſea, from realm to realm I rove,
And grow a mere geographer by love.
But ſtill Avignon, and the pleaſing coaſt
That holds Thee baniſh'd, claims my care the moſt ;
Oft on the well-known ſpot I fix my eyes,
And ſpan the diſtance that between us lies.
Let not our James, though foil'd in arms, deſpair,
Whilſt on his ſide he reckons half the fair :
In Britain's lovely iſle a ſhining throng
War in his cauſe, a thouſand beauties ſtrong.

Th'

Th' unthinking victors vainly boaſt their pow'rs ;
Be theirs the muſket, while the tongue is ours.
We reaſon with ſuch fluency and fire,
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,
Againſt her prelates plead the church's cauſe,
And from our judges vindicate the laws.
Then mourn not, hapleſs prince, thy kingdoms loſt,
A crown, though late, thy ſacred brow may boaſt ;
Heav'n ſeems through us thy empire to decree,
Thoſe who win hearts have giv'n their hearts to thee.
  Haſt thou not heard that, when profuſely gay,
Our well-dreſs'd rivals grace their ſov'reign's day,
We ſtubborn damſels met the public view
In loathſome wormwood, and repenting rue ?
What whig but trembled, when our ſpotleſs band
In virgin roſes whiten'd half the land !
Who can forget what fears the foe poſſeſs'd,
When oaken boughs mark'd every loyal breaſt !
Leſs ſcar'd near Medway's ſtream the Norman ſtood,
When croſs the plain he ſpy'd a marching wood,
'Till, near at hand, a gleam of ſwords betray'd
The youth of Kent beneath its wand'ring ſhade.
  Thoſe, who the ſuccours of the fair deſpiſe,
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
The female bands, O prince by Fortune croſs'd,
At leaſt more courage than thy men may boaſt ;
Our ſex has dar'd the mug-houſe chiefs to meet,
And purchaſe fame in many a well-fought ſtreet.

From

From Drury-lane, the region of renown,
The land of love, the Paphos of the town,
Fair patriots ſallying oft have put to flight
With all their poles the guardians of the night,
And borne, with ſcreams of triumph, to their ſide
The leader's ſtaff in all its painted pride.
Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
To vend the diſcontented ſtateſman's thought.
Though red with ſtripes, and recent from the thong,
Sore ſmitten for the love of ſacred ſong,
The tuneful ſiſters ſtill purſue their trade,
Like Philomela darkling in the ſhade.
Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,
And hums in concert o'er his empty chair.
Mean while, regardleſs of the royal cauſe,
His ſword for James no brother ſovereign draws.
The Pope himſelf, ſurrounded with alarms,
To France his bulls, to Corfu ſends his arms,
And though he hears his darling ſon's complaint,
Can hardly ſpare one tutelary ſaint ;
But liſts them all to guard his own abodes,
And into ready money coins his gods.
The dauntleſs Swede, purſu'd by vengeful foes,
Scarce keeps his own hereditary ſnows ;
Nor muſt the friendly roof of kind Lorrain
With feaſts regale our garter'd youth again :
Safe, Bar-le-duc, within thy ſilent grove
The pheaſant now may perch, the hare may rove :

The knight, who aims unerring from afar,
Th' advent'rous knight, now quits the ſylvan war:
The brinded boars may ſlumber un-diſmay'd,
Or grunt ſecure beneath the cheſnut ſhade.
Inconſtant Orleans (ſtill we mourn the day
That truſted Orleans with imperial ſway)
Far o'er the Alps our helpleſs monarch ſends,
Far from the call of his deſponding friends.
Such are the terms to gain Britannia's grace!
And ſuch the terors of the Brunſwick race!
  Was it for this the ſun's whole luſtre fail'd,
And ſudden midnight o'er the noon prevail'd!
For this did heav'n diſplay to mortal eyes
Aërial knights and combats in the ſkies!
Was it for this Northumbrian ſtreams look'd red,
And Thames driv'n backward ſhow'd his ſecret bed!
Falſe augŭries! th' inſulting victors ſcorn!
Ev'n our own prodigies againſt us turn!
O portents conſtru'd on our ſide in vain!
Let never Tory truſt eclipſe again!
Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye ſkies!
And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders riſe!
  To Rome then muſt the royal wand'rer go,
And fall a ſuppliant at the papal toe?
His life in ſloth inglorious muſt he wear,
One half in luxury, and one in pray'r?
His mind perhaps at length, debauch'd with eaſe,
The proffer'd purple and the hat may pleaſe.

Shall he, whoſe ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In ſolemn conclave ſit, devoid of thought,
And poll for points of faith his truſty vote !
Be ſummon'd to his ſtall in time of need,
And with his caſting ſuffrage fix a creed !
Shall he in robes on ſtated days appear,
And Engliſh heretics curſe once a year !
Garnet and Faux ſhall he with pray'rs invoke,
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may ſmoak !
Forbid it heav'n ! my ſoul, to fury wrought,
Turns almoſt Hanoverian at the thought.
From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
And fear, O Brunſwick, 'twill be wholly thine ;
Yet ſtill his ſhare thy rival will conteſt,
And ſtill the double claim divides my breaſt :
The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
And wiſh my homage were not Brunſwick's due ;
To James my paſſions and my weakneſs guide,
But reaſon ſways me to the victor's ſide.
Though griev'd I ſpeak it, let the truth appear ;
(You know my language, and my heart, ſincere.)
In vain did falſhood his fair fame diſgrace ;
What force had falſhood, when he ſhow'd his face !
In vain to war our boaſtful clans were led ;
Heaps driven on heaps, in the dire ſhock they fled :
France ſhuns his wrath, nor raiſes to our ſhame
A ſecond Dunkirk in another name :

In

In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows :
Spite of feign'd fears, and artificial cries,
The pious town ſees fifty churches riſe :
The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
And ſits more firmly on his ſhaken throne.
To my ſad thought no beam of hope appears
Through the long proſpect of ſucceeding years ;
The ſon, aſpiring to his father's fame,
Shows all his fire : another and the ſame.
He bleſt in lovely Carolina's arms,
To future ages propagates her charms :
With pain and joy at ſtrife, I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face ;
Half ſick-ning at the ſight, too well I ſpie
The father's ſpirit through the mother's eye :
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And ſtrive to hate their innocence in vain.
O princeſs! happy by thy foes confeſs'd !
Bleſt in thy huſband ! in thy children bleſt !
As they from thee, from them new beauties born,
While Europe laſts, ſhall Europe's thrones adorn.
Tranſplanted to each court, in times to come,
Thy ſmile celeſtial and un-fading bloom
Great Auſtria's ſons with ſofter lines ſhall grace,
And ſmooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.
The fair deſcendents of thy ſacred bed
Wide-branching o'er the weſtern world ſhall ſpread,

Like the fam'd Banian tree, whoſe pliant ſhoot
To earthward bending of itſelf takes root,
'Till like their mother plant, ten thouſand ſtand
In verdant arches on the fertile land ;
Beneath her ſhade the tawny Indians rove,
Or hunt at large through the wide echoing grove.
O thou, to whom theſe mournful lines I ſend,
My promis'd huſband, and my deareſt friend ;
Since heav'n appoints this favour'd race to reign,
And blood has drench'd the Scottiſh fields in vain ;
Muſt I be wretched, and thy flight partake ?
Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's ſake,
Tir'd out at length, ſubmit to Fate's decree ?
If not to Brunſwick, O return to me !
Proſtrate before the victor's mercy bend :
What ſpares whole thouſands, may to thee extend.
Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
Great Brunſwick's virtues will ſecure thy fame :
Say, theſe invite thee to approach his throne,
And own the monarch heav'n vouchſafes to own.
The world, convinc'd, thy reaſons will approve ;
Say this to Them ; but ſwear to Me 'twas love.

THE FEMALE REIGN: AN ODE.

By Mr. Cobb.

I.

WHAT can the Britiſh ſenate give,
To make the name of Anna live,
By future people to be ſung,
The labour of each grateful tongue?
Can faithful regiſters, or rhyme,
In charming eloquence, or ſprightly wit,
The wonders of her reign tranſmit
To th' unborn children of ſucceeding time?
Can painters' oil, or ſtatuaries' art,
Eternity to her impart?
No! titled ſtatues are but empty things,
Inſcrib'd to royal vanity,
The ſacrifice of flattery
To lawleſs Neros, or Bourbonian kings.

True virtue to her kindred ſtars aſpires,
Does all our pomp of ſtone and verſe ſurpaſs,
And mingling with etherial fires,
No uſeleſs ornament requires
From ſpeaking colours, or from breathing braſs.

II.

Greateſt of princes! where the wand'ring ſun
Does o'er earth's habitable regions roll,
From th' eaſtern barriers to the weſtern goal,
And ſees thy race of glory run
With ſwiftneſs equal to his own:
Thee on the banks of Flandrian Scaldis ſings
The jocund ſwain, releas'd from Gallic fear:
The Engliſh voice unus'd to hear,
Thee the repeating banks, thee every valley rings

III.

The ſword of heav'n how pious ANNA wields,
And heav'nly vengeance on the guilty deals,
Let the twice fugitive Bavarian tell;
Who, from his airy hope of better ſtate,
By luſt of ſway irregularly great,
Like an apoſtate angel fell:
Who, by imperial favour rais'd,
I' th' higheſt rank of glory blaz'd:
And had 'till now unrivall'd ſhone,
More than a king, contented with his own;
But Lucifer's bold ſteps he trod,
Who durſt aſſault the throne of GOD;

And for contented realms of bliſsful light,
Gain'd the ſad privilege to be
The firſt in ſolid miſery,
Monarch of hell, and woes, and everlaſting night.
Corruption of the beſt is always worſt ;
And foul ambition, like an evil wind,
Blights the fair bloſſoms of a noble mind ;
And if a ſeraph fall, he's doubly curſt.

IV.

Had guile, and pride, and envy grown
In the black groves of Styx alone,
Nor ever had on earth the baleful crop been ſown :
The ſwain without amaze, had till'd
The Flandrian glebe, a guiltleſs field :
Nor had he wonder'd, when he found
The bones of heroes in the ground :
No crimſon ſtreams had lately ſwell'd
The Dyle, the Danube, and the Scheld.
But evils are of neceſſary growth,
To rouze the brave, and baniſh ſloth ;
And ſome are born to win the ſtars,
By ſweat and blood, and worthy ſcars.
Heroic virtue is by action ſeen,
And vices ſerve to make it keen ;
And as gigantic tyrants riſe,
NASSAUS and CHURCHILLS leave the ſkies,
The earth-born monſters to chaſtiſe.

V.

If, heav'nly Muſe, you burn with a deſire
To praiſe the man whom all admire ;
Come from thy learn'd Caſtalian ſprings,
And ſtretch aloft thy Pegaſean wings,
Strike the loud Pindaric ſtrings,
Like the lark who ſoars and ſings ;
And as you ſail the liquid ſkies,
Caſt on [a] Menapian fields your weeping eyes :
For weep they ſurely muſt,
To ſee the bloody annual ſacrifice ;
To think how the neglected duſt,
Which with contempt is baſely trod,
Was once the limbs of captains, brave and juſt,
The mortal part of ſome great demi-god ;
Who for thrice fifty years of ſtubborn war,
With ſlaught'ring arms, the gun and ſword,
Have dug the mighty ſepulchre,
And fell as martyrs on record,
Of tyranny aveng'd, and liberty reſtor'd.

VI.

See, where at Audenard, with heaps of ſlain,
Th' heroic man, inſpir'dly brave,
Mowing acroſs, beſtrews the plain,
And with new tenants crowds the wealthy grave.

[a] The Menapii were the ancient inhabitants of Flanders.

His

His mind unſhaken at the frightful ſcene,
His looks as chearfully ſerene,
The routed battle to purſue,
As once adorn'd the Paphian queen,
When to her Thracian paramour ſhe flew.
The gath'ring troops he kens from far,
And with a bridegroom's paſſion and delight,
Courting the war, and glowing for the fight,
The new Salmoneus meets the Celtic thunderer.
Ah, curſed pride! infernal dream!
Which drove him to this wild extream,
That duſt a deity ſhould ſeem;
Be thought, as through the wondering ſtreets he rode,
A man immortal, or a god:
With rattling braſs, and trampling horſe,
Should counterfeit th' inimitable force
Of divine thunder: horrid crime!
But vengeance is the child of time,
And will too ſurely be repaid
On his profane devoted head,
Who durſt affront the powers above,
And their eternal flames diſgrace,
Too fatal, brandiſh'd by the real Jove,
Or [b] Pallas, who aſſumes, and fills his aweful place:

[b] VICEM GERIT ILLA TONANTIS.

VII.

The Britiſh Pallas! who, as [c] Homer's did
For her lov'd Diomede,
Her hero's mind with wiſdom fills,
And heav'nly courage in his heart inſtils.
Hence through the thickeſt ſquadrons does he ride,
With ANNA's angels by his ſide.
With what uncommon ſpeed
He ſpurs his foaming, fiery ſteed,
And puſhes on through midmoſt fires,
Where France's fortune, with her ſons, retires!
Now here, now there, the ſweeping ruin flies;
[d] As when the Pleiades ariſe,
The ſouthern wind afflicts the ſkies,
Then, mutt'ring o'er the deep, buffets th' unruly brine,
'Till clouds and water ſeem to join.

[c] Homer, in his fifth Iliad, becauſe his hero is to do wonders beyond the power of man, premiſes, in the beginning, that Pallas had peculiarly fitted him for that day's exploits.

[d] Indomitas prope qualis undas
Exercit Auſter, Pleiadum choro
Scindente nubes, impiger hoſtium
Vexare turmas, & frementem
Mittere equum medios per ignes.
Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni præfluit Appuli,
Cum ſævit, horrendamque cultis
Diluviem meditatur agris.

Or as a dyke cut by malicious hands,
O'erflows the fertile Netherlands;
Through the wide yawn, th' impetuous ſea
Laviſh of his new liberty,
Beſtrides the vale, and, with tumultuous noiſe,
Bellows along the delug'd plain
Pernicious to the rip'ning grain;
Far as th' horizon he deſtroys:
The weeping ſhepherd from an hill bewails the wat'ry reign.

VIII.

So rapid flows the unimpriſon'd ſtream!
So ſtrong the force of MINDELHEIM!
In vain the woods of Audenard
Would ſhield the Gaul, a fenceleſs guard.
As ſoon may whirlwinds be with-held,
As MARLB'ROUGH's footſteps o'er the foaming Scheld.
In vain the torrent would oppoſe,
In vain arm'd banks, and hoſts of foes:
The foes with coward haſte retire,
Fly faſter than the river flows,
And ſwifter than our fire.
Vendoſme from far upbraids their ſhame,
And pleads his royal maſter's fame.
" By Condè's mighty ghoſt," he cries,
" By Turenne, Luxemburgh, and all
" Thoſe noble ſouls who fell a ſacrifice

" At

" At [c] Lens, at Fleurus, and at Landen fight,
" Stop, I conjure, your ignominious flight."
But Fear is deaf to Honour's call.
Each frowning threat and ſoothing pray'r
Is loſt in the regardleſs air:
As well he may
The billows of the ocean ſtay;
While CHURCHILL like a driving wind,
Or high ſpring-tide, purſues behind,
And with redoubled ſpeed urges their forward way.

IX.

Nor leſs, EUGENIUS, thy important care,
Thou ſecond thunder-bolt of war!
Partner in danger and in fame,
The wind, with MARLBOROUGH's, ſhall bear
To diſtant colonies thy conqu'ring name.
Nor ſhall my Muſe forget to ſing
From harmony what bleſſings ſpring:
To tell how Death did enviouſly repine,
To ſee a friendſhip ſo divine;
When in a ball's deſtroying form ſhe paſt,
And mark'd thy threaten'd brow at laſt,
But durſt not touch that ſacred brain,
Where Europe's mightieſt counſels reign;
For ſtrait ſhe bow'd her ghaſtly head,
She ſaw the mark of heav'n, and fled,

[c] Near this place the prince of Condè gave the Spaniards a very great overthrow, 1648.

As

As cruel Brennus once, inſulting Gaul,
When he, at Allia's fatal flood,
Had fill'd the plains with Roman blood,
With conſcious awe forſook the capitol,
Where Jove, revenger of profaneneſs, ſtood.

X.

But where the good and brave command,
What capitol, what bulwark can withſtand?
Virtue, approv'd of heav'n, can paſs
Through walls, through tow'rs, and gates of braſs.
Liſle, like a miſtreſs, had been courted long,
By all the valiant and the young,
The faireſt progeny of Vauban's art;
'Till SAVOY's warlike prince withſtood
Her frowning terrors, and through ſeas of blood
Tore the bright darling from th' old tyrant's heart.
Such [f] Buda ſaw him, when proud [g] Apti fell,
Unhappy, valiant infidel!
Who, vanquiſh'd by ſuperior ſtrength,
Surrender'd up his haughty breath,
Upon the breach meaſuring his manly length,
And ſhun'd the bow-ſtring by a nobler death.

[f] He bore a conſiderable ſhare in the glory of that day on which Buda was taken.

[g] He was Baſſau of the city, and loſt his life on the breach.

XI. Such

XI.

Such [h] Harſcam's field beheld him in his bloom
When Victory beſpoke him for her own.
Her favourite, immortal ſon,
And told of better years revolving on the loom:
How he ſhould make the Turkiſh creſcent wane,
And choke [i] Tibiſcus with the ſlain;
While Viziers lay beneath the lofty pile
Of ſlaughter'd Baſſaus, who o'er Baſſaus roll'd;
And all his num'rous acts ſhe told,
From Latian Carpi down to Flandrian Liſle.

XII.

Honour, with open arms, receives at laſt
The heroes who through Virtue's temple paſt;
And ſhow'rs down laurels from above,
On thoſe whom heav'n and ANNA love.

[h] This was the fatal battle to the Turks in the year 1687. Prince Eugene, with the regiments of his brigade, was the firſt that entered the trenches; and for that reaſon had the honour to be the firſt meſſenger of this happy news to the emperor.

[i] This battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1697, where Prince Eugene commanded in chief; like which there never happened ſo great and ſo terrible a deſtruction to the Ottoman army, which fell upon the principal commanders more than the common ſoldiers; for no leſs than fifteen Baſſaus (five of which had been Viziers of the bench) were killed, beſides the ſupreme Vizier.

And ſome, not ſparingly, ſhe throws
For the young eagles, who could try
The faith and judgment of the ſky,
And dare the ſun with ſteady eye;
For Hanover's and Pruſſia's brows,
Eugenes in bloom, and future Marlboroughs:
To Hanover, to Brunſwick's ſecond grace,
Deſcendent from a long imperial race,
The Muſe directs her honourable flight,
And propheſies, from ſo ſerene a morn,
To what clear glories he is born,
When blazing with a full meridian light,
He ſhall the Britiſh hemiſphere adorn;
When Mars ſhall lay his batter'd target down,
And he (ſince Death will never ſpare
The good, the pious, and the fair)
In his ripe harveſt of renown,
Shall after his great father ſit,
(If heav'n ſo long a life permit)
And having ſwell'd the flowing tide
Of fame, which he in arms ſhall get,
The purchaſe of an honeſt ſweat,
Shall ſafe in ſtormy ſeas Britannia's veſſel guide.

XIII. Bri-

XIII.

Britannia's veſſel, which in ANNA's reign,
And prudent pilotry, enjoys
The tempeſt which the world deſtroys,
And rides triumphant o'er the ſubject main.
O may ſhe ſoon a quiet harbour gain!
And ſure the promis'd hour is come,
When in ſoft notes the peaceful lyre
Shall ſtill the trumpet and the drum,
Shall play what gods and men deſire,
And ſtrike Bellona's muſic dumb:
When War, by parents curs'd, ſhall quit the field,
Unbuckle his bright helmet, and, to reſt
His weary'd limbs, ſit on his idle ſhield,
With ſcars of honour plough'd upon his breaſt.
But if the Gallic Pharaoh's ſtubborn heart
Grows freſh for puniſhment, and hardens ſtill;
Prepar'd for th' irrecoverable ill,
And forc'd th' unwilling ſkies to act the laſt ungrateful part:
Thy forces, ANNA, like a flood, ſhall whelm
(If heav'n does ſcepter'd innocence maintain)
His famiſh'd deſolated realm;
And all the ſons of Pharamond in vain
(Who with diſhoneſt envy ſee
The ſweet forbidden fruits of diſtant liberty)
Shall curſe their Salic law, and wiſh a female reign.

XIV. A female

XIV.

A female reign like thine,
O ANNA, Britiſh heroine!
To thee afflicted empires fly for aid,
Where'er tyrannic ſtandards are diſplay'd,
From the wrong'd Iber to the threaten'd Rhine.
Thee, where the golden-ſanded Tagus flows
Beneath fair [k] Ulyſſippo's walls,
The frighted Luſitanian calls;
Thee, they who drink the Seine, with thoſe
Who plough Iberian fields, implore,
To give the lab'ring world repoſe,
And univerſal peace reſtore:
Thee, Gallia, mournful to ſurvive the fate
Of her fall'n grandeur and departed ſtate;
By ſad experience taught to own,
That virtue is a noble way to riſe,
A ſurer paſſage to the ſkies,
Than Pelion upon Oſſa thrown:
For they, who impiouſly preſume
To graſp at heav'n, by JOVE's eternal doom,
A prey to thunder ſhall become;
Or, ſent in [l] Ætna's fiery caves to groan,
Gain but an higher fall, a mountain for their tomb.

[k] The old name of Liſbon, ſaid to be built by Ulyſſes.
[l] One of the mountains where Jupiter lodged the giants.

SIX TOWN ECLOGUES.

By the Right Hon. L. M. W. M.

MONDAY.

ROXANA, or, the Drawing-Room.

ROXANA from the court retiring late,
Sigh'd her ſoft ſorrows at St. JAMES's gate.
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breaſt,
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppreſs'd;
They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to bear;
She in theſe gentle ſounds expreſs'd her care.
" Was it for this that I theſe roſes wear,
" For this new-ſet the jewels for my hair?
" Ah! princeſs! with what zeal have I purſu'd!
" Almoſt forgot the duty of a prude.
" Thinking I never could attend too ſoon,
" I've miſs'd my prayers, to get me dreſs'd by noon.

" For

" For thee, ah ! what for thee did I reſign ?
" My pleaſures, paſſions, all that e'er was mine.
" I ſacrific'd both modeſty and eaſe,
" Left operas, and went to filthy plays ;
" Double entendres ſhock'd my tender ear,
" Yet even this for thee I choſe to bear.
" In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
" And every joy of life before me lay,
" By honour prompted, and by pride reſtrain'd,
" The pleaſures of the young my ſoul diſdain'd :
" Sermons I ſought, and with a mien ſevere
" Cenſur'd my neighbours, and ſaid daily pray'r.
" Alas ! how chang'd !—with the ſame ſermon-mien
" That once I pray'd, the *What-d'ye-call't* I've ſeen.
" Ah ! cruel princeſs, for thy ſake I've loſt
" That reputation which ſo dear had coſt :
" I, who avoided every public place,
" When bloom and beauty bade me ſhow my face ;
" Now near thee conſtant every night abide
" With never failing duty by thy ſide,
" Myſelf and daughters ſtanding on a row,
" To all the foreigners a goodly ſhow !
" Oft had your drawing-room been ſadly thin,
" And merchants' wives cloſe by the chair been ſeen ;
" Had not I amply fill'd the empty ſpace,
" And ſav'd your highneſs from the dire diſgrace,
" Yet COQUETILLA's artifice prevails,
" When all my merit and my duty fails :

" That COQUETILLA, whoſe deluding airs
" Corrupts our virgins, and our youth enſnares ;
" So ſunk her character, ſo loſt her fame,
" Scarce viſited before your highneſs came :
" Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis her you chuſe,
" When Zeal and Fame and Virtue you refuſe.
" Ah ! worthy choice ! not one of all your train
" Whom cenſure blaſts not, and diſhonours ſtain.
" Let the nice hind now ſuckle dirty pigs,
" And the proud pea-hen hatch the cuckoo's eggs !
" Let IRIS leave her paint and own her age,
" And grave SUFFOLKA wed a giddy page !
" A greater miracle is daily view'd,
" A virtuous princeſs with a court ſo lewd.
" I know thee, Court ! with all thy treach'rous wiles,
" Thy falſe careſſes and undoing ſmiles !
" Ah ! princeſs, learn'd in all the courtly arts
" To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts !
" Large lovely bribes are the great ſtateſman's aim ;
" And the neglected patriot follows fame.
" The prince is ogled ; ſome the king purſue ;
" But your ROXANA only follows YOU.
" Deſpis'd ROXANA, ceaſe, and try to find
" Some other, ſince the princeſs proves unkind :
" Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,
" If not a greater, a more firm ſupport."

TUESDAY.

St. JAMES's Coffee-Houſe.

SILLIANDER and PATCH.

THOU, who ſo many favours haſt receiv'd,
Wond'rous to tell, and hard to be believ'd,
Oh! H——D, to my lays attention lend,
Hear how two lovers boaſtingly contend:
Like thee ſucceſsful, ſuch their bloomy youth,
Renown'd alike for gallantry and truth.
St. JAMES's bell had toll'd ſome wretches in,
(As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could ſin)
The happier ſinners now their charms put out,
And to their manteaus their complexions ſuit;
The opera queens had finiſhed half their faces,
And city-dames already taken places;
Fops of all kinds, to ſee the Lion, run;
The beauties ſtay till the firſt act's begun,
And beaux ſtep home to put freſh linen on.
No well-dreſs'd youth in coffee-houſe remain'd,
But penſive PATCH, who on the window lean'd;
And SILLIANDER, that alert and gay,
Firſt pick'd his teeth, and then began to ſay.

SILLIANDER.

Why all theſe ſighs ; ah ! why ſo penſive grown?
Some cauſe there is why thus you ſit alone.
Does hapleſs paſſion all this ſorrow move ?
Or doſt thou envy where the ladies love ?

PATCH.

If, whom they love, my envy muſt purſue,
'Tis true, at leaſt, I never envy you.

SILLIANDER.

No, I'm unhappy—you are in the right——
'Tis you they favour, and 'tis me they ſlight.
Yet I could tell, but that I hate to boaſt,
A club of ladies where 'tis me they toaſt.

PATCH.

Toaſting does ſeldom any favour prove ;
Like us, they never toaſt the thing they love.
A certain duke one night my health begun ;
With chearful pledges round the room it run,
'Till the young SYLVIA, preſs'd to drink it too,
Started and vow'd ſhe knew not what to do:
What, drink a fellow's health ! ſhe dy'd with ſhame :
Yet bluſh'd whenever ſhe pronounc'd my name.

SILLIANDER.

Ill fates purſue me, may I never find
The dice propitious, or the ladies kind,
If fair Miſs FLIPPY's fan I did not tear,
And one from me ſhe condeſcends to wear.

PATCH,

PATCH.

Women are always ready to receive ;
'Tis then a favour when the ſex will give.
A lady (but ſhe is too great to name)
Beauteous in perſon, ſpotleſs in her fame,
With gentle ſtrugglings let me force this ring ;
Another day may give another thing.

SILLIANDER.

I could ſay ſomething—ſee this billet-doux—
And as for preſents—look upon my ſhoe—
Theſe buckles were not forc'd, nor half a theft,
But a young counteſs fondly made the gift.

PATCH.

My counteſs is more nice, more artful too,
Affects to fly, that I may fierce purſue :
This ſnuff-box which I begg'd, ſhe ſtill deny'd,
And when I ſtrove to ſnatch it, ſeem'd to hide ;
She laugh'd and fled, and as I ſought to ſeize,
With affectation cram'd it down her ſtays ;
Yet hop'd ſhe did not place it there unſeen,
I preſs'd her breaſts, and pull'd it from between.

SILLIANDER.

Laſt night, as I ſtood ogling of her grace,
Drinking delicious poiſon from her face,
The ſoft enchantreſs did that face decline,
Nor ever rais'd her eyes to meet with mine ;
With ſudden art ſome ſecret did pretend,
Lean'd croſs two chairs to whiſper to a friend,

While the ſtiff whalebone with the motion roſe,
And thouſand beauties to my ſight expoſe.

PATCH.

Early this morn—(but I was aſk'd to come)
I drank bohea in CÆLIA's dreſſing room:
Warm from her bed, to me alone within,
Her night-gown faſten'd with a ſingle pin;
Her night-cloaths tumbled with reſiſtleſs grace,
And her bright hair play'd careleſs round her face;
Reaching the kettle made her gown unpin,
She wore no waiſtcoat, and her ſhift was thin.

SILLIANDER.

See TITIANA driving to the park!
Hark! let us follow, 'tis not yet too dark:
In her all beauties of the ſpring are ſeen,
Her cheeks are roſy, and her mantle green.

PATCH.

See TINTORETTA to the opera goes!
Haſte, or the crowd will not permit our bows;
In her the glory of the heav'ns we view,
Her eyes are ſtar-like, and her mantle blue.

SILLIANDER.

What colour does in CÆLIA's ſtockings ſhine?
Reveal that ſecret, and the prize is thine.

PATCH.

What are her garters? tell me if you can;
I'll freely own thee far the happier man.

Thus PATCH continued his heroic ſtrain,
While SILLIANDER but contends in vain,
After a conqueſt ſo important gain'd,
Unrivall'd PATCH in every ruelle reign'd.

WEDNESDAY.

The Tête à Tête.

DANCINDA.

" NO, fair DANCINDA, no; you ſtrive in vain
" To calm my care, and mitigate my pain;
" If all my ſighs, my cares, can fail to move,
" Ah! ſooth me not with fruitleſs vows of love."
Thus STREPHON ſpoke. DANCINDA thus reply'd:
What muſt I do to gratify your pride?
Too well you know (ungrateful as thou art)
How much you triumph in this tender heart:
What proof of love remains for me to grant?
Yet ſtill you teaſe me with ſome new complaint.
Oh! would to heav'n!—but the fond wiſh is vain—
Too many favours had not made it plain!
But ſuch a paſſion breaks through all diſguiſe,
Love reddens on my cheek, and wiſhes in my eyes.
Is't not enough (inhuman and unkind!)
I own the ſecret conflict of my mind;

You

You cannot know what ſecret pain I prove,
When I with burning bluſhes own I love.
You ſee my artleſs joy at your approach,
I ſigh, I faint, I tremble at your touch;
And in your abſence all the world I ſhun;
I hate mankind, and curſe the chearing ſun.
Still as I fly, ten thouſand ſwains purſue;
Ten thouſand ſwains I ſacrifice to you.
I ſhew you all my heart without diſguiſe:
But theſe are tender proofs that you deſpiſe——
I ſee too well what wiſhes you purſue;
You would not only conquer, but undo:
You, cruel victor, weary of your flame,
Would ſeek a cure in my eternal ſhame;
And not content my honour to ſubdue,
Now ſtrive to triumph o'er my virtue too.
Oh! Love, a god indeed to womankind,
Whoſe arrows burn me, and whoſe fetters bind,
Avenge thy altars, vindicate thy fame,
And blaſt theſe traitors that profane thy name;
Who by pretending to thy ſacred fire,
Raiſe curſed trophies to impure deſire.
Have you forgot with what enſnaring art
You firſt ſeduc'd this fond uncautious heart?
Then as I fled, did you not kneeling cry,
"Turn, cruel beauty; whither would you fly?
"Why all theſe doubts? why this diſtruſtful fear?
"No impious wiſhes ſhall offend your ear:

"Nor

" Nor ever ſhall my boldeſt hopes pretend
" Above the title of a tender friend;
" Bleſt, if my lovely goddeſs will permit
" My humble vows, thus ſighing at her feet.
" The tyrant Love that in my boſom reigns,
" The god himſelf ſubmits to wear your chains.
" You ſhall direct his courſe, his ardour tame,
" And check the fury of his wildeſt flame."
Unpractis'd youth is eaſily deceiv'd;
Sooth'd by ſuch ſounds, I liſten'd and believ'd;
Now quite forgot that ſoft ſubmiſſive fear,
You dare to aſk what I muſt bluſh to hear.
Could I forget the honour of my race,
And meet your wiſhes, fearleſs of diſgrace;
Could paſſion o'er my tender youth prevail,
And all my mother's pious maxims fail;
Yet to preſerve your heart (which ſtill muſt be,
Falſe as it is, for ever dear to me)
This fatal proof of love I would not give,
Which you'd contemn the moment you receive.
The wretched ſhe, who yields to guilty joys,
A man may pity, but he muſt deſpiſe.
Your ardour ceas'd, I then ſhould ſee you ſhun
The wretched victim by your arts undone.
Yet if I could that cold indifference bear,
What more would ſtrike me with the laſt deſpair,
With this reflection would my ſoul be torn,
To know I merited your cruel ſcorn.

" Has love no pleaſures free from guilt or fear ?
" Pleaſures leſs fierce, more laſting, more ſincere ?
" Thus let us gently kiſs and fondly gaze,
" Love is a child, and like a child it plays."
O STREPHON, if you would continue juſt,
If love be ſomething more than brutal luſt,
Forbear to aſk what I muſt ſtill deny,
This bitter pleaſure, this deſtructive joy,
So cloſely follow'd by the diſmal train
Of cutting ſhame, and guilt's heart-piercing pain.
She paus'd ; and fix'd her eyes upon her fan ;
He took a pinch of ſnuff, and thus began ;
Madam, if love—but he could ſay no more,
For Mademoiſelle came rapping at the door.
The dangerous moments no adieus afford ;
—Begone, ſhe cries, I'm ſure I hear my lord.
The lover ſtarts from his unfiniſh'd loves,
To ſnatch his hat, and ſeek his ſcatter'd gloves :
The ſighing dame to meet her dear prepares,
While Strephon curſing ſlips down the back-ſtairs.

THURSDAY.

The BASSETTE-TABLE.

SMILINDA and CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

THE baſſette-table ſpread, the tallier come,
Why ſtays SMILINDA in the dreſſing-room?
Riſe, penſive nymph! the tallier ſtays for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah! madam, ſince my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd alpieu.
I ſaw him ſtand behind OMBRELIA's chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft, deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſighs, that cheat the liſt'ning fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cauſe of your romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains.
As you by Love, ſo I by Fortune croſs'd,
In one bad deal three ſeptlevas I loſt.

SMILINDA.

Is that a grief which you compare with mine?
With eaſe the ſmiles of Fortune I reſign.
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

A lover loſt is but a common care,
And prudent nymphs againſt the change prepare.
The queen of clubs thrice loſt! oh! who could gueſs
This fatal ſtroke! this unforeſeen diſtreſs?

SMILINDA.

See! BETTY LOVEIT very à propos!
She all the pains of love and play does know,
Deeply experienc'd many years ago.
Dear BETTY ſhall th' important point decide,
BETTY, who oft the pains of each has try'd:
Impartial, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
By cards' ill uſage, or by lovers loſt.

LOVEIT.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Though time is precious, and I want ſome tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage by MATHERS wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great pen'orth!) bought:
See on the tooth-pick MARS and CUPID ſtrive,
And both the ſtruggling figures ſeem to live.
Upon the bottom ſee the queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble caſe;
JOVE, JOVE himſelf does on the ſciſſars ſhine,
The metal and the workmanſhip divine.

SMILINDA.

This ſnuff-box, once the pledge of SHARPER's love,
When rival beauties for the preſent ſtrove———

(At

(At CORTICELLI's he the raffle won,
There firſt his paſſion was in public ſhown:
HAZARDIA bluſh'd, and turn'd her head aſide,
Her rival's envy all in vain to hide)
This ſnuff-box—on the hinge ſee diamonds ſhine—
This ſnuff-box will I ſtake, the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far ſmaller loſſes than I bear,
Have made a ſoldier ſigh, a lover ſwear:
But oh! what makes the diſappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord who drew the fatal card!—
In complaiſance I took the queen he gave,
Though my own ſecret wiſh was for the knave:
The knave won *ſon ecart* that I had choſe,
And the next pull my *ſeptleva* I loſe.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing ſmart,
The cruel thought that ſtabs me to the heart,
This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing fair,
By whoſe vile arts this heavy grief I bear,
She at whoſe name I ſhed theſe ſpiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms ſhe wears:
An aukward thing when firſt ſhe came to town,
Her ſhape unfaſhion'd, and her face unknown.
She was my friend, I taught her firſt to ſpread
Upon her ſallow cheeks enlivening red;
I introduc'd her to the park and plays,
And by my int'reſt COSINS made her ſtays.

Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to ſteal my favourite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I ſwore,
When WINNALL tallied, I would punt no more!
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
And ſee the folly which I cannot ſhun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd!
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd!
Yet his known falſhood could no warning prove:
Ah! what are warnings to a maid in love!

CARDELIA.

But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on Baſſette, and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves, are ſet in decent rank,
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the ſhining train,
The winner's pleaſure and the loſer's pain,
In bright confuſion open rouleaus lie,
They ſtrike the ſoul, and glitter in the eye;
Fir'd by the ſight, all reaſon I diſdain,
My paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein:
Look upon Baſſette, you who reaſon boaſt,
And ſee if reaſon may not there be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble muſt that breaſt compoſe,
That liſtens coldly to my SHARPER's vows!

Then

Then when he trembles, when his bluſhes riſe,
When aweful love ſeems melting in his eyes !
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves ;
He loves, I whiſper to myſelf, he loves !
Such unfeign'd paſſion in his look appears,
I loſe all mem'ry of my former fears ;
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms ;
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms.
Think of that moment, you who prudence boaſt !
For ſuch a moment, prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the groom-porter's, batter'd bullies play ;
Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away !
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
To Baſſette's heavenly joys and pleaſing cares ?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a beau ;
PRUDINA likes a man, and laughs at ſhow :
Their ſeveral graces in my SHARPER meet;
Strong as the footman, as the maſter ſweet.

LOVEIT.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long,
I grow impatient, and the tea grows ſtrong :
Attend, and yield to what I now decide ;
The equipage ſhall grace SMILINDA's ſide ;
The ſnuff-box to CARDELIA I decree ;
So leave complaining, and begin your tea.

FRIDAY.

The TOILETTE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty ſprings had cloath'd the park with green,
Since LYDIA knew the bloſſoms of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours moleſt;
And catch her at her toilette half undreſt.
The thund'ring knocker wakes the ſtreet no more,
Nor chairs, nor coaches crowd the ſilent door;
Nor at the window all her mornings paſs,
Or at the dumb devotion of her glaſs:
Reclin'd upon her arm ſhe penſive ſate,
And curs'd th' inconſtancy of man too late.
" Oh youth! O ſpring of life for ever loſt!
" No more my name ſhall reign the fav'rite toaſt;
" On glaſs no more the diamond grave my name,
" And lines miſ-ſpelt record my lover's flame:
" Nor ſhall ſide-boxes watch my wand'ring eyes,
" And, as they catch the glance, in rows ariſe
" With humble bows; nor white-glov'd beaus encroach,
" In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.
" What ſhall I do to ſpend the hateful day?
" At chapel ſhall I wear the mornaway?
" Who there appears at theſe unmodiſh hours,
" But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,

" And

" And grey religious maids ? my preſence there
" Amidſt that ſober train, would own deſpair ;
" Nor am I yet ſo old, nor is my glance
" As yet fix'd wholly on devotion's trance.
" Strait then I'll dreſs, and take my wonted range
" Through India ſhops, to Motteux's, or the Change,
" Where the tall jar erects its ſtately pride,
" With antic ſhapes in China's azure dy'd ;
" There careleſs lies a rich brocade unroll'd,
" Here ſhines a cabinet with burniſh'd gold.
" But then, alas ! I muſt be forc'd to pay,
" And bring no penn'orths, not a fan away !
" How am I curs'd, unhappy and forlorn !
" My lover's triumph, and my ſex's ſcorn !
" Falſe is the pompous grief of youthful heirs ;
" Falſe are the looſe coquet's inveigling airs ;
" Falſe is the crafty courtier's plighted word ;
" Falſe are the dice, when gameſters ſtamp the board ;
" Falſe is the ſprightly widow's public tear ;
" Yet theſe to DAMON's oaths are all ſincere.
" For what young flirt, baſe man, am I abus'd ?
" To pleaſe your wife am I unkindly us'd ?
" 'Tis true, her face may boaſt the peach's bloom ;
" But does her nearer whiſper breathe perfume ?
" I own her taper ſhape is form'd to pleaſe ;
" But don't you ſee her unconfin'd by ſtays ?
" She doubly to fifteen may claim pretence ;
" Alike we read it in her face and ſenſe.

" Inſipid, ſervile thing ! whom I diſdain !
" Her phlegm can beſt ſupport the marriage chain.
" Damon is practis'd in the modiſh life ;
" Can hate, and yet be civil to his wife ;
" He games, he drinks, he ſwears, he fights, he roves ;
" Yet CLOE can believe he fondly loves.
" Miſtreſs and wife by turns ſupply his need ;
" A miſs for pleaſure, and a wife for breed.
" Powder'd with diamonds, free from ſpleen or care,
" She can a ſullen huſband's humour bear ;
" Her credulous friendſhip, and her ſtupid eaſe,
" Have often been my jeſt in happier days :
" Now CLOE boaſts and triumphs in my pains ;
" To her he's faithful ; 'tis to me he feigns.
" Am I that ſtupid thing to bear neglect,
" And force a ſmile, not daring to ſuſpect ?
" No, perjur'd man ! a wife may be content,
" But you ſhall find a miſtreſs can reſent."

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Thus love-ſick Lydia rav'd ; her maid appears,
And in her faithful hand the band-box bears ;
(The Ceſtos that reform'd inconſtant JOVE
Not better fill'd with what allur'd to love)
" How well this ribband's gloſs becomes your face !"
She cries in rapture ; " then, ſo ſweet a lace !
" How charmingly you look ! ſo bright ! ſo fair !
" 'Tis to your eyes the head-dreſs owes its air !"
Strait LYDIA ſmil'd ; the comb adjuſts her locks ;
And at the play-houſe, HARRY keeps her box.

SATURDAY

SATURDAY.

The SMALL-POX.

FLAVIA.

THE wretched FLAVIA on her couch reclin'd,
Thus breath'd the anguiſh of a wounded mind;
A glaſs revers'd in her right hand ſhe bore,
For now ſhe ſhun'd the face ſhe ſought before.
'How am I chang'd! alas! how am I grown
'A frightful ſpectre, to myſelf unknown!
'Where's my complexion? where my radiant bloom,
'That promis'd happineſs for years to come?
'Then with what pleaſure I this face ſurvey'd!
'To look once more, my viſits oft delay'd!
'Charm'd with the view, a freſher red would riſe,
'And a new life ſhot ſparkling from my eyes!
'Ah! faithleſs glaſs, my wonted bloom reſtore;
'Alas! I rave, that bloom is now no more.
'The greateſt good the gods on men beſtow,
'Ev'n youth itſelf to me is uſeleſs now.
'There was a time (oh! that I could forget!)
'When opera-tickets pour'd before my feet;
'And at the ring, where brighteſt beauties ſhine,
'The earlieſt cherries of the ſpring were mine.
'Witneſs, O Lilly; and thou, Motteux, tell,
'How much japan theſe eyes have made ye ſell.

'With what contempt ye ſaw me oft deſpiſe
'The humble offer of the raffled prize;
'For at the raffle ſtill each prize I bore,
'With ſcorn rejected, or with triumph wore.
'Now beauty's fled, and preſents are no more!

'For me the Patriot has the houſe forſook,
'And left debates to catch a paſſing look:
'For me the ſoldier has ſoft verſes writ:
'For me the Beau has aim'd to be a wit.
'For me the Wit to nonſenſe was betray'd;
'The Gameſter has for me his dun delay'd,
'And overſeen the card he would have play'd.
'The bold and haughty by ſucceſs made vain,
'Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain:
'The baſhful 'Squire touch'd by a wiſh unknown,
'Has dar'd to ſpeak with ſpirit not his own:
'Fir'd by one wiſh, all did alike adore;
'Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more!

'As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,
'New unaffected ſcenes of ſorrow riſe.
'Far from my ſight that killing picture bear,
'The face diſfigure, and the canvaſs tear:
'That picture, which with pride I us'd to ſhow,
'The loſt reſemblance but upbraids me now.
'And thou, my toilette, where I oft have ſate,
'While hours unheeded paſs'd in deep debate,
'How curls ſhould fall, or where a patch to place;
'If blue or ſcarlet beſt became my face;

'Now

'Now on ſome happier nymph your aid beſtow;
'On fairer heads, ye uſeleſs jewels, glow;
'No borrow'd luſtre can my charms reſtore;
'Beauty is fled, and dreſs is now no more.
'Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye ſhine;
'Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine;
'But, 'midſt your triumphs with confuſion know,
'Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.
'Would pitying heav'n reſtore my wonted mien,
'Ye ſtill might move unthought of and unſeen:
'But oh, how vain, how wretched is the boaſt
'Of beauty faded, and of empire loſt!
'What now is left but weeping, to deplore
'My beauty fled, and empire now no more?
'Ye cruel chymiſts, what withheld your aid!
'Could no pomatums ſave a trembling maid?
'How falſe and trifling is that art ye boaſt!
'No art can give me back my beauty loſt.
'In tears, ſurrounded by my friends I lay,
'Maſk'd o'er, and trembled at the ſight of day;
'MIRMILLIO came my fortune to deplore,
'(A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore)
'Cordials, he cry'd, my ſpirits muſt reſtore!
'Beauty is fled, and ſpirit is no more!
'GALEN, the grave: officious SQUIRT was there,
'With fruitleſs grief and unavailing care:
'MACHAON too, the great MACHAON, known
'By his red cloak and his ſuperior frown;

'And why, he cry'd, this grief and this deſpair,
'You ſhall again be well, again be fair;
'Believe my oath; (with that an oath he ſwore)
'Falſe was his oath; my beauty is no more!
'Ceaſe, hapleſs maid, no more thy tale purſue,
'Forſake mankind, and bid the world adieu!
'Monarchs and beauties rule with equal ſway;
'All ſtrive to ſerve, and glory to obey:
'Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow—
'Men mock the idol of their former vow.
'Adieu! ye parks!—in ſome obſcure receſs,
'Where gentle ſtreams will weep at my diſtreſs,
'Where no falſe friend will in my grief take part,
'And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart;
'There let me live in ſome deſerted place,
'There hide in ſhades this loſt inglorious face.
'Plays, operas, circles, I no more muſt view!
'My toilette, patches, all the world adieu!'

The LOVER: A BALLAD.

To Mr. C——.

By the Same.

I.

AT length, by ſo much importunity preſs'd,
Take, C——, at once the inſide of my breaſt.
This ſtupid indiff'rence ſo often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to ſhame.
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor is Sunday's ſermon ſo ſtrong in my head:
I know but too well how time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

II.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
Oh! was there a man (but where ſhall I find
Good ſenſe and good-nature ſo equally join'd?)
Would value his pleaſure, contribute to mine;
Not meanly would boaſt, nor lewdly deſign,
Not over ſevere, yet not ſtupidly vain,
For I would have the power, though not give the pain.

III.

No pedant, yet learned; nor rake-helly gay,
Or laughing becauſe he has nothing to ſay;
To all my whole ſex, obliging and free,
Yet never be fond of any but me;
In public preſerve the decorum that's juſt,
And ſhew in his eyes he is true to his truſt;
Then rarely approach, and reſpectfully bow,
But not fulſomely pert, nor fopiſhly low.

IV.

But when the long hours of public are paſt,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at laſt,
May every fond pleaſure that moment endear;
Be baniſh'd afar both diſcretion and fear!
Forgetting or ſcorning the airs of the crowd,
He may ceaſe to be formal, and I to be proud,
'Till loſt in the joy, we confeſs that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

V.

And that my delight may be ſolidly fix'd,
Letthe friend and the lover be handſomely mix'd,
In whoſe tender boſom my ſoul may confide,
Whoſe kindneſs can ſooth me, whoſe counſel can guide.
From ſuch a dear lover, as here I deſcribe,
No danger ſhould fright me, no millions ſhould bribe;
But 'till this aſtoniſhing creature I know,
As I long have liv'd chaſte, I will keep myſelf ſo.

VI.

I never will ſhare with the wanton coquet,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
The toaſters and ſongſters may try all their art,
But never ſhall enter the paſs of my heart.
I loath the lewd rake, the dreſs'd fopling deſpiſe:
Before ſuch purſuers the nice virgin flies:
And as OVID has ſweetly in parables told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.

The LADY's RESOLVE.

Written extempore on a Window.

By the Same.

WHILST thirſt of praiſe, and vain deſire of fame,
In every age, is every woman's aim;
With courtſhip pleas'd, of ſilly toaſters proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
On each poor fool beſtowing ſome kind glance,
Each conqueſt owing to ſome looſe advance;
While vain coquets affect to be purſu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not groſsly lewd:
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;
In part ſhe is to blame that has been try'd—
He comes too near that comes to be deny'd.

The GENTLEMAN's ANSWER.

WHILST pretty fellows think a woman's fame
In every ſtate and every age the ſame;
With their own folly pleas'd the fair they toaſt,
And where they leaſt are happy, ſwear they're moſt;
No difference making 'twixt coquet and prude;
And her that ſeems, yet is not really lewd;
While thus they think, and thus they vainly live,
And taſte no joys but what their fancy give:
Let this great maxim be my action's guide,
May I ne'er hope, though I am ne'er deny'd;
Nor think a woman won, that's willing to be try'd.

An EPISTLE to Lord B——.

By the Same.

HOW happy you! who varied joys purſue;
And every hour preſents you ſomething new!
Plans, ſchemes, and models, all Palladio's art,
For ſix long months have gain'd upon your heart;

Of

Of colonnades, of corridores you talk,
The winding ſtair-caſe and the cover'd walk;
You blend the orders with Vitruvian toil,
And raiſe with wond'rous joy the fancy'd pile:
But the dull workman's ſlow performing hand
But coldly executes his lord's command.
With dirt and mortar ſoon you grow diſpleas'd,
Planting ſucceeds, and avenues are rais'd,
Canals are cut, and mountains level made;
Bowers of retreat, and galleries of ſhade;
The ſhaven turf preſents a lively green;
The bordering flow'rs in myſtic knots are ſeen:
With ſtudied art on nature you refine—
The ſpring beheld you warm in this deſign,
But ſcarce the cold attacks your fav'rite trees,
Your inclination fails, and wiſhes freeze.
You quit the grove, ſo lately you admir'd;
With other views your eager hopes are fir'd,
Poſt to the city you direct your way;
Not blooming paradiſe could bribe your ſtay:
Ambition ſhews you power's brighteſt ſide;
'Tis meanly poor in ſolitude to hide.
Though certain pains attend the cares of ſtate,
A good man owes his country to be great;
Should act abroad the high diſtinguiſh'd part,
Or ſhew at leaſt the purpoſe of his heart.
With thoughts like theſe the ſhining courts you ſeek;
Full of new projects for almoſt a week:

You then deſpiſe the tinſel glittering ſnare;
Think vile mankind below a ſerious care.
Life is too ſhort for any diſtant aim;
And cold the dull reward of future fame:
Be happy then while yet you have to live;
And love is all the bleſſing heav'n can give.
Fir'd by new paſſion you addreſs the fair;
Survey the opera as a gay parterre:
Young Cloe's bloom had made you certain prize,
But for a ſide-long glance from Celia's eyes:
Your beating heart acknowledges her power;
Your eager eyes her lovely form devour;
You feel the poiſon ſwelling in your breaſt,
And all your ſoul by fond deſire poſſeſs'd.
In dying ſighs a long three hours are paſt;
To ſome aſſembly with impatient haſte,
With trembling hope, and doubtful fear you move,
Reſolv'd to tempt your fate, and own your love:
But there Belinda meets you on the ſtairs,
Eaſy her ſhape, attracting all her airs;
A ſmile ſhe gives, and with a ſmile can wound;
Her melting voice has muſic in the ſound;
Her every motion wears reſiſtleſs grace;
Wit in her mien, and pleaſure in her face:
Here while you vow eternity of love,
Cloe and Celia unregarded move.
Thus on the ſands of Afric's burning plains,
However deeply made, no long impreſs remains;

The lighteſt leaf can leave its figure there;
The ſtrongeſt form is ſcattered by the air.
So yielding the warm temper of your mind,
So touch'd by every eye, ſo toſs'd by wind;
Oh! how unlike the heav'n my ſoul deſign'd!
Unſeen, unheard, the throng around me move;
Not wiſhing praiſe, inſenſible of love:
No whiſpers ſoften, nor no beauties fire;
Careleſs I ſee the dance, and coldly hear the lyre.
So num'rous herds are driven o'er the rock;
No print is left of all the paſſing flock:
So ſings the wind around the ſolid ſtone:
So vainly beat the waves with fruitleſs moan.
Tedious the toil, and great the workman's care,
Who dare attempt to fix impreſſions there:
But ſhould ſome ſwain more ſkilful than the reſt,
Engrave his name upon this marble breaſt,
Not rolling ages could deface that name;
Through all the ſtorms of life 'tis ſtill the ſame:
Though length of years with moſs may ſhade the ground,
Deep, though unſeen, remains the ſecret wound.

EPILOGUE

To MARY, QUEEN of SCOTS.

Deſign'd to be ſpoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

By the Same.

WHAT could luxurious woman wiſh for more,
To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r?
Their every wiſh was in this Mary ſeen,
Gay, witty, youthful, beauteous, and a queen.
Vain uſeleſs bleſſings with ill conduct join'd!
Light as the air, and fleeting as the wind.
Whatever poets write, and lovers vow,
Beauty, what poor omnipotence haſt thou!
Queen Beſs had wiſdom, council, power, and laws;
How few eſpous'd a wretched beauty's cauſe!
Learn thence, ye fair, more ſolid charms to prize,
Contemn the idle flatt'rers of your eyes.
The brighteſt object ſhines but while 'tis new;
That influence leſſens by familiar view.
Monarchs and beauties rule with equal ſway,
All ſtrive to ſerve, and glory to obey;
Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow—
Men mock the idol of their former vow.

Two great examples have been ſhown to-day,
To what ſure ruin paſſion does betray ;
What long repentance to ſhort joys is due ;
When reaſon rules, what glory does enſue.
If you will love, love like Eliza then ;
Love for amuſement, like thoſe traitors men.
Think that the paſtime of a leiſure hour
She favour'd oft—but never ſhar'd her pow'r.
The traveller by deſart wolves purſu'd,
If by his art the ſavage foe's ſubdu'd,
The world will ſtill the noble act applaud,
Though victory was gain'd by needful fraud.
Such is, my tender ſex, our helpleſs caſe ;
And ſuch the barbarous heart, hid by the begging face.
By paſſion fir'd, and not withheld by ſhame,
They cruel hunters are ; we, trembling game.
Truſt me, dear ladies, (for I know 'em well)
They burn to triumph, and they ſigh to tell :
Cruel to them that yield, cullies to them that ſell.
Believe me, 'tis by far the wiſer courſe,
Superior art ſhould meet ſuperior force :
Hear, but be faithful to your intereſt ſtill :
Secure your hearts—then fool with whom you will.

A RECEIPT to Cure the VAPOURS.

Written to Lady J —— N.

By the Same.

I.

WHY will Delia thus retire,
And idly languiſh life away?
While the ſighing crowd admire,
'Tis too ſoon for hartſhorn tea.

II.

All thoſe diſmal looks and fretting
Cannot Damon's life reſtore;
Long ago the worms have eat him,
You can never ſee him more.

III.

Once again conſult your toilette,
In the glaſs your face review:
So much weeping ſoon will ſpoil it,
And no ſpring your charms renew.

IV. I, like

IV.

I, like you, was born a woman,
Well I know what vapours mean :
The diſeaſe, alas ! is common ;
Single, we have all the ſpleen.

V.

All the morals that they tell us,
Never cur'd the ſorrow yet :
Chuſe, among the pretty fellows,
One of honour, youth, and wit.

VI.

Prithee hear him every morning,
At the leaſt an hour or two ;
Once again at night returning —
I believe the doſe will do.

The SPLEEN.

An EPISTLE to Mr. C—— J——.

By Mr MATTHEW GREEN of the Cuſtom-houſe.

THIS motly piece to you I ſend,
Who always were a faithful friend;
Who, if diſputes ſhould happen hence,
Can beſt explain the author's ſenſe;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I ſing, ſo often feel.
The want of method pray excuſe,
Allowing for a vapour'd Muſe;
Nor, to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.
The child is genuine, you may trace
Throughout the ſire's tranſmitted face.
Nothing is ſtol'n: my Muſe, though mean,
Draws from the ſpring ſhe finds within;
Nor vainly buys what Gildon ſells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.
School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treaſures lie,

And there unſeen commit a theft
On wealth in Greek exchequers left.
Then where? from whom? what can I ſteal,
Who only with the moderns deal?
This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won:
They ſafely ſing before a thief,
They cannot give who want relief;
Some few excepted, names well known,
And juſtly laurel'd with renown,
Whoſe ſtamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects: of theft beware;
From Moore ſo laſh'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.

Firſt know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a treatiſe on the Spleen;
Nor to preſcribe when nerves convulſe;
Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulſe.
If I am right, your queſtion lay,
What courſe I take to drive away
The day-mare Spleen, by whoſe falſe pleas
Men prove mere ſuicides in eaſe;
And how I do myſelf demean
In ſtormy world to live ſerene.

When by its magic lantern Spleen
With frightful figures ſpreads life's ſcene,
And threat'ning proſpects urg'd my fears,
A ſtranger to the luck of heirs;

Reaſon, ſome quiet to reſtore,
Shew'd part was ſubſtance, ſhadow more;
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I ſunk not down,
But ſwam, 'till Fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.
I always chooſe the plaineſt food
To mend viſcidity of blood.
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of eaſy acceſs to the poor;
Thy help love's confeſſors implore,
And doctors ſecretly adore;
To thee I fly, by thee dilute—
Through veins my blood doth quicker ſhoot,
And by ſwift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.
I never ſick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myſelf a cup too low,
And ſeldom Cloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of ſpirits, which I want.
Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and ſtir the blood:
But after no field-honours itch,
Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies ſoft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's ſons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry awake the morn.

Theſe ſee her from the duſky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,
With roral waſh redeem her face,
And prove herſelf of Titan's race,
And, mounting in looſe robes the ſkies,
Shed light and fragrance as ſhe flies.
Then horſe and hound fierce joy diſplay,
Exulting at the Hark-away,
And in purſuit o'er tainted ground
From lungs robuſt field-notes reſound.
Then, as St. George the dragon ſlew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view;
While all their ſpirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.
  To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen;
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exerciſe;
Fling but a ſtone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.
  Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At ſome partic'lars let us laugh.
Witlings, briſk fools, curs'd with half ſenſe,
That ſtimulates their impotence;
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.

Poor authors worſhipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A ſtrict diſſenter ſaying grace,
A left'rer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to diſpenſe,
Making the paſt the future tenſe,
The popiſh dubbing of a prieſt,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythoniſſa's rage,
Great Æſculapius on his ſtage,
A miſer ſtarving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying ſpeech,
A jointur'd widow's ritual ſtate,
Two Jews diſputing tête à tête,
New almanacs compos'd by ſeers,
Experiments on felons ears,
Diſdainful prudes, who ceaſeleſs ply
The ſuperb muſcle of the eye,
A coquet's April-weather face,
A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military ſhow,
Are ſov'reign for the caſe in view.
If Spleen-fogs riſe at cloſe of day,
I clear my ev'ning with a play,
Or to ſome concert take my way.
The company, the ſhine of lights,
The ſcenes of humour, muſic's flights,
Adjuſt and ſet the ſoul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
To others' griefs attention raiſe:
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe;
There gaily comic ſcenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our ſight.
Virtue, in charming dreſs array'd,
Calling the paſſions to her aid,
When moral ſcenes juſt actions join,
Takes ſhape, and ſhews her face divine.
Muſic has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does ſound's high pow'r advance,
To muſic's pipe the paſſions dance;
Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have ſhewn,
Tarantulated by a tune.
Many have held the ſoul to be
Nearly ally'd to harmony.
Her have I known indulging grief,
And ſhunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and looking round,
Own, by neglecting ſorrow's wound,
The conſanguinity of ſound.
In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will ſurely be too hard;
Which, like thoſe fiſh by ſailors met,
Fly higheſt, while their wings are wet.

In ſuch dull weather, ſo unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure ſky,
That's fit for ſimile, deny,
I dreſs my face with ſtudious looks,
And ſhorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I ſit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to ſome coffee-houſe I ſtray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd diſcourſes gather,
That politics go by the weather:
Then ſeek good-humour'd tavern chums,
And play at cards, but for ſmall ſums;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
Or drink a joco-ſerious cup
With ſouls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heav'n to be ſerene,
Pain, hell; and purgatory, ſpleen.
Sometimes I dreſs, with women ſit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the ſtiff garb of ſerious ſenſe,
And wear a gay impertinence,

Nor think, nor ſpeak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins ;
Talk of unuſual ſwell of waiſt
In maid of honour looſely lac'd,
And beauty borr'wing Spaniſh red,
And loving pair with ſep'rate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loſs of game,
And then redeem'd by loſs of fame ;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin :
And thus in modiſh manner we,
In aid of ſugar, ſweeten tea.
  Permit, ye fair, your idol form
Which e'en the coldeſt heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its ſhrine,
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praiſe.
With ſpeech ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet a mien
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with ſound, when pleas'd to ſing ;
Whate'er you ſay, howe'er you move,
We look, we liſten, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliſs,
Our nerves officious throng to kiſs ;

By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd ſoul, inclin'd to ſport,
Renounces wiſdom's ſullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes ſcintillant blaze ?
Love on his throne of glory ſeems
Encompaſs'd with Satellite beams.
But when blue eyes, more ſoftly bright,
Diffuſe benignly humid light,
We gaze, and ſee the ſmiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And raptur'd fix in ſuch a face,
Love's mercy-ſeat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its ſnow ;
Again fires long-extinguiſh'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood long congealed liquefies :
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on.
But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at leaſt !
Hence I with care ſuch lott'ries ſhun,
Where, a prize miſs'd, I'm quite undone ;
And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,
Yet run the greateſt riſk of life.

Mothers,

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out ſo much coſt and art,
But to deflow'r the virgin heart;
Of every folly-foſt'ring bed
By quick'ning heat of cuſtom bred.
Rather than by your culture ſpoil'd,
Deſiſt, and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden ſoul,
Which truth and innocence controul.
Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;
Woodcocks to ſhun your ſnares have ſkill,
You ſhew ſo plain, you ſtrive to kill.
In love the artleſs catch the game,
And they ſcarce miſs who never aim.
The world's great Author did create
The ſex to fit the nuptial ſtate,
And meant a bleſſing in a wife
To ſolace the fatigues of life;
And old inſpired times diſplay,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of controul,
And houſe-wife arts adorn'd the ſoul;
And charms, the gift of nature, ſhone;
And jealouſy, a thing unknown:
Veils were the only maſks they wore;
Novels (receipts to make a whore)

Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puiſſance felt at loo.
Wiſe men did not, to be thought gay,
Then compliment their pow'r away:
But leſt, by frail deſires miſled,
The girls forbidden paths ſhould tread,
Of ign'rance rais'd the ſafe high wall;
We ſink haw-haws, that ſhew them all.
Thus we at once ſolicit ſenſe,
And charge them not to break the fence.
Now, if untir'd, conſider friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.
I never am at Meeting ſeen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen;
The broken heart, the buſy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.
Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is diſeaſe;
A gypſy diction ſcarce known well
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,
I ſhun; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen;
Law, grown a foreſt, where perplex
The mazes, and the brambles vex;
Where its twelve verd'rers every day
Are changing ſtill the public way;
Yet if we miſs our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur;

And wand'rers tire, and tear their ſkin,
And then get out where they went in.
I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No compter-writs me agitate;
Who moralizing paſs the gate,
And there mine eyes on ſpendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wiſdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding viſits there,
And forces folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profuſely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind:
Experience join'd with common ſenſe,
To mortals is a providence.
Paſſion, as frequently is ſeen,
Subſiding ſettles into Spleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I run away from party-ſtrife.
A prince's cauſe, a church's claim,
I've known to raiſe a mighty flame,
And prieſt, as ſtoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.
That tribe, whoſe practicals decree
Small-beer the deadlieſt hereſy;
Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the moſt noted whore alive;

Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
And in whoſe gay red-letter'd face
We read good-living more than grace :
Nor they ſo pure, and ſo preciſe,
Immac'late as their white of eyes,
Who for the ſpirit hug the Spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
Who their ill-taſted home-brew'd pray'r
To the ſtate's mellow forms prefer ;
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not ſteep'd in vinegar,
And ſamples of heart-cheſted grace
Expoſe in ſhew-glaſs of the face,
Did never me as yet provoke,
Either to honour band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.
I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, becauſe they are in place;
Nor, hir'd to praiſe with ſtallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men ;
But to avoid religious jars
The laws are my expoſitors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and ſtate.
I go, purſuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the caravan,

And think it right in common ſenſe
Both for diverſion and defence.
  Reforming ſchemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vaſt deſign:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ſhip afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and ſtream contend:
Succeſs herein is ſeldom ſeen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.
  Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His ſkiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd againſt the tide.
He, paddling by the ſcuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.
  By theſe reflections I repeal
Each haſty promiſe made in zeal.
When g——l P——s ſay,
We're bound our great light to diſplay,
And Indian darkneſs drive away,
Yet none but drunken watchmen ſend,
And ſcoundrel link-boys for that end;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every chriſtian ſhould be for,

Yet ſuch as owe the law their ears,
We find employ'd as engineers:
This view my forward zeal ſo ſhocks,
In vain they hold the money-box.
At ſuch a conduct, which intends
By vicious means ſuch virtuous ends,
I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
From ſpoiling Indian innocence.
Yet philoſophic love of eaſe
I ſuffer not to prove diſeaſe,
But riſe up in the virtuous cauſe
Of a free preſs, and equal laws.
The preſs reſtrain'd! nefandous thought!
In vain our fires have nobly fought:
While free from force the preſs remains,
Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,
And Learning largeſſes beſtows,
And keeps uncenſur'd open houſe.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and ſchemes of art,
And philoſophic goods this way,
Like water carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge ſo affords,
Inquiſitors with flaming ſwords
From lay-approach with zeal defend,
Leſt their own paradiſe ſhould end.
The preſs from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;

Her offspring, ſkill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner wav'd in open air;
The monſter Superſtition fled,
And hid in ſhades its Gorgon head;
And lawleſs pow'r, the long-kept field,
By reaſon quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurſe of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treaſon againſt ſenſe;
And, Liberty, thy thouſand tongues
None ſilence, who deſign no wrongs;
For thoſe, who uſe the gag's reſtraint,
Firſt rob, before they ſtop complaint.
Since diſappointment galls within,
And ſubjugates the ſoul to Spleen,
Moſt ſchemes, as money-ſnares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet freſh fools are caſt away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted veſſel runs aground;
Or in deep ſeas it overſets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm-directors in one trip,
Freight firſt embezzled, ſink the ſhip.
Such was of late a corporation,
The brazen ſerpent of the nation,
Which, when hard accidents diſtreſs'd,
The poor muſt look at to be bleſt,

And thence expect, with paper ſeal'd
By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.
I in no ſoul-conſumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the ſpare diet of a ſmile.
There you may ſee the idol ſtand
With mirror in his wanton hand;
Above, below, now here, now there
He throws about the ſunny glare.
Crowds pant, and preſs to ſeize the prize,
The gay deluſion of their eyes.
When Fancy tries her limning ſkill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raiſe and round the figures well,
And ſhew her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, leſt it ſhould woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And diſappointed, feel deſpair
At loſs of things, that never were.
When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on æther in the park;
Who e'er on wing with open throats
Fly at debates, expreſſes, votes,
Juſt in the manner ſwallows uſe,
Catching their airy food of news;
Whoſe latrant ſtomachs oft moleſt
The deep-laid plans their dreams ſuggeſt;

Or ſee ſome poet penſive ſit,
Fondly miſtaking Spleen for Wit;
Who, though ſhort-winded, ſtill will aim
To ſound the epic trump of Fame;
Who ſtill on Phœbus' ſmiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat;
I bleſs my ſtars, I never knew
Whimſies, which cloſe purſu'd, undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent and the child of Spleen.
Theſe ſubjects of Apollo's ſtate
Who from falſe fire derive their fate,
With airy purchaſes undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor loſt one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies firſt delirious grew,
And ſcenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the ſight Parnaſſus lies,
And with falſe proſpects cheats their eyes;
The fabled gods the poets ſing,
A ſeaſon of perpetual ſpring,
Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,
Affording ſweets and ſimiles,
Gay dreams inſpir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The ſacred muſic of the Nine,

Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Raviſh their ſouls, and plainly ſhew
What Fancy's ſketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain ſteep,
Where on the top, like dreams in ſleep,
The Muſes revelations ſhew,
That find men crack'd, or make them ſo.
You friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elab'rate waſte of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
To paſs for Phœbus' crazy ſon.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the moſt uncertain gain;
And lott'ries never tempt the wiſe
With blanks ſo many to a prize.
I only tranſient viſits pay,
Meeting the Muſes in my way,
Scarce known to the faſtidious dames,
Nor ſkill'd to call them by their names.
Nor can their paſſports in theſe days,
Your profit warrant, or your praiſe.
On poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as ſworn appraiſers, ſit,
And mere upholſt'rers in a trice
On gems and painting ſet a price.
Theſe tayl'ring artiſts for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with ſtrait ſtays

Striving

Striving free Nature's ſhape to hit,
Emaciate ſenſe, before they fit.
A common place, and many friends,
Can ſerve the plagiary's ends.
Whoſe eaſy vamping talent lies,
Firſt wit to pilfer, then diſguiſe.
Thus ſome devoid of art and ſkill
To ſearch the mine on Pindus' hill,
Proud to aſpire and workmen grow,
By genius doom'd to ſtay below,
For their own digging ſhew the town
Wit's treaſure brought by others down.
Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artiſt's judgment to refine,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore with baſer metals mix'd
Melt down, impatient of delay,
And call the vicious maſs a play.
All theſe engage to ſerve their ends,
A band ſelect of truſty friends,
Who, leſſon'd right, extol the thing,
As Pſapho taught his birds to ſing;
Then to the ladies they ſubmit,
Returning officers on wit;
A crowded houſe their preſence draws,
And on the beaus impoſes laws,
A judgment in its favour ends,
When all the pannel are its friends:

Their natures merciful and mild
Have from mere pity ſav'd the child;
In bulruſh ark the bantling found
Helpleſs and ready to be drown'd,
They have preſerv'd by kind ſupport,
And brought the baby-muſe to court.
  But there's a youth that you can name,
Who needs no leading ſtrings to fame,
Whoſe quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain:
Dreaming of whoſe depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate,
This, this is he, that was foretold
Should emulate our Greeks of old.
Inſpir'd by me with ſacred art,
He ſings, and rules the varied heart;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearſe,
We hear the thunder in his verſe;
If he deſcribes love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot in his page.
If he fair liberty and law
By ruffian pow'r expiring draw,
The keener paſſions then engage
Aright, and ſanctify their rage;
If he attempt diſaſtrous love,
We hear thoſe plaints that wound the grove,
Within the kinder paſſions glow,
And tears diſtill'd from pity flow.

From the bright viſion I deſcend,
And my deſerted theme attend.
Me never did ambition ſeize,
Strange fever moſt inflam'd by eaſe!
The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride.
This par'diſe-tree, ſo fair and high,
I view with no aſpiring eye:
Like aſpine ſhake the reſtleſs leaves,
And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,
Whence frequent falls give no ſurpriſe,
But fits of Spleen, call'd *growing wiſe*.
Greatneſs in glitt'ring forms diſplay'd
Affects weak eyes much us'd to ſhade,
And by its falſly-envy'd ſcene
Gives ſelf-debaſing fits of Spleen.
We ſhould be pleas'd that things are ſo,
Who do for nothing ſee the ſhow,
And, middle-ſiz'd, can paſs between
Life's hubbub ſafe, becauſe unſeen,
And 'midſt the glare of greatneſs trace
A wat'ry ſun-ſhine in the face,
And pleaſures fled to, to redreſs
The ſad fatigue of idleneſs.
Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a ſtranger to our ſight,
Say, goddeſs, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;

Thy

Thy gracious auſpices impart,
And for thy temple chooſe my heart.
They, whom thou deigneſt to inſpire,
Thy ſcience learn, to bound deſire;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleaſure all they find;
They both diſdain in outward mien
The grave and ſolemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dreſs,
To feign a joy, and hide diſtreſs;
Unmov'd when the rude tempeſt blows;
Without an opiate they repoſe;
And cover'd by your ſhield, defy
The whizzing ſhafts, that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themſelves with diſtant cares;
But place their bliſs in mental reſt,
And feaſt upon the good poſſeſs'd.
  Forc'd by ſoft violence of pray'r,
The blythſome goddeſs ſooths my care,
I feel the deity inſpire,
And thus ſhe models my deſire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity ſecurely made,
A farm ſome twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, ſalubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never ſaw the town,
A ſerving-man not quite a clown,

A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t' other holds the plough;
A chief of temper form'd to pleaſe,
Fit to converſe, and keep the keys;
And better to preſerve the peace,
Commiſſion'd by the name of niece;
With underſtandings of a ſize
To think their maſter very wiſe.
May heav'n (it's all I wiſh for) ſend
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cup-board, little plate,
Diſplay benevolence, not ſtate.
And may my humble dwelling ſtand
Upon ſome choſen ſpot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geeſe may ſwim,
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambroſial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen-ground,
Fenc'd by a ſlope with buſhes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a ſong;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which ſenſe and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which viſion bounds,
Like amphitheatre ſurrounds:

And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in duſk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here ſtillneſs, height, and ſolemn ſhade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the ſpreading beech
Inſpire, and docile fancy teach,
While ſoft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulſes ruſtle through the mind:
Here Dryads, ſcorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In meaſur'd motions friſk about,
'Till old Silenus puts them out.
There ſee the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Freſh paſtures ſpeckled o'er with ſheep,
Brown fields their fallow ſabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden treſſes wear,
And poppy-top-knots deck her hair,
And ſilver-ſtreams through meadows ſtray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And leſſer nymphs on ſide of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.
Thus ſhelter'd, free from care and ſtrife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;

See faction, ſafe in low degree,
As men at land ſee ſtorms at ſea,
And laugh at miſerable elves,
Not kind, ſo much as to themſelves,
Curs'd with ſuch ſouls of baſe alloy,
As can poſſeſs, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleaſure to impart
By av'rice, ſphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankleſs heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-ſmile,
Prone the diſtreſſed to relieve,
And little treſpaſſes forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And ſkill to make a buſy hour,
With trips to town life to amuſe,
To purchaſe books, and hear the news,
To ſee old friends, bruſh off the clown,
And quicken taſte at coming down,
Unhurt by ſickneſs' blaſting rage,
And ſlowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to bloſſom ſoon again.
But now more ſerious ſee me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th'

Th' enthuſiaſt's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reaſon foil'd.
His ſpringy ſoul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, huſh'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when aſleep;
Then, fond of new diſcoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Diſdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endleſs ſpace,
Borne up on metaphyſic wings,
Chaſes light forms and ſhadowy things,
And in the vague excurſion caught,
Brings home ſome rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man ſuch dreams,
As brighteſt evidence, eſteems;
Fain would he ſee ſome diſtant ſcene
Suggeſted by his reſtleſs Spleen,
And Fancy's teleſcope applies
With tinctur'd glaſs to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I cloſe examine by the light;
For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare ſun-beam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common ſenſe
On faith's mere hearſay evidence?
That ſuperſtition mayn't create,
And club its ills with thoſe of fate,

I many a notion take to taſk,
Made dreadful by its viſor-maſk.
Thus ſcruple, ſpaſm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find,
Since optic reaſon ſhews me plain,
I dreaded ſpectres of the brain,
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood ſown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper ſenſe,
And neither ſuit nor ſervice do,
Nor homage to pretenders ſhew,
Who boaſt themſelves by ſpurious roll
Lords of the manor of the ſoul;
Preferring ſenſe, from chin that's bare,
To nonſenſe thron'd in whiſker'd hair.
To thee, Creator uncreate,
O Entium Ens! divinely great!——
Hold, Muſe, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor ſtraining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:
Through fields unknown nor madly ſtray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint.
Who features veil'd by light can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, ſit?

My ſoul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyſelf, the fitter ſubject, know.
He wiſely ſhuns the bold extreme,
Who ſoon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wiſdom's Sirens caught,
On quickſands ſwall'wing ſhipwreck'd thought;
But, conſcious of his diſtance, gives
Mute praiſe, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our ſight,
Immutable, and infinite,
Who can't be cruel, or unjuſt,
Calm and reſign'd, I fix my truſt;
To him my paſt and preſent ſtate
I owe, and muſt my future fate.
A ſtranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Tranſported here by angry Fate,
The convicts of a prior ſtate.
Hence I no anxious thoughts beſtow
On matters, I can never know;
Through life's foul way, like vagrant paſs'd,
He'll grant a ſettlement at laſt,
And with ſweet eaſe the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life no ſooner loſt but found,
And diſſolution ſoon to come,
Like ſpunge, wipes out life's preſent ſum,

But can't our ſtate of pow'r bereave
An endleſs ſeries to receive ;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We ballance in another ſtate,
And conſciouſneſs muſt go along,
And ſign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures muſt decree
More happineſs than miſery,
Or be ſuppoſed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate :
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cauſe lameneſs halts, or blindneſs errs.
Thus, thus I ſteer my bark, and ſail
On even keel with gentle gale ;
At helm I make my reaſon ſit,
My crew of paſſions all ſubmit.
If dark and bluſt'ring prove ſome nights,
Philoſophy puts forth her lights;
Experience holds the cautious glaſs,
To ſhun the breakers, as I paſs,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To ſee what dangers may be hid :
And once in ſeven years I'm ſeen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleas'd to ſee the dolphins play,
I mind my compaſs and my way,
With ſtore ſufficient for relief,
And wiſely ſtill prepar'd to reef,

Nor wanting the diſperſive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the ſoul,
I make (may heav'n propitious ſend
Such wind and weather to the end)
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

An EPIGRAM.

On the Reverend Mr. LAURENCE ECHARD's, and Biſhop GILBERT BURNET's Hiſtories.

By the Same.

GIL's hiſtory appears to me
Political anatomy,
A caſe of ſkeletons well done,
And malefactors every one.
His ſharp and ſtrong inciſion pen
Hiſtorically cuts up men,
And does with lucid ſkill impart
Their inward ails of head and heart.
LAURENCE proceeds another way,
And well-dreſs'd figures doth diſplay:
His characters are all in fleſh,
Their hands are fair, thei faces freſh;

And

And from his ſweet'ning art derive
A better ſcent than when alive.
He wax-work made to pleaſe the ſons,
Whoſe fathers were GIL's ſkeletons.

The SPARROW and DIAMOND.

A SONG. By the Same.

I.

I Lately ſaw, what now I ſing,
Fair Lucia's hand diſplay'd:
This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
On that a ſparrow play'd.

II.

The feather'd play-thing ſhe careſs'd,
She ſtroak'd its head and wings;
And while it neſtled on her breaſt,
She liſp'd the deareſt things.

III.

With chizzled bill a ſpark ill ſet
He looſen'd from the reſt,
And ſwallow'd down to grind his meat,
The eaſier to digeſt.

IV.

She ſeiz'd his bill with wild affright,
Her diamond to deſcry:
'Twas gone! ſhe ſicken'd at the ſight,
Moaning her bird would die.

V.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might uſe,
The curtains none undraw,
The footmen went without their ſhoes,
The ſtreet was laid with ſtraw.

VI.

The doctor us'd his oily art
Of ſtrong emetic kind,
The apothecary play'd his part,
And engineer'd behind.

VII.

When phyſic ceas'd to ſpend its ſtore
To bring away the ſtone,
Dicky, like people given o'er,
Picks up, when let alone.

VIII.

His eyes diſpell'd their ſickly dews,
He peck'd behind his wing;
Lucia recovering at the news,
Relapſes for the ring.

IX.

Mean-while within her beauteous breaſt
Two different paſſions ſtrove ;
When av'rice ended the conteſt,
And triumph'd over love.

X.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Thy pains the ſex diſplay,
Who only to repair a ring,
Could take thy life away ;

XI.

Drive av'rice from your breaſts, ye fair,
Monſter of fouleſt mien :
Ye would not let it harbour there,
Could but its form be ſeen.

XII.

It made a virgin put on guile,
Truth's image break her word,
A Lucia's face forbear to ſmile,
A Venus kill her bird.

JOVE and SEMELE.

By the Same.

Occaſioned by a Lady's ſaying, that none of the ancient poetical Stories reflected ſo much on the Vanity of Women, as that of Phaëton *does on the Ambition of Men.*

JOVE for amuſement quitted oft his ſkies,
To viſit earth, contracted to our ſize;
And lov'd (however things in heav'n might go)
Exceedingly a game of romps below.
Miſs Semele he pick'd up, as he went,
And thought, he pleas'd her to her heart's content.
But minds aſpiring ne'er can be at eaſe;
Once known a god, as man he ceas'd to pleaſe.
In tendereſt time, which women know, 'tis ſaid,
Thus ſhe beſpake the loving god in bed.
Thou, who gav'ſt Dædalus his mazy art,
And knoweſt all things but a woman's heart,
Hear my requeſt, for ſomething yet untry'd,
And ſwear by Styx, I ſhall not be deny'd.
Fond Jove, like men, the better to ſucceed,
Took any oath; then bade the girl proceed.
In human guiſe, great Jove, leave off to rove,
Deceiving woman-kind, and pilf'ring love:

What

What are thoſe joys, which as a man you give,
To what a god of thunder can atchieve ?
Such weight of love, and might of limbs employ,
As give immortal madams heav'nly joy.
Jove came array'd, as bound by cruel fate,
And Semele enjoy'd the god in ſtate :
When flaming ſplendors round his beamy head
Divinely ſhone, and ſtruck the mortal dead.
Faint from the courſe though we awhile retreat,
To cool and breathe before another heat ;
The gods can't know, freſh with eternal prime,
Love's ſtinted pauſe, nor want recruits from time ;
But muſt with unabating ardours kiſs,
And bear down nature with exceſs of bliſs.
Learn hence, each fair one, whom like beauties grace,
Poſſeſs'd of lawleſs empire by your face,
Not to do what you liſt, becauſe you may,
Let cool diſcretion warm deſires allay ;
And itching curioſity believe,
A lurking taint deriv'd from mother Eve.
Spare then the men, ye fair, and frankly own,
Your ſex, like ours, has had its Phaëton.

The SEEKER.

By the Same.

WHEN I firſt came to London, I rambled about
From ſermon to ſermon, took a ſlice and went out.
Then on me, in divinity batchelor, try'd
Many prieſts to obtrude a Levitical bride;
And urging their various opinions, intended
To make me wed ſyſtems, which they recommended.
Said a letch'rous old fry'r ſkulking near Lincoln's-Inn,
(Whoſe trade's to abſolve, but whoſe paſtime's to ſin;
Who, ſpider-like, ſeizes weak proteſtant flies,
Which hung in his ſophiſtry cobweb he ſpies;)
Ah pity your ſoul, for without our church pale,
If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail;
The bible, you boaſt, is a wild revelation:
Hear a church that can't err if you hope for ſalvation.
Said a formal non-con, (whoſe rich ſtock of grace
Lies forward expos'd in ſhop-window of face,)
Ah! pity your ſoul: come, be of our ſect:
For then you are ſafe, and may plead you're elect.
As it ſtands in the Acts, we can prove ourſelves ſaints,
Being Chriſt's little flock ev.ry where ſpoke againſt.

Said

Said a jolly church parſon, (devoted to eaſe,
While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece,)
If you pity your ſoul, I pray liſten to neither ;
The firſt is in error, the laſt a deceiver :
That ours is the true church, the ſenſe of our tribe is,
And ſurely *in medio tutiſſimus ibis.*

Said a yea and nay friend with a ſtiff hat and band,
(Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his hand,)
Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,
Though about ways and means they may all diſagree ;
Then prithee be wiſe, go the quakers by-way,
'Tis plain, without turnpikes, ſo nothing to pay.

On Barclay's Apology for the Quakers.

By the Same.

THESE ſheets primæval doctrines yield,
Where revelation is reveal'd :
Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,
Syſtems lethargic to the head
They purge, and yield a diet thin,
That turns to goſpel-chyle within.
Truth ſublimate may here be ſeen
Extracted from the parts terrene.
In theſe is ſhewn, how men obtain
What of Prometheus poets feign ;

To ſcripture-plainneſs dreſs is brought,
And ſpeech, apparel to the thought.
They hiſs from inſtinct at red coats,
And war, whoſe work is cutting throats,
Forbid, and preſs the law of love:
Breathing the ſpirit of the dove.
Lucrative doctrines they deteſt,
As manufactur'd by the prieſt;
And throw down turnpikes, where we pay
For ſtuff, which never mends the way;
And tythes, a Jewiſh tax, reduce,
And frank the goſpel for our uſe.
They ſable ſtanding armies break;
But the militia uſeful make:
Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,
Taught by theſe rules as well as they;
Rules, which, when truths themſelves reveal,
Bid us to follow what we feel.
The world can't hear the ſmall ſtill voice,
Such is its buſtle and its noiſe;
Reaſon the proclamation reads,
But not one riot paſſion heeds.
Wealth, honour, power the graces are,
Which here below our homage ſhare:
They, if one votary they find
To miſtreſs more divine inclin'd,
In truth's purſuit to cauſe delay
Throw golden apples in his way.

Place

Place me, O heav'n, in ſome retreat
There let the ſerious death-watch beat,
There let me ſelf in ſilence ſhun,
To feel thy will, which ſhould be done.
Then comes the Spirit to our hut,
When faſt the ſenſes' doors are ſhut;
For ſo divine and pure a gueſt
The emptieſt rooms are furniſh'd beſt.
O Contemplation! air ſerene
From damps of ſenſe, and fogs of ſpleen!
Pure mount of thought! thrice holy ground,
Where grace, when waited for, is found.
Here 'tis the ſoul feels ſudden youth,
And meets exulting, virgin Truth;
Here, like a breeze of gentleſt kind,
Impulſes ruſtle through the mind;
Here ſhines that light with glowing face,
The fuſe divine, that kindles grace;
Which, if we trim our lamps, will laſt;
'Till darkneſs be by dying paſt,
And then goes out at end of night,
Extinguiſh'd by ſuperior light.
Ah me! the heats and colds of life,
Pleaſure's and pain's eternal ſtrife,
Breed ſtormy paſſions, which confin'd,
Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind,
And raiſe deſpair; my lamp can laſt,
Plac'd where they drive the furious blaſt.

Falſe eloquence, big empty ſound,
Like ſhowers that ruſh upon the ground,
Little beneath the ſurface goes,
All ſtreams along and muddy flows.
This ſinks, and ſwells the buried grain,
And fructifies like ſouthern rain.
His art, well hid in mild diſcourſe,
Exerts perſuaſion's winning force,
And nervates ſo the good deſign,
That King Agrippa's caſe is mine.
Well-natur'd, happy ſhade, forgive!
Like you I think, but cannot live.
Thy ſcheme requires the world's contempt,
That, from dependence life exempt;
And conſtitution fram'd ſo ſtrong,
This world's worſt climate cannot wrong.
Not ſuch my lot, not Fortune's brat,
I live by pulling off the hat;
Compell'd by ſtation every hour
To bow to images of power;
And, in life's buſy ſcenes immers'd,
See better things, and do the worſt.
Eloquent Want, whoſe reaſons ſway,
And make ten thouſand truths give way,
While I your ſcheme with pleaſure trace,
Draws near, and ſtares me in the face.
Conſider well your ſtate, ſhe cries,
Like others kneel, that you may riſe;

Hold doctrines, by no ſcruples vex'd,
To which preferment is annex'd,
Nor madly prove, where all depends,
Idolatry upon your friends.
See, how you like my rueful face,
Such you muſt wear, if out of place.
Crack'd is your brain to turn recluſe
Without one farthing out at uſe.
They, who have lands, and ſafe bank-ſtock,
With faith ſo founded on a rock,
May give a rich invention eaſe,
And conſtrue ſcripture how they pleaſe.
The honour'd prophet, that of old
Us'd heav'n's high counſels to unfold,
Did, more than courier angels, greet
The crows, that brought him bread and meat.

PRE-EXISTENCE:

A POEM,

In Imitation of MILTON.

Has quoniam cœli nondum dignamur honore,
Quas dedimus certè terras habitare ſinamus.

NOW had th' archangel trumpet, rais'd ſublime
Above the walls of heav'n, begun to ſound;
All æther took the blaſt, and hell beneath
Shook with celeſtial noiſe; th' almighty hoſt
Hot with purſuit, and reeking with the blood
Of guilty cherubs ſmear'd in ſulphurous duſt,
Pauſe at the known command of ſounding gold.
At firſt they cloſe the wide Tartarian gates,
Th' impenetrable folds on brazen hinge
Roll creaking horrible; the din beneath
O'ercomes the roar of flames, and deafens hell.
Then through the ſolid gloom with nimble wing
They cut their ſhining traces up to light;

Return'd

Return'd upon the edge of heavenly day,
Where thinneſt beams play round the vaſt obſcure,
And with eternal gleam drive back the night.
They find the troops leſs ſtubborn, leſs involv'd
In crime and ruin, barr'd the realms of peace,
Yet uncondemn'd to baleful ſeats of woe,
Doubtful and ſuppliant ; all the plumes of light
Moult from their ſhuddering wings, and ſickly fear
Shades every face with horror ; conſcious guilt
Rolls in the livid eye-ball, and each breaſt
Shakes with the dread of future doom unknown.
'Tis here the wide circumference of heaven
Opens in two vaſt gates, that inward turn
Voluminous, on jaſper columns hung
By geometry divine : they ever glow
With living ſculptures, that ariſe by turns
T' imboſs the ſhining leaves, by turns they ſet
To give ſucceeding argument their place ;
In holy hieroglyphics on they move,
The gaze of journeying angels, as they paſs
Oft looking back, and held in deep ſurprize.
Here ſtood the troops diſtinct ; the cherub guard
Unbarr'd the ſplendid gates, and in they roll
Harmonious ; for a vocal ſpirit fits
Within each hinge, and, as they onward drive,
In juſt diviſions breaks the numerous jarr
With ſymphony melodious, ſuch as ſpheres
Involv'd in tenfold wreaths are ſaid to ſound.

Out

Out flows a blaze of glory ; for on high
Tow'ring advanc'd the moving throne of God,
Vaſt and majeſtic ; on each radiant ſide
The pointed rays ſlope glittering ; at the foot
Glides a full tide of day, that onward pours,
In liquid torrents through the black abyſs,
Sparkling among reluctant ſhapes which thence
Retire confus'd ; as when Veſuvio ſhakes
With inward torments, and diſgorges flames,
O'er the vaſt mountain's ridge the burning waves
Drive their refulgent curls, and on they roll
Sweeping the glowing plains down to the ſea ;
Th' affrighted ſea leaps back with hideous roar
To give the fire its courſe ; thus Chaos wild
Hiſſing recoils to let in floods of light.
Above the throne, th' ideas heavenly bright
Of paſt, of preſent, and of coming time
Fix'd their immov'd abode, and there preſent
An endleſs landſcape of created things
To ſight celeſtial, where angelic eyes
Are loſt in proſpect ; for the ſhiny range,
Boundleſs and various, in its boſom bears
Millions of full-proportion'd worlds, beheld
With ſtedfaſt eyes, 'till more ariſe to view,
And farther inward ſcenes ſtart up unknown.
Myriads of ſeraphs in long ſeries wait
About the throne, and as it moves, proceed
In numerous order, to celeſtial ſong.

Above, the ſymphony of mellow flutes,
And harps, by flying angels gently touch'd,
Relieve the trumpet's rage, and fitly blend
The ſolemn ſounds in harmony divine;
Such as might tune new worlds, and give the laws
To globes on high, and the juſt figure guide
Of planets forming all their airy dance.
Below, the blazing wheels drive bounding o'er
The ſtarry pavement; ſtars and hills of light
Double their glories where the chariot rolls
With rattling ſound; and th' empyræum vaſt
Down to its ſtedfaſt axis, groans throughout
Under the burning tracts, 'till now it reſts
Upon the gaping brink of heaven; and there
With open pomp, fills the vaſt empty ſpace.
  Silence enſues; a deep and aweful pauſe
More terrible, all expectation held
In horror: now wrath imminent amaz'd
With dreadful precipice, to all it ſeems
More formidable near; then from the throne
A vocal thunder roll'd the ſenſe of God,
Majeſtically long, repugnant all
To princes' cuſtoms here; their judgments flaſh
On guilt, with words conciſe, and ſudden blaze,
Quite otherwiſe, the God's enlarged ſpeech
Set wide the fate of things; that all around
Might take full proſpects of their coming doom.

Servants of God! and Virtues great in arms;
We approve your faithful works, and you return
Bleſs'd from the dire purſuit of rebel foes;
Reſolv'd, obdurate, they have try'd the force
Of this right hand, and known Almighty pow'r;
Transfix'd with lightning down they ſunk, they fell
Into the fiery gulf, and deep they plunge
Below the burning waves, to hide their heads
In ſhelter from my vengeance bellowing hence
More fierce, and ſcorching with more dreadful fires.
There let 'em find their doom, that durſt defy
Omnipotence, and ſlight his proffer'd grace;
Rolling in flames, and ne'er to find a dawn
Of heavenly day; inſtead, the mind imbibes
Eternal gloom, and ſing'd with conſtant flames,
Can find no eaſe; while fierce their boiling rage
Eats through th' impyreal mould, and glows within
With endleſs pain; not one repentant thought
Shall cool the breaſt, but proud in horrid crime,
The ſoul anneals and hardens in the fire.
But you commiſſion'd by commands divine,
Have wiſely fill'd your truſt, and clos'd 'em all
Within the fervid lake, leſt any roam
Into the dark abyſs to ſhun their doom,
And in the womb immenſe of things unborn
Should ſeek annihilation; you muſt riſe
Among the ſhining Virtues more ſublime;
On lofty thrones preferr'd for lofty deeds.

For you, ye guilty throng! that lately join'd
In this ſedition, ſince ſeduc'd from good,
And caught in trains of guile, by ſpirits malign,
Superior in their order; you accept,
Trembling, my heavenly clemency and grace.
When the long æra once has fill'd its orb,
You ſhall emerge to light, and humbly here
Again ſhall bow before his favouring throne,
If your own virtue ſecond my decree:
But all muſt have their manes firſt below,
So ſtands th' eternal fate, but ſmoother yours
Than what loſt angels feel; nor can our reign,
Without juſt dooms, the peace of heav'n ſecure;
For forms celeſtial new erect in glory
Would totter, dazzled with the heights of power,
Did not the nerves of juſtice fix their ſight.
See, where below in Chaos wond'rous deep
A ſpeck of light dawns forth, and thence throughout
The ſhades, in many a wreath, my forming power
There ſwiftly turns the burning eddy round,
Abſorbing all crude matter near its brink;
Which next, with ſubtle motions, takes the form
I pleaſe to ſtamp, the ſeed of infant worlds
All now in embryo, but ere long ſhall riſe
Variouſly ſcatter'd in this vaſt expanſe,
Involv'd in winding orbs, until the brims
Of outward circles bruſh the heavenly gates.
The middle point a globe of curling fire

Shall hold, which round it ſheds its genial heat;
Where'er I kindle life the motion grows
In all the endleſs orbs, from this machine;
And infinite viciſſitudes ſhall roll
About the reſtleſs center; for I rear,
In thoſe meanders turn'd, a duſty ball,
Deform'd all o'er with woods, whoſe ſhaggy tops
Incloſe eternal miſts, and deadly damps
Hover within their boughs, to choak the light;
Impervious ſcenes of horror, 'till reform'd
To fields, and graſſy dales, and flow'ry meads,
By your continual pains. The torrid zone
Here fries with conſtant heat, the ſwarthy world;
Parching the plains where hideous monſters glare,
And duſty mountains, tumbled by the winds,
Stretch their uncertain heaps; no leſs the froſt
At either end ſhall rage, and high ſhall raiſe
Firm promontories; vaſt the ruins ſeem
Of deſart nature, and th' eternal piles
Load all the dreary coaſt, and thick in ice,
Arm either pole, that yearly peeps aſkance
On coming light, but feels no gentle ray
Unbind the frozen chain. Between theſe lie
The changeful climes, alternately they burn,
And chill again by turns; for both extremes
Make their incurſions here; and this my will
Unchangeable ordains your doleful ſeat.

Beneath miſhapen Chaos, and the field
Of fighting atoms, where hot, moiſt, and dry,
Wage an eternal war with diſmal roar;
The diſmal roar breaks ſmoothly on the ground,
Sacred to horror, and eternal night:
Here Silence ſits, whoſe viſionary ſhape
In folds of wreathy mantling ſinks obſcure,
And in dark fumes reclines his drowſy head;
An urn he holds, from whence a lake proceeds,
Wide, flowing gently, ſmooth, and Lethe nam'd:
Hither compell'd, each ſoul muſt drink long draughts
Of thoſe forgetful ſtreams, 'till forms within,
And all the great ideas fade and die;
For if vaſt thought ſhould play about a mind
Inclos'd in fleſh, and dragging cumbrous life,
Flutt'ring and beating in the mournful cage,
It ſoon would break its grates and wing away:
'Tis therefore my decree, the ſoul return
Naked from off this beach, and perfect blank,
To viſit the new world; and ſtrait to feel
Itſelf, in crude conſiſtence cloſely ſhut,
The dreadful monument of juſt revenge;
Immur'd by heaven's own hand, and plac'd erect
On fleeting matter all impriſon'd round
With walls of clay; th' ætherial mould ſhall bear
The chain of members, deafen'd with an ear,
Blinded by eyes, and manacled in hands.
Here anger, vaſt ambition, and diſdain,

And all the haughty movements riſe and fall,
As ſtorms of neighbouring atoms tear the ſoul;
And hope, and love, and all the calmer turns
Of eaſy hours, in their gay gilded ſhapes,
With ſudden run, ſkim o'er deluded minds,
As matter leads the dance; but one deſire,
Unſatisfy'd, ſhall mar ten thouſand joys.
The rank of beings, that ſhall firſt advance,
Drink deep of human life; and long ſhall ſtay
On this great ſcene of cares. From all the reſt,
That longer for the deſtin'd body wait,
Leſs penance I expect; and ſhort abode
In thoſe pale dreary kingdoms will content:
Each has his lamentable lot, and all,
On different racks, abide the pains of life.
The penſive ſpirit takes the lonely grove:
Nightly he viſits all the ſylvan ſcenes,
Where far remote, a melancholy moon
Raiſing her head, ſerene and ſhorn of beams,
Throws here and there the glimmerings through the trees,
To make more aweful darkneſs. Starry lights,
Hung up on high, ſhed round 'em as they burn
A pale ſad influence; and they gild the plains
With doubtful rays, which ſtrike within the ſhades
A trembling luſtre and uncertain light.
The Sage ſhall haunt this ſolitary ground,
And view the diſmal landſcape, limn'd within
In horrid ſhades, mix'd with imperfect light.

Here JUDGMENT, blinded by deluſive SENSE,
Contracted through the cranny of an eye,
Shoots up faint languid beams, to that dark ſeat,
Wherein the ſoul bereav'd of native fire,
Sits intricate, in miſty clouds obſcur'd,
Ev'n from itſelf conceal'd, and there preſides
O'er jarring images with Reaſon's ſway,
Which by his ordering more confounds their form;
And by deciſions more embroils the fray:
The more he ſtrives t' appeaſe, the more he feels
The ſtruggling ſurges of the darkſome void
Impetuous, and the thick revolving thonghts
Encount'ring thoughts, image on image turn'd,
A Chaos of wild ſcience, where ſometimes
The claſhing notions ſtrike out caſual light,
Which ſoon muſt periſh and be loſt again
In the thick darkneſs round it. Now, he tries
With all his might to raiſe ſome weighty thought,
Of me, of fate, or of th' eternal round,
Which but recoils to cruſh the labouring mind.
High are his reaſonings, but the feeble clue
Of fleeting images he draws in vain
To wond'rous length; (for ſtill the turning maze
Eludes his art) its end flies far away,
And leaves him tracing round the toilſome path,
Returning oft on the ſame beaten thought.
For much of good he talks, and life ſerene,
Of happineſs deny'd, the diſmal waſte

Of wiſdom's privilege, and th' obdurate breaſt,
Stubborn in anguiſh; idle wiſdom all,
Weak ſorcery to charm a real pain;
Diſtaſting crowds and buſineſs, thus he ſeeks
Diverſion in himſelf, but with deep thoughts
He kindles doubt; and while he ſtrives to blow
The aſhes off, revives the brand of care.
Hence far remov'd, a diff'rent noiſy race
In cities full and frequent take their ſeat,
Where honour's cruſh'd, and gratitude oppreſs'd
With ſwelling hopes of gain, that raiſe within
A tempeſt, and, driv'n onward by ſucceſs,
Can find no bounds. For creatures of a day
Stretch their wide cares to ages; full increaſe
Starves the penurious ſoul, while empty ſound
Fills the ambitious; *that* ſhall ever ſhrink,
Pining with endleſs cares, whilſt *this* ſhall ſwell
To tympany enormous. Bright in arms
Here ſhines the hero, out he fiercely leads
A martial throng, his inſtruments of rage,
To fill the world with death, and thin mankind.
Ambition drives, and round the world he roams,
Marking his way with blood; the dreadful noiſe
Begets a fame; and all the breath he leaves
Is ſpent in his falſe praiſe, and vainly bloats
The tyrant's ſoul; while high his kingdoms riſe
In fleeting pomp, hov'ring their gaudy wings
Around the ſervile globe, that tamely bends

Beneath his haughty reign ; and all his ſlaves
Under his yoke ſhall groan, and ſcarce ſhall groan
Without a crime. Here torturing engines roar
With human voice diſguis'd ; earth, water, fire,
Are made (dire elements of cruelty !)
Subſervient to his luſt, and power to kill ;
Yet ſhall the herd endure, nor dare to break
United their imaginary chain ;
While their great monarch chills with equal fears,
No leſs a ſlave than they. Each rumour ſhakes
The haughty purple, dark and cloudy cares
Involve the aweful throne, that ſtands erect,
Balanc'd on the wild people's temper'd rage,
And fortify'd with dangerous arts of power.
But death ſhall ſhift thoſe ſcenes of miſery ;
Then doubtful titles kindle up new wars,
And urge on ling'ring fate ; the enſigns blaze
About the camp, and drums and trumpets ſound,
Prepare a ſolemn way to griezly war ;
Javelins and bearded ſpears in ghaſtly ranks
Erect their ſhining heads, and round the field
A harveſt's ſcene of formidable death ;
Then joins the horrid ſhock, whoſe bellowing burſt
Torments the ſhatter'd air, and drowns the groans
Of men below that roll in certain death.
Theſe are the mortal ſports, the tragic plays
By man himſelf embroil'd ; the dire debate
Makes the waſte deſart ſeem ſerene and mild,

Where ſavage nature in one common lies,
By homely cots poſſeſs'd; all ſqualid, wild,
And deſpicably poor, they range the field,
And feel their ſhare of hunger, care, and pain,
Cheated by flying prey; and now they tear
Their panting fleſh; and now with nails unclean
They tug their ſhaggy beards; and deeply quaff
Of human woe, even when they rudely ſip
The flowing ſtream, or chew the ſavory pulp
Of nature's freſheſt viands; fragrant fruits
Enjoy'd with trembling, and in danger ſought.
  But where th' appointed limits of a law
Fences the general ſafety of the world,
No greater quiet reigns; for wanton man,
In giddy frolic, eaſily leaps o'er
His own invented bounds; hence rapine, fraud,
Revenge, and luſt, and all the hideous train
Of nameleſs ills, diſtort the meagre mind
To endleſs ſhapes of woe. Here miſers mourn
Departed gold, and their defrauded heirs
Dire perjuries complain; the blended loads
Of puniſhment and crime deform the world,
And give no reſt to man; with pangs and throes
He enters on the ſtage; prophetic tears
And infant cries prelude his future woes;
And all is one continu'd ſcene of grief,
'Till the ſad ſable curtain falls in death.

But that laſt act ſhall in one moment cloſe
Of doubt and darkneſs; pain ſhall crack the ſtrings
Of life decay'd; no leſs the ſoul convuls'd,
Trembles in anxious cares, and ſhuddering ſtands,
Afraid to leap into the opening gulf
Of future fate, 'till all the banks of clay
Fall from beneath his feet: in vain he graſps
The ſhatter'd reeds that cheat his eaſy wiſh.
Reaſon is now no more; that narrow lamp
(Which with its ſickly fires would ſhoot its beams
To diſtances unknown, and ſtretch its rays
Aſkance my paths, in deepeſt darkneſs veil'd)
Is ſunk into his ſocket; inly there
It burns a diſmal light; th' expiring flame
Is choak'd in fumes, and parts in various doubt.
Then the gay glories of the living world
Shall caſt their empty varniſh, and retire
Out of his feeble view; and riſing ſhade
Sit hov'ring o'er all nature's various face.
Muſic ſhall ceaſe, and inſtruments of joy
Shall fail that ſullen hour; nor can the mind
Attend their ſounds, when fancies ſwim in death,
Confus'd and cruſh'd with cares: for long ſhall ſeem
The dreary road, and melancholy dark,
That leads he knows not where. Here empty ſpace
Gapes horrible, and threatens to abſorb
All being: yonder ſooty demons glare,
And dolorous ſpectres grin; the ſhapeleſs rout

Of

Of wild imagination dance and play
Before his eyes obſcure; 'till all in death
Shall vaniſh, and the priſoner, now enlarg'd,
Regains the flaming borders of the ſky.
He ended. Peals of thunder rend the heavens,
And Chaos, from the bottom turn'd, reſounds
The mighty clangor: All the heavenly hoſt
Approve the high decree, and loud they ſing
Eternal juſtice; while the guilty troops,
Sad with their doom, but ſad without deſpair,
Fall fluttering down to Lethe's lake, and there
For penance, and the deſtin'd body, wait.

CHIRON to ACHILLES.

A POEM.

By HILDEBRAND JACOB, Eſq;

Res eſt ſevera voluptas.

OLD CHIRON to his pupil thus began,
When he beheld him rip'ning into man.
" Accompliſh'd youth! well worthy of my pains,
" You now are free, and guide yourſelf the reins:
" Yet hear, Achilles, hear, before we part,
" A few ſhort precepts from a faithful heart.

" What

" What though the gods a Neſtor's age deny!
" Let management a longer life ſupply,
" And learn, at leaſt, to live, before you die.
" A little tract, well till'd, more profit yields
" Than realms of wild, uncultivated fields.
" 'Tis not from length of years our pleaſures flow,
" Nor to the gods alone our bliſs we owe.
" Our happineſs, and pain depend on us:
" Man's his own good, or evil genius.
" Great ills by art we lighten, or remove,
" And art our meaneſt pleaſures may improve:
" Much to ourſelves is due, though much to Jove.
" Think not, young prince, your elevated ſtate,
" Birth, honours, or the empty name of great,
" Can fix your joys; they're ill ſecur'd, unleſs
" You know yourſelf to form your happineſs,
" Which in the ſhepherd's humble hut is found,
" While palaces with diſcord ſtill reſound.
" Fortune to induſtry is ever kind,
" And, though by the blind vulgar painted blind,
" Is ſtill more equal than the crowd ſuppoſe,
" Who judge of happineſs by outward ſhows;
" She ſmiles on all conditions, each may be
" A man of pleaſure in his own degree.
" Yet few with art their happineſs purſue,
" Though all mankind have happineſs in view,
" And every ſenſe ſeems made by nature's ſkill
" For giving pleaſure and avoiding ill.

" Nature

" Nature our common mother has been kind,
" And for a race of joy her ſons deſign'd,
" Who long to reach the goal, yet lazy, lag behind,
" Or wholly blind, or doubtful how t' advance,
" They leave the work of induſtry to chance.
" And of thoſe few who with more active ſtrife
" Purſue this great, important end of life,
" Some, too impatient, know not how to wait;
" Or aim at things beyond their human ſtate:
" Theſe laſt through too much delicacy fall,
" And by refining rob themſelves of all.
" Shun then, Achilles, ſhun the faults of ſuch,
" Who ſtill propoſe too little, or too much.
" Stretch not your hopes too far, nor yet deſpair,
" But above all, of indolence beware.
" Attend to what you do, or life will ſeem
" But a mere viſion, or fantaſtic dream,
" Paſs'd in ideas of delight, at beſt:
" While real pleaſure's loſt in doubtful reſt.
" In ſhort, learn when, and how to bear; in vain
" He pleaſure ſeeks, who is afraid of pain;
" Pleaſure's a ſerious thing, and cheaply bought
" By labour, patience, management, and thought.
" But you, aſpiring youth, by nature ſeem
" Addicted to an oppoſite extreme;
" Impetuous, and reſtleſs, ſoon inflam'd,
" And, like a generous courſer, hardly tam'd;

" In

" In all things violent: but, O! diſdain,
" Brave prince, to let uſurping paſſion reign,
" In one raſh moment ſacrificing more
" Than years of ſad repentance may reſtore.
" As Thracian winds the Euxine ſea moleſt,
" So wrath, and envy, from an human breaſt
" Drive Halcyon peace, and baniſh kindly reſt.
" And no ſecurity for joy is found,
" But in a mind that's tractable and ſound.
" Suppreſs the firſt emotions of your ire,
" And ſmother in its birth the kindling fire.
" Ere anger yet poſſeſſes all your ſoul,
" Ere yet your boſom heaves, and eyeballs roll,
" Think on the uſeful precepts, I have taught,
" And meet the riſing heat with wholſome thought.
" Or ſeek the ſacred Muſes with your lyre,
" Who with ſweet peace to lonely ſhades retire;
" Gods, and the ſons of gods, the heroes, ſing,
" While hills and vallies with their praiſes ring;
" Theſe learn to imitate, and thoſe adore,
" And ſweetly to yourſelf, yourſelf reſtore;
" Muſic, and verſe, and ſolitude controul
" Impetuous fury, and compoſe the ſoul.
" For this, I early taught you how to ſing,
" And form'd your fingers to the trembling ſtring;
" For 'tis not all ſweet pleaſure's path to ſhow:
" The art of conſolation man ſhould know:

" Our

" Our joys are ſhort, and broken; and in vain
" To conſtant bliſs would human race attain:
" Be oft contented to be free from pain.
" There is a deity, ordain'd by fate
" To damp our joys immoderately great,
" That none on earth from ſorrow ſhould be free,
" But ev'n our bleſſings taſte of miſery.
" If fortune gives, what rarely we obtain,
" An equal ſhare of pleaſure, and of pain,
" Our portion is o'erpaid, the reſt you'll find
" But fond ideas of the wanton mind;
" Which now vain ſcenes of godlike pleaſure ſhows,
" And now creates imaginary woes.
" When ſad, your ills examine and compare,
" Judge of your own by what another's are.
" Conſider greater wretches, and the fates
" Of mighty heroes, and of mighty ſtates:
" Thus real evils in their proper light
" Appear, the falſe thus vaniſh out of ſight.
" Nor aim at pleaſures difficult to gain,
" Chooſe rather what you may with eaſe obtain.
" Who ſcorns to trifle, is by pride abus'd;
" I pity him who ne'er can be amus'd;
" But ſlighting pleaſures moderate and ſmall,
" Muſt live in rapture, or not live at all.
" Great pleaſures ſtill are near ally'd to pain:
" Who quits the peaceful ſhore, and ploughs the main,
" Big waves and mighty tempeſts muſt ſuſtain.

" Let

" Let not ſuch fond ambition to be bleſt,
" The humbler pleaſures in your power moleſt ;
" Yet cheriſh hope; for without hope there's none :
" Taſte hope ; but be not fed with that alone.
" Some their whole lives in expectation ſpend,
" As life were not begun, or né'er would end :
" Fondly from day to day themſelves deceive,
" Not living, but intending ſtill to live ;
" While they neglect the joys they might poſſeſs,
" For empty dreams of future happineſs.
" Let nature in your pleaſures be your guide,
" Nor ſuffer art her genuine charms to hide :
" Her beauties with unwearied eyes we ſee ;
" The truth of beauty is ſimplicity.
" Live not by imitation, ſervile ſtate !
" Nor on the faſhion for your pleaſures wait.
" Man, otherwiſe ſo ſelfiſh, or ſo proud,
" Submits his taſte to the fantaſtic crowd,
" And lives not for himſelf ; do you purſue
" Your own deſires, and to yourſelf be true.
" As bees extract their ſweets from every flow'r
" So you your joys from all things in your pow'r,
" With induſtry and management produce ;
" The meaneſt trifles are ſometimes of uſe.
" Yet know well what you do, and when 'tis done,
" Nor at all hours to every pleaſure run ;
" But mix with art your pleaſures, and your toils ;
" For pleaſures have their ſeaſons, and their ſoils.

" Thus when the earlieſt dawn of eaſtern light
" Proclaims the finiſh'd empire of the night,
" Haſte to the field, Achilles, nor diſdain
" To chace the foaming monſter o'er the plain,
" Or teach the untam'd ſteed to feel the rein ;
" Or let your car and arms your nerves prepare,
" Or for Olympic games or future war :
" Then, whether arts or glory fire your mind,
" Will thoughts more generous riſe, or more refin'd;
" Aurora to the Muſes ſtill is kind.
" At noon, a ſimple ſhort repaſt be made ;
" A ſhorter ſlumber in the cooling ſhade ;
" What's gay and light th' unbended mind employs,
" Or ſports, or paſt delights, or future joys.
" But when the ev'ning-ſtar begins to riſe,
" When Phœbus' fainting ſteeds forſake the ſkies,
" Still cheerful at the well-ſpread board be found,
" Amidſt bright friends, and with freſh garlands crown'd,
" While wine, and Thais with her voice and lyre,
" Baniſh old ſorrows, and new joys inſpire.
" Thus when from toils of empire you are free,
" Nor camp, nor council claim your liberty,
" The morn to labour and the Muſes give ;
" At noon with temperance and quiet live ;
" Ceres' and Bacchus' gifts at ev'ning prove ;
" Divide the night with Somnus and with Love.
" Thus, thus, Pelides, drive your cares away,
" Nor fear the evil, 'till the evil day.

" What

" What though on Simois' or Scamander's ſhore,
" Far off from home, the Greeks your death deplore ?
" No matter where, or when ; it once muſt be,
" And nothing can revoke the firm decree.
" Though Thetis' ſon, though third from mighty Jove,
" Eternal monarch of the realms above,
" Nor Jove, nor Thetis, can your days recal,
" Or for an hour defer your deſtin'd fall.
" Mean while a looſer rein to pleaſure give :
" Time flies in haſte, be you in haſte to live :
" Seize on the precious minutes, as they fleet ;
" Your life, however ſhort, will be compleat,
" If at the fatal moment you can ſay,
" I've liv'd, and made the moſt of every day !
" One precept more I fain would recommend,
" And then old Chiron's tedious leſſons end.
" Learn, gen'rous prince, what's little underſtood,
" The godlike happineſs of doing good.
" How glorious to defend, and to beſtow !
" From nobler ſprings can human pleaſure flow ?
" A ſolid good which nothing can deſtroy,
" The beſt prerogative the great enjoy.
" For this, remember, monarchs firſt were made,
" For this, young prince, be lov'd, and be obey'd,
" At once yourſelf, and mighty nations bleſs,
" And make humanity your happineſs.
" But now Aurora uſhers in the day,
" And fond, expecting Peleus chides your ſtay.

" Go then, brave youth, where'er the Fates may call;
" Live with deſign, and fearleſs wait thy fall.
" Whatever ſpace of life the gods decree,
" Thy name is ſtill immortal; for I ſee
" More than another Peleus riſe in thee.
" Thy fame the [a] prince of ſacred bards ſhall fire,
" Thy deeds the [b] conqueſt of the world inſpire."

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

Know YOUR SELF.

By the late Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

WHAT am I? how produc'd? and for what end?
Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Drop'd by wild atoms in diſorder'd dance?
Or from an endleſs chain of cauſes wrought,
And of unthinking ſubſtance, born with thought?
By motion which began without a cauſe,
Supremely wiſe, without deſign or laws?
Am I but what I ſeem, mere fleſh and blood;
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?

[a] Homer.

[b] By Alexander, who had Homer's Iliad always with him, propoſing Achilles for his example.

The

The purple ſtream that through my veſſels glides,
Dull and unconſcious flows, like common tides :
The pipes through which the circling juices ſtray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they :
This frame compacted with tranſcendent ſkill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and waſtes ; I call it mine, not me.
New matter ſtill the mould'ring maſs ſuſtains,
The manſion chang'd, the tenant ſtill remains ;
And from the fleeting ſtream, repair'd by food,
Diſtinct, as is the ſwimmer from the flood.
What am I then ? ſure, of a nobler birth.
By parents right, I own as mother, earth ;
But claim ſuperior lineage by my SIRE,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire:
Eſſence divine, with lifeleſs clay allay'd,
By double nature, double inſtinct ſway'd :
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native ſky ;
I ſtrive to mount, but ſtrive, alas ! in vain,
Ty'd to this maſſy globe with magic chain.
Now with ſwift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centers roll :
What ſteady powers their endleſs motions guide,
Through the ſame trackleſs paths of boundleſs void !
I trace the blazing comet's fiery trail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a ſcale :

Theſe godlike thoughts while eager I purſue,
Some glittering trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an inſect, of the meaneſt kind,
Eraſe the new-born image from my mind ;
Some beaſtly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning maſtiff at my gate,
Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me, I'm a brute as much as he.
If on ſublimer wings of love and praiſe,
My ſoul above the ſtarry vault I raiſe,
Lur'd by ſome vain conceit, or ſhameful luſt,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the duſt.
The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty ſtrain,
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
By adverſe guſts of jarring inſtincts toſt,
I rove to one, now to the other coaſt ;
To bliſs unknown my lofty ſoul aſpires,
My lot unequal to my vaſt deſires.
As 'mongſt the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conſcious worth ;
So man, amongſt his fellow brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.
Pity him, beaſts ! you by no law confin'd,
Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind ;
Whilſt man, through op'ning views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge ſtrays ;
Too weak to chooſe, yet chooſing ſtill in haſte,
One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte ;

Bilk'd by paſt minutes, while the preſent cloy,
The flatt'ring future ſtill muſt give the joy :
Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtleſs of his laſt abode,
Whether next ſun his being ſhall reſtrain
To endleſs nothing, happineſs or pain.
Around me, lo ! the thinking thoughtleſs crew,
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths purſue ;
Of them I aſk the way ; the firſt replies
Thou art a god ; and ſends me to the ſkies :
Down on the turf, the next, thou two-legg'd beaſt,
There fix thy lot, thy bliſs and endleſs reſt :
Between theſe wide extremes the length is ſuch,
I find I know too little or too much.
" Almighty Power, by whoſe moſt wiſe command,
" Helpleſs, forlorn, uncertain here I ſtand ;
" Take this faint glimmering of thyſelf away,
" Or break into my ſoul with perfect day !"
This ſaid, expanded lay the ſacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of ſouls perplex'd.
Thus the benighted traveller that ſtrays
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays ;
The nightly miſt, and thick deſcending dew,
Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.
" O Truth divine ! enlighten'd by thy ray,
" I grope and gueſs no more, but ſee my way ;
" Thou clear'dſt the ſecret of my high deſcent,
" And told me what thoſe myſtic tokens meant ;

" Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
" Too hard for worldly ſages to explain.
" Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' ſchemes,
" Their ſyſtems falſe, deluſive were their dreams:
" Unſkill'd my two-fold nature to divide,
" One nurs'd my pleaſure, and one nurs'd my pride:
" Thoſe jarring truths which human art beguile,
" Thy ſacred page thus bids me reconcile."
Offspring of God, no leſs thy pedigree,
What thou once wert, art now, and ſtill may be,
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;
Faultleſs thou drop'dſt from his unerring ſkill,
With the bare power to ſin, ſince free of will:
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,
For who has power to walk, has power to rove:
Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deſerve;
And wiſdom ſhort of infinite may ſwerve.
Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'ſt thy flight,
Left thy Creator, and the realms of light;
Diſdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil;
And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Though by foul guilt thy heavenly form defac'd,
In nature chang'd, from happy manſions chas'd,
Thou ſtill retain'ſt ſome ſparks of heav'nly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet reſtleſs to aſpire;
Angel enough to ſeek thy bliſs again,
And brute enough to make thy ſearch in vain.

The creatures now withdraw their kindly uſe,
Some fly thee, ſome torment, and ſome ſeduce ;
Repaſt ill ſuited to ſuch diff'rent gueſts,
For what thy ſenſe deſires, thy ſoul diſtaſtes ;
Thy luſt, thy curioſity, thy pride,
Curb'd, or deferr'd, or balk'd, or gratify'd,
Rage on, and make thee equally unbleſs'd,
In what thou want'ſt, and what thou haſt poſſeſs'd.
In vain thou hop'ſt for bliſs on this poor clod,
Return, and ſeek thy Father, and thy God :
Yet think not to regain thy native ſky,
Borne on the wings of vain philoſophy ;
Myſterious paſſage ! hid from human eyes ;
Soaring you'll ſink, and ſinking you will riſe :
Let humble thoughts thy wary footſteps guide,
Repair by meekneſs what you loſt by pride.

LONDON:

LONDON:

A POEM,

In Imitation of the

THIRD SATIRE of JUVENAL.

By Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

——— ——— *Quis ineptæ*
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat ſe ? JUV.

[a]THOUGH grief and fondneſs in my breaſt rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewel,
Yet ſtill my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praiſe the hermit, but regret the friend ;
Who now reſolves, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in diſtant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambria's ſolitary ſhore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

JUV. SAT. III.

[a] Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici ;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod ſedem figere Cumis
Deſtinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

For

[b] For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are ſwept by ſudden fate away,
But all whom hunger ſpares, with age decay;
Here malice, rapine, accident, conſpire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambuſh here relentleſs ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houſes thunder on your head,
And here a female atheiſt talks you dead.
[c] While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of diſſipated wealth the ſmall remains,
On Thames's bank in ſilent thought we ſtood.
Where Greenwich ſmiles upon the ſilver flood.
Struck with the ſeat that gave * Eliza birth,
We kneel, and kiſs the conſecrated earth;
In pleaſing dreams the bliſsful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view:
Behold her croſs triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain.

[b] —— Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ.
Nam quid tam miſerum, tam ſolum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapſus
Tectorum aſſiduos, et mille pericula ſævæ
Urbis, & Auguſto recitantes menſe poetas?
[c] Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Subſtitit ad veteres arcus.——

* Queen Elizabeth born at Greenwich.

Ere

Ere maſquerades debauch'd, exciſe oppreſs'd,
Or Engliſh honour grew a ſtanding jeſt.
A tranſient calm the happy ſcenes beſtow,
And for a moment lull the ſenſe of woe.
At length awaking with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.
[d] Since worth, he cries, in theſe degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praiſe;
In thoſe curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded ſcience toils in vain;
Since hope but ſooths to double my diſtreſs,
And every moment leaves my little leſs;
While yet my ſteady ſteps no [e] ſtaff ſuſtains,
And life ſtill vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind heaven, to find ſome happier place,
Where honeſty and ſenſe are no diſgrace;
Some pleaſing bank where verdant oſiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay;
Where once the harraſs'd Briton found repoſe,
And ſafe in poverty defy'd his foes;

[d] Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honeſtis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor eſt, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities ——
[e] —— —— et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo.

Some

Some ſecret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give
[f] Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.
Here let thoſe reign, whom penſions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With ſlaviſh tenets taint our poiſon'd youth,
And lend a lye the confidence of truth.
[g] Let ſuch raiſe palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd ſtage,
And lull to ſervitude a thoughtleſs age.
Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride ſhall hold?
What check reſtrain your thirſt of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To ſuch, a groaning nation's ſpoils are giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:
[h] But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who ſtart at theft, and bluſh at perjury?

[f] Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius iſtic
Et Catulus: maneant qui nigra in candida vertunt.
[g] Queis facile eſt ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad buſta cadaver.——
Munera nunc edunt.
[h] Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri neſcio: librum,
Si malus eſt, nequeo laudare & poſcere. ——

Who

Who ſcarce forbear, though BRITAIN's court he ſing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ;
A ſtateſman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to ſlumber o'er the Gazetteer ;
Deſpiſe a fool in half his penſion dreſs'd,
And ſtrive in vain to laugh at H——y's jeſt.
[i] Others with ſofter ſmiles, and ſubtler art,
Can ſap the principles, or taint the heart ;
With more addreſs a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they riſe, while I, whoſe ruſtic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varniſh wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a ſpy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
[k] For what but ſocial guilt the friend endears ?
Who ſhares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune ſhares :
[l] But thou, ſhould tempting villainy preſent,
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers ſpent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy ſcornful eye,
Nor ſell for gold, what gold could never buy,

[i] ——Ferre ad nuptas, quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat, norint alii : me nemo miniſtro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.
[k] Quis nunc diligitur, niſi conſcius ?
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accuſare poteſt.——
[l] ——Tanti tibi non ſit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut ſomno careas. ——

The peaceful ſlumber, ſelf-approving day,
Unſullied fame, and conſcience ever gay.
[m] The cheated nation's happy fav'rites ſee;
Mark whom the great careſs, who frown on me.
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common ſewer of Paris and of Rome,
With eager thirſt, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted ſtate.
Forgive my tranſports on a theme like this,
[n] I cannot bear a French metropolis.
[o] Illuſtrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of ſaints ſurvey;
Nor hope the Britiſh lineaments to trace,
The ruſtic grandeur, or the ſurly grace,
But loſt in thoughtleſs eaſe, and empty ſhow,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Senſe, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or ſteal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel:
Hiſs'd from the ſtage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dreſs, their politics import:

[m] Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptiſſima noſtris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.
[n] ——— Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem. ———
[o] Ruſticus ille tuus ſumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

[p] Obſequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their induſtry can 'ſcape,
[q] They ſing, they dance, clean ſhoes, or cure a clap;
All ſciences a faſting Monſieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
[r] Ah! what avails it, that, from ſlav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in Engliſh air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And liſp the tales of HENRY's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery ſubdues when arms are vain?
[s] Studious to pleaſe, and ready to ſubmit,
The ſupple Gaul was born a paraſite:
Still to his int'reſt true, where-e'er he goes,
Wit, bravery, worth, his laviſh tongue beſtows;
In every face a thouſand graces ſhine,
From every tongue flows harmony divine.

[p] Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, ſermo
Promptus.———
[q] Augur, ſchœnobates, medicus, magus: omnia novit
Græculus eſuriens, in cælum, juſſeris, ibit.
[r] Uſque adeo nihil eſt, quod noſtra infantia cœlum
Hauſit Aventini?
[s] Quid, quod adulandi gens prudentiſſima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?

[t] Theſe arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lye,
And gain a kick for aukward flattery.
Beſides, with juſtice this diſcerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the ſtage:
[u] Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their maſter's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With every wild abſurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To ſhake with laughter ere the jeſt they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To ſhake in dog-days, in December ſweat.
[x] How, when competitors like theſe contend,
Can ſurly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with ſerious impudence beguile,
And lye without a bluſh, without a ſmile;

[t] Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: ſed illis
Creditur.

[u] Natio comœda eſt. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.

[x] Non ſumus ergo pares: melior, qui ſemper & omni
Nocte dieque poteſt alienum ſumere vultum:
A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, ſi rectum minxit amicus.

Exalt each trifle, every vice adore,
Your taſte in ſnuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and ſwear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like theſe preferr'd, admir'd, careſs'd,
They firſt invade your table, then your breaſt;
[y] Explore your ſecrets with inſidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ranſack all the heart;
Then ſoon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
[z] By numbers here from ſhame or cenſure free,
All crimes are ſafe, but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law purſues,
This, only this, provokes the ſnarling Muſe.
The ſober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With briſker air the ſilken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thouſand ways.
[a] Of all the griefs that harraſs the diſtreſs'd;
Sure the moſt bitter is a ſcornful jeſt;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's inſult points the dart.

[y] Scire volunt ſecreta domûs, atque inde timeri.
[z] ———Materiem præbet cauſaſque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem? ſi fœda & ſciſſa lacerna, &c.
[a] Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

Has

[b] Has heaven reſerv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathleſs waſte or undiſcover'd ſhore?
No ſecret iſland in the boundleſs main?
No peaceful deſart yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?
Quick let us riſe, the happy ſeats explore,
And bear oppreſſion's inſolence no more.

This mournful truth is every where confeſs'd,
[c] SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:
But here more ſlow, where all are ſlaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandiſe, and ſmiles are ſold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark! th' affrighted crowds tumultuous cries
Roll through the ſtreets and thunder to the ſkies:
Rais'd from ſome pleaſing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace or ſome bliſsful bow'r,
Aghaſt you ſtart, and ſcarce with aching ſight
Suſtain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from purſuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;

[b] ———Agmine facto
Debuerant olim tenues migraſſe Quirites.

[c] Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi; ſed Romæ durior illis
Conatus———
———Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio———
Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia ſervis,

[d] Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam
For where can ſtarving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative diſcloſe,
While all neglect, and moſt inſult your woes.
[e] Should heaven's juſt bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And ſpread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the diſmal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the ſkies;
The laureat tribe in ſervile verſe relate,
How virtue wars with perſecuting fate;
[f] With well-feign'd gratitude the penſion'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vaſſals come,
And crowd with ſudden wealth the riſing dome;
The price of boroughs and of ſouls reſtore;
And raiſe his treaſures higher than before.
Now bleſs'd with all the baubles of the great,
The poliſh'd marble, and the ſhining plate,
[g] Orgilio ſees the golden pile aſpire,
And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.

[d] ——————Ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & fruſtra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hoſpitio, tectoque juvabit.
[e] Si magna Aſturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres————
[f] Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impenſas: hic, &c.
Hic modium argenti.———
[g] ——————Meliora, ac plura reponit
Perſicus orborum lautiſſimus.————

Could'ſt

[h] Could'ſt thou reſign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'ſt thou find ſome elegant retreat,
Some hireling ſenator's deſerted ſeat;
And ſtretch thy proſpects o'er the ſmiling land,
For leſs than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, ſupport thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy beds a cheap repaſt afford,
Deſpiſe the dainties of a venal lord.
There every buſh with nature's muſic rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours ſecurity ſhall ſmile,
And bleſs thy evening walk and morning toil.
[i] Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And ſign your will before you ſup from home.
[k] Some fiery ſop, with new commiſſion vain,
Who ſleeps on brambles 'till he kills his man;

[h] Si potes avelli Circenſibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Fruſinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic———
Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum poſſis centum dare Pythagoræis.

[i] ——Poſſis ignavus haberi,
Et ſubiti caſus improvidus, ad cœnam ſi
Inteſtatus eas.

[k] Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Peleidæ.———

Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feaſt,
Provokes a broil, and ſtabs you for a jeſt.
[l] Yet ev'n theſe heroes, miſchievouſly gay,
Lords of the ſtreet, and terrors of the way;
Fluſh'd as they are with folly, youth and wine,
Their prudent inſults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And ſhun the ſhining train and golden coach.
[m] In vain theſe dangers paſt, your doors you cloſe,
And hope the balmy bleſſings of repoſe:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with deſpair,
The midnight murd'rer burſts the faithleſs bar;
Invades the ſacred hour of ſilent reſt,
And plants, unſeen, a dagger in your breaſt.
[n] Scarce can our fields, ſuch crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet ſupply.
Propoſe your ſchemes, ye ſenatorian band,
Whoſe ways and means ſupport the ſinking land;
Leſt ropes be wanting in the tempting ſpring,
To rig another convoy for the k——g.

[l] ——Sed, quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
Vitari jubet, et comitum longiſſimus ordo,
Multum prætereà flammarum, atque ænea lampas.
[m] Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui ſpoliet te
Non deerit: clauſis domibus, &c.
[n] Maximus in vinclis ferri modus: ut timeas ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et ſarcula deſint.

A ſingle

[o] A ſingle jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Juſtice then, without conſtraint ador'd,
Held high the ſteady ſcale, but deep'd the ſword;
No ſpies were paid, no ſpecial juries known,
Bleſt age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
[p] Much could I add, but ſee the boat at hand,
The tide retiring calls me from the land:
[q] Farewel!—When youth, and health, and fortune ſpent,
Thou fly'ſt for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'ſt ſucceeding times;
Then ſhall thy friend, nor thou refuſe his aid,
Still foe to vice, forſake his Cambrian ſhade;
In virtue's cauſe once more exert his rage,
Thy ſatire point, and animate thy page.

[o] Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam ſub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.
[p] His alias poteram, & plures ſubnectere cauſas:
Sed jumenta vocant.———
[q] ———Ergo vale noſtri memor: & quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Elvinam Cererem, veſtramque Dianam
Convelle a Cumis: ſatirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY

Mr. GARRICK,

At the Opening of the Theatre in DRURY-LANE 1747.

By the Same.

WHEN learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the ſtage, immortal SHAKESPEAR roſe;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful ſtrokes preſiding Truth impreſs'd,
And unreſiſted paſſion ſtorm'd the breaſt.
Then JOHNSON came, inſtructed from the ſchool,
To pleaſe in method, and invent by rule;
His ſtudious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach aſſail'd the heart;
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For thoſe who durſt not cenſure, ſcarce could praiſe.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a laſting tomb.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

The

The wits of Charles found eaſier ways to fame,
Nor wiſh'd for JOHNSON'S art, or SHAKESPEAR'S flame;
Themſelves they ſtudied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obſcenity was wit.
Vice always found a ſympathetic friend,
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like theſe aſpir'd to laſting praiſe,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cauſe was gen'ral, their ſupports were ſtrong,
Their ſlaves were willing, and their reign was long;
'Till ſhame regain'd the poſt that ſenſe betray'd,
And Virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.
Then cruſh'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
'Till declamation roar'd, while paſſion ſlept.
Yet ſtill did Virtue deign the ſtage to tread,
Philoſophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
She ſaw great Fauſtus lay the ghoſt of Wit:
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And pantomine and ſong confirm'd her ſway.
But who the coming changes can preſage,
And mark the future periods of the ſtage?
Perhaps if ſkill could diſtant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in ſtore.
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new ſorcerers may ride.

Perhaps (for who can gueſs th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.
Hard is his lot, that here by Fortune plac'd,
Muſt watch the wild viciſſitudes of taſte;
With every meteor of caprice muſt play,
And chace the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not cenſure term our fate our choice;
The ſtage but echoes back the public voice,
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe, to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of reſcu'd nature and reviving ſenſe;
To chace the charms of ſound, the pomp of ſhow,
For uſeful mirth, and ſalutary woe;
Bid ſcenic virtue form the riſing age,
And truth diffuſe her radiance from the ſtage.

Of Active and Retired Life.

AN

EPISTLE to H. C. Eſq;

Meo quidem judicio neuter culpandus, alter dum expetit debitos titulos, dum alter mavult videri contempſiſſe.

PLIN. Ep.

By WILLIAM MELMOTH, Eſq;

Firſt printed in the Year MDCCXXXV.

YES, you condemn thoſe ſages too refin'd,
That gravely lecture ere they know mankind;
Who whilſt ambition's fiercer fires they blame,
Would damp each uſeful ſpark that kindles fame.
'Tis in falſe eſtimates the folly lies;
The paſſion's blameleſs, when the judgment's wiſe.
In vain philoſophers with warmth conteſt,
Life's ſecret ſhade, or open walk is beſt:
Each has its ſeparate joys, and each its uſe:
This calls the patriot forth, and that the Muſe.
Hence not alike to all the ſpecies, heav'n
An equal thirſt of public fame has giv'n:
Patrius it forms to ſhine in action great;
While Decio's talents beſt adorn retreat.

If where Pierian maids delight to dwell,
The haunts of ſilence, and the peaceful cell,
Had, fair Aſtræa! been thy Talbot's choice,
Could liſt'ning crowds now hang upon his voice?
And thou, bleſt maid, might'ſt long have wept in vain
The diſtant glories of a ſecond reign,
In exile doom'd yet ages to complain.
Were high ambition ſtill the power confeſs'd
That rul'd with equal ſway in every breaſt,
Say where the glories of the ſacred nine?
Where Homer's verſe ſublime, or, Milton, thine?
Nor thou, ſweet bard! who "turn'd the tuneful art,
"From ſound to ſenſe, from fancy to the heart."
Thy lays inſtructive to the world hadſt giv'n,
Nor greatly juſtified the laws of heav'n.
Let ſatire blaſt with every mark of hate,
The vain aſpirer, or diſhoneſt great,
Whom love of wealth, or wild ambition's ſway
Puſh forward, ſtill regardleſs of the way;
High and more high who aim with reſtleſs pride,
Where neither reaſon nor fair virtue guide:
And him, the wretch, who labors on with pain,
For the low lucre of an uſeleſs gain,
(Wiſe but to get, and active but to ſave)
May ſcorn deſerv'd ſtill follow to the grave.
But he who fond to raiſe a ſplendid name,
On life's ambitious height would fix his fame,

In

In active arts, or vent'rous arms would ſhine,
Yet ſhuns the paths which virtue bids decline;
Who dignifies his wealth by gen'rous uſe,
To raiſe th' oppreſs'd, or merit to produce—
Shall reaſon's voice impartial e'er condemn
The glorious purpoſe of ſo wiſe an aim?
  Where virtue regulates this juſt deſire,
'Twere dangerous folly to ſuppreſs its fire.
Say, whence could fame ſupply (its force unknown)
Her roll illuſtrious of fair renown?
What laurels prompt the hero's uſeful rage?
What prize the patriot's weighty toils engage?
Each public paſſion bound to endleſs froſt,
Each deed of ſocial worth for ever loſt.
O! may the Muſe inſpire the love of praiſe,
Raiſe the bright paſſion, but with judgment raiſe!
For this ſhe oft has tun'd her ſacred voice,
Call'd forth the patriot, and approv'd his choice;
Bid him the ſteep aſcent to honor take,
Nor, 'till the ſummit gain'd, her paths forſake.
  Yet not ſucceſs alone true fame attends;
He too ſhall reach it who but well intends.
See 'midſt the vanquiſh'd virtuous, [a] Falkland lies;
His gen'rous efforts vain, and vain his ſighs;
Yet true to merit faithful records tell,
To diſtant ages how the patriot fell:

[a] He was killed in the civil wars: ſee his character at large in Clarendon's hiſtory.

Bleſt youth! inſur'd the ſweeteſt voice of praiſe,
Who lives approv'd in Pope's unrivall'd lays.
Grave precepts fleeting notions may impart,
But bright example beſt inſtructs the heart:
Then look on Patrius, let his conduct ſhew
From active life what various bleſſings flow.
In him a juſt ambition ſtands confeſs'd;
It warms, but not inflames, his equal breaſt.
See him in ſenates act the patriot's part,
Truth on his lips, the public at his heart;
There neither fears can awe, nor hopes controul,
The honeſt purpoſe of his ſteady ſoul.
No mean attachments e'er ſeduc'd his tongue
To gild the cauſe his heart ſuſpected wrong;
But deaf to envy, faction, ſpleen, his voice
Joins here or there, as reaſon guides his choice.
To one great point his faithful labors tend,
And all his toils in Britain's intereſt end.
To him each neighbour ſafe refers his claim,
The right he ſettles, and abates the flame.
Nor arts nor worth to Patrius ſue in vain,
Nor unreliev'd the injur'd e'er complain.
For him the hand unſeen, are pray'rs prefer'd,
And grateful vows in diſtant temples heard;
Like nature's bleſſings to no part confin'd,
His well-pois'd bounty reaches all mankind,
That inſolence of wealth, the pomp of ſtate
Which crowds the manſions of the vainly great,
Flies far the limits of his modeſt gate.

Juſt what is elegantly uſeful's there;
Of aught beyond he ſcorns th' unworthy care;
Nor would, for all the trim that pride can ſhow,
One ſingle act of ſocial aid forego;
For this he labors to improve his ſtore,
For this he wiſhes to enlarge his pow'r;
This is his life's great purpoſe, end, and aim:
Such true ambition is, and worthy fame.

How different Rapax ſpent his worthleſs hour!
With treaſure indigent, a ſlave with pow'r:
Large ſums o'erlooking, ſtill intent on more,
He waſted, not enjoy'd, his taſteleſs ſtore.
His growing greatneſs rais'd his hopes the high'r,
And fan'd his reſtleſs pride's increaſing fire.
'Twas thus amidſt proſperity he pin'd;
For what can fill the falſe-ambitious mind?
With all the honors that his prince could give,
With all the wealth his av'rice could receive,
'Midſt outward opulence, but inward care,
Reproach and want was all he left his heir.

'Tis true, the patriot well deſerves his fame,
And from his country juſt applauſe may claim.
But what avails it to the world beſide,
That Brutus bravely ſtab'd, or Curtius dy'd?
While Tully's merit, unconfin'd to place,
Diffuſes bleſſings down through all our race;
Remoteſt times his learned labors reach,
And Rome's great moraliſt ev'n now ſhall teach.

Averſe to public noiſe, ambition's ſtrife,
And all the ſplendid ills of buſy life,
Through latent paths, unmark'd by vulgar eye,
Are there who wiſh to paſs unheeded by?
Whom calm retirement's ſacred pleaſures move,
The hour contemplative, or friend they love;
Yet not by ſpleen, or ſuperſtition led,
Forbear ambition's giddy heights to tread;
Who not inglorious ſpend their peaceful day,
Whilſt ſcience, lovely ſtar! directs their way?
Flows there not ſomething good from ſuch as theſe?
No uſeful product from the men of eaſe?
And ſhall the Muſe no ſocial merit boaſt?
Are all her vigils to the public loſt?
Though noiſy pride may ſcorn her ſilent toil,
Fair are the fruits which bleſs her happy ſoil:
There every plant of uſeful produce grows,
There ſcience ſprang, and thence inſtruction flows;
There true philoſophy erects her ſchool,
There plans her problem, and there forms her rule;
There every ſeed of every art began,
And all that eaſes life, and brightens man.
'Twas hence great Newton, mighty genius! ſoar'd,
And all creation's wond'rous range explor'd.
Far as th' Almighty ſtretch'd his utmoſt line,
He pierc'd in thought, and view'd the vaſt deſign.
Too long had darker ages ſought in vain
The ſecret ſcheme of nature to explain;

Too long had truth eſcap'd each ſage's eye,
Or faintly ſhone through vain philoſophy.
Each ſhapely offspring of her feeble thought,
A darker veil o'er genuine ſcience brought;
Still ſtubborn facts o'erthrew their fruitleſs toil;
For truth and fiction who ſhall reconcile?
But Britain's ſons a ſurer guide purſue;
Tread ſafe the maze, ſince Newton gave the clue.
Where-e'er he turn'd true Science rear'd her head,
While far before her puzzled Ign'rance fled:
From each bleſt truth theſe noble ends he draws,
Uſe to mankind, and to their God applauſe.
Taught by his rules ſecure the merchant rides,
When threat'ning ſeas roll high their dreadful tides;
And either India ſpeeds her precious ſtores,
'Midſt various dangers ſafe to Britain's ſhores.
Long as thoſe orbs he weigh'd ſhall ſhed their rays,
His truth ſhall guide us, and ſhall laſt his praiſe.
Yet if ſo juſt the fame, the uſe ſo great,
Syſtems to poiſe, and ſpheres to regulate;
To teach the ſecret well-adapted force,
That ſteers of countleſs orbs th' unvaried courſe;
Far brighter honors wait the nobler part,
To balance manners, and conduct the heart.
Order *without* us, what imports it ſeen,
If all is reſtleſs anarchy within?

Fir'd by this thought great Aſhley, gen'rous ſage,
Plan'd in ſweet leiſure his [a] inſtructive page.
Not orbs he weighs, but marks, with happier ſkill,
The ſcope of actions and the poiſe of will:
In fair proportion here deſcrib'd we trace
Each mental beauty, and each moral grace;
Each uſeful paſſion taught, its tone deſign'd
In the nice concord of a well-tun'd mind.
Does mean ſelf-love contract each ſocial aim?
Here public tranſports ſhall thy ſoul inflame.
Virtue and Deity ſupremely fair,
Too oft delineated with looks ſevere,
Reſume their native ſmiles and graces here:
Sooth'd into love relenting foes admire,
And warmer raptures every friend inſpire.
Such are the fruits which from retirement ſpring;
Theſe bleſſings eaſe and learned leiſure bring.
Yet of the various taſks mankind employ,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt, leiſure to enjoy.
For one who knows to taſte this godlike bliſs,
What countleſs ſwarms of vain pretenders miſs?
Though each dull plodding thing, to ape the wiſe,
Ridiculouſly grave, for leiſure ſighs,
(His boaſted wiſh from buſy ſcenes to run)
Grant him that leiſure, and the fool's undone.

[a] See the Characteriſtics, particularly the enquiry concerning Virtue and the Moraliſts.

The

The gods, to curſe poor Demea, heard his vow,
And buſineſs now no more contracts his brow:
Nor real cares, 'tis true, perplex his breaſt,
But thouſand fancied ills his peace moleſt:
The ſlighteſt trifles ſolid ſorrows prove,
And the long ling'ring wheel of life ſcarce ſeems to move.
Uſeleſs in buſineſs, yet unfit for eaſe,
Nor ſkill'd to mend mankind, nor form'd to pleaſe,
Such ſpurious animals of worthleſs race
Live but the public burthen and diſgrace:
Like mean attendants on life's ſtage are ſeen,
Drawn forth to fill, but not conduct the ſcene.
The mind not taught to think, no uſeful ſtore
To fix reflection, dreads the vacant hour.
Turn'd on its ſelf its num'rous wants are ſeen,
And all the mighty void that lies within.
Yet cannot wiſdom ſtamp our joys complete;
'Tis conſcious virtue crowns the bleſt retreat.
Who feels not that, the private path muſt ſhun,
And fly to public view t' eſcape his own;
In life's gay ſcenes uneaſy thoughts ſuppreſs,
And lull each anxious care in dreams of peace.
'Midſt foreign objects not employ'd to roam,
Thought, ſadly active, ſtill corrodes at home:
A ſerious moment breaks the falſe repoſe,
And guilt in all its naked horror ſhows.
He who would know retirement's joy refin'd,
The fair receſs muſt ſeek with cheerful mind:

No Cynic's pride, no bigot's heated brain,
No fruſtrate hope, nor love's fantaſtic pain,
With him muſt enter the ſequeſter'd cell,
Who means with pleaſing ſolitude to dwell;
But equal paſſions let his boſom rule,
A judgment candid, and a temper cool,
Enlarg'd with knowledge, and in conſcience clear,
Above life's empty hopes, and death's vain fear.
Such he muſt be who greatly lives alone;
Such Portio is, in crowded ſcenes unknown.
For public life with every talent born,
Portio far off retires with decent ſcorn;
Though without buſineſs, never unemploy'd,
And life, as more at leiſure, more enjoy'd:
For who like him can various ſcience taſte,
His mind ſhall never want an endleſs feaſt,
In his bleſt ev'ning walk may'ſt thou, may I,
Oft friendly join in ſweet ſociety;
Our lives like his in one ſmooth current flow,
Nor ſwell'd with tempeſt, nor too calmy ſlow,
Whilſt he, like ſome great ſage of Rome or Greece,
Shall calm each riſing doubt, and ſpeak us peace,
Correct each thought, each wayward wiſh controul,
And ſtamp with every virtue all the ſoul.
Ah! how unlike is Umbrio's gloomy ſcene,
Eſtrang'd from all the cheerful ways of men!
There ſuperſtition works her baneful pow'r,
And darkens all the melancholy hour.

Unnumber'd fears corrode and haunt his breaſt,
With all that whim or ign'rance can ſuggeſt.
In vain for him kind nature pours her ſweets;
The viſionary ſaint no joy admits,
But ſeeks with pious ſpleen fantaſtic woes,
And for heav'n's ſake heav'n's offer'd good foregoes.
  Whate'er's our choice we ſtill with pride prefer,
And all who deviate, vainly think muſt err:
Clodio in books and abſtract notions loſt,
Sees none but knaves and fools in honor's poſt;
Whilſt Syphax, fond on fortune's ſea to ſail,
And boldly drive before the flatt'ring gale,
(Forward her dang'rous ocean to explore,)
Condemns as cowards thoſe who make the ſhore.
Not ſo my friend impartial, — man he views
Uſeful in what he ſhuns as what purſues;
Sees different turns to gen'ral good conſpire,
The hero's paſſion and the poet's fire;
Each figure plac'd in nature's wiſe deſign,
With true proportion and exacteſt line:
Sees lights and ſhades unite in due degree,
And form the whole with faireſt ſymmetry.

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GRONGAR HILL.

By Mr. Dyer.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple ev'ning, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy ſiſter Muſe;
Now while Phœbus riding high
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky!
Grongar Hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſkip bright and ſtrong;
Grongar, in whoſe moſſy cells
Sweetly muſing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,
So oft I have, the evening ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill,

Sate

Sate upon a flow'ry bed
With my hand beneath my head;
While ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
'Till Contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And viſtoes ſhooting beams of day:
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale;
As circles on a ſmooth canal;
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, all of height,
Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe;
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill.
Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landſkip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open ſcene
Does the face of nature ſhow,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.

Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly tow'ring in the ſkies!
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks:
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew,
The ſlender fir, that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak, with broad-ſpread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His ſides are cloath'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an aweful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a ſafety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds;
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has ſeen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of fate!
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And ſee the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun,
Sometimes ſwift, ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endleſs ſleep!
Thus is nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſkip tire the view!

The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky!
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the ſhady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep methinks may paſs the ſtream,
So little diſtant dangers ſeem;
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd through hope's deluding glaſs;
As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way,
The preſent's ſtill a cloudy day.
O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee!
Content me with an humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid;

For

For while our wiſhes wildly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul:
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air;
And miſers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſic fill the ſky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts, be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your ſkill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
In vain you ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain ye ſearch the domes of care!
Graſs and flowers Quiet treads;
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleaſure, cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide:
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE

RUINS of ROME.

A

POEM.

By the Same.

Aſpice murorum moles, præruptaque ſaxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vaſta theatra ſitu:
Hæc ſunt Roma. *Viden' velut ipſa cadavera tantæ*
Urbis adhuc ſpirent imperioſa minas?

Janus Vitalis.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the ſhady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt,
I ſung inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in ſtone remains
Of proud antiquity, through various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote; beyond
The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruſcan hills,
To Latium's wide champain, forlorn and waſte,

Where

Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muſe,
Yet once again, and ſoar a loftier flight ;
Lo the reſiſtleſs theme, imperial Rome !
Fall'n, fall'n, a ſilent heap ; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns ; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fall'n ; obſcur'd in duſt ;
Ev'n yet majeſtical ; the ſolemn ſcene
Elates the ſoul, while now the riſing ſun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Tow'ring aloft, upon the glitt'ring plain,
Like broken rocks, a vaſt circumference ;
Rent palaces, cruſh'd columns, rifted moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.
Deep lies in duſt the Theban obeliſc,
Immenſe along the waſte ; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, ſubtly fair,
O'erwhelming ; as th' immenſe LEVIATHAN
The finny brood, when near Ierne's ſhore
Out-ſtretch'd, unwieldly, his iſland length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globoſe and huge,
Grey-mould'ring temples ſwell, and wide o'ercaſt
The ſolitary landſkip, hills and woods,
And boundleſs wilds ; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardleſs they
Of hourly peril, though the clefted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his oraiſon hears

Aghaſt the voice of time, diſparting tow'rs,
Tumbling all precipitate down-daſh'd,
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the moon :
While murmurs ſooth each aweful interval
Of ever-falling waters ; ſhrouded Nile [a],
Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates ; they with dropping locks,
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their ſtreams.
Yet here advent'rous in the ſacred ſearch
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modeſt, from all climes reſort,
Grateful ſociety ! with theſe I raiſe
The toilſome ſtep up the proud Palatin,
Through ſpiry cypreſs groves, and tow'ring pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruins brows,
On num'rous arches rear'd : and frequent ſtopp'd,
The ſunk ground ſtartles me with dreadful chaſm,
Breathing forth darkneſs from the vaſt profound
Of iſles and halls, within the mountain's womb.
Nor theſe the nether works ; all theſe beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd ſewers, maſſy, firm,
As the Sibyline grot beſide the dead
Lake of Avernus ; ſuch the ſewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms

[a] Fountains at Rome adorned with the ſtatues of thoſe rivers.

Each wave impure ; and proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows laſh their vaults,
And thunder ; how they heave their rocks in vain !
Though now inceſſant Time has roll'd around
A thouſand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thouſand ſince, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and daſh and ſwell,
In vain ; convey'd to Tiber's loweſt wave.
Hence over airy plains, by cryſtal founts,
That weave their glitt'ring waves with tuneful lapſe,
Among the ſleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flow'ry vein
Of orient jaſper, pleas'd I move along,
And vaſes boſs'd, and huge inſcriptive ſtones,
And intermingling vines ; and figur'd nymphs,
Flora's and Chloe's of delicious mould,
Cheering the darkneſs ; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mould'ring ſhrines, with old decay
Ruſtic and green, and wide-embow'ring ſhades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding tow'rs ;
A ſolemn wilderneſs ! With error ſweet,
I wind the ling'ring ſtep, where'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er ſculptures maim'd has made ; Anubis, Sphinx,
Idols of antique guiſe, and horned Pan,
Terrific, monſtrous ſhapes ! prepoſt'rous gods,
Of Fear and Ign'rance, by the ſculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worſhip'd ; as ev'n now

Blindly

Blindly they worſhip at their breathleſs mouths [b]
In varied appellations : men to theſe
(From depth to depth in dark'ning error fall'n)
At length aſcrib'd th' INAPPLICABLE NAME.
How doth it pleaſe and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Hiſtoric urns and breathing ſtatues riſe,
And ſpeaking buſts ! Sweet Scipio, Marius ſtern,
Pompey ſuperb, the ſpirit-ſtirring form
Of Cæſar raptur'd with the charm of rule
And boundleſs fame ; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes upcaſt, he ſoars in thought
Above all height : and his own Brutus ſee,
Deſponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
In evil days, of faith, of public weal
Solicitous and ſad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude ; uprais'd,
His out-ſtretch'd arm he waves, in act to ſpeak
Before the ſilent maſters of the world,
And eloquence arrays him. There behold
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war
The pious brothers; jealous Alba ſtands
In fearful expectation of the ſtrife,
And youthful Rome intent : the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in ſilent tears ;
In ſorrowful benevolence embrace ——

[b] Several ſtatues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of ſaints.

How-

Howe'er they ſoon unſheath the flaſhing ſword,
Their country calls to arms ; now all in vain
The mother claſps the knee, and ev'n the fair
Now weeps in vain ; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rous'd ;
Such were the Fabii, Decii ; ſo inſpir'd
The Scipio's battled, and the Gracchi ſpoke :
So roſe the Roman ſtate. Me now, of theſe
Deep-muſing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to ſerve my country, diſtant land,
And build me virtuous fame ; nor ſhall the duſt
Of theſe fall'n piles with ſhew of ſad decay
Avert the good reſolve, mean argument,
The fate alone of matter.———Now the brow
We gain enraptur'd ; beauteouſly diſtinct [c]
The num'rous portico's and domes upſwell,
With obeliſcs and columns interpos'd,
And pine, and fir, and oak : ſo fair a ſcene
Sees not the derviſe from the ſpiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Ægyptian plain :
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath,
Along the windings of the Muſe's ſtream,
Lucid Ilyſſus, weeps her ſilent ſchools,
And groves, unviſited by bard or ſage.

[c] From the Palatin hill one ſees moſt of the remarkable antiquities.

Amid the tow'ry ruins, huge, ſupreme,
Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whoſe capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
While from the central floor the ſeats aſcend
Round above round, ſlow-wid'ning to the verge,
A circuit vaſt and high; nor leſs had held
Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
When drunk with rule ſhe will'd the fierce delight,
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-ruſh'd
Before th' innumerable ſhouting crowd
The fiery, madded, tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tygers, wolves and elephants,
And deſp'rate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
By frequent converſe with familiar death,
To kindle brutal daring, apt for war;
To lock the breaſt, and ſteel th' obdurate heart,
Amid the piercing cries of ſore diſtreſs
Impenetrable.——But away thine eye;
Behold yon ſteepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that rever'd [d]
In ancient days, the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cærulean ruſt.
The fane was Jove's, its ſpacious golden roof,
O'er thick-ſurrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round ſun aſcends; and tow'r'd aloft,

[d] The Capitol.

Suſtain'd

Suſtain'd by columns huge, innumerous
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Dark'ning their idols, when Aſtarte lur'd
Too proſp'rous Iſrael from his living ſtrength.
And next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world
Majeſtic emblem; with peculiar grace,
Before its ample orb, projected ſtands
The many-pillar'd portal; nobleſt work
Of human ſkill: here, curious architect,
If thou aſſay'ſt, ambitious, to ſurpaſs
Palladius, Angelus, or Britiſh Jones,
On theſe fair walls extend the certain ſcale,
And turn th' inſtructive compaſs: careful mark
How far in hidden art, the noble plain
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing ſculpture: nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows ſuſtain: fair Corinth firſt
Boaſted their order which Callimachus
(Reclining ſtudious on Aſopus' banks
Beneath an urn of ſome lamented nymph)
Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd, the chapiter inform'd.
See the tall obeliſcs from Memphis old,
One ſtone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;

Like Albion's ſpires they ruſh into the ſkies.
And there the temple, where the ſummon'd ſtate [e]
In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
The veh'ment orator in rent attire
Perſuaſion pours, ambition ſinks her creſt;
And lo the villain, like a troubled ſea,
That toſſes up her mire! Ever diſguis'd,
Shall treaſon walk? ſhall proud oppreſſion yoke
The neck of virtue? Lo the wretch abaſh'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty,
Parent of happineſs, celeſtial born;
When the firſt man became a living ſoul,
His ſacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
With her ſecure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bleſs mankind; while yet among her ſons,
Ev'n yet there are, to ſhield thine equal laws,
Whoſe boſoms kindle at the ſacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walſingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs;
In maſque and dance excell; to ſculptur'd ſtone
Give with ſuperior ſkill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil ſoft
With warmer touch the viſionary board:
But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
To check the ravage of tyrannic ſway;
To quell the proud; to ſpread the joys of peace
And various bleſſings of ingenious trade.

[e] The temple of Concord, where the ſenate met on Catiline's conſpiracy.

Be

Be theſe our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart,
Ineſtimable good! who giv'ſt us Truth,
Whoſe hand upleads to light, divineſt Truth,
Array'd in every charm: whoſe hand benign
Teaches unwearied toil to cloath the fields,
And on his various fruits inſcribes the name
Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majeſtic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sydonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,
Whoſe num'rous towns and iſles, and peopled ſeas,
Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with ſublime delight) Auſonia caught,
And plan'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her tow'ry battlements in ſtrength;
Bent her wide bridges o'er the ſwelling ſtream
Of Tuſcan Tiber; thine thoſe ſolemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humble pray'r;
And thine thoſe piles undeck'd, capacious, vaſt [f],
In days of dearth, where tender Charity
Diſpens'd her timely ſuccours to the poor.
Thine too thoſe muſically falling founts
To ſlake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Muſical ever; while from yon blue hills
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er

[f] The public granaries.

The ſpacious deſert, bright'ning in the ſun,
Proud and more proud, in their auguſt approach:
High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
Glide the ſoft whiſpering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their ſilver ſtreams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murm'ring falls,
Muſical ever. Theſe thy beauteous works:
And what beſide felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the reſt;
At various times their turrets chanc'd to riſe,
When impious tyranny vouchſaf'd to ſmile.
Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome[s]
Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars:
There to their daily ſports the noble youth
Ruſh'd emulous; to fling the pointed lance;
To vault the ſteed; or with the kindling wheel
In duſty whirlwinds ſweep the trembling goal;
Or wreſtling, cope with adverſe ſwelling breaſts,
Strong, grappling arms, clos'd heads, and diſtant feet;
Or claſh the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: lo the boſſy piles,
The proud triumphal arches; all their wars,
Their conqueſts, honours, in the ſculptures live.
And ſee from every gate thoſe ancient roads,

[s] Modern Rome ſtands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

With tombs high-verg'd, the ſolemn paths of Fame;
Deſerve they not regard? O'er whoſe broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, ſo many ſtorms of war;
Such trains of conſuls, tribunes, ſages, kings;
So many pomps; ſo many wond'ring realms:
Yet ſtill through mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,
In even ſtate, to diſtant ſeas around,
They ſtretch their pavements. Lo the fane of Peace,
Built by that prince, who to the truſt of pow'r [h]
Was honeſt, the delight of human kind.
Three nodding iſles remain; the reſt an heap
Of ſand and weeds: her ſhrines, her radiant roofs
And columns proud, that from her ſpacious floor,
As from a ſhining ſea, majeſtic roſe
An hundred foot aloft, like ſtately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glaſſy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's ſacred ſpoils; the golden board,
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
By the ſunk roof.—O'er which in diſtant view
Th' Etruſcan mountains ſwell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte ſpires,
Wrapping his ſides in tempeſts. Eaſtward hence,
Nigh where the Ceſtian pyramid divides [i]

[h] Begun by Veſpaſian, and finiſhed by Titus.
[i] The tomb of Ceſtius, partly within, and partly without the walls.

The mould'ring wall, behold yon fabric huge,
Whoſe duſt the ſolemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken ſculptures caſt abroad
Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The ſtately pines, that ſpread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls[k],
Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in compariſon, minute and vile.
  Theſe, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged ſides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches ſcatter'd round,
After the tempeſt; Mauſoleums, Cirques,
Naumachio's, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whoſe low baſe the ſculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils, up the rough ſteep,
Its hero to the ſkies: and his dark tow'r [l]
Whoſe execrable hand the city fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,
Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome[m];
And the rough reliques of Carinæ's ſtreet,
Where now the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erſt

[k] The baths of Caracalla, a vaſt ruin.
[l] Nero's.
[m] The Palatin library.

There

There pip'd the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep,
When th' humble roof Anchiſes' ſon explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-deſpiſing king,
Amid the thickets: ſo revolves the ſcene;
So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From duſt again to duſt. Behold that heap
Of mould'ring urns (their aſhes blown away,
Duſt of the mighty) the ſame ſtory tell;
And at its baſe, from whence the ſerpent glides
Down the green deſert ſtreet, yon hoary monk
Laments the ſame, the viſion as he views,
The ſolitary, ſilent, ſolemn ſcene,
Where Cæſars, heroes, peaſants, hermits lie,
Blended in duſt together; where the ſlave
Reſts from his labours; where th' inſulting proud
Reſigns his pow'r; the miſer drops his hoard;
Where human folly ſleeps.—There is a mood,
(I ſing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the ſoul, and points her to the ſkies;
When tribulation cloaths the child of man,
When age deſcends with ſorrow to the grave,
'Tis ſweetly-ſoothing ſympathy to pain,
A gently wak'ning call to health and eaſe.
How muſical! when all-devouring Time,
Here ſitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempeſts ſweep his various lyre,
How ſweet thy diapaſon, Melancholy!

Cool ev'ning comes; the ſetting ſun diſplays
His viſible great round between yon tow'rs,
As through two ſhady cliffs; away, my Muſe,
Though yet the proſpect pleaſes, ever new
In vaſt variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd ſculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and every realm and ſtate
With Rome's auguſt remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miſs we not th' innumerable theſts,
Yet ſtill profuſe of graces teems the waſte.
  Suffice it now th' Eſquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and ſeek the ſacred reſts
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little ſun-gilt heap,
Groteſque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof; the gourd and olive fan
Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple cluſters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleaſing fancy ſooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,
Fram'd the celeſtial ſong, or ſocial walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world;
Happy Auguſtus! who ſo well inſpir'd
Could'ſt throw thy pomps and royalties aſide,

Attentive

Attentive to the wiſe, the great of ſoul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auſpicious to the Muſes! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or ſecret ſhade,
Or open mountain, or whatever ſcene
The poet choſe to tune th' ennobling rhime
Melodious; ev'n the rugged ſons of war,
Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the poet's name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours——
Yet will the Muſe a little longer ſoar,
Unleſs the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since nature's ſtores are ſhut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; ſince in vain
The thirſty pilgrim at the fountain aſks
Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint diſdain.—
See'ſt thou yon fane? ev'n now inceſſant Time[a]
Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the duſt;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods
Threatens huge ruin o'er the ſmall rotund.
'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſwains with rev'rend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Preſſing the teat within a monſter's graſp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her ſtretch'd neck, and form'd your tender limbs:
So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell ſavage fed

[a] The temple of Romulus and Remus under mount Palatin.

Your ſacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conqueſts, glories, of th' Auſonian ſtate,
Wrapp'd in their ſecret ſeeds. Each kindred ſoul,
Robuſt and ſtout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots ariſe,
Green twigs of oſier weave the ſlender walls,
Green ruſhes ſpread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruſcan Tiber views
Her ſpreading ſcenes enamelling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gath'ring ſwains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majeſtic train.
Her ſpeedy growth alarm'd the ſtates around
Jealous, yet ſoon by wond'rous virtue won,
They ſink into her boſom. From the plough
Roſe her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no houſhold ſtate,
The public only ſwell'd the gen'rous breaſt.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes ſung?
Dentatus' ſcars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius ſav'd the Capitol? the choice
Of ſteady Regulus? As yet they ſtood,
Simple of life; as yet ſeducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and ſhame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd.—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks

Along the flow'ry vallies ? They, content,
Feaſted at nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their eaſy taſte ; and only ſought
To know their duties ; that their only ſtrife,
Their gen'rous ſtrife, and greatly to perform.
They through all ſhapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickeſt death
To ſnatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thraſymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntleſs courage; ſtorming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punic ſhores ; 'till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious ſpoils : alas proſperity!
Ah baneful ſtate ! yet ebb'd not all their ſtrength
In ſoft luxurious pleaſures ; proud deſire
Of boundleſs ſway, and fev'riſh thirſt of gold,
Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her ruſty ſhield; nor could avail
The ſword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
Nor yet the car of that fam'd Britiſh chief,
Which ſeven brave years beneath the doubtful wing
Of vict'ry, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war : the Roman arms
Triumph'd, 'till Fame was ſilent of their foes.

And now the world unrivall'd they enjoy'd
In proud ſecurity: the creſted helm,
The plated greave and corſelet hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the ſpear and ſounding ſhield,
But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.
Diſſolv'd in eaſe and ſoft delight they lie,
'Till every ſun annoys, and every wind
Has chilling force, and every rain offends:
For now the frame no more is girt with ſtrength
Maſculine, nor in luſtineſs of heart
Laughs at the winter ſtorm, and ſummer beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling: flow'ry bow'rs they ſeek
(As æther prompts, as the ſick ſenſe approves)
Or cool Nymphean grots; or tepid baths
(Taught by the ſoft Ionians) they, along
The lawny vale, of every beauteous ſtone,
Pile in the roſeat air with fond expence:
Through ſilver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on ſilver beds cryſtalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while luxury
Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Sheds roſes, odours, ſheds unheeded bane.
Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of volupt'ouſneſs, cry out aloud
Neceſſity, and ſeek the ſplendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboſs'd with gems,

And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of ſeeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rareſt acquiſition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high teſtaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines with incenſe fum'd
To ſlake Patrician thirſt: for theſe, their rights
In the vile ſtreets they proſtitute to ſale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? they come; the market throngs.
But who has moſt by fraud or force amaſs'd?
Who moſt can charm corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the ſtate; and lo!
Didius, vile us'rer, through the crowd he mounts*,
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cow'rs,
And the red arrows fill his graſp uncouth.
O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,
Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth awhile in pageant ſtate,
And with licentious pleaſures fed the rout,
The thoughtleſs many: to the wanton ſound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the ſhade
Sung Cæſar, great and terrible in war,

* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

Immortal

Immortal Cæſar! lo, a God, a God,
He cleaves the yielding ſkies! Cæſar mean while
Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
Enrag'd purſues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; taſtes, diſlikes, and flings
To dogs and ſycophants: a God, a God!
The flow'ry ſhades and ſhrines obſcene return.
But ſee along the north the tempeſt ſwell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their ſnows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Ruſh as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villa's; down the feſtive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the ſtorm in clouds of duſt.
Vain end of human ſtrength, of human ſkill,
Conqueſt, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And eaſe and luxury! O luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent ſtates,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the ſoft entrance of thy roſy cave
How doſt thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulph where Aſhur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boaſting Cham;
And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous Greece;
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

A POEM,

In Imitation of SPENSER.

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq;

Auditæ voces, vagitus & ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in Limine primo. VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spenſer were imagin'd moſt proper for the Author's imitation on this occaſion, *are his* language, *his* ſimplicity, *his manner of* deſcription, *and a peculiar* tenderneſs *of* ſentiment *remarkable throughout his works.*

I.

AH me! full ſorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modeſt worth neglected lies;
While partial Fame doth with her blaſts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp diſguiſe;

Deeds of ill ſort, and miſchievous emprize!
Lend me thy clarion, goddeſs! let me try
To ſound the praiſe of merit, ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chaunced to eſpy,
Loſt in the dreary ſhades of dull obſcurity.

II.

In every village mark'd with little ſpire,
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to Fame,
There dwells, in lowly ſhed, and mean attire,
A matron old whom we ſchool-miſtreſs name;
Who boaſts unruly brats with birch to tame.
They grieven ſore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentleſs dame;
And oft-times on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or taſk unconn'd, are ſorely ſhent.

III.

And all in ſight doth riſe a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did ſtowe;
Whilom a twig of ſmall regard to ſee,
Though now ſo wide its waving branches flow;
And work the ſimple vaſſals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs ſhudder'd, and their pulſe beat low;
And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
And ſhap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

IV.

So have I ſeen (who has not may conceive,)
A lifeleſs phantom near a garden plac'd :
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of ſport, of ſong, of pleaſure, of repaſt ;
They ſtart, they ſtare, they wheel, they look aghaſt:
Sad ſervitude ! ſuch comfortleſs annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taſte !
Ne Superſtition clog his dance of joy,
Ne viſion empty, vain, his native bliſs deſtroy.

V.

Near to this dome is found a patch ſo green,
On which the tribe their gambols do diſplay ;
And at the door impris'ning board is ſeen,
Leſt weakly wights of ſmaller ſize ſhould ſtray ;
Eager, perdie, to baſk in ſunny day !
The noiſes intermix'd, which thence reſound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray :
Where ſits the dame, diſguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

VI.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven ſnow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield :
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the Hare-bell that adorns the field :

And in her hand, for ſcepter, ſhe does wield
Tway birchen ſprays; with anxious Fear entwin'd,
With dark Diſtruſt, and ſad Repentance fill'd;
And ſtedfaſt Hate, and ſharp Affliction join'd,
And Fury uncontroul'd, and Chaſtiſement unkind.

VII.

Few but have ken'd, in ſemblance meet pourtray'd,
The childiſh faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, *Notus*, *Auſter*: theſe in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or ſky, or main,
Were the ſtern god to give his ſlaves the rein?
And were not ſhe rebellious breaſts to quell,
And were not ſhe her ſtatutes to maintain,
The cott no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

VIII.

A ruſſet ſtole was o'er her ſhoulders thrown;
A ruſſet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas ſimple ruſſet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock ſo fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And ſooth to ſay, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it paſſing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, ſhe been the greateſt wight on ground.

IX. Albeit

IX.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;
Goody, good-woman, goſſip, n'aunt, forſooth,
Or dame, the ſole additions ſhe did hear ;
Yet theſe ſhe challeng'd, theſe ſhe held right dear :
Ne would eſteem him act as mought behove,
Who ſhould not honour'd eld with theſe revere :
For never title yet ſo mean could prove,
But there was eke a Mind which did that title love.

X.

One ancient hen ſhe took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the buſy dame ;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her ſchool, begirt with chickens, came ;
Such favour did her paſt deportment claim :
And, if Neglect had laviſh'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, ſhe would collect the ſame ;
For well ſhe knew, and quaintly could expound,
What ſin it were to waſte the ſmalleſt crumb ſhe found.

XI.

Herbs too ſhe knew, and well of each could ſpeak,
That in her garden ſipp'd the ſilv'ry dew ;
Where no vain flow'r diſclos'd a gaudy ſtreak ;
But herbs for uſe, and phyſic, not a few,

Of grey renown, within thoſe borders grew :
The tufted Baſil, pun-provoking Thyme,
Freſh Baum, and Mary-gold of cheerful hue ;
The lowly Gill that never dares to climb ;
And more I fain would ſing, diſdaining here to rhime.

XII.

Yet Euphraſy may not be left unſung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around ;
And pungent Radiſh, biting infant's tongue ;
And Plantain ribb'd that heals the reaper's wound ;
And Marj'ram ſweet, in ſhepherd's poſie found ;
And Lavender, whoſe ſpikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidſt the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

XIII.

And here trim Roſmarine, that whilom crown'd
The dantieſt garden of the proudeſt peer ;
Ere, driven from its envy'd ſite, it found
A ſacred ſhelter for its branches here ;
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring ſkirts appear.
Oh waſſel days ; O cuſtoms meet and well !
Ere this was baniſh'd from its lofty ſphere :
Simplicity then ſought this humble cell,
Nor ever would She more with thane and lordling dwell.

XIV.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned ſuch pſalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
If winter 'twere, ſhe to her hearth did cleave;
But in her garden found a ſummer ſeat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Iſrael's ſons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a ſong intreat,
All, for the Nonce, untuning every ſtring,
Up hung their uſeleſs lyres—ſmall heart had they to ſing.

XV.

For ſhe was juſt, and friend to virtuous lore,
And paſs'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in thoſe Elfins ears, would oft deplore
The times, when Truth by popiſh rage did bleed;
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
And ſimple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That would on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny ſaints in ſmould'ring flames did burn:
Ah! deareſt Lord, forefend, thilk days ſhould e'er return.

XVI.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottiſh ſtem
By the ſharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our ſovereign prince and liefeſt liege is plac'd,

The matron ſate ; and ſome with rank ſhe grac'd,
(The ſource of children's and of courtier's pride !)
Redreſs'd affronts, for vile affronts there paſs'd ;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

XVII.

Right well ſhe knew each temper to deſcry ;
To thwart the proud, and the ſubmiſs to raiſe ;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And ſome entice with pittance ſmall of praiſe ;
And other ſome with baleful ſprig ſhe 'frays ;
Ev'n abſent, ſhe the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd ſhe ſways ;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whiſper in her ear, and all the ſcene unfold.

XVIII.

Lo now with ſtate ſhe utters the command !
Eftſoons the urchins to their taſks repair :
Their books of ſtature ſmall they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn ſecured are,
To ſave from finger wet the letters fair :
The work ſo gay, that on their backs is ſeen,
St. George's high atchievements does declare ;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleaſing ſight, I ween!

XIX.

Ah luckleſs he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil ſtar ! it irks me whilſt I write !
As erſt the [a] bard by Mulla's ſilver ſtream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he ſung, and did in tears indite.
For brandiſhing the rod, ſhe doth begin
To looſe the brogues, the ſtripling's late delight !
And down they drop ; appears his dainty ſkin,
Fair as the furry coat of whiteſt Ermilin.

XX.

O ruthful ſcene ! when from a nook obſcure,
His little ſiſter doth his peril ſee :
All playful as ſhe ſate, ſhe grows demure ;
She finds full ſoon her wonted ſpirits flee;
She meditates a pray'r to ſet him free :
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her ſad grief that ſwells in either eye,
And wrings her ſo that all for pity ſhe could dye.

XXI.

Nor longer can ſhe now her ſhrieks command ;
And hardly ſhe forbears, through aweful fear,
To ruſhen forth, and, with preſumptuous hand,
To ſtay harſh juſtice in its mid career.

[a] Spenſer.

On thee ſhe calls, on thee her parent dear !
(Ah ! too remote to ward the ſhameful blow !)
She ſees no kind domeſtic viſage near,
And ſoon a flood of tears begins to flow ;
And gives a looſe at laſt to unavailing woe.

XXII.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?
Or what device his loud laments explain ?
The form uncouth of his diſguiſed face ?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?
The plenteous ſhow'r that does his cheek diſtain ?
When he, in abject wiſe, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth ought of ſweet reprieve to gain ;
Or when from high ſhe levels well her aim,
And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling ſtroke proclaim.

XXIII.

The other tribe, aghaſt, with ſore diſmay,
Attend, and conn their taſks with mickle care :
By turns, aſtony'd, every twig ſurvey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware ;
Knowing, I wiſt, how each the ſame may ſhare ;
'Till Fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known cheſt the dame repair ;
Whence oft with ſugar'd cates ſhe doth 'em greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare ; now, certes, doubly ſweet !

XXIV.

See to their ſeats they hye with merry glee,
And in beſeemly order ſitten there ;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench and ſtool, and fourm, and chair,
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair ;)
And eke with ſnubs profound, and heaving breaſt,
Convulſions intermitting ! does declare
His grievous wrong ; his dame's unjuſt beheſt ;
And ſcorns her offer'd love, and ſhuns to be careſs'd.

XXV.

His face beſprent with liquid cryſtal ſhines,
His blooming face that ſeems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All ſmear'd and ſully'd by a vernal ſhow'r.
O the hard boſoms of deſpotic pow'r !
All, all, but ſhe, the author of his ſhame,
All, all, but ſhe, regret this mournful hour :
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, ſhall claim,
If ſo I deem aright, tranſcending worth and fame.

XXVI.

Behind ſome door, in melancholy thought,
Mindleſs of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines ;
Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth ought,
But to the wind all merriment reſigns ;

And deems it ſhame, if he to peace inclines ;
And many a ſullen look aſcance is ſent
Which for his dame's annoyance he deſigns ;
And ſtill the more to pleaſure him ſhe's bent,
The more doth he, perverſe, her haviour paſt reſent.

XXVII.

Ah me ! how much I fear leſt pride it be !
But if that pride it be, which thus inſpires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice diſcernment ſee,
Ye quench not too the ſparks of nobler fires :
Ah ! better far than all the Muſes' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat ;
The firm fixt breaſt which Fit and Right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot ſoul ; more juſtly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry falſe deceit.

XXVIII.

Yet nurs'd with ſkill, what dazling fruits appear !
Ev'n now ſagacious Foreſight points to ſhow
A little bench of heedleſs biſhops here,
And there a chancellour in embryo,
Or bard ſublime, if bard may e'er be ſo,
As Milton, Shakeſpeare, names that ne'er ſhall dye!
Though now he crawl along the ground ſo low,
Nor weeting how the Muſe ſhould ſoar on high,
Wiſheth, poor ſtarvling elf ! his paper-kite may fly.

XXIX.

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the deſign,
Low lays the houſe which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be ! if rigid fates incline,
And many an Epic to his rage ſhall yield ;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field ;
And, four'd by age, profound he ſhall appear,
As he who now with 'ſdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work ; and levels many a ſneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries " What ſtuff is here?"

XXX.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle ſkie,
And Liberty unbars their priſon-door ;
And like a ruſhing torrent out they fly,
And now the graſſy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boiſt'rous revel-rout and wild uproar ;
A thouſand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heav'n ſhield their ſhort-liv'd paſtimes, I implore!
For well may Freedom, erſt ſo dearly won,
Appear to Britiſh elf more gladſome than the ſun.

XXXI.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your ſportive trade ;
And chaſe gay flies, and cull the faireſt flow'rs
For when my bones in graſs-green ſods are laid ;
For never may ye taſte more careleſs hours

In knightly caſtles, or in ladies bow'rs.
O vain to ſeek delight in earthly thing !
But moſt in courts where proud Ambition tow'rs ;
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can ſpring
Beneath the pompous dome of keſar or of king.

XXXII.

See in each ſprite ſome various bent appear !
Theſe rudely carol moſt incondite lay ;
Thoſe ſaunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the ſtranger paſſing on his way ;
Some building fragile tenements of clay ;
Some to the ſtanding lake their courſes bend,
With pebbles ſmooth at duck and drake to play ;
Thilk to the huxter's ſav'ry cottage tend,
In paſtry kings and queens th' allotted mite to ſpend.

XXXIII.

Here, as each ſeaſon yields a different ſtore,
Each ſeaſon's ſtores in order ranged been ;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full ſore th' unmoney'd wight, are ſeen ;
And gooſe-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green ;
And here of lovely dye, the Cath'rine pear,
Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween :
O may no wight e'er penny-leſs come there,
Leſt ſmit with ardent love he pine with hopeleſs care !

XXXIV.

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread ſo white in tempting poſies ty'd,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aſide ;
And muſt be bought though penury betide.
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each ſeaſon, do thoſe cakes abide,
Whoſe honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring through Britain's iſle Salopia's praiſes known[b].

XXXV.

Admir'd Salopia ! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried,
Her daughters lovely, and her ſtriplings brave ;
Ah ! 'midſt the reſt, may flowers adorn his grave,
Whoſe art did firſt theſe dulcet cates diſplay !
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerleſs o'er her darkling region ſtray ;
'Till reaſon's morn ariſe, and light them on their way.

[b] Shrewſbury cakes.

THE
ART of POLITICS,
In Imitation of
HORACE's ART of POETRY.

By the Reverend Mr. BRAMSTON.

[a]IF to an human face ſir James ſhould draw
A horſe's mane, and feathers of maccaw,
A lady's boſom, and a tail of cod,
Who could help laughing at a ſight ſo odd?
Juſt ſuch a monſter, Sirs, pray think before ye,
When you behold one man both Whig and Tory.
Not more extravagant are drunkards dreams,
Than Low-church politics with High-church ſchemes.

[a] Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris; ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne:
Spectatum admiſſi, riſum teneatis, amici?
Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ fore librum
Perſimilem, cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ
Fingentur ſpecies.——Pictoribus atque Poetis

Painters,

Painters, you'll ſay, may their own fancies uſe,
And free-born Britons may their party chuſe:
That's true, I own: but can one piece be drawn
For dove and dragon, elephant and fawn?
[b] Speakers profeſs'd, who gravity pretend,
With motly ſentiments their ſpeeches blend;
Begin like patriots, and like courtiers end.
Some love to roar, the conſtitution's broke,
And others on the nation's debts to joke:
Some rail, (they hate a commonwealth ſo much,)
Whate'er the ſubject be, againſt the Dutch;
While others, with more faſhionable fury,
Begin with turnpikes, and conclude with Fleury,
Some, when th' affair was Blenheim's glorious battle,
Declaim'd againſt importing Iriſh cattle:
But you, from whate'er ſide you take your name,
Like Anna's motto, always be the ſame.

Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas;
Scimus, & hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim:
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.
[b] Incœptis gravibus plerumque & magna profeſſis
Purpureus, late qui ſplendeat, unus & alter
Aſſuitur pannus; cum lucus, & ara Dianæ,
Aut properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius deſcribitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortaſſe cupreſſum
Scis ſimulare: quid hoc, ſi fractis enatat exſpes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
Inſtitui; currente rota cur urceus exit?
Denique ſit quidvis, ſimplex duntaxat & unum.

[c] Outſides deceive, 'tis hard the truth to know,
Parties from quaint denominations flow,
As Scotch and Iriſh antiquaries ſhow.
The low are ſaid to take Fanatics parts,
The high are bloody Papiſts in their hearts.
Caution and fear to higheſt faults have run;
In pleaſing both the parties, you pleaſe none.
Who in the houſe affects declaiming airs,
Whales in Change-alley paints: in Fiſh-ſtreet, bears.
Some metaphors, ſome handkerchiefs diſplay,
Theſe peep in hats, while thoſe with buttons play.
And make me think it Repetition day;
There knights haranguing hug a neighb'ring poſt,
And are but quorum orators at moſt.
Sooner than thus my want of ſenſe expoſe,
I'll deck out bandy-legs with gold-clock'd hoſe,
Or wear a toupet-wig without a noſe.

[c] Decipimur ſpecie recti; brevis eſſe laboro,
Obſcurus fio; ſectantem lævia nervi
Deficiunt animique; profeſſus grandia, turget.
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum ſylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret arte.
Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & ungues
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos;
Infelix operis ſumma, quia ponere totum
Neſciet; hunc ego me, ſi quid componere curem,
Non magis eſſe velim, quam pravo vivere naſo,
Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.

Nay, I would ſooner have thy phyz, I ſwear,
Surintendant des plaiſirs d' Angleterre*.
[d] Ye weekly writers of ſeditious news,
Take care your ſubjects artfully to chuſe,
Write panegyric ſtrong, or boldly rail,
You cannot miſs preferment, or a goal.
Wrap up your poiſon well, nor fear to ſay
What was a lye laſt night is truth to-day.
Tell this, ſink that, arrive at Ridpath's praiſe,
Let Abel Roper your ambition raiſe.
To lie fit opportunity obſerve,
Saving ſome double meaning in reſerve;
But oh! you'll merit everlaſting fame,
If you can quibble on Sir Robert's name.

* All Mr. Heydegger's letters come directed to him from abroad, *A Monſieur, Monſieur Heydegger, ſurintendant des plaiſirs d'Angleterre.*

[d] Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam
Viribus; & verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent,
Quid valeant humeri: cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deſeret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis hæc virtus erit & Venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici,
Pleraque differat, & præſens in tempus omittat.
Dixeris egregie, notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum; ſi forte neceſſe eſt
Indiciis monſtrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget, dabiturque licentia ſumpta pudenter.
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, ſi
Græco fonte cadant.

In ſtate affairs uſe not the vulgar phraſe,
Talk words ſcarce known in good queen Beſſe's days,
New terms let war or traffic introduce,
And try to bring perſuading-ſhips in uſe.
Coin words : in coining ne'er mind common ſenſe,
Provided the original be French.
[e] Like South-ſea ſtock, expreſſions riſe and fall :
King Edward's words are now no words at all.
Did aught our predeceſſors genius cramp ?
Sure every reign may have its proper ſtamp.
All ſublunary things of death partake ;
What alteration does a cent'ry make !
Kings and comedians are all mortal found,
Cæſar and Pinkethman are underground.
What's not deſtroy'd by Time's devouring hand ?
Where's Troy, and where's the may-pole in the Strand ?

[e] ——————Licuit, ſemperque licebit
Signatum præſente nota producere nomen.
Ut ſylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos ;
Prima cadunt : ita verborum vetus interit ætas.
Debemur morti nos noſtraque ; ſive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus, claſſes aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus ; ſteriliſve diu palus aptaque remis
Vicinas urbes alit, & grave ſentit aratrum ;
Seu curſum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis
Doctus iter melius ; mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum ſermonum ſtet honos, & gratia vivax.
Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula, ſi volet uſus,
Quem penes arbitrium eſt & jus & norma loquendi.

Peaſe,

Peaſe, cabbages, and turnips once grew, where
Now ſtands New Bond-ſtreet, and a newer ſquare;
Such piles of buildings now riſe up and down,
London itſelf ſeems going out of town.
Our fathers croſs'd from Fulham in a wherry,
Their ſons enjoy a bridge at Putney-ferry.
Think we that modern words eternal are?
Toupet and Tompion, Coſins, and Colmar
Hereafter will be call'd, by ſome plain man,
A wig, a watch, a pair of ſtays, a fan.
To things themſelves if time ſuch change affords,
Can there be any truſting to our words?
[f] To ſcreen good miniſters from public rage,
And how with party madneſs to engage,
We learn from Addiſon's immortal page.
The Jacobite's ridiculous opinion
Is ſeen from Tickell's letter to Avignon.
But who puts Caleb's Country-Craftſman out,
Is ſtill a ſecret, and the world's in doubt.
[g] Not long ſince pariſh clerks, with ſaucy airs,
Apply'd king David's pſalms to ſtate affairs.

[f] Res geſtæ regumque ducumque, & triſtia bella
Quo ſcribi poſſent numero, monſtravit Homerus.
Verſibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Poſt etiam incluſa eſt voti ſententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiſerit auctor,
Grammatici certant, & adhuc ſub judice lis eſt.

[g] Muſa dedit fidibus Divos pueroſque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.

Some certain tunes to politics belong,
On both ſides drunkards love a party-ſong.
[h] If full acroſs the Speaker's chair I go,
Can I be ſaid the rules o' th' Houſe to know?
I'll aſk, nor give offence without intent,
Nor through mere ſheepiſhneſs be impudent.
[i] In acts of Parliament avoid ſublime,
Nor e'er addreſs his Majeſty in rhyme;
An Act of Parliament's a ſerious thing,
Begins with year of Lord and year of King;
Keeps cloſe to form, in every word is ſtrict,
When it would pains and penalties inflict.
Soft words ſuit beſt petitioners' intent;
Soft words, O ye petitioners of Kent!
[k] Whoe'er harangues before he gives his vote,
Should ſend ſweet language from a tuneful throat.

[h] Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumque colores
Cur ego, ſi nequeo ignoroque, poeta ſalutor?
Cur neſcire, pudens prave, quam diſcere malo?
[i] Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult:
Indignatur item privatis, ac prope ſocco
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyeſtæ.
Interdum tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit,
Iratuſque Chremes tumido dilitigat ore.
Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterque
Projicit ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba.
[k] Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe Poemata, dulcia ſunto.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adſunt
Humani vultus: ſi vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primum ipſi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
Telephe, vel Peleu: male ſi mandata loquêris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

Pultney the coldeſt breaſt with zeal can fire,
And Roman thoughts by Attic ſtile inſpire;
He knows from tedious wranglings to beguile
The ſerious houſe into a cheerful ſmile;
When the great patriot paints his anxious fears
For England's ſafety, I am loſt in tears.
But when dull ſpeakers ſtrive to move compaſſion,
I pity their poor hearers, not the nation:
Unleſs young members to the purpoſe keep,
I fall a laughing, or I fall aſleep.

[l] Can men their inward faculties controul?
Is not the tongue an index to the ſoul?
Laugh not in time of ſervice to your God,
Nor bully, when in cuſtody o' th' rod;
Look grave, and be from jokes and grinning far,
When brought to ſue for pardon at the bar:
If then you let your ill-tim'd wit appear,
Knights, citizens, and burgeſſes will ſneer.

[m] For land, or trade, not the ſame notions fire
The city-merchant, and the country-'ſquire;

[l] Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum, &c.
Poſt effert animi motus interprete linguâ.
——————triſtia mœſtum
Vultum verba decent, &c.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis abſona dicta,
Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.

[m] Intererit multum Divuſne loquatur, an Heros:
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli;
Colchus, an Aſſyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Their climes are diſtant, though one cauſe unites
The lairds of Scotland, and the Corniſh knights.
[n] To likelihood your characters confine:
Don't turn Sir Paul out, let Sir Paul reſign.
In Walpole's voice (if factions ill intend)
Give the two univerſities a friend;
Give Maidſtone wit, and elegance refin'd;
To both the Pelhams give the Scipio's mind;
To Cart'ret learning, eloquence, and parts;
To George the ſecond, give all Engliſh hearts.
[o] Sometimes freſh names in politics produce,
And factions yet unheard of introduce;
And if you dare attempt a thing ſo new,
Make to itſelf the flying ſquadron true.
[p] To ſpeak is free, no member is debarr'd;
But funds and national accounts are hard:

[n] Aut famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia finge,
Scriptor. Honoratum ſi forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis;
Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, triſtis Oreſtes.

[o] Si quid inexpertum ſcenæ committis, & audes
Perſonam formare novam, ſervetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet.

[p] Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere: tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam ſi proferres ignota indictaque primus.
Publica materies privati juris erit, ſi
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;

Safer

Safer on common topics to diſcourſe,
The malt-tax, and a military force.
On theſe each coffee-houſe will lend a hint,
Beſides a thouſand things that are in print.
But ſteal not word for word, nor thought for thought,
For you'll be teaz'd to death, if you are caught.
When factious leaders boaſt increaſing ſtrength,
Go not too far, nor follow every length:
Leave room for change, turn with a grace about,
And ſwear you left 'em, when you found 'em out.
¶ With art and modeſty your part maintain;
And talk like Col'nel Titus, not like Lane.
The trading knight with rants his ſpeech begins,
Sun, moon, and ſtars, and dragons, ſaints, and kings:
But Titus ſaid, with his uncommon ſenſe,
When the excluſion-bill was in ſuſpence,
I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, ſhall we ſhut the door
And keep him there, or ſhall we let him in
To try if we can turn him out again?

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres; nec deſilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.
¶ Nec ſic incipies, ut ſcriptor Cyclicus olim,
"Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile bellum."
Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte,
"Dic mihi Muſa virum, captæ poſt tempora Trojæ,
"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes."

Some

[r] Some mighty bluſterers impeach with noiſe,
And call their private cry, the public voice.
[s] From folio's of accounts they take their handles,
And the whole ballance proves a pound of candles;
As if Paul's cupola were brought to bed,
After hard labour, of a ſmall pin's head.
[t] Some Rufus, ſome the Conqueror bring in,
And ſome from Julius Cæſar's days begin.
A cunning ſpeaker can command his chops,
And when the houſe is not in humour, ſtops;
In falſehood probability employs,
Nor his old lies with newer lies deſtroys.
[u] If when you ſpeak, you'd hear a needle fall,
And make the frequent hear-hims rend the wall,
In matters ſuited to your taſte engage,
Rememb'ring ſtill your quality and age.
Thy taſk be this, young knight, and hear my ſong,
What politics to every age belong.

[r] Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat———————
[s] Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu?
Parturiunt montes, naſcetur ridiculus mus.
[t] Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo;
———————————& quæ
Deſperat tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquit;
Atque ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepet imum.
[u] Tu, quid ego & populus mecum deſideret, audi;
Si plauſoris eges aulæa manentis, & uſque

When

[x] When babes can ſpeak, babes ſhould be taught to ſay
King George the ſecond's health, huzza, huzza !
Boys ſhould learn Latin for Prince William's ſake,
And girls Louiſa their example make.
[y] More loves the youth, juſt come to his eſtate,
To range the fields, than in the houſe debate ;
More he delights in fav'rite Jowler's tongue,
Than in Will Shippen, or Sir William Yonge:
If in one chaſe he can two horſes kill,
He cares not two-pence for the land-tax bill ;
Loud in his wine, in women not o'er nice,
He damns his uncles if they give advice ;
Votes as his father did when there's a call,
But had much rather never vote at all.
[z] We take a different turn at twenty-ſix,
And lofty thoughts on ſome lord's daughter fix ;

Seſſuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat :
Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores
Mobilibuſque decor naturis dandus & annis.
[x] Reddere qui voces jam ſcit puer, & pede certo
Signat humum, geſtit paribus colludere, & iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutatur in horas.
[y] Imberbis juvenis, tandem cuſtode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibuſque, & aprici gramine campi ;
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus aſper,
Utilium tardus proviſor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis cupiduſque, & amata relinquere pernix.
[z] Converſis ſtudiis, ætas animuſque virilis
Quærit opes & amicitias, inſervit honori ;
Commiſiſſe cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

With

With men in pow'r ſtrict friendſhip we purſue,
With ſome conſiderable poſt in view.
A man of forty years to change his note,
One way to ſpeak, and t'other way to vote;
Careful his tongue in paſſion to command,
Avoids the bar, and ſpeaker's reprimand.
[a] In bags the old man lets his treaſure ruſt,
Afraid to uſe it, or the funds to truſt;
When ſtocks are low he wants the heart to buy,
And through much caution ſees them riſe too high;
Thinks nothing rightly done ſince ſeventy-eight,
Swears preſent members do not talk, but prate:
In Charles the ſecond's days, ſays he, ye prigs,
Tories were Tories then, and Whigs were Whigs.
Alas! this is a lamentable truth,
We loſe in age, as we advance in youth:
I laugh when twenty will like eighty talk,
And old Sir John with Polly Peachum walk.
[b] Now as to double, or to falſe returns,
When pockets ſuffer, and when anger burns;

[a] Multa ſenem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quod
Quærit, & inventis miſer abſtinet, ac timet uti;
Dilator, ſpe longus, iners, aviduſque futuri;
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, cenſor caſtigatorque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum,
Multa recedentes adimunt; ne forte ſeniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles;
Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabimur aptis.

[b] Aut agitur res in ſcenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aures,

O thing ſurpaſſing faith! knight ſtrives with knights,
When both have brib'd, and neither's in the right,
The bailiff's ſelf is ſent for in that caſe,
And all the witneſſes had face to face.
Selected members ſoon the fraud unfold,
In full committee of the houſe 'tis told;
Th' incredible corruption is deſtroy'd,
The chairman's angry, and th' election void.
[c] Thoſe who would captivate the well-bred throng,
Should not too often ſpeak, nor ſpeak too long:
Church, nor church-matters ever turn to ſport,
Nor make St. Stephen's chapel, Dover-court.
[d] The ſpeaker, when the commons are aſſembled,
May to the Græcian chorus be reſembled;
'Tis his the young and modeſt to eſpouſe,
And ſee none draw, or challenge in the houſe:
'Tis his old hoſpitality to uſe,
And three good printers for the houſe to chuſe;

Quàm quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator.
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.
[c] Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ poſci vult, & ſpectata reponi;
Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit; nec quarta loqui perſona laboret.
[d] Actoris partes Chorus officiumque virile
Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non propoſito conducat & hæreat apte:
Ille bonis faveatque, & concilietur amicis,
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes;

To let each repreſentative be heard,
And take due care the chaplain be preferr'd;
To hear no motion made that's out of joint,
And when he ſpies his member, make his point.
[e] To knights new choſen in old time would come
The country trumpet, and perhaps a drum;
Now when a burgeſs new elect appears,
Come trainbands, horſeguards, footguards, grenadiers,
When the majority the town-clerk tells,
His honour pays the fiddles, waits, and bells:
Harangues the mob, and is as wiſe and great,
As the moſt myſtic oracle of ſtate.
[f] When the duke's grandſon for the county ſtood,
His beef was fat, and his october good;

Ille dapes laudet menſæ brevis; ille ſalubrem
Juſtitiam, legeſque, & apertis otia portis;
Ille tegat commiſſa, Deoſque precetur & oret,
Ut redeat miſeris, abeat fortuna ſuperbis.

[e] Tibia non, ut nunc, Orichalcho vincta, tubæque
Æmula, ſed tenuis ſimplexque foramine pauco,
Aſpirare & adeſſe choris erat utilis, &c.
Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus, &c.
Acceſſit numeriſque modiſque licentia major;
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere ſeveris,
Et tulit eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps;
Utiliumque ſagax rerum & divina futuri
Sortilegis non diſcrepuit ſententia Delphis.

[f] Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit, eo quod
Illecebris erat & grata novitate morandus
Spectator, functuſque ſacris, & potus, & exlex.

His lordſhip took each ploughman by the fiſt,
Drank to their ſons, their wives, their daughters kiſs'd;
But when ſtrong beer their free-born hearts inflames,
They ſell him bargains, and they call him names.
Thus it is deem'd in Engliſh nobles wiſe
To ſtoop for no one reaſon but to riſe.
[g] Election matters ſhun with cautious awe,
O all ye judges learned in the law;
A judge by bribes as much himſelf degrades,
As ducheſs-dowager by maſquerades.
[h] Try not with jeſts obſcene to force a ſmile,
Nor lard your ſpeech with mother Needham's ſtile:
Let not your tongue to Ωλφιελδισμος run,
And Κιϛϛερισμος with abhorrence ſhun;
Let not your looks affected words diſgrace,
Nor join with ſilver tongue a brazen face;
Let not your hands, like tallboys be employ'd,
And the mad rant of tragedy avoid.
Juſt in your thoughts, in your expreſſion clear,
Neither too modeſt, nor too bold appear.

[g] Effutire leves indigna Tragœdia verſus,
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.
[h] Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina ſolum,
Verbaque, Piſones, Satyrorum ſcriptor amabo;
Nec ſic enitar Tragico differre colori,
Ut nihil interſit Davuſne loquatur, & audax
Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum:
An cuſtos famuluſque Dei Silenus alumni.

Others

[i] Others in vain a like ſucceſs will boaſt,
He ſpeaks moſt eaſy, who has ſtudy'd moſt.
[k] A peer's pert heir has to the commons ſpoke
A vile reflection, or a bawdy joke:
Call'd to the houſe of lords, of this beware,
'Tis what the biſhops' bench will never bear.
Among the commons is ſuch freedom ſhown,
They laſh each other, and attack the throne;
Yet ſo unſkilful or ſo fearful ſome,
For nine that ſpeak there's nine-and-forty dumb.
[l] When James the firſt, at great Britannia's helm,
Rul'd this word-clipping and word-coining realm,
No word to royal favour made pretence,
But what agreed in ſound and claſh'd in ſenſe.
Thrice happy he! how great that ſpeaker's praiſe,
Whoſe every period look'd an hundred ways.

[i] —— Ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem, ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret.
[k] Ne nimium teneris juvenentur verſibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent ignominioſaque dicta:
Offenduntur enim quibus eſt equus, & pater & res,
Nec ſi quid fricti ciceris probat, & nucis emptor,
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.
[l] At noſtri proavi Plautinos & numeros &
Laudavêre ſales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam ſtulte, mirati; ſi modo ego & vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido ſeponere dicto,
Legitimumque ſonum digitis callemus & aure.

What

What then? we now with juſt abhorrence ſhun
The trifling quibble, and the ſchool-boy's pun;
Though no great connoiſſeur, I make a ſhift
Juſt to find out a Durfey from a Swift;
I can diſcern with half an eye, I hope,
Miſt from Jo Addiſon; from Euſden, Pope:
I know a farce from one of Congreve's plays,
And Cibber's opera from Johnny Gay's.
[m] When pert Defoe his ſaucy papers writ,
He from a cart was pillor'd for his wit:
By mob was pelted half a morning's ſpace,
And rotten eggs beſmear'd his yellow face;
The Cenſor then improv'd the liſt'ning iſle,
And held both parties in an artful ſmile.
A ſcribbling crew now pinching winter brings,
That ſpare no earthly nor no heav'nly things,
Nor church, nor ſtate, nor treaſurers, nor kings.
But blaſphemy diſpleaſes all the town;
And for defying ſcripture, law, and crown,
Woolſton ſhould pay his fine, and loſe his gown.

[m] Ignotum Tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camœnæ
Dicitur, & plauſtris vexiſſe poëmata Theſpis,
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fæcibus ora.
Poſt hunc perſonæ pallæque repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylus, & modicis inſtravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
Succeſſit vetus his Comœdia, non ſine multâ
Laude: ſed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
Dignam lege regi: lex eſt accepta, choruſque
Turpiter obticuit ſublato jure nocendi.

[n] It muſt be own'd the journals try all ways
To merit their reſpective party's praiſe:
They jar in every article from Spain;
A war theſe threaten, thoſe a peace maintain:
Though lie they will, to give them all their due,
In foreign matters, and domeſtic too.
Whoe'er thou art that would'ſt a Poſtman write,
Enquire all day, and hearken all the night.
Sure, Gazetteers and writers of Courants
Might ſoon exceed th' intelligence of France:
To be out-done old England ſhould refuſe,
As in her arms, ſo in her public news:
But truth is ſcarce, the ſcene of action large,
And correſpondence an exceſſive charge.

[o] There are who ſay, no man can be a wit
Unleſs for Newgate, or for Bedlam fit;
Let pamphleteers abuſive ſatire write,
To ſhew a genius is to ſhew a ſpite:

[n] Nil intentatum noſtri liquêre Poëtæ;
Nec minimum meruêre decus, veſtigia Græca
Auſi deſerere, & celebrare domeſtica facta:
Nec virtute foret clariſve potentius armis,
Quàm linguâ, Latium, ſi non offenderet unumquemque Poëtarum limæ labor & mora.

[o] Ingenium miſerâ quia fortunatius arte
Credit, & excludit ſanos Helicone Poëtas
Democritus; bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non barbam———
Nanciſcetur enim pretium nomenque Poëtæ,

That

That author's work will ne'er be reckon'd good,
Who has not been where Curll the printer ſtood.
[p] Alas poor me! you may my fortune gueſs:
I write, and yet humanity profeſs:
(Though nothing can delight a modern judge,
Without ill-nature and a private grudge)
I love the king, the queen, and royal race:
I like the government, but want no place:
Too low in life to be a juſtice I,
And for a conſtable, thank God, too high:
Was never in a plot, my brain's not hurt;
I politics to poetry convert.
[q] A politician muſt (as I have read)
Be furniſh'd, in the firſt place, with a head:
A head well fill'd with Machiavelian brains,
And ſtuff'd with precedents of former reigns:

Si tribus Anticyris caput inſanabile nunquam
Tonſori Licino commiſerit.

[p] ——————————O ego lævus,
Qui purgor bilem ſub verni temporis horam:
Non alius faceret meliora poëmata, verum
Nil tanti eſt: ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi;
Munus & officium, nil ſcribens ipſe, docebo;
Unde parentur opes, quid alat formetque Poëtam:
Quid deceat, quid non: quò virtus, quò ferat error.
[q] Scribendi recte, ſapere eſt & principium & fons;
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt oſtendere chartæ,
Verbaque proviſam rem non invita ſequentur.
Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis,
Quo ſit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hoſpes,

Muſt journals read, and magna charta quote;
But acts ſtill wiſer, if he ſpeaks by note:
Learn well his leſſon, and ne'er fear miſtakes;
For ready-money ready-ſpeakers makes.
He muſt inſtructions and credentials draw,
Pay well the army, and protect the law:
Give to his country what's his country's due,
But firſt help brothers, ſons, and couſins too.
He muſt read Grotius upon war and peace,
And the twelve judges' ſalary increaſe.
He muſt oblige old friends and new allies,
And find out ways and means for freſh ſupplies.
He muſt the weavers grievances redreſs,
And merchants wants in merchants words expreſs.
[r] Dramatic poets that expect the bays,
Should cull our hiſtories for party plays;
Wickford's Embaſſador ſhould fill their head,
And the State-trials carefully be read:
For what is Dryden's Muſe, and Otway's plots,
To th' earl of Eſſex or the queen of Scots?

Quod ſit conſcripti, quod judicis officium, quæ
Partes in bellum miſſi ducis; ille profectò
Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.
[r] Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, & veras hinc ducere voces.
Fabula, nullius veneris, ſine pondere & arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliuſque moratur,
Quam verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

'Tis

[s] 'Tis ſaid that queen Elizabeth could ſpeak,
At twelve years old, right Attic full-mouth'd Greek;
Hence was the ſtudent forc'd at Greek to drudge,
If he would be a biſhop or a judge.
Divines and lawyers now don't think they thrive,
'Till promis'd places of men ſtill alive:
How old is ſuch a one in ſuch a poſt?
The anſwer is, he's ſeventy-five almoſt:
Th' archbiſhop and the maſter of the rolls?
Neither is young, and one's as old as Paul's.
Will men that aſk ſuch queſtions, publiſh books
Like learned Hooker's, or chief juſtice Coke's?
[t] On tender ſubjects with diſcretion touch,
And never ſay too little or too much.
On trivial matters flouriſhes are wrong,
Motions for candles never ſhould be long:

[s] Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Muſa loqui, &c.
Romani pueri longis rationibus aſſem
Diſcunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat
Filius urbani, ſi de quincunce remota eſt
Uncia, quid ſupereſt? poteras dixiſſe, triens. Eu!
Rem poteris ſervare tuam.
——redit uncia, quid fit?
Semis. Ad hæc animos ærugo & cura peculî
Cum ſemel imbuerit, ſperamus carmina fingi
Poſſe linenda cedro, & lævi ſervanda cupreſſo?
[t] Quicquid præcipies, eſto brevis; ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles;
Omne ſupervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Or if you move in caſe of ſudden rain,
To ſhut the windows, ſpeak diſtinct and plain.
Unleſs you talk good Engliſh, downright ſenſe,
Can you be underſtood by ſerjeant Spence?
[u] New ſtories always ſhould with truth agree,
Or truth's half ſiſter, probability:
Scarce could Toft's rabbits and pretended throes
On half the honourable houſe impoſe.
[x] When Cato ſpeaks, young Shallow runs away,
And ſwears it is ſo dull he cannot ſtay:
When rakes begin on blaſphemy to border,
Bromley and Hanmer cry aloud—to order.
The point is this, with manly ſenſe and eaſe
T' inform the judgment, and the fancy pleaſe.
Praiſe it deſerves, nor difficult the thing,
At once to ſerve one's country, and one's king.
Such ſpeeches bring the wealthy Tonſons gain,
From age to age they minuted remain,
As precedents for George the twentieth's reign.

[u] Ficta voluptatis cauſâ, ſint proxima veris:
Nec, quodcunque volet, poſcat ſibi fabula credi;
Neu pranſæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.

[x] Centuriæ ſeniorum agitant expertia frugis;
Celſi prætereunt auſtera poëmata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Soſiis, hic & mare tranſit,
Et longum noto ſcriptori prorogat ævum.

[y] Is there a man on earth ſo perfect found,
Who ne'er miſtook a word in ſenſe or ſound?
Not blund'ring, but perſiſting is the fault;
No mortal ſin is Lapſus Linguæ thought:
Clerks may miſtake; conſidering who 'tis from,
I pardon little ſlips in Cler. Dom. Com.
But let me tell you I'll not take his part,
If every Thurſday he date Die Mart.
Of ſputt'ring mortals, 'tis the fatal curſe,
By mending blunders ſtill to make them worſe.
Men ſneer when——gets a lucky thought,
And ſtare if Wyndham ſhould be nodding caught.
But ſleeping's what the wiſeſt men may do,
Should the committee chance to ſit 'till two.
[z] Not unlike paintings, principles appear,
Some beſt at diſtance, ſome when we are near.

[y] Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignoviſſe velimus;
Non ſemper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus:
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo eſt?
Ut ſcriptor ſi peccat idem librarius uſque,
Quamvis eſt monitus, veniâ caret: & Citharœdus
Ridetur, chordâ qui ſemper oberrat eâdem:
Sic mihi, qui multùm ceſſat, fit Chœrilus ille,
Quem bis terque bonum, cum riſu miror: & idem
Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus:
Verum opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.
[z] Ut pictura Poëſis erit; quæ, ſi propius ſtes,
Te capiet magis: & quædam, ſi longius abſtes.

The love of politics ſo vulgar's grown,
My landlord's party from his ſign is known:
Mark of French wine, ſee Ormond's head appear,
While Marlb'rough's face directs to beer and beer;
Some Buchanan's, the Pope's head ſome like beſt,
The Devil tavern is a ſtanding jeſt.
[a] Whoe'er you are that have a ſeat ſecure,
Duly return'd, and from petition ſure,
Stick to your friends in whatſoe'er you ſay;
With ſtrong averſion ſhun the middle-way;
The middle-way the beſt we ſometimes call,
But 'tis in politics no way at all.
A Trimmer's what both parties turn to ſport,
By country hated, and deſpis'd at court.
Who would in earneſt to a party come,
Muſt give his vote not whimſical, but plumb.
There is no medium; for the term in vogue,
On either ſide is, honeſt man, or rogue.
Can it be difficult our minds to ſhew,
Where all the difference is, yes, or no?

Hæc amat obſcurum, volet hœc ſub luce videri;
Hæc placuit ſemel, hæc decies repetita placebit.
[a] O major juvenum——hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor, certis medium & tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi————
——Mediocribus eſſe Poëtis
Non homines, non Dii, non conceſſêre columnæ.
Sic animis natum inventumque Poëma juvandis,
Si paulum a ſummo deceſſit, vergit ad imum.

[b] In all profeſſions, time and pains give ſkill;
Without hard ſtudy dare phyſicians kill?
Can he that ne'er read ſtatutes or reports,
Give chamber counſel, or urge law in courts?
But every whipſter knows affairs of ſtate,
Nor fears on niceſt ſubjects to debate.
A knight of eighteen hundred pounds a year ——
Who minds his head, if his eſtate be clear?
Sure he may ſpeak his mind, and tell the houſe,
He matters not the government a louſe.
Lack-learning knights, theſe things are ſafely ſaid
To friends in private, at the Bedford-head;
But in the houſe, before your tongue runs on,
Conſult ſir James, lord William's dead and gone.
Words to recall is in no member's power,
One ſingle word may ſend you to the Tower.
[c] The wrong'd to help, the lawleſs to reſtrain,
Thrice every year in ancient Egbert's reign,

[b] Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis:
Indoctuſque pilæ, diſcive, trochive, quieſcit,
Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impunè coronæ;
Qui neſcit, verſus tamen audet fingere. ——
—— Quid ni?
Liber & ingenuus, præſertim cenſus equeſtrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
Membranis intus poſitis, delere licebit
Quod non edideris: neſcit vox miſſa reverti.
[c] Sylveſtres homines ſacer interpreſque Deorum
Cædibus & victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus.
—— Fuit hæc ſapientia quondam,
Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra profanis;

The members to the Mitchelgemot went,
In after-ages called the Parliament;
Early the Mitchelgemot did begin
T' inroll their ſtatutes on a parchment ſkin:
For impious treaſon hence no room was left,
For murder, for polygamy, or theft:
Since when the ſenate's power both ſexes know
From hops and claret, ſoap and callico.
Now wholeſome laws young ſenators bring in
'Gainſt goals, attorneys, bribery, and gin.
Since ſuch the nature of the Britiſh ſtate,
The power of parliament ſo old and great,
Ye 'ſquires and Iriſh lords, 'tis worth your care
To be return'd for city, town, or ſhire,
By ſheriff, bailiff, conſtable, or mayor.
[d] Some doubt, which to a ſeat has beſt pretence,
A man of ſubſtance, or a man of ſenſe:
But never any member feats will do,
Without a head-piece and a pocket too;

Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.
——————— Dictæ per carmina ſortes,
Et vitæ monſtrata via eſt, & gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis: luduſque repertus
Et longorum operum finis:
——————— ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo.
[d] Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæſitum eſt; ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,

Senſe

Senſe is requir'd the depth of things to reach,
And money gives authority to ſpeech.
[e] A man of bus'neſs won't 'till evening dine,
Abſtains from women, company, and wine:
From Fig's new theatre he'll miſs a night,
Though cocks, and bulls, and Iriſh women fight:
Nor ſultry ſun, nor ſtorms of ſoaking rain,
The man of bus'neſs from the houſe detain:
Nor ſpeaks he for no reaſon but to ſay,
I am a member, and I ſpoke to-day.
I ſpeak ſometimes, you'll hear his lordſhip cry,
Becauſe ſome ſpeak that have leſs ſenſe than I.
[f] The man that has both land and money too,
May wonders in a trading borough do:
They'll praiſe his ven'ſon, and commend his port,
Turn their two former members into ſport,
And, if he likes it, ſatirize the court.

Nec rude quid profit video ingenium: alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amice.
[e] Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer; ſudavit & alſit,
Abſtinuit venere & vino. ——————
Nunc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, Ego mira poëmata pango:
Occupet extremum ſcabies, mihi turpe relinqui eſt,
Et, quod non didici, ſane neſcire fateri.
[f] Aſſentatores jubet ad lucrum ire Poëta,
Dives agris, dives poſitis in fœnore nummis.
Si vero eſt unctum qui recte ponere poſſit,
Et ſpondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris
Litibus implicitum, mirabor, ſi ſciet inter-

But at a feaſt 'tis difficult to know
From real friends an undiſcover'd foe;
The man that ſwears he will the poll ſecure,
And pawns his ſoul that your election's ſure,
Suſpect that man: beware, all is not right,
He's ten to one a corporation-bite.
[g] Alderman Pond, a downright honeſt man,
Would ſay, I cannot help you, or I can:
To ſpend your money, ſir, is all a jeſt;
Matters are ſettled, ſet your heart at reſt:
We've made a compromiſe, and, ſir, you know,
That ſends one member high, and t'other low.
But if his good advice you would not take,
He'd ſcorn your ſupper, and your punch forſake,
Leave you of mighty intereſt to brag,
And poll two voices like ſir Robert Fag.

noſcere mendacem verumque beatus amicum.
Tu ſeu donaris, ſeu quid donare voles cui,
Nolito ad verſus tibi factos ducere plenum
Lætitiæ: clamabit enim, Pulchre, bene, recte!
——————— ſi carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi ſub vulpe latentes.
[s] Quintilio ſi quid recitares, corrige, ſodes,
Hoc, aiebat, & hoc: melius te poſſe negares,
Bis terque expertum fruſtra, delere jubebat.
Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, malles,
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam inſumebat inanem,
Quin ſine rivali teque & tua ſolus amares.

Parlia-

[h] Parliamenteering is a ſort of itch,
That will too oft unwary knights bewitch.
Two good eſtates ſir Harry Clodpole ſpent;
Sate thrice, but ſpoke not once, in parliament;
Two good eſtates are gone—Who'll take his word?
Oh! ſhould his uncle die, he'd ſpend a third;
He'd buy a houſe his happineſs to crown,
Within a mile of ſome good borough-town;
Tag, rag, and bobtail to ſir Harry's run,
Men that have votes, and women that have none;
Sons, daughters, grandſons, with his honour dine;
He keeps a public-houſe without a ſign.
Coblers and ſmiths extol th' enſuing choice,
And drunken taylors boaſt their right of voice.
Dearly the free-born neighbourhood is bought,
They never leave him while he's worth a groat:
So leeches ſtick, nor quit the bleeding wound,
'Till off they drop with ſkinfuls to the ground.

[h] Ut mala quem ſcabies aut morbus regius urguet,
——————— dicam, Siculique Poëtæ
Narrabo interitum ———
Nec ſemel hoc fecit, nec ſi retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo, & ponet famoſæ mortis amorem.
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non miſſura cutem, niſi plena cruoris, hirudo.

THE MAN of TASTE.

Occaſion'd by an

EPISTLE

Of Mr. POPE's on that Subject.

By the Same.

WHoe'er he be that to a Taſte aſpires,
Let him read this, and be what he deſires.
In men and manners vers'd from life I write,
Not what was once, but what is now polite.
Thoſe who of courtly France have made the tour,
Can ſcarce our Engliſh aukwardneſs endure.
But honeſt men who never were abroad,
Like England only, and its Taſte applaud.
Strife ſtill ſubſiſts, which yields the better goût;
Books or the world, the many or the few.
True Taſte to me is by this touchſtone known,
That's always beſt that's neareſt to my own.
To ſhew that my pretenſions are not vain,
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.

Pears and piſtachio-nuts my mother ſold,
He a dramatic poet, ſhe a ſcold.
His tragic Muſe could counteſſes affright,
His wit in boxes was my lord's delight.
No mercenary prieſt e'er join'd their hands,
Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetic bands.
Laws my Pindaric parents matter'd not,
So I was tragi-comically got.
My infant tears a ſort of meaſure kept,
I ſquall'd in diſtichs, and in triplets wept.
No youth did I in education waſte,
Happy in an hereditary Taſte.
Writing ne'er cramp'd the ſinews of my thumb,
Nor barbarous birch e'er bruſh'd my tender bum.
My guts ne'er ſuffer'd from a college cook,
My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book.
Grammar in vain the ſons of Priſcian teach,
Good parts are better than eight parts of ſpeech:
Since theſe declin'd, thoſe undeclin'd they call,
I thank my ſtars, that I declin'd them all.
To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence,
I truſt to mother wit and father ſenſe.
Nature's my guide, all ſciences I ſcorn,
Pains I abhor, I was a poet born.
Yet is my goût for criticiſm ſuch,
I've got ſome French, and know a little Dutch.
Huge commentators grace my learned ſhelves,
Notes upon books out-do the books themſelves.

Critics indeed are valuable men,
But hyper-critics are as good agen.
Though Blackmore's works my ſoul with raptures fill,
With notes by Bentley they'd be better ſtill.
The Boghouſe-Miſcellany's well deſign'd,
To eaſe the body, and improve the mind.
Swift's whims and jokes for my reſentment call,
For he diſpleaſes me that pleaſes all.
Verſe without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in ſenſe obſcure.
To him as nature, when he ceas'd to ſee,
Milton's an univerſal blank to me.
Confirm'd and ſettled by the nation's voice,
Rhyme is the poet's pride, and people's choice.
Always upheld by national ſupport,
Of market, univerſity, and court:
Thomſon, write blank; but know that for that reaſon,
Theſe lines ſhall live when thine are out of ſeaſon.
Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
As London ladies owe their ſhape to ſtays.
Had Cibber's ſelf the Careleſs Huſband wrote,
He for the laurel ne'er had had my vote:
But for his epilogues and other plays,
He thoroughly deſerves the modern bays.
It pleaſes me, that Pope unlaurell'd goes,
While Cibber wears the bays for play-houſe proſe:
So Britain's monarch once uncover'd ſate,
While Bradſhaw bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat.

Long live old Curl! he ne'er to publiſh fears
The ſpeeches, verſes, and laſt wills of peers.
How oft has he a public ſpirit ſhewn,
And pleas'd our ears, regardleſs of his own?
But to give merit due, though Curl's the fame,
Are not his brother book-ſellers the ſame?
Can ſtatutes keep the Britiſh preſs in awe,
While that ſells beſt, that's moſt againſt the law?
Lives of dead play'rs my leiſure hours beguile,
And Seſſions-papers tragedize my ſtile.
'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,
So oft a mother, and not once a wife:
She could with juſt propriety behave,
Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave:
Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,
By prebends bury'd, and by generals kept.
T'improve in morals Mandevil I read,
And Tyndal's ſcruples are my ſettled creed.
I travell'd early, and I ſoon ſaw through
Religion all, ere I was twenty-two,
Shame, pain, or poverty ſhall I endure,
When ropes or opium can my eaſe procure?
When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,
Self-murder is an honourable way.
As Paſaran directs I'd end my life,
And kill myſelf, my daughter, and my wife.
Burn but that Bible which the parſon quotes,
And men of ſpirit all ſhall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,
I have a Taſte for buildings, muſic, men.
Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boaſt,
With ſuperficial ſmattering at moſt.
Not ſo my mind, unſatisfied with hints,
Knows more than Budgel writes, or Roberts prints.
I know the town, all houſes I have ſeen,
From High-Park corner down to Bednal-Green.
Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones
To murder mortar, and disfigure ſtones!
Who in Whitehall can ſymmetry diſcern?
I reckon Covent-garden church a barn.
Nor hate I leſs thy vile cathedral, Paul!
The choir's too big, the cupola's too ſmall:
Subſtantial walls and heavy roofs I like,
'Tis Vanbrug's ſtructures that my fancy ſtrike:
Such noble ruins every pile would make,
I wiſh they'd tumble for the proſpect ſake.
To lofty Chelſea, or to Greenwich dome,
Soldiers and ſailors all are welcom'd home.
Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,
St. James's hoſpital may ſerve for kings.
Buildings ſo happily I underſtand,
That for one houſe I'd mortgage all my land.
Doric, Ionic, ſhall not there be found,
But it ſhall coſt me threeſcore thouſand pound.
From out my honeſt workmen, I'll ſelect
A Bricklay'r, and proclaim him architect;

Firſt bid him build me a ſtupendous dome,
Which having finiſh'd, we ſet out for Rome;
Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent,
Stare round, ſee nothing, and come home content.
I'll have my Villa too, a ſweet abode,
Its ſituation ſhall be London road:
Pots o'er the door I'll place like Cits balconies,
Which [a] Bentley calls the Gardens of Adonis.
I'll have my gardens in the faſhion too,
For what is beautiful that is not new?
Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vye
With all the angles of a Chriſtmas-pye.
Does it not merit the beholder's praiſe,
What's high to ſink? and what is low to raiſe?
Slopes ſhall aſcend where once a green-houſe ſtood,
And in my horſe-pond I will plant a wood.
Let miſers dread the hoarded gold to waſte,
Expence and alteration ſhews a Taſte.
In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
And know their ſeveral beauties by their price.
Auctions and ſales I conſtantly attend,
But chuſe my pictures by a ſkilful friend.
Originals and copies much the ſame.
The picture's value is the painter's name.
My Taſte in ſculpture from my choice is ſeen,
I buy no ſtatues that are not obſcene.

[a] Bentley's Milton, Book 9. ver. 439.

In ſpite of Addiſon and ancient Rome,
Sir Cloudeſly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.
How oft have I with admiration ſtood,
To view ſome city-magiſtrate in wood!
I gaze with pleaſure on a lord-mayor's head,
Caſt with propriety in gilded lead.
Oh could I view through London as I paſs,
Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian braſs:
High on a pedeſtal, ye freemen, place
His magiſterial paunch and griping face;
Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapſide,
And grant the tradeſman, what a king's deny'd.
Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true,
Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.
But among friends if I the truth might ſpeak,
I like the modern, and deſpiſe th' antique.
Though in the drawers of my japan bureau,
To lady Gripeall I the Cæſars ſhew,
'Tis equal to her ladyſhip or me,
A copper Otho, or a Scotch baubeè.
Without Italian, or without an ear,
To Bononcini's muſic I adhere;
Muſic has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt,
And therefore proper at a ſheriff's feaſt.
My ſoul has oft a ſecret pleaſure found,
In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty ſound.
Bagpipes for men, ſhrill German-flutes for boys,
I'm Engliſh born, and love a grumbling noiſe.

The ſtage ſhould yield the ſolemn organ's note,
And ſcripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.
Let Seneſino ſing, what David writ,
And hallelujahs charm the pious pit.
Eager in throngs the town to Heſter came,
And Oratorio was a lucky name.
Thou, Heidegger! the Engliſh Taſte haſt found,
And rul'ſt the mob of quality with ſound.
In Lent, if maſquerades diſpleaſe the town,
Call 'em Ridotto's, and they ſtill go down.
Go on, prince Phiz! to pleaſe the Britiſh Nation,
Call thy next Maſquerade a Convocation.
Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed,
And Philoſophical Tranſactions read.
Next lodge I'll be Free-maſon, nothing leſs,
Unleſs I happen to be F. R. S.
I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,
Fit company for porters or for peers.
Of every uſeful knowledge I've a ſhare,
But my top talent is a bill of fare.
Sir loins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,
Pleas'd with frogs fricaſſeed, and coxcomb-pies.
Diſhes I chuſe though little, yet genteel,
Snails the firſt courſe, and peepers crown the meal.
Pigs heads with hair on, much my fancy pleaſe,
I love young colly-flow'rs if ſtew'd in cheeſe,
And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.

No tattling ſervants to my table come,
My grace is ſilence, and my waiter dumb.
Queer country-puts extol queen Beſs's reign,
And of loſt hoſpitality complain.
Say thou that doſt thy father's table praiſe,
Was there mahogena in former days ?
  Oh ! could a Britiſh barony be ſold!
I would bright honour buy with dazzling gold.
Could I the privilege of peer procure,
The rich I'd bully, and oppreſs the poor.
To give is wrong, but it is wronger ſtill,
On any terms to pay a tradeſman's bill.
I'd make the inſolent mechanics ſtay,
And keep my ready money all for play.
I'd try if any pleaſure could be found,
In toſſing up for twenty-thouſand pound.
Had I whole counties, I to White's would go,
And ſet land, woods, and rivers, at a throw.
But ſhould I meet with an unlucky run,
And at a throw be glorioufly undone ;
My debts of honour I'd diſcharge the firſt,
Let all my lawful creditors be curs'd :
My title would preſerve me from arreſt,
And ſeizing hired horſes is a jeſt.
  I'd walk the morning with an oaken ſtick,
With gloves and hat, like my own footman, Dick.
A footman I would be, in outward ſhow,
In ſenſe, and education, truly ſo.

As for my head it ſhould ambiguous wear
At once a perriwig and its own hair.
My hair I'd powder in the women's way,
And dreſs and talk of dreſſing more than they.
I'll pleaſe the maids of honour, if I can ;
Without black velvet breeches, what is man ?
I will my ſkill in button holes diſplay,
And brag how oft I ſhift me every day.
Shall I wear cloaths in aukward England made ?
And ſweat in cloth, to help the woollen trade ?
In French embroid'ry and in Flanders lace
I'll ſpend the income of a treaſurer's place.
Deard's bill for baubles ſhall to thouſands mount,
And I'd out-di'mond even the di'mond count.
I would convince the world by tawdry cloaths
That belles are leſs effeminate than beaux,
And doctor Lamb ſhould pare my lordſhip's toes.
To boon companions I my time would give,
With players, pimps, and paraſites I'd live.
I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,
And to rough-riders give my choiceſt wine ;
I would careſs ſome ſtableman of note,
And imitate his language and his coat.
My ev'nings all I would with ſharpers ſpend,
And make the thief-catcher my boſom friend.
In Fig the prize-fighter by day delight,
And ſup with Colley Cibber every night.

Should I perchance be faſhionably ill,
I'd ſend for Miſaubin, and take his pill.
I ſhould abhor, though in the utmoſt need,
Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead ;
But if I found that I grew worſe and worſe,
I'd turn off Miſaubin and take a nurſe.
How oft when eminent phyſicians fail,
Do good old women's remedies prevail !
When beauty's gone, and Chloe's ſtruck with years,
Eyes ſhe can couch, or ſhe can ſyringe ears.
Of graduates I diſlike the learned rout,
And chuſe a female doctor for the gout.
Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd,
Sure, of all blockheads, ſcholars are the worſt.
Back to your univerſities, ye fools,
And dangle arguments on ſtrings in ſchools :
Thoſe ſchools which Univerſities they call,
'Twere well for England were there none at all.
With eaſe that loſs the nation might ſuſtain,
Supply'd by Goodman's fields and Drury-lane.
Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,
Compar'd to Haymarket and Covent-garden :
Quit thoſe, ye Britiſh youth, and follow theſe,
Turn players all, and take your 'ſquires degrees.
Boaſt not your incomes now, as heretofore,
Ye book-learn'd ſeats ! the theatres have more :
Ye ſtiff-rump'd heads of colleges be dumb ;
A ſingle eunuch gets a larger ſum.

Have ſome of you three hundred by the year ;
Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thouſand clear.
Should Oxford to her ſiſter Cambridge join
A year's rack rent, and arbitrary fine :
Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd,
For play-houſe, opera, ball, and maſquerade.
Glad I congratulate the judging age,
The players are the world, the world the ſtage.
I am a politician too, and hate
Of any party, miniſters of ſtate :
I'm for an Act, that he, who ſev'n whole years
Has ſerv'd his king and country, loſe his ears.
Thus from my birth I'm qualified you find,
To give the laws of Taſte to human kind.
Mine are the gallant ſchemes of politeſſe,
For books, and buildings, politics, and dreſs.
This is true Taſte, and whoſo likes it not,
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and ſot.

AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

By Benjamin Stillingfleet.

Oderunt hilarem triſtes, triſtemque jocoſi,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remiſſi.

Hor.

THE art of converſe, how to ſooth the ſoul
Of haughty man, his paſſions to controul,
His pride at once to humble and to pleaſe,
And join the dignity of life with eaſe,
Be now my theme. O thou, whom Nature's hand
Fram'd for this beſt, this delicate command,
And taught, when liſping without reaſon's aid,
At the ſame time to ſpeak and to perſuade,
Wyndham, with diligence awhile attend,
Nor ſcorn th' inſtructions of an older friend;
Who when the world's great commerce ſhall have join'd
The deep reflection, and the ſtrength of mind,

To

To the bright talents of thy youthful ſtate,
In turn ſhall on thy better leſſons wait.
Whence comes it, that in every art we ſee
Many can riſe to a ſupreme degree;
Yet in this art, for which all ſeem deſign'd
By nature, ſcarcely one compleat we find?
You'll ſay, perhaps, we think, we ſpeak, we move,
By the ſtrong ſprings alone of ſelfiſh love:
Yet among all the ſpecies, is there one,
Whom with more caution than ourſelves, we ſhun?
What is it fills a puppet-ſhow or court?
Go none but for the profit of the ſport?
If ſo, why comes each ſoul fatigu'd away,
And curſes the dull puppets ſame dull play
Yet, unconvinc'd, is tempted ſtill to go?
'Tis that we find at home our greateſt foe,
And reaſon good why ſolitude we flee;
Can wants with ſelf-ſufficiency agree?
Yet, ſuch our inconſiſtency of mind,
We court ſociety, and hate mankind.
With ſome we quarrel, for they're too ſincere:
With others, for they're cloſe, reſerv'd and queer:
This is too learn'd, too prudent, or too wiſe;
And that we for his ignorance deſpiſe:
A voice perhaps our ear ſhall harſhly ſtrike,
Then ſtrait ev'n wit itſelf ſhall raiſe diſlike;
Our eye may by ſome feature be annoy'd,
Behold at once a character deſtroy'd:

One's ſo good-natur'd, he's beyond all bearing,
He'll ridicule no friend, though out of hearing :
Another warm'd with zeal, offends our eyes,
Becauſe he holds the mirror up to vice.
No wonder then, ſince fancies wild as theſe
Can move our ſpleen, that real faults diſpleaſe.
When Mævius, ſpite of dullneſs, will be bright,
And teach ARGYLL to ſpeak, and SWIFT to write ;
When Flavia entertains us with her dreams,
And Macer with his no leſs airy ſchemes ;
When peeviſhneſs, and jealouſy and pride,
And int'reſt that can brother hearts divide,
In their imagin'd forms our eyeſight hit,
Of an old maid, a poet, peer or cit ;
Can then, you'll ſay, philoſophy refrain,
And check the torrent of each boiling vein ?
Yes. She can ſtill do more ; view paſſion's ſlave
With mind ſerene, indulge him, and yet ſave.
But ſelf-conceit ſteps in, and with ſtrict eye
Scans every man, and every man awry ;
That reigning paſſion, which through every ſtage
Of life, ſtill haunts us with unceaſing rage.
No quality ſo mean, but what can raiſe
Some drudging driveling candidate for praiſe ;
Ev'n in the wretch, who wretches can deſpiſe,
Still ſelf-conceit will find a time to riſe.
Quintus ſalutes you with forbidding face,
And thinks he carries his excuſe in lace :



You

You aſk, why Clodius bullies all he can ?
Clodius will tell you, he's a gentleman :
Myrtilla ſtruts and ſhudders half the year,
With a round cap, that ſhews a fine-turn'd ear :
The loweſt jeſt makes Delia laugh to death ;
Yet ſhe's no fool, ſhe has only handſome teeth.
Ventoſo lolls, and ſcorns all human kind
From the gilt coach with four lac'd ſlaves behind ;
Does all this pomp and ſtate proceed from merit ?
Mean thought ! he deems it nobler to inherit :
While Fopling from ſome title draws his pride,
Meanleſs, or infamous, or miſapply'd ;
Free-maſon, rake, or wit, 'tis juſt the ſame,
The charm is hence, he has gain'd himſelf a name.
Yet, ſpite of all the fools that pride has made,
'Tis not on man an uſeleſs burthen laid ;
Pride has ennobled ſome, and ſome diſgrac'd ;
It hurts not in itſelf, but as 'tis plac'd ;
When right, its view knows none but virtue's bound ;
When wrong, it ſcarcely looks one inch around.
Mark ! with what care the fair one's critic eye
Scans o'er her dreſs, nor lets a fault ſlip by ;
Each rebel hair muſt be reduc'd to place
With tedious ſkill, and tortur'd into grace ;
Betty muſt o'er and o'er the pins diſpoſe,
'Till into modiſh folds the drapery flows,
And the whole frame is fitted to expreſs
The charms of decency and nakedneſs.

Why all this art, this labour'd ornament ?
To captivate, you'll cry, no doubt, 'tis meant.
True. But let's wait upon this fair machine
From the lone cloſet to the ſocial ſcene ;
There view her loud, affected, ſcornful, ſour,
Paining all others, and herſelf ſtill more.
What means ſhe, at one inſtant to diſgrace,
The labour of ten hours, her much-lov'd face ?
Why, 'tis the ſelf-ſame paſſion gratify'd ;
The work is ruin'd, that was rais'd by pride.
Yet of all tempers, it requires leaſt pain.
Could we but rule ourſelves, to rule the vain.
The prudent is by reaſon only ſway'd,
With him each ſentence and each word is weigh'd ;
The gay and giddy can alone be caught
By the quick luſtre of a happy thought ;
The miſer hates, unleſs he ſteals your pelf ;
The prodigal, unleſs you rob yourſelf ;
The lewd will ſhun you, if your wife prove chaſte ;
The jealous, if a ſmile on his be caſt ;
The ſteady or the whimſical will blame,
Either, becauſe you're not, or are the ſame ;
The peeviſh, ſullen, ſhrewd, luxurious, raſh,
Will with your virtue, peace, or intereſt, claſh ;
But mark the proud man's price, how very low !
'Tis but a civil ſpeech, a ſmile, or bow.
Ye who puſh'd on by noble ardour, aim
In ſocial life to gain immortal fame,

Obſerve

Obſerve the various paſſions of mankind,
General, peculiar, ſingle or combin'd:
How youth from manhood differs in its views,
And how old age ſtill other paths purſues;
How zeal in Priſcus nothing more than heats,
In Codex burns, and ruins all it meets;
How freedom now a lovely face ſhall wear,
Now ſhock us in the likeneſs of a bear;
How jealouſy in ſome reſembles hate,
In others, ſeems but love grown delicate;
How modeſty is often pride refin'd,
And virtue but the canker of the mind;
How love of riches, grandeur, life, and fame,
Wear different ſhapes, and yet are ſtill the ſame.
But not our paſſions only diſagree,
In taſte is found as great variety:
Sylvius is raviſh'd when he hears a hound,
His lady hates to death the odious ſound:
Yet both love muſic, though in different ways;
He in a kennel, ſhe at opera's.
A floriſt ſhall, perhaps, not grudge ſome hours,
To view the colours in a bed of flowers;
Yet, ſhew him TITIAN's workmanſhip divine,'
He paſſes on, and only cries, 'tis fine.
A ruſty coin, an old worm-eaten poſt,
The mouldy fragment of an author loſt,
A butterfly, an equipage, a ſtar,
A globe, a fine lac'd hat, a china jar,

A miſtreſs,

A miſtreſs, or a faſhion, that is new,
Have each their charms, though felt but by a few.
Then ſtudy each man's paſſion and his taſte,
The firſt to ſoften, and indulge the laſt :
Not like the wretch, who beats down virtue's fence,
And deviates from the paths of common ſenſe ;
Who daubs with fulſome flattery, blind and bold,
The very weakneſs we with grief behold.
Paſſions are common to the fool and wiſe,
And all would hide them under art's diſguiſe ;
For ſo avow'd, in others, is their ſhame,
None hates them more, than he who has the ſame.
But taſte ſeems more peculiarly our own,
And every man is fond to make his known ;
Proud of a mark he fancies is deſign'd
By nature to advance him o'er his kind ;
And where he ſees that character impreſs'd,
With joy he hugs the favourite to his breaſt.
  But the main ſtreſs of all our cares muſt lie,
To watch ourſelves with ſtrict and conſtant eye :
To mark the working mind, when paſſion's courſe
Begins to ſwell, and reaſon ſtill has force ;
Or, if ſhe's conquer'd by the ſtronger tide,
Obſerve the moments when they firſt ſubſide ;
For he who hopes a victory to win
O'er other men, muſt with himſelf begin ;
Elſe like a town by mutiny oppreſs'd,
He's ruin'd by the foe within his breaſt ;

And they alone, who in themſelves oft view
Man's image, know what method to purſue.
All other creatures keep in beaten ways,
Man only moves in an eternal maze:
He lives and dies, not tam'd by cultivation,
The wretch of reaſon, and the dupe of paſſion;
Curious of knowing, yet too proud to learn;
More prone to doubt, than anxious to diſcern:
Tir'd with old doctrines, prejudic'd at new;
Miſtaking ſtill the pleaſing for the true;
Foe to reſtraints approv'd by gen'ral voice,
Yet to each fool-born mode a ſlave by choice:
Of reſt impatient, yet in love with eaſe;
When moſt good-natur'd, aiming how to teaze:
Diſdaining by the vulgar to be aw'd,
Yet never pleas'd but when the fools applaud:
By turns ſevere, indulgent, humble, vain;
A trifle ſerves to loſe him or to gain.
Then grant this trifle, yet his vices ſhun,
Not like to CATO or to [a] CLINIAS' ſon:
This for each humour every ſhape could take,
Ev'n virtue's own, though not for virtue's ſake;
At Athens rakiſh, thoughtleſs, full of fire,
Severe at Sparta, as a Chartreux friar;
In Thrace, a bully, drunken, raſh, and rude;
In Aſia gay, effeminate and lewd;

[a] Alcibiades.

While the rough Roman, virtue's rigid friend,
Could not to ſave the cauſe he dy'd for bend:
In him 'twas ſcarce an honour to be good,
He more indulg'd a paſſion than ſubdu'd.
  See how the ſkilful lover ſpreads his toils,
When eager in purſuit of beauty's ſpoils!
Behold him bending at his idol's feet;
Humble, not mean; diſputing, and yet ſweet;
In rivalſhip not fierce, nor yet unmov'd;
Without a rival ſtudious to be lov'd;
For ever chearful, though not always witty,
And never giving cauſe for hate or pity:
Theſe are his arts, ſuch arts as muſt prevail,
When riches, birth and beauty's ſelf will fail:
And what he does to gain a vulgar end,
Shall we neglect, to make mankind our friend?
  Good ſenſe and learning may eſteem obtain;
Humour and wit a laugh, if rightly ta'en:
Fair virtue admiration may impart;
But 'tis good-nature only wins the heart:
It moulds the body to an eaſy grace,
And brightens every feature of the face:
It ſmooths th' unpoliſh'd tongue with eloquence,
And adds perſuaſion to the fineſt ſenſe.
Yet this, like every diſpoſition, has
Fixt bounds, o'er which it never ought to paſs;
When ſtretch'd too far, its honour dies away,
Its merit ſinks, and all its charms decay;

Among the good it meets with no applauſe,
And to its ruin the malicious draws:
A ſlave to all, who force it, or entice,
It falls by chance in virtue or in vice.
'Tis true, in pity for the poor it bleeds,
It cloaths the naked, and the hungry feeds;
It cheers the ſtranger, nay its foes defends,
But then as oft it injures its beſt friends.
Study with care Politeneſs, that muſt teach
The modiſh forms of geſture and of ſpeech:
In vain Formality, with matron mien,
And Pertneſs apes her with familiar grin:
They againſt nature for applauſes ſtrain,
Diſtort themſelves, and give all others pain:
She moves with eaſy, though with meaſur'd pace,
And ſhews no part of ſtudy, but the grace.
Yet ev'n by this man is but half refin'd,
Unleſs philoſophy ſubdues the mind:
'Tis but a varniſh that is quickly loſt,
Whene'er the ſoul in paſſion's ſea is toſt.
Would you both pleaſe and be inſtructed too,
Watch well the rage of ſhining to ſubdue;
Hear every man upon his fav'rite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you ſeem.
The loweſt genius will afford ſome light,
Or give a hint that had eſcap'd your ſight.
Doubt, 'till he thinks you on conviction yield,
And with fit queſtions let each pauſe be fill'd:

And the moſt knowing will with pleaſure grant,
You're rather much reſerv'd, than ignorant.
  The rays of wit gild whereſoe'er they ſtrike,
But are not therefore fit for all alike;
They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
And raiſe a foe as often as a friend;
Like the reſiſtleſs beams of blazing light,
That cheer the ſtrong, and pain the weakly ſight.
If a bright fancy therefore be your ſhare,
Let judgment watch it with a guardian's care;
'Tis like a torrent apt to overflow,
Unleſs by conſtant government kept low;
And ne'er inefficacious paſſes by,
But overturns or gladdens all that's nigh.
Or elſe, like trees, when ſuffer'd wild to ſhoot,
That put forth much, but all unripen'd fruit;
It turns to affectation and grimace,
As like to wit, as dulneſs is to grace.
  How hard ſoe'er it be to bridle wit,
Yet mem'ry oft no leſs requires the bit:
How many, hurried by its force away,
For ever in the land of goſſips ſtray!
Uſurp the province of the nurſe to lull,
Without her privilege for being dull!
Tales upon tales they raiſe ten ſtories high,
Without regard to uſe or ſymmetry:
So R——, 'till his deſtin'd ſpace is fill'd,
Heaps bricks on bricks, and fancies 'tis to build.

A ſtory ſhould, to pleaſe, at leaſt ſeem true,
Be à propos, well told, conciſe, and new:
And whenſoe'er it deviates from theſe rules,
The wiſe will ſleep, and leave applauſe to fools.
But others, more intolerable yet,
The waggeries, that they've ſaid, or heard, repeat;
Heavy by mem'ry made, and what's the worſt,
At ſecond-hand, as often as at firſt.
And can even patience hear, without diſdain,
The maiming regiſter of ſenſe once ſlain?
While the dull features, big with archneſs, ſtrive
In vain, the forc'd half-ſmile to keep alive.
Some know no joy like what a word can raiſe,
Haul'd through a language's perplexing maze;
'Till on a mate, that ſeems t'agree, they light,
Like man and wife, that ſtill are oppoſite;
Not lawyers at the bar play more with ſenſe,
When brought to the laſt trope of eloquence,
Than they on every ſubject, great or ſmall,
At clubs, or councils, at a church, or ball;
Then cry we rob them of their tributes due:
Alas! how can we laugh and pity too?
While others to extremes as wild will run,
And with ſour face anatomize a pun:
When the briſk glaſs to freedom does intice,
And rigid wiſdom is a kind of vice.
But let not ſuch grave fops your laughter ſpoil;
Ne'er frown where ſenſe may innocently ſmile.

Cramp not your language into logic rules,
To roſtrums leave the pedantry of ſchools;
Nor let your learning always be diſcern'd,
But chuſe to ſeem judicious more than learn'd.
Quote ſeldom, and then let it be, at leaſt,
Some fact that's prov'd, or thought that's well expreſs'd.
But leſt, diſguis'd, your eye it ſhould eſcape,
Know, pedantry can put on every ſhape:
For when we deviate into terms of art,
Unleſs conſtrain'd, we act the pedant's part.
Or if we're ever in the ſelf-ſame key,
No matter of what kind the ſubject be,
From laws of nations down to laws of dreſs,
For ſtateſmen have their cant, and belles no leſs.
As good hear B——y dictate on epiſtles,
Or B—rm—n comment on the Grecian whiſtles;
As old Obeſus preach upon his belly,
Or Phileunucha rant on Farinelli;
Flirtilla read a lecture on a fan,
Or W———d ſet forth the praiſe of Kouli-Kan.
But above all things raillery decline,
Nature but few does for that taſk deſign:
'Tis in the ableſt hand a dang'rous tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling fool:
For all muſt grant, it needs no common art
To keep men patient, when we make them ſmart.
Not wit alone, nor humour's ſelf, will do,
Without good-nature, and much prudence too,

To judge aright of perſons, place, and time;
For taſte decrees what's low, and what's ſublime:
And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glaſs,
Perhaps at court, or next day, would not paſs.
Then leave to low buffoons, by cuſtom bred,
And form'd by nature to be kick'd and fed,
The vulgar and unenvied taſk, to hit
All perſons right or wrong with random wit.
Our wiſe forefathers, born in ſober days,
Reſign'd to fools the tart and witty phraſe;
The motley coat gave warning for the jeſt,
Excus'd the wound, and ſanctify'd the peſt:
But we from high to low all ſtrive to ſneer,
Will all be wits, and not the livery wear.
Of all the qualities that help to raiſe
In men the univerſal voice of praiſe,
Whether in pleaſure or in uſe they end,
There's none that can with modeſty contend.
'Tis a tranſparent veil that helps the ſight,
And lets us look on merit with delight:
In others, 'tis a kindly light, that ſeems
To gild the worſt defects with borrow'd beams.
Yet, 'tis but little that its form be caught,
Unleſs its origin be firſt in thought:
Elſe rebel nature will reveal the cheat,
And the whole work of art at once defeat.
Hold forth upon yourſelf on no pretence,
Unleſs invited, or in ſelf-defence;

The praiſe you take, although it be your due,
Will be ſuſpected, if it come from you:
For each man, by experience taught, can tell
How ſtrong a flatterer does within him dwell:
And if to ſelf-condemning you incline,
In ſober ſadneſs, and without deſign,
(For ſome will ſlyly arrogate a vice,
That from exceſs of virtue takes its riſe)
The world cries out, why does he hither come?
Let him do penance for his ſins at home.
No part of conduct aſks for ſkill more nice,
Though none more common, than to give advice:
Miſers themſelves in this will not be ſaving,
Unleſs their knowledge makes it worth the having.
And where's the wonder, when we will obtrude
An uſeleſs gift, it meets ingratitude?
Shun then, unaſk'd this arduous taſk to try;
But if conſulted, uſe ſincerity;
Too ſacred is the welfare of a friend,
To give it up for any ſelfiſh end.
But uſe one caution, ſift him o'er and o'er,
To find if all be not reſolv'd before,
If ſuch the caſe in ſpite of all his art,
Some word will give the ſoundings of his heart;
And why ſhould you a bootleſs freedom uſe,
That ſerves him not, and may his friendſhip loſe?
Yet ſtill on truth beſtow this mark of love,
Ne'er to commend the thing you can't approve.

Sincerity has ſuch reſiſtleſs charms,
She oft the fierceſt of our foes diſarms:
No art ſhe knows, in native whiteneſs dreſs'd,
Her thoughts all pure, and therefore all expreſs'd:
She takes from error its deformity;
And without her, all other virtues die.
Bright ſource of goodneſs! to my aid deſcend,
Watch o'er my heart, and all my words attend:
If ſtill thou deign to ſet thy foot below,
Among a race quite poliſh'd into ſhow,
Oh! ſave me from the jilt's diſſembling part,
Who grants to all all favours, but her heart;
Perverts the end of charming, for the fame;
To fawn, her buſineſs; to deceive, her aim:
She ſmiles on this man, tips the wink on that,
Gives one a ſqueeze, another a kind pat;
Now jogs a foot, now whiſpers in an ear;
Here ſlips a letter, and there caſts a leer;
'Till the kind thing, the company throughout,
Diſtributes all its pretty ſelf about;
While all are pleas'd, and wretched ſoon or late,
All but the wiſe, who ſee and ſhun the bait.
Yet if, as complaiſance requires to do,
And rigid virtue ſometimes will allow,
You ſtretch the truth in favour of a friend,
Be ſure it ever aim at ſome good end;
To cheriſh growing virtue, vice to ſhame,
And turn to noble views the love of fame:

And not, like fawning paraſites, unaw'd
By ſenſe or truth, be every paſſion's bawd.
Be rarely warm in cenſure, or in praiſe;
Few men deſerve our paſſion either ways:
For half the world but floats 'twixt good and ill,
As chance diſpoſes objects, theſe the will:
'Tis but a ſee-ſaw game, where virtue now
Mounts above vice, and then ſinks down as low.
Beſides the wiſe ſtill hold it for a rule,
To truſt that judgment moſt, that ſeems moſt cool:
For all that riſes to hyperbole,
Proves that we err, at leaſt in the degree.
But if your temper to extremes ſhould lead,
Always upon th' indulging ſide exceed;
For though to blame moſt lend a willing ear,
Yet hatred ever will attend on fear:
And when a neighbour's dwelling blazes out,
The world will think 'tis time to look about.
Let not the curious from your boſom ſteal
Secrets, where Prudence ought to ſet her ſeal;
Yet be ſo frank and plain, that at one view,
In other things, each man may ſee you through:
For if the maſk of policy you wear,
The honeſt hate you, and the cunning fear.
Would you be well receiv'd where-e'er you go,
Remember each man vanquiſh'd is a foe.
Reſiſt not, therefore, with your utmoſt might,
But let the weakeſt think he's ſometimes right;

He, for each triumph you ſhall thus decline,
Shall give ten opportunities to ſhine:
He ſees, ſince once you own'd him to excel,
That 'tis his intereſt you ſhould reaſon well;
And though when roughly us'd, he's full of choler,
As bluſt'ring B——y to a brother ſcholar,
Yet by degrees, inure him to ſubmit,
He's tame, and in his mouth receives the bit.
But chiefly againſt trifling conteſts guard,
'Tis here ſubmiſſion ſeems to man moſt hard:
Nor imitate that reſolute old fool [b],
Who undertook to kick againſt his mule.
But thoſe who will not by inſtruction learn,
How fatal trifles prove, let ſtory warn.
Panthus and Euclio, link'd by friendſhip's tie,
Liv'd each for each, as each for each would die;
Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects pain'd;
'Twas but one ſoul that in two bodies reign'd.
One night, as uſual 'twas their nights to paſs,
They ply'd the cheerful, but ſtill temp'rate glaſs,
When lo! a doubt is rais'd about a word:
A doubt that muſt be ended by the ſword:
One falls a victim, mark, O man, thy ſhame,
Becauſe their gloſſaries were not the ſame.
Could Ba—l—y's ſelf more tenderneſs have ſhown
For his two tomes of words, though half his own?

[b] Cteſipho.

For

For what remains of failings without end,
Morals muſt ſome, and ſome the laws muſt mend.
While others in ſuch monſtrous forms appear,
As tongue-ty'd ſourneſs, ſly ſuſpicion's leer,
Free-fiſted rudeneſs, dropſical pretence,
Proteus' caprice, and elbowing inſolence;
No caution to avoid them they demand,
Like wretches branded by the hangman's hand.
If faith to ſome philoſophers be given,
Man, that great lord of earth, that heir of heav'n,
Savage at firſt, inhabited the wood,
And ſcrambled with his fellow-brutes for food;
No ſocial home he knew, no friendſhip's tie,
Selfiſh in good, in ill without ally;
'Till ſome in length of time, of ſtronger nerve,
And greater cunning, forc'd the reſt to ſerve
One common purpoſe, and, in nature's ſpite,
Brought the whole jarring ſpecies to unite.
But might we not with equal reaſon ſay,
That every ſingle particle of clay,
Which forms our body, was at firſt deſign'd
To lie for ever from the reſt disjoin'd?
Can this be ſaid, and can it be allow'd
'Twas with its powers for no one end endow'd?
If ſo; we own that man, at firſt, by art
Was ſooth'd to act in ſocial life a part.
'Tis true, in ſome the ſeeds of diſcord ſeem
To contradict this all-uniting ſcheme:

But that no more hurts nature's general courſe,
Than matter found with a repelling force.
  Turn we awhile on lonely man our eyes,
And ſee what frantic ſcenes of folly riſe:
In ſome dark monaſtery's gloomy cells,
Where formal ſelf-preſuming Virtue dwells,
Bedoz'd with dreams of grace-diſtilling caves,
Of holy puddles, unconſuming graves,
Of animated plaiſter, wood, and ſtone,
And mighty cures by fainted ſinners done.
Permit me, Muſe, ſtill farther to explore,
And turn the leaves of ſuperſtition o'er;
Where wonders upon wonders ever grow,
Chaos of zeal and blindneſs, mirth and woe;
[c] Viſions of devils into monkeys turn'd,
That hot from hell roar at a finger burn'd;
[d] Bottles of precious tears that ſaints have wept,
[e] And breath a thouſand years in phials kept;
[f] Sun-beams ſent down to prop one friar's ſtaff,
[g] And hell broke looſe to make another laugh;

[c] St. Dominic, vide Janſenius (Nic.)
[d] Of our Saviour and others, vide Ferrand.
[e] Of Joſeph, vide Molinæum.
[f] St. Cathro's, vide Colganum.
[g] St. Anthony.

Obedient

[h] Obedient fleas, and [i] ſuperſtitious mice;
[k] Confeſſing wolves, and [l] ſanctifying lice;
[m] Letters and houſes by an angel carried;
[n] And, wondrous! virgin nuns to JESUS married.
One monk, not knowing how to ſpend his time,
Sits down to find out ſome unheard-of crime;
Increaſes the large catalogue of ſins,
And where the ſober finiſh, there begins.
Of death eternal his decree is paſt,
For the firſt crime, as fix'd as for the laſt.
While that, as idle, and as pious too,
Compounds with falſe religion for the true;
He, courtly uſher to the bleſt abodes,
Weighs all the niceties of forms and modes;
And makes the rugged paths ſo ſmooth and even,
None but an ill-bred man can miſs of heav'n.
One heav'n-inſpir'd invents a frock, or hood:
The taylor now cuts out, and men grow good.
Another quits his ſtockings, breeches, ſhirt,
Becauſe he fancies virtue dwells with dirt:

[h] Vide life of St. Colman by Colganus.

[i] The ſame life by the ſame author.

[k] Vide ſpeculum vitæ ſancti Franciſci.

[l] St. Munnu gathered thoſe that dropt from him, and put them in their place again, vide Act. Sanctorum.

[m] From St. Firman to St. Columba, vide Colganum. Chapel of Loretto.

[n] Maria de la Viſitation, vide her life by Luſignam.

While all concur to take away the ſtreſs
From weightier points, and lay it on the leſs.
Anxious each paltry relique to preſerve
Of him, whoſe hungry friends they leave to ſtarve,
Harraſs'd by watchings, abſtinence, and chains;
Strangers to joy, familiar grown with pains;
To all the means of virtue they attend
With ſtricteſt care, and only miſs the end.
Can ſcripture teach us, or can ſenſe perſuade,
That man for ſuch employments e'er was made?
Far be that thought! But let us now relate
A character as oppoſite, as great,
In him, who living gave to Athens fame,
And, by his death, immortaliz'd her ſhame.
Great ſcourge of ſophiſts! he from heaven brought down,
And plac'd true wiſdom on th' uſurper's throne:
Philoſopher in all things, but pretence;
He taught what they neglected, common ſenſe.
They o'er the ſtiff Lyceum form'd to rule;
He, o'er mankind; all Athens was his ſchool.
The ſober tradeſman, and ſmart petit-maitre,
Great lords, and wits, in their own eyes ſtill greater,
With him grew wiſe; unknowing they were taught;
He ſpoke like them, though not like them he thought:
Nor wept, nor laugh'd, at man's perverted ſtate;
But left to women this, to ideots that.
View him with ſophiſts fam'd for fierce conteſt,
Or crown'd with roſes at the jovial feaſt;

Inſulted by a peeviſh, noiſy wife,
Or at the bar foredoom'd to loſe his life;
What moving words flow from his artleſs tongue,
Sublime with eaſe, with condeſcenſion ſtrong!
Yet ſcorn'd to flatter vice, or virtue blame;
Nor chang'd to pleaſe, but pleas'd becauſe the ſame;
The ſame by friends careſs'd, by foes withſtood,
Still unaffected, cheerful, mild, and good.
Behold one pagan, drawn in colours faint,
Outſhine ten thouſand monks, though each a ſaint!
Here let us fix our foot, hence take our view,
And learn to try falſe merit by the true.
We ſee, when reaſon ſtagnates in the brain,
The dregs of fancy cloud its pureſt vein;
But circulation betwixt mind and mind
Extends its courſe, and renders it refin'd.
When warm with youth we tread the flow'ry way,
All nature charms, and every ſcene looks gay;
Each object gratifies each ſenſe in turn,
Whilſt now for rattles, now for nymphs we burn;
Enſlav'd by friendſhip's or by love's ſoft ſmile,
We ne'er ſuſpect, becauſe we mean no guile:
'Till, fluſh'd with hope from views of paſt ſucceſs,
We lay on ſome main trifle all our ſtreſs;
When lo! the miſtreſs or the friend betrays,
And the whole fancied cheat of life diſplays:
Stun'd with an ill that from ourſelves aroſe;
For inſtinct rul'd, when reaſon ſhould have choſe;

We fly for comfort to ſome lonely ſcene,
Victims henceforth of dirt, and drink, and ſpleen.
But let no obſtacles that croſs our views,
Pervert our talents from their deſtin'd uſe;
For, as upon life's hill we upwards preſs,
Our views will be obſtructed leſs and leſs.
Be all falſe delicacy far away,
Leſt it from nature lead us quite aſtray;
And for th' imagin'd vice of human race,
Deſtroy our virtue, or our parts debaſe;
Since God with reaſon joins to make us own,
That 'tis not good for man to be alone.

ODE, to a LADY.

On the Death of Col. CHARLES Ross, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written May 1745.

By Mr. W. COLLINS.

I.

WHILE, loſt to all his former mirth,
BRITANNIA's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day;
While, ſtain'd with blood, he ſtrives to tear
Unſeemly from his ſea-green hair
The wreaths of cheerful May;

II.

The thoughts which muſing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raiſe,
Your faithful hours attend ;
Still fancy, to herſelf unkind,
Awakes to grief the ſoften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

III.

By rapid Scheld's deſcending wave
His country's vows ſhall bleſs the grave,
Where-e'er the youth is laid :
That ſacred ſpot the village hind
With every ſweeteſt turf ſhall bind,
And peace protect the ſhade.

IV.

O'er him, whoſe doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms ſhall ſit at eve
And bend the penſive head !
And, fall'n to ſave his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's aweful hand
Shall point his lonely bed !

V.

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their ſainted reſt :
And, half-reclining on his ſpear,
Each wond'ring Chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming gueſt.

VI.

Old EDWARD's ſons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from CRESSY's laurell'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight;
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they ſnatch the gleamy ſteel,
And wiſh th' avenging fight.

VII.

If, weak to ſooth ſo ſoft an heart,
Theſe pictur'd glories nought impart
To dry thy conſtant tear;
If yet in ſorrow's diſtant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou ſeeſt him lie,
Wild war inſulting near.

VIII.

Where-e'er from time thou court'ſt relief,
The Muſe ſhall ſtill with ſocial grief
Her gentle promiſe keep:
Ev'n humble HARTING's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the ſad repeated tale,
And bid her ſhepherds weep.

O D E.

Written in the ſame Year.

By the Same.

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod,
Than FANCY's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;
There HONOUR comes, a PILGRIM grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay,
And FREEDOM ſhall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping HERMIT there!

ODE to EVENING.

By the Same.

IF aught of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſooth thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales,
O Nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd ſun
Sits on yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts
With brede etherial wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:
Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-ey'd bat,
With ſhort ſhrill ſhrieks flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,
As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim borne in heedleſs hum.
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,
Whoſe numbers ſtealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!
For when thy folding ſtar ariſing ſhews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who ſlept in flow'rs the day,

And many a Nymph who wreaths her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſh'ning dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The PENSIVE PLEASURES ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.
Then lead, calm Vot'reſs, where ſome ſheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or ſome time-hallow'd pile,
Or up-land fallows grey
Reflect its laſt cool gleam.
But when chill bluſt'ring winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,
And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.
While Spring ſhall pour his ſhow'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!
While Summer loves to ſport
Beneath thy ling'ring light;
While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;
So long, ſure-found beneath the Sylvan ſhed,
Shall FANCY, FRIENDSHIP, SCIENCE, roſe-lip'd HEALTH,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name!

VER-

VERSES written on a BLANK LEAF,

By Lord LANSDOWN, when he preſented his Works to the Queen, 1732.

A Muſe expiring, who with earlieſt voice,
Made kings and queens, and beauty's charms her choice,
Now on her death-bed, the laſt homage pays,
O Queen, to thee; accept her dying lays.
So at th' approach of death the cygnet tries
To warble one note more, and ſinging dies.
Hail mighty Queen, whoſe powerful ſmiles alone
Command obedience and ſecure the throne.
Contending parties, and Plebeian rage,
Had puzzled Loyalty for half an age:
Conqu'ring our hearts you end the long diſpute;
All who have eyes confeſs you abſolute;
To Tory doctrines even Whigs reſign,
And in your perſon own the right divine.
Thus ſung the Muſe, in her laſt moments fir'd
With CAROLINA's praiſe, and then expir'd.

ADVICE to a Lady in AUTUMN.

ASSES milk, half a pint, take at ſeven, or before ;
Then ſleep for an hour or two, and no more.
At nine ſtretch your arms, and oh ! think when alone,
There's no pleaſure in bed.—MARY, bring me my gown :
Slip on that ere you riſe ; let your caution be ſuch ;
Keep all cold from your breaſt, there's already too much ;
Your pinners ſet right, your twitcher ty'd on,
Your prayers at an end, and your breakfaſt quite done ;
Retire to ſome author, improving and gay,
And with ſenſe like your own, ſet your mind for the day.
At twelve you may walk, for at this time o' the year,
The ſun like your wit, is as mild, as 'tis clear :
But mark in the meadows the ruin of Time ;
Take the hint, and let life be improv'd in its prime.
Return not in haſte, nor of dreſſing take heed ;
For beauty, like yours, no aſſiſtance can need.
With an appetite, thus, down to dinner you ſit,
Where the chief of the feaſt is the flow of your wit :
Let this be indulg'd, and let laughter go round ;
As it pleaſes your mind, to your health 'twill redound.
After dinner two glaſſes at leaſt, I approve ;
Name the firſt to the king, and the laſt to your love :

Thus

Thus cheerful with wiſdom, with innocence gay,
And calm with your joys gently glide through the day.
The dews of the evening moſt carefully ſhun;
Thoſe tears of the ſky for the loſs of the ſun.
Then in chat, or at play, with a dance, or a ſong,
Let the night, like the day, paſs with pleaſure along.
All cares, but of love, baniſh far from your mind;
And thoſe you may end, when you pleaſe to be kind.

On a LADY's drinking the BATH Waters.

THE guſhing ſtreams impetuous flow,
In haſte to DELIA's lips to go,
With equal haſte and equal heat,
Who would not ruſh thoſe lips to meet?
Bleſs'd envy'd ſtreams, ſtill greater bliſs
Attends your warm and liquid kiſs.
For from her lips your welcome tide
Shall down her heaving boſom glide;
There fill each ſwelling globe of love,
And touch that heart I ne'er could move.
From hence in ſoft meanders ſtray,
And find at laſt the bliſsful way
Which thought may paint, though verſe mayn't ſay.

Too

Too happy rival dwell not there
To rack my heart with jealous care,
But quit the bleſt abode, though loth,
And quickly paſſing, eaſe us both.

VERSES written in a LADY'S SHERLOCK upon Death.

MIſtaken fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving ;
For whilſt he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a leſſon we ſhall know
Too ſoon without a maſter ;
Then let us only ſtudy now
How we may live the faſter.

To live's to love, to bleſs, be bleſt
With mutual inclination ;
Share then my ardour in your breaſt,
And kindly meet my paſſion.

But if thus bleſs'd I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at leaſt your Sherlock give,
'Tis I muſt learn to die.

SONG.

SONG.

WHEN Fanny blooming fair
First caught my raviſh'd ſight,
Struck with her ſhape an d air,
I felt a ſtrange delight:
Whilſt eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring every part,
And every feature prais'd,
She ſtole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
Ten thouſand loves appear;
There Cupid baſking lies,
His ſhafts are hoarded there;
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roſes newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confeſs,
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all expreſs
The beauteous queen of love:

What

What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breaſt
Of that too charming maid
Riſe, ſuing to be preſs'd !

Venus round Fanny's waiſt,
Has her own Ceſtus bound,
With guardian Cupids grac'd,
Who dance the circle round.
How happy muſt he be,
Who ſhall her zone unlooſe !
That bliſs to all, but me,
May heaven and ſhe refuſe.

S O N G.

WHenever, Chloe, I begin
Your heart like mine to move,
You tell me of the crying ſin
Of unchaſte lawleſs love.

How can that paſſion be a ſin,
Which gave to Chloe birth ?
How can thoſe joys but be divine,
Which make a heaven on earth ?

To wed, mankind the prieſt trepann'd,
By ſome ſly fallacy,
And diſobey'd God's great command,
Increaſe and multiply.

You ſay that love's a crime ; content :
Yet this allow you muſt,
More joy's in heav'n if one repent,
Than over ninety juſt.

Sin then, dear girl, for heaven's ſake,
Repent and be forgiven ;
Bleſs me, and by repentance make
A holy day in heaven.

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