

THE
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

FOR
W I T.

BEING A COLLECTION OF
FUGITIVE PIECES, IN PROSE AND VERSE,
NOT IN ANY OTHER COLLECTION.

WITH
SEVERAL PIECES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

A NEW EDITION,
CORRECTED, AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. DEBRET, OPPOSITE BURLING-
TON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

M DCC LXXXVI.

Contents to the Sixth Volume.

	Page
E PITAPH on a Young Lady : by B. Edwards, Esq.	5
Written on a Window at an Inn	6
Epigram	ibid
On the Death of General Montgomery	7
Ode for the New Year	ibid
Stanzas on the Death of Alico, a Slave	13
On Bolingbroke's reflections on Pope	15
To Lady Boynton ; by Sir Griffith Boynton	16
Verfes at Park-Place ; by the Rev. Mr. Powis	18
On Bayham Abbey	21
An account of performing the Provoked Husband, near Henley	26
Verfes, on seeing the Padlock performed at Weſton	36
Prologue to All for Love, at Blenheim ; by Dr. Hoadley	39
On ſeeing Lady Eaſt perform Almeria	41
On the Queen's preſenting the Biſhop of Wincheſter's Lady with a Horſe, &c.	ibid
Inſcription for a Bench under a Tree	42
Epitaph on Mrs. Monk ; by Dr. Hawkiſworth	43
In Memory of Mrs. Maſon ; by Mr. Maſon	44
Epitaph on Miſs Drummond ; by Mr. Maſon	ibid
Fragment of an Epic Poem ; by Miſs Aiken	46
The Pleiades	49
The Planets	50
Lady Craven dreaming ſhe ſaw her Heart	ibid
Addreſs to Lady Craven's Heart	54
To Lady Craven's Heart	56
The Right Honourable Authoreſs	ibid
Epilogue on opening Drury-lane Theatre, by Samuel Johnſon	57
Verſes on a Sprig of Myrtle ; by the ſame	59
On the approach of Winter ; by the ſame	60
Elegy on Dr. Levet ; by the ſame	62
On a Pincuſſion	64
Aurelia Sleeping	65
Girdle of Venus	66
Pigeon's Choice	68
To Lord Pulteney, by Geo. Colman	71
Aſhted Cot	75
Dying Rake's Soliloquy ; by Dr. Bartholomew	76
Allegory on the Game of Quadrille ; by Mr. Congreve	78
Song, aſcribed to Pope	80
Verſes on the New Buildings between Bloomsbury and St. Giles's	81

On seeing Captain A. at Mrs. Cornelys'	83
Norfolke Turnippe	84
On the Oak in Penshurst Park	86
Mr. Justice Aston's Motto	89
To Mr. Kenrick at Bath	ibid
On reading the Deserted Village; by Corbyn Morris	93
The Lounger	96
To Lord Melcombe; by R. Bentley, Esq.	97
Fable of the Ass, &c. by Lord E——g——e	107
Ode to Health	108
Epigram on a Lady's coming into the Pump-room, with a Crescent in her Hair; by Mr. Potter	110
By E. D——x, Esq. on his Daughter's Birth-day	111
On breaking a China Quart Mug	113
On seeing Miss Collins copy a Drawing	116
Inscription at Wimpole; by D. Wray, Esq.	117
Invocation to a Cook-Maid	119
Epistle to Lord Kelly	120
On the Ladies' Feathers	124
Prayer to Indifference; by Mrs. Greville	126
Two Love Elegies	129
Stanzas to ———, with the foregoing	137
Pastoral Ballad	139
Lawyer's Prayer; by Dr. Blackstone	143
Love Elegy	144
To the Hon. T. Winnington; by Mr. Harris	146
On the New Building near the Royal Exchange	148
Mirroure of Knighthood	ibid.
Cycle of Avarice	151
Epigram; on a Miser	152
Honest Confession	ibid
Morning Visit. Lady Rattle and Lady Pam	153
Dialogue between a Lady and her Daughter	156
Modern Glossary	158
Stanzas to the Ladies, on their Head-dress	162
Song for the Mall	163
On the Templars	165
Answer	166
Description of London	ibid
Description of Dublin	167
Sketch of Paris	168
Bachelor's Choice of a Wife	170
Female Complaint	ibid
On a Lady mistaking Rubies for Bubbles	171
Miss Courtney to Miss Conolly	172
Ruins of Pemfret Castle	175

Scots Decree	Page 180
Modern Plaid-wearers	182
Epigram. See Natta's Coach, &c.	183
On losing to Lady H—rr—n at Loo	184
Morning View on a Mountain in Wales	185
Grand Catholicon	186
On a late Incident (three Lawyers in the snow)	187
Motto for Mr. C. Yorke	189
School of Rhetorick	190
On a Gentleman who mistook a Kept Mistress for a Lady of Fashion	191
Verses to some Ladies at Hampstead	ibid
On the Run of Romeo and Juliet	192
Upon St. George for England	193
Loyal Pair	ibid
On a Printing-house	ibid
The Diamond	194
The Farmer	195
Inscription in a Piece of Land often sold	196
Description of Spring in London	197
On Happiness	198
The Conqueror and Old Woman	199
Art of Coquetry ; by Mrs. Lenox	201
Inscription on one of the tubs in Ham Walks	205
Song. Resolved as her Poet, &c.	206
John, the English Footman	208
Laughing Philosopher	213
Dialogue between a Gentleman and a Painter	215
Present Public Wishes	217
Lady Bridget Lane to Lady Bab Butterfly	218
On the Subscription Books at Bath being opened for Gaming and Prayers	220
Answer	221
Epigram. Says Ch—dl—gh to, &c.	ibid
On the Statue of a Slave in one of the Inns of Court	222
On seeing a Law-book bound in white	ibid
Under the Picture of Kitty Fisher	223
Ballad on Molly Lapel	224
Ode to William Pulteney, Esq.	228
The Sinecure	231
Female Characters	239
Epigrams	ibid
Ode to Lord Edgumbe's Pig	240
To a Lady who admired Spanish Poetry	243
On the Royal Marriage Act	244

Emblem of Wedlock	—	—	Page 246
Description of a Female Route	—	—	ibid
Epigrams; by Mr. John Hackel ^d	—	—	248
On the Death of Lady Shelley; by Mr. Delap	—	—	249
Way to chuse a Wife	—	—	250
On Love; by Dr. Akenfide	—	—	251
Ode to Venus, on opening the Pantheon	—	—	256
Epigram; by G. A. Selwyn, Esq.	—	—	258
On a late Marriage	—	—	259
Catch to a Company of bad Fiddlers	—	—	ibid
Mr. Hodges to Sir Hans Sloane	—	—	260
Walden Hunt	—	—	262
Imit. of Hor. Dear Jenny to confess, &c:	—	—	267
Theron among his travels found	—	—	ibid
Parody; by Lord Verulam	—	—	270
Imit. of Hor. Why Chloe like the tender fawn	—	—	271
Cause of Inconstancy	—	—	272
Ode before the long Vocation; by Mr. Hartis	—	—	274
Epitaph; by Mr. Gray	—	—	277
Dialogue between Cupid and Hymen; by Mr. John Vanbrugh	—	—	278
On Cælia's sickness; by J. H. Browne, Esq.	—	—	280
On reading the Life of Preber	—	—	281
Imit. of Hor. by Miss Carter	—	—	283
Another; by the same	—	—	284
A Riddle; by the same	—	—	285
By the same	—	—	287
In Diem Natalem	—	—	290

THE
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

FOR
W I T.

BEING A COLLECTION OF
FUGITIVE PIECES, IN PROSE AND VERSE,
NOT IN ANY OTHER COLLECTION.

WITH
SEVERAL PIECES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

A NEW EDITION,
CORRECTED, AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. DEBRETT, OPPOSITE BURLING-
TON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

M DCC LXXXVI.

Contents to the Sixth Volume.

	Page
E PITAPH on a Young Lady : by B. Edwards, Esq.	5
Written on a Window at an Inn	6
Epigram	ibid
On the Death of General Montgomery	7
Ode for the New Year	ibid
Stanzas on the Death of Alico, a Slave	13
On Bolingbroke's reflections on Pope	15
To Lady Boynton ; by Sir Griffith Boynton	16
Verfes at Park-Place ; by the Rev. Mr. Powis	18
On Bayham Abbey	21
An account of performing the Provoked Husband, near Henley	26
Verfes, on seeing the Padlock performed at Weſton	36
Prologue to All for Love, at Blenheim ; by Dr. Hoadley	39
On ſeeing Lady Eaſt perform Almeria	41
On the Queen's preſenting the Biſhop of Wincheſter's Lady with a Horſe, &c.	ibid
Inſcription for a Bench under a Tree	42
Epitaph on Mrs. Monk ; by Dr. Hawkiſworth	43
In Memory of Mrs. Maſon ; by Mr. Maſon	44
Epitaph on Miſs Drummond ; by Mr. Maſon	ibid
Fragment of an Epic Poem ; by Miſs Aiken	46
The Pleiades	49
The Planets	50
Lady Craven dreaming ſhe ſaw her Heart	ibid
Address to Lady Craven's Heart	54
To Lady Craven's Heart	56
The Right Honourable Authoreſs	ibid
Epilogue on opening Drury-lane Theatre, by Samuel Johnſon	57
Verſes on a Sprig of Myrtle ; by the ſame	59
On the approach of Winter ; by the ſame	60
Elegy on Dr. Levet ; by the ſame	62
On a Pincuſſion	64
Aurelia Sleeping	65
Girdle of Venus	66
Pigeon's Choice	68
To Lord Pulteney, by Geo. Colman	71
Aſhted Cot	75
Dying Rake's Soliloquy ; by Dr. Bartholomew	76
Allegory on the Game of Quadrille ; by Mr. Congreve	78
Song, aſcribed to Pope	80
Verſes on the New Buildings between Bloomsbury and St. Giles's	81

On seeing Captain A. at Mrs. Cornelys'	83
Norfolke Turnippe	84
On the Oak in Penshurst Park	86
Mr. Justice Aston's Motto	89
To Mr. Kenrick at Bath	ibid
On reading the Deserted Village; by Corbyn Morris	93
The Lounger	96
To Lord Melcombe; by R. Bentley, Esq.	97
Fable of the Ass, &c. by Lord E——g——e	107
Ode to Health	108
Epigram on a Lady's coming into the Pump-room, with a Crescent in her Hair; by Mr. Potter	110
By E. D——x, Esq. on his Daughter's Birth-day	111
On breaking a China Quart Mug	113
On seeing Miss Collins copy a Drawing	116
Inscription at Wimpole; by D. Wray, Esq.	117
Invocation to a Cook-Maid	119
Epistle to Lord Kelly	120
On the Ladies' Feathers	124
Prayer to Indifference; by Mrs. Greville	126
Two Love Elegies	129
Stanzas to ———, with the foregoing	137
Pastoral Ballad	139
Lawyer's Prayer; by Dr. Blackstone	143
Love Elegy	144
To the Hon. T. Winnington; by Mr. Harris	146
On the New Building near the Royal Exchange	148
Mirroure of Knighthood	ibid.
Cycle of Avarice	151
Epigram; on a Miser	152
Honest Confession	ibid
Morning Visit. Lady Rattle and Lady Pam	153
Dialogue between a Lady and her Daughter	156
Modern Glossary	158
Stanzas to the Ladies, on their Head-dress	162
Song for the Mall	163
On the Templars	165
Answer	166
Description of London	ibid
Description of Dublin	167
Sketch of Paris	168
Bachelor's Choice of a Wife	170
Female Complaint	ibid
On a Lady mistaking Rubies for Bubbles	171
Miss Courtney to Miss Conolly	172
Ruins of Pemfret Castle	175

Scots Decree	Page	180
Modern Plaid-wearers		182
Epigram. See Natta's Coach, &c.		183
On losing to Lady H—rr—n at Loo		184
Morning View on a Mountain in Wales		185
Grand Catholicon		186
On a late Incident (three Lawyers in the snow)		187
Motto for Mr. C. Yorke		189
School of Rhetorick		190
On a Gentleman who mistook a Kept Mistress for a Lady of Fashion		191
Verses to some Ladies at Hampstead		ibid
On the Run of Romeo and Juliet		192
Upon St. George for England		193
Loyal Pair		ibid
On a Printing-house		ibid
The Diamond		194
The Farmer		195
Inscription in a Piece of Land often sold		196
Description of Spring in London		197
On Happiness		198
The Conqueror and Old Woman		199
Art of Coquetry ; by Mrs. Lenox		201
Inscription on one of the tubs in Ham Walks		205
Song. Resolved as her Poet, &c.		206
John, the English Footman		208
Laughing Philosopher		213
Dialogue between a Gentleman and a Painter		215
Present Public Wishes		217
Lady Bridget Lane to Lady Bab Butterfly		218
On the Subscription Books at Bath being opened for Gaming and Prayers		220
Answer		221
Epigram. Says Ch—dl—gh to, &c.		ibid
On the Statue of a Slave in one of the Inns of Court		222
On seeing a Law-book bound in white		ibid
Under the Picture of Kitty Fisher		223
Ballad on Molly Lapel		224
Ode to William Pulteney, Esq.		228
The Sinecure		231
Female Characters		239
Epigrams		ibid
Ode to Lord Edgemumbe's Pig		240
To a Lady who admired Spanish Poetry		243
On the Royal Marriage Act		244

Emblem of Wedlock	—	—	Page 246
Description of a Female Route	—	—	ibid
Epigrams; by Mr. John Hackel ^d	—	—	248
On the Death of Lady Shelley; by Mr. Delap	—	—	249
Way to chuse a Wife	—	—	250
On Love; by Dr. Akenfide	—	—	251
Ode to Venus, on opening the Pantheon	—	—	256
Epigram; by G. A. Selwyn, Esq.	—	—	258
On a late Marriage	—	—	259
Catch to a Company of bad Fiddlers	—	—	ibid
Mr. Hodges to Sir Hans Sloane	—	—	260
Walden Hunt	—	—	262
Imit. of Hor. Dear Jenny to confess, &c:	—	—	267
Theron among his travels found	—	—	ibid
Parody; by Lord Verulam	—	—	270
Imit. of Hor. Why Chloe like the tender fawn	—	—	271
Cause of Inconstancy	—	—	272
Ode before the long Vocation; by Mr. Hartis	—	—	274
Epitaph; by Mr. Gray	—	—	277
Dialogue between Cupid and Hymen; by Mr. John Vanbrugh	—	—	278
On Cælia's sickness; by J. H. Browne, Esq.	—	—	280
On reading the Life of Preber	—	—	281
Imit. of Hor. by Miss Carter	—	—	283
Another; by the same	—	—	284
A Riddle; by the same	—	—	285
By the same	—	—	287
In Diem Natalem	—	—	290

XXXV.A.22

THE
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
FOR
W I T.

E P I T A P H

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG LADY.

BY BRIAN EDWARDS, ESQ.

SCARCE had the tender hand of Time
Maria's bloom brought forth,
Nor yet advanc'd to Beauty's prime,
Tho' ripe in Beauty's worth :

When Fate untimely seal'd her doom,
And shew'd, in one short hour,
A lovely sky, an envious gloom,
A rainbow and a show'r.

VOL. VI.

B

WRITTEN

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW AT AN INN, UNDER
SOME INFAMOUS VERSES.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN Dryden's clown, unknowing what he
fought,

His hours in whistling spent, for want of thought,

The guiltless Oaf his vacancy of sense

Supplied, and amply too, by innocence.

Did modern swains, possess'd of Cymon's pow'rs,

In Cymon's manner waste there weary hours,

Th' indignant trav'ler would not blushing see

This chrystal pane disgrac'd by infamy!

Severe the fate of modern fools, alas!

When Vice and Folly mark them as they pass:

Like pois'nous vermin o'er the whiten'd wall,

The filth they leave--still points out where they crawl!

E P I G R A M.

BY THE SAME.

POET, said Chloe, with a laugh,

Your Muse shall write my epitaph.

If, tombstone-like, my lovely maid,

I were on that soft bosom laid,

Fond love should write, if you should die,

Both epitaph and elegy.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

BY THE SAME.

MONTGOMERY falls ! let no fond breast repine,
 That **Hampden's** glorious death, brave chief, was
 thine,
 With his shall **Freedom** consecrate thy name ;
 Shall date her rising glories from thy fame ;
 Shall build her throne of empire on thy grave ;
 What nobler fate can patriot virtues crave !

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE SAME.

*Prob Curia inverſique mores !***HOR.**

GENIUS of Albion ! art thou fled !
 Thou, who waſt wont at **Freedom's** call to riſe,
 With thund'ring voice, and heav'n-directed eyes,
 And mock th' oppreſſor's rage, or ſmite the tyrant
 dead !

 O ſtretch again thy ſaving hand,
 In mercy to this groaning iſle !
 No common ills thine aid demand ;
 Corruption triumphs in her ſpoil ;
 Fierce Diſcord hurls her torch on high ;
 Nor public weal, nor ſocial tie

Can fix the fordid, selfish mind:
 Ambition breaks Law's feeble chain,
 Swol'n Lux'ry leads her bloated train,
 And Ruin stalks behind!

II.

Beyond the rough Atlantic tide,
 Inspir'd by Virtue and by Thee,
 Thy junior sons still dare be free;—
 Nor e'er shall subtle fraud divide
 The gen'rous band. Oh! while the tempest howls,
 Reflect our cause is one—that Freedom's foes are ours!

III.

Peace to thy shade, lamented King;
 Great Brunswick, second of thy race,
 Call'd England's throne to grace,
 What time fair Freedom made each valley ring.
 From the cold tomb could'st thou arise,
 How would this prospect fear thine eyes,
 And drive thee back in wild affright!
 For lo! fierce issuing from their native north,
 The howling furies murd'rous storms send forth;
 Glut the Gaul's proud revenge, and spread vile
 Slav'ry's night!

IV. In

IV.

In vain, alas ! thy gallant son,
 On fam'd Culloden's glorious field,
 Taught the proud trait'rous Scot to yield,
 And deathless laurels nobly won.
 In vain rejoic'd th' admiring world,
 When our brave fires, by Nassau led,
 At tyrant-pow'r their thunders hurl'd
 While the dark tyrant crouch'd and fled.
 No longer now, in patriot shackles bound,
 With fruitless wailing Envy bites her chain ;
 Oppression leaps o'er Freedom's sacred mound,
 And vainly Hampden fought, and Sydney bled in vain!

V.

Lo ! Saunders mingles the mighty dead ;
 No more th' avenger of his country's wrong :
 O'er his cold dust let no weak tear be shed ;
 He wept, alas ! that he had liv'd too long !
 O greatly glorious ! had he died
 Ere set in darkness Britain's sun ;
 Ere frantic rage and Stuart pride,
 That empire lost his valour won !
 " What more, he cried, can adverse fate require ?"
 Dying he saw his country's fame expire ;
 Saw her bright cross he late triumphant spread,
 Droop on the sick'ning gale, and blush with deeper red !

VI.

Hark ! thro' America's indignant shore,
 What groans, rend th' affrighted skies !
 Foul impious War hath broken Nature's ties ;
 And Britain, terror of the world no more,
 Turns on herself, and drinks her children's gore !
 Oh ! quickly drop the murd'rous sword,
 What horrors rise around ?
 Can'st thou, ill-fated realm, afford
 With thine own blood to drench the ground.
 The vet'ran, yet untaught to yield,
 Reluctant views the death-fraught field,
 Conscious of guilt would fain retreat,
 And dreads ev'n vict'ry as defeat ;—
 In vain : still o'er Ontario's flood,
 With ghastly smile, and blasting eyes,
 Stern Alva's guilty spirit flies,
 And snuffs the scented air, and rages still for blood !

VII.

Hear how her sons Iberia tells
 Exulting as the tempest swells ;
 And faithless Gallia, with prophetic eye,
 Beholds thy golden streams of Commerce dry,
 Or marks them for her own. “ O great event,”
 She cries,—“ Thy shame and punishment,
“ Rash

" Rash, ruin'd rival ! Now I see
 Thy palm of glory snatch'd by me ;
 " That envied prize *, by Nature giv'n,
 " Which rais'd thy tow'ring front to Heav'n,
 " Spurn'd by thyself !—Oh ! speed thy ling'ring fate,
 " And to thyself be false,--to make my empire great ! "

VIII.

But Britain, happier fates are thine :
 Thy sun shall yet unclouded shine !
 A day (nor far remote) shall come,
 When, Rage disarm'd, and Envy dumb,
 The pious child, her sorrows o'er,
 Shall urge the loud complaint no more :
 But nourish (in her suff'rings blest)
 'Th' expiring parent, from her breast !
 For lo ! Futurity her page unfolds :
 What floods of glory fill yon western skies !
 I see, I see, the radiant forms arise,
 Where venerable Time fair Truth upholds,
 And awful Justice, her divine compeer,
 Exalts her gen'rous brow, and shakes her glitt'ring
 spear !

* Commerce.

IX.

" Ye parricides, who broke the golden cords
 " Of filial piety—maternal love ;
 " Ye perjur'd senators—ye venal lords,
 " Now curse your damned deeds—for vengeance
 " dwells with Jove !
 " America, no longer thou
 " Shalt lift thy plaintive voice in vain ;
 " Nor Britain's sons to slav'ry bow,
 " Nor forge for others necks the chain !
 " 'Tis Justice speaks !" above controul,
 Her thunders smite the guilty soul.
 See murder'd Sydney grimly smile,
 And virtuous Ruffel blest her glorious toil !
 Oh sleep, ye sacred shades ! in endless rest ;
 The sign of Mercy, beaming from the west,
 Kind Heav'n has giv'n ;—for o'er the patriot crowd
 Bright Conquest soars aloft—and claps her wings aloud.

S T A N Z A S

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF ALICO, AN AFRICAN SLAVE. CONDEMNED FOR REBELLION IN JAMAICA, 1705.

[He is supposed to address his Wife at the place of Execution.]

BY THE SAME.

I.

'TIS past :—Ah ! calm thy cares to rest !

Firm and unmov'd am I :—

In Freedom's cause I bar'd my breast,—

In Freedom's cause I die.

II.

Ah stop ! thou do'st me fatal wrong :—

Nature will yet rebel :

For I have lov'd thee very long,*

And lov'd thee very well.

III.

To native skies and peaceful bow'rs,

I soon shall wing my way ;

Where joy shall lead the circling hours,

Unless too long thy stay.

IV.

Oh speed, fair sun ! thy course ~~divine~~ ;
 My Abala remove ;—
 There thy bright beams shall ever shine,
 And I for ever love !

V.

On those blest shores—a Slave no more !
 In peaceful ease I'll stray ;
 Or rouse to chace the mountain boar,
 As unconfin'd as day !

VI.

No Christian tyrant there is known
 To mark his steps with blood,
 Nor fable Mis'ry's piercing moan
 Resounds thro' ev'ry wood.

VII.

Yet have I heard the melting tongue,
 Have seen the falling tear ;
 Known the good heart by pity wrung,
 Ah ! that such hearts are rare !

VIII. Now,

VIII.

Now, Christian, glut thy ravish'd eyes
—I reach the joyful hour ;
Now bid the scorching flames arise,
And these poor limbs devour :

IX.

But know, pale Tyrant, 'tis not thine
Eternal war to wage ;
The death thou giv'st shall but combine
To mock thy baffled rage.

X.

O Death, how welcome to th' oppress'd !
Thy kind embrace I crave :
Thou bring'st to Mis'ry's bosom rest,
And *Freedom to the Slave.*

ON READING BOLINGBROKE'S REFLECTIONS ON
THE CHARACTER OF POPE.

BY THE SAME.

SOFT be thy sleep, ill-fated bard !
Thy virtue is thy sole reward.
Alas ! the lov'd, sweet voice of Fame
Is Folly ;—Friendship but a name !

Injurious meed ! O'er him, whose eye,
 As light'ning keen, made Dulness fly,
 Ere yet was broke life's golden chain ;—
 (Blest fav'rite in the Muses' train !)
 Shall Dulness *now* presume to tread,
 And Envy mark him out when dead !

Curst be the vain, false, coward slave,
 Who thus aims vengeance on the grave ;
 Thus breaks thro' Friendship's sacred laws ;—
 —What satire, Pope, is thy applause !*

TO LADY BOYNTON, CUTTING HER NAME IN THE
 BARK OF A TREE.

BY SIR GRIFFITH BOYNTON.

To pensive minds superior truth belong,
 Whose sacred precepts form the voice of song :
 They with soft Solitude sweet converse hold,
 And love the whisper'd tale by Fancy told.

While on this stem, (now consecrate to Fame)
 Thou giv'st to future years the darling name,
 What crowding thoughts within my bosom move,
 Swell at my heart, and wake each sense of love !

* Alluding to the conclusion of his Essay on Man.

This plant thy Damon, in life's fragrant morn,
 With fost'ring hand selected from the thorn;
 Fast, with his years, the shooting scion grew,
 Nor mark'd the varied seasons as they flew;
 Together pass'd with Time his ample round:
 (Hark! as you write, he gives the boding sound)
 His * "creeping hours," in mystic days of yore,
 Tun'd the sweet reed on Avon's fairy shore:
 Then ill-rewarded worth, or fruitless love,
 Sought, and found solace in the lonely grove;
 From prying eyes a willing exile ran,
 And all th' obtrusive intercourse of man.

Revolve the past, we paint the coming years;
 The garlands Fancy wove Reflection tears;
 There roseate blossom moans its balmy prime,
 Borne on the fleeting wing of ruthless Time:
 Beauty awaits its all-involving gloom,
 Nor cheers the wintry frown that shades the tomb:
 Yet be it mine, by Truth and Beauty fir'd,
 To praise those charms which Lyttleton admir'd.

* Shakespeare. As You Like It.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN IN A COTTAGE AT PARK-PLACE, THE
SEAT OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENERAL
CONWAY.

BY THE REVEREND MR. POWYS.

THE works of Art let others praise,
Where Pride her waste of wealth betrays,
And Fashion, independent grown,
Usurps her parent Nature's throne,
Lays all her fair dominions waste,
And calls the devastation Taste.
But I—who ne'er, with servile awe,
Give Fashion's whims the force of law,
Scorn all the glitter of expence,
When destitute of use and sense.
More pleas'd to see the wanton rill,
Which trickles from some craggy hill,
Free thro' the valley wind its way,
Than when, immur'd in walls of clay,
It strives in vain its bonds to break,
And stagnates in a crooked lake.
With sighs I see the native oak
Bow to th' inexorable stroke,
Whilst an exotic puny race
Of upstart shrubs usurps its place,

Which,

Which, born beneath a milder sky,
 Shrink at a wintry blast, and die.
 I ne'er behold without a smile
 The venerable Gothic pile,
 Which in our fathers' wiser age
 Was shelter'd from the tempest's rage,
 Stand to the dreary north expos'd,
 Within a Chinese fence inclos'd.

For me, each leaden God may reign
 In quiet o'er his old domain;
 Their claim is good by Poet's laws,
 And Poets must support their cause.
 But when old Neptune's fish-tail'd train
 Of Tritons, haunts an upland plain;
 When Dian seems to urge the chace,
 In a snug garden's narrow space;
 When Mars, with insult rude, invades
 The virgin Muses' peaceful shades;
 With light'ning arm'd, when angry Jove
 Scares the poor tenants of the grove,
 I cannot blindly league with those,
 Who thus the Poet's creed oppose.
 To Nature, in my earliest youth,
 I vow'd my constancy and truth;
 When in her * Hardwicke's much-lov'd shade
 Enamour'd of her charms I stray'd:

* The Seat of P. Powys, Esq. in Oxfordshire.

And

And as I rovd the woods among,
 Her praise in lisping numbers sung :
 Nor will I now resign my heart,
 A captive to her rival art.
 Far from the pageant scenes of pride,
 She still my careless steps shall guide,
 Whether by Contemplation led,
 The rich romantic wilds I tread,
 Where Nature, for her pupil man,
 Has sketch'd out many a noble plan ;
 Or whether from ~~you~~ wood crown'd brow,
 I view the lovely vale below.
 For when, with more than common care,
 Nature had sketch'd her landscape there,
 Her Conway caught the fair design,
 And soften'd ev'ry harsher line ;
 In pleasing lights each object plac'd,
 And heighten'd all the piece with taste.
 O Conway * ! whilst the public voice
 Applauds our Sov'reign's well weigh'd choice,
 Fain would my patriot Muse proclaim
 The Statesman's and the Soldier's fame :
 And bind immortal on thy brow
 The civic crown and laurel bough.
 But tho' unskill'd to join the choir,
 Who aptly tune the courtly lyre,

* General Conway was at this time Secretary of State.

Tho'

Tho' with the vassals of thy state,
 I never at thy levee wait,
 Yet be it oft my happier lot,
 To meet thee in this rural cot,
 To see thee here thy mind unbend,
 And quit the Statesman for the Friend:
 Whilst smiles unbought, and void of art,
 Spring genuine from the social heart.

Happy the Muse, which here retir'd,
 By gratitude like mine inspir'd:
 Dupe to no party, loves to pay,
 To worth like thine, her grateful lay:
 And in no venal verse commend,
 The man of Taste and Nature's friend.

ON BEING DESIRED BY LADY CAMDEN TO WRITE
 VERSES ON BAYHAM ABBEY, THE SEAT OF JOHN
 PRATT, ESQ. NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

BY THE SAME.

I.

DON'T you (cries Clio jeering) now,
 Wish to recall a certain vow,

Which

Which late you rashly made,
When, in a pettish mood, you swore
To leave off rhyming, and no more
Invoke the Muse's aid?

II.

When young, by tender tales of love
You wish'd young Celia's heart to move,
And eager snatch'd the lyre,
Help me, some friendly Muse, you cried,
Oh deign my artless hand to guide,
My fault'ring voice inspire.

III.

And when you strove in verse to raise
A trophy to your Conway's praise,
His worth, his taste expressing;
Again, a suppliant to the Nine,
I saw you bow before our shrine,
Your languid pow'rs confessing.

IV.

But older now and wiser grown,
These vain connexions you disown,

Our

Our dictates you disclaim,
You scorn the Muses' idle crew,
You're bid them all a last adieu,
And hate a borrow'd name.

V.

Yet when in yon sequester'd scene,
With Contemplation's thoughtful mien,
That hallow'd ground you trod,
Where cloister'd monks with zeal inspir'd
Far from the busy world retir'd,
To solitude and God.

VI.

I heard your friends the lays demand,
I saw you take the pen in hand
Impatient to comply :
I saw you rack your lab'ring brains,
To form the dull descriptive strains,
Whilst I stood laughing by.

VII.

Fain would I sing (perplext you said)
The lovely landscape here display'd,

Which

Which charms each ravish'd sense ;
The ruin'd Abbey's roofless iles,
And all the venerable spoils
Of sunk magnificence.

VIII.

The verdant lawns, the wood-crown'd hills,
The limpid lakes, the bubbling rills,
The lulling water-falls ;
The flow'rs which blended odours shed,
The robes of mantling ivy spread
Around the mould'ring walls.

IX.

Sweet scenes ! by Nature's pencil plann'd,
Retouch'd by Taste's judicious hand,
Without the glare of Art ;
Tho' rashly I've abjur'd the Muse,
Can she, when such the theme, refuse
Her influence to impart ?

X.

Desponding thus did you lament,
But could you hope I would relent,

And

And favour your approaches ?
 Nay, cease, unjustly (I replied)
 To tax me with contempt and pride,
 And load me with reproaches.

XI.

Whene'er I bow'd before your shrine,
 You know that ev'ry pray'r of mine
 In empty air was lost :
 I never sought poetic fame,
 Truth ever was my leading aim,
 Sincerity my boast.

XII.

But could I hope to gain from you
 Those pow'rs, which mark the chosen few,
 On whom you deign to smile ;
 Could I suppose you would inspire
 My bosom with a Churchill's fire,
 And elevate my stile ?

XIII.

I'd fervently your aid implore ;
 I'd scribble doggrel rhimes no more ;
 But emulous of fame,
 Would grateful join a nation's praise,
 And decorate th' immortal lays
 With Camden's honour'd name.

ON the 10th of January, 1777, the Comedy of the Provok'd Husband was acted, at a New Theatre, near Henley upon Thames, by the following persons :

Lord Townly,	by Lord Villiers.
Manly,	by Mr. Milles.
Sir F. Wronghead	by Mr. Furye.
Count Basset,	by Lord Malden.
'Squire Richard,	by Hon. Mr. Onslow.
Moody,	by Capt. Stewart.
Poundage and Con- stable,	by } Capt. Churchill.
Ld Townly's servant	by Mr. Tutridge.
Manly's servant,	by Mr. Hodges, jun.
Lady Townly,	by Miss Hodges.
Lady Grace	by Miss Clarke.
Lady Wronghead,	by Miss Hervey.
Miss Jenny,	by Miss P. Hopkins.
Myrtilla,	by Miss Hopkins.
Mrs. Motherly,	by Mrs. Johnson.
Trusty,	by Miss Newhill.

**UPON THIS OCCASION THE FOLLOWING PROLOGUE
WAS SPOKEN BY LORD VILLIERS.**

MOST raw recruits, in times of Peace appear
To brave all dangers, and to mock at fear ;
But when call'd forth to tread th' embattl'd plain,
They fairly wish themselves at home again.

While

Whilst hardy vet'rans, long-inur'd to arms,
Hear, unappall'd, the battle's loud alarms.

Thus we, unpractis'd in the stage's arts,
Have, without fear, rehears'd our various parts,
Talk'd wond'rous big of our theatric feats,
And dar'd the censures of the vacant seats,
But now, alas! the case is alter'd quite,
When such an audience opens on the sight;
Garrick himself, in such a situation,
(Tho' sure to please) might feel some palpitation.
Our anxious breasts no such presumption cheers,
Light are our hopes, but weighty are our fears;
So (for 'tis now too late to quit the field)
We to your judgment at discretion yield;
O then be merciful: the fault's not ours,
If, with a wish to please, we want the pow'rs.

E P I L O G U E,

WRITTEN BY MR. COLMAN, FOR LADY WRONG-
HEAD, AND ALTERED FOR MANLY.

SPOKEN BY MR. MILLES.

I FEAR the Ladies think my last night's dealing
Betray'd a heart quite destitute of feeling;

Who

Who to my married friends such lessons gave,
 As make each husband think his wife a slave :
 So, doctor-like, I took an early round,
 And just step in to tell you that I found
 My Lady 'Townly quite to health restor'd,
 And cousin Wronghead's pulse is vastly lower'd ;
 The first, whose bosom grateful Friendship warm'd,
 Thus spoke the dictates of a heart reform'd :
 " Sick of my follies, faithful to my vows *,
 " I'm now re-married to my noble spouse ;
 " Ladies there are at this may feel remorse,
 " And find perhaps more charms in a divorce.
 " I've trod the giddy round, and don't deplore,
 " That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er :
 " But Lady Wronghead still bewails her fate,
 " And sighs for splendor, equipage and state.
 " Farewel, dear scenes, she cried ; was ever wife,
 " Born with a genius for the gayest life,
 " Like me untimely blasted in her bloom—
 " Like me condemn'd to such a dismal doom ?
 " No London—when I just began to taste it ;
 " No money—when I just knew how to waste it.
 " Farewel--the high-plum'd head, the cushion'd tete,
 " Which takes the cushion from its prop'rer seat.
 " Seven is the main !—that sound must now expire,
 " Lost at hot cockles, round a Christmas fire.

* The lines marked with inverted Commas were in the original.

“ Farewel

“ Farewel—dear scenes, where late such joys I knew,
 “ Drefs, cards, and dice, I bid ye all adieu !
 “ Those joys thus vanish’d, I shall taste no more ;
 “ For Lady Wronghead’s occupation’s o’er.
 “ How shall I drag out life, and how, alas !
 “ Shall tedious country winter evenings pass.”

it.
 Dear Ma’am, I said, your groundless fears dismiss,
 I have a thought—a new one—it is this :
 Shall we come down, and try to act a play ?
 A play !—and what d’ye think the wits will say ?
 “ Unheard, with keenest satire they’ll decry it,
 “ Turn all to farce, and swear ’tis vain to try it.”

Avaunt, such wits ! who, with ill-judging spleen,
 Shall rudely strive to blast the well-meant scene.
 Far happier he, his faults, like us, who stops,
 And checks his follies when the curtain drops.
 No more in vice or error to engage,
 And play the fool at large on life’s great stage.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE FRENCH PIECE OF PYGMALION, PER-
FORMED BY MONSIEUR TESSIER.

SPOKEN BY LORD MALDEN.

AS some there are who may not know the story,
Which the French Poet means to lay before ye,
I'll tell you in plain English what he says :

A young unmarried Prince, in former days,
Long rail'd at wedlock, but could never find
In all the sex a woman to his mind ;
Some were too short, and others were too tall ;
Too fat, too thin, there were some fault in all.
Tir'd with the fruitless search, at length, he cried,
Art shall supply what Nature has denied ;
I'll make a faultless maid. So said, so done,
Just to his taste he form'd a maid of stone ;
Th' enraptur'd artist as her charms he view'd,
Stood by the magic of his art subdu'd :
But yet she was a piece of mere *still life*,
And something more he wanted in a wife.
A wife he thought some little warmth should share,
(Are there none here whose wives have some to spare?)
He kiss'd her oft ; but, ah ! how cold the kiss,
Especially in such a night as this.

Vain

Vain was his art, (for do whate'er he cou'd)
 There was no comfort without flesh and blood:
 To Venus he address'd his fervent pray'r,
 That she should animate the obdurate fair;
 For Venus can, whene'er she will, impart
 A yielding softness to the hardest heart.
 His pray'r was heard—to him she turn'd her head,
 And o'er her limbs the glow of life was spread:
 Convinc'd at last, he feels her pulse beat high,
 And wanton seem'd to roll her am'rous eye;
 Loos'd was her tongue, she was indeed a wife,
 And he no more complain'd *she wanted life.*

Lord Villiers admirably supported the very difficult character of Lord Townly, both as to voice, figure, action, and elocution:—He was easy, animated, and graceful;—and perhaps the character never appeared to more advantage in the hands of any performer, except Mr. Barry. If any part of his performance can be found fault with, he did not seem to express sufficient displeasure in his countenance at his Lady's conduct; but that is not to be wondered at, as Lady Villiers never gives him reason to practise it; and without practise it was impossible to be feigned, when the enchanting Miss Hodges, in the character of Lady Townly, was smiling before his eyes.

We beg both Messrs. Yates and Macklin's pardon, when we say we prefer Mr. Fury to either of them for

■ Sir Francis Wronghead; and if he could be prevailed upon to appear on either of the London Theatres, we would advise the Managers to lose no time in striking a bargain with him.

Mr. Milles, who filled the part of Manly, we are told frequently treads the stage at North Aston; but he is more used to Tragedy than Comedy; it is a pity that the prompter did not put him in mind he was acting Comedy that night; but we have been informed, that office was filled by a reverend Divine, who possibly advised him to make so moral and so grave an appearance.

It is to be regretted, that Count Basset was not acted by a person less delicate in his principles than Lord Malden; for it required one more hackneyed in the ways of the world, to do the Count that justice, which Vanbrugh intended him: however, let us not forget to say, that Lord Malden was generally thought to act as well as any of them, when he made love to Miss Jenny.

'Squire Richard was so well performed by Mr. Onflow, that we really imagined Lord Villiers was so distressed for a gentleman performer, that he had been obliged to put up with one of his young tenants in the country. Mr. Onflow did so totally
divest

divest himself of his own character, and entered so thoroughly into that of 'Squire Richard.

Captain Stewart, in the part of honest John Moody, was humorous and characteristic; both his dress and address were easy and natural: In short, the Captain seemed to be perfectly at home in the character, though I suspect, from his accent, that he was a little further north even than Yorkshire. At the same time one would suppose, from his *en bon point*, that he was not quite so far as the Cave of Famine.

Mr. Hodges would have done Manly's servant better if he could have kept his gravity; but he unfortunately laughed too much at his master.

Lord Townly's servant was a little too bashful—We are told he has a place at Court; so there are some hopes he will mend off that fault by the time he has been a little longer there.

So much for the Gentlemen; now for the Ladies.

Miss Hodges made an incomparable Lady Townly:—It is but common justice to say, that this Lady performed her part in a style far superior to any thing we have ever seen on the Theatres. The beauty of her face, the melody of her voice, the

elegance of her person ; her eyes amazingly expressive ! her easy yet graceful deportment, were such as have never been united in any female who was an actress by profession : One might justly say with Milton—" Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye ; in every gesture, dignity and spirit !"

Miss Harvey, in Lady Wronghead, was as natural as could be expected from a maiden Lady, who was to appear the mother of such well grown children ; and the truly maternal affection she seemed to shew them, makes one regret that she has none of her own :—If she perform that part again, we would recommend less motion of her body and eyes, and more of her arms.

Modesty, and the sober joys of domestic life, could not be better expressed than by Miss Clarke, in Lady Grace. We will not say she was without a fault ; for she did not express near enough of feeling for her friend Lady Townly.

The two Miss Hopkins we have seen to more advantage in various characters ; but, perhaps, they did not think it necessary to exert themselves in a country company.

Monfieur

Monfieur le Teflier might with great reason be difatisfied, if we were to conclude without paying him that compliment which is due to his merit in the after-piece of Pygmalion; we could enlarge upon it with pleasure, were not Mr. Garrick alive; but as he is, and we hope will long continue, we would not, by invidious comparifons, difpleafe one by whom we have been fo often pleafed; however, thus much we muft fay, that for juft natural, lively, expreffive, animated action, we never faw any rival or competitor to our Englifh Rofcius, at leaft none that ought to give him the fmalleft degree of jealousy, but Monfieur le Teflier.

After the play, Lord Villiers entertained the company with a moft elegant and fumptuous fupper, and a ball. There was a profufion of the choicelt wines, and moft exquisite viands, and it was a very doubtful point with the company, which they fhould moft admire, his Lordfhip's elegant tafte, his engaging affability, or his unbounded hofpitality.

Every part of the entertainment was conducted with the greateft propriety; and the moft polite attention was paid to every perfon prefent.

V E R S E S,

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY LADY
E——T L——E, ON SEEING THE PADLOCK *
PERFORMED AT WESTON, THE SEAT OF SIR
HENRY BRIDGMAN, BART.

IN Albion's isle, ere hoary Time grew old,
The fairies wish'd a midnight feast to hold;
A council call'd of elves and fairy sprites,
The gliding revellers of star-light nights:
The subject strange requires a nice debate
To solve new doubts, and ev'ry caution state;
Where they should hold their gaily sportive rites,
Their fears all calm'd, the fairy queen invites;
To Weston's woods the bidden guests repair,
Enchanting feat! of all that's wisely fair.
The rural scene with wonder they revise,
Eclips'd by nought but fair Eliza's † eyes;
Her pleasing form, and gentle winning grace,
Breathe gay delight, serene, o'er ev'ry place;
Redundant smiles her dimpled cheeks display,
And steal e'en Envy's venom'd shafts away.

• Leonora,	-	Miss Pigott,	} Daughters of Lord
Mungo,	-	Miss Pigott,	
Leander,	-	Master Henry Bridgman,	
Ugula,	-	Miss Bridgman	
	†	L——y B——n.	

Fairies

Pairies and jealous mortals jointly own,
 The rose not half so fragrant, newly blown ;
 That Hybla's sweets amidst her tresses play ;
 She softer, milder, sweeter far than they.
 The Fairy Queen reluctant feels her pow'r,
 And steals to rest beneath a hawthorn flow'r :
 First bids her train the fair Eliza tend,
 Guard o'er her charms, and to them awful bend.
 Pleas'd with the charge, the blooming loves advance,
 They sing, they play, they weave the twining dance ;
 They first relate Diego's ill starr'd fate,
 In age lamenting for a youthful mate.
 Next they rehearse the pangs of Henry's love,
 In strains as smooth as Cytherea's dove ;
 'Thou lovely boy, no future pain shall own,
 Love's pointed arrow shall by thee be thrown,
 And Leonora love but thee alone.

Aid me, ye Nine, with f lines to grace
 The well stole looks of Mungo's merry pace.
 Nor let the careful Ursula bemoan,
 My lays requite all merit save her own.
 You prov'd that Nature yet could rival Art,
 For sense and judgment grac'd your perfect part.
 O beauteous maid, receive my humble pray'r ;
 May Fate still mark you fortunate as fair :
 May you in each new scene of busy life,
 Play well the part of daughter, mother, wife ;

Receive th' applause your merits justly claim,
 And yield to none in virtue or in fame.
 In that first page let Patshull's syren shine,
 Her air prevailing, and her voice divine;
 Her dulcet lays and warbling notes proclaim
 Her blithest Philomel of Weston's plain.
 May Fairy pow'rs these pleasing strains requite,
 Strew fragrant flow'rs, and tend your flocks by night;
 Shed o'er your virgin hours content and rest,
 And chase each aching sorrow from your breast.

The masque was ended and the busy crew,
 Eager of praise, to fair Eliza flew.
 With grace benign, to each she just decrees
 That with the wish they gain'd the pow'r to please;
 That each to Mab one acorn-cup should bear,
 To prove their merit bore an equal share:
 O'er the pale green they trip, and bounding stray,
 No sportive fawn so innocent and gay;
 To the arch'd bow'r their acorn goblets bear,
 And wake their Queen, new conquests to declare.
 Jocund she springs, with joy their tribute views,
 Fills them with æther and ambrosial dews;
 Then leads the festive dance by Cynthia's light,
 And by approving does their toils requite:
 Quick o'er their eye-lids sheds their languid juice,
 Distill'd from cowslips for lov'd Oberon's use;
 To balmy sleep they drop, by Mab inspir'd,
 By all regretted, and by all admir'd.

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E

TO ALL FOR LOVE, ACTED AT BLENHEIM-HOUSE,
IN THE SUMMER 1718. WRITTEN BY BISHOP
HOADLEY, AND SPOKEN BY LADY BATEMAN,
WHO ACTED CLEOPATRA.

WHILE ancient dames and heroes in us live,
And scenes of Love and War we here revive ;
Greater in each, in each more fortunate,
Than all that ever ages past call'd great ;
O Marlbro' ! think not wrong that I thee name,
And first do homage to thy brighter fame.
Beauty and Virtue with each other strove
To move and recompence thy early love ;
Beauty with Egypt's Queen could never boast,
And Virtue she ne'er knew, or quickly lost :
A soul so form'd and cloath'd Heav'n must design,
For such a soul, and such a form as thine.

But call'd from soft repose, and Beauty's charms,
Thy louder fame is spoke in feats of arms.
The fabled stories of great Philip's son,
By thy great deeds the world has seen outdone ;
The Cæsars that Rome boasted yield their bays,
And own, in justice, thy superior praise :

They fought the empire of the world to gain,
 But thou to break the haughty tyrant's chain ;
 They fought t' enslave mankind, but thou to free
 Whole nations from detested slavery :
 " Their guilty paths to grandeur taught to hate
 " By Virtue, nor blush for being great."

This heap of stones which Blenheim's palace frame,
 Rose in this form, a monument to thy name ;
 This heap of stones must crumble into sand,
 But thy great name shall thro' all ages stand.
 In Fate's dark book I see thy long-liv'd name,
 And thus the certain prophecy proclaim :
 " One shall arise who shall thy deeds rehearse,
 " Not in arch'd roofs, or in suspected verse,
 " But in plain annals of each glorious year,
 " With pomp of Truth the story shall appear :
 " Long after Blenheim's walls shall moulder'd lie,
 " Or, blown by winds, to distant countries fly,
 " By him shall thy great actions all survive,
 " And by thy name shall his be taught to live."

Oh! cherish the remains of life ; survey
 Those years of glory which can ne'er decay ;
 Enjoy the best reward below allow'd,
 The mem'ry of past actions great and good.

LINES,

L I N E S,

WRITTEN ON SEEING LADY EAST PERFORM THE
CHARACTER OF ALMERIA, IN THE MOURNING
BRIDE, AT SIR WILLIAM EAST'S THEATRE,
AT HULL-PLACE, IN BERKS.

IN polish'd East's fair frame behold
All that the Poets feign'd of old ;
Her form as elegant and true
As ever Grecian artist drew ;
Her tresses Nature's colour wear,
Which shew her iv'ry neck more fair.
Music and energy unite
To make her accents breathe delight :
We feel her sympathetic pow'rs,
And all Almeria's woes are ours.

ON THE QUEEN'S PRESENTING MRS. THOMAS,
THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER'S LADY, WITH
A HORSE AND CABRIOLE CHAIR, FOR HER
AIRINGS IN FARNHAM-PARK.

A N N O 1778.

THO' Snip the best of Queens forsakes,
To starve he's in no danger :
At Court may be the highest racks,
But here's as deep a manger.

The

The Bishop, good and kind to all,
Will keep him fat and thriving;
Already he has got a stall,
And will have a good living.

INSCRIPTION FOR A BENCH BENEATH A FAVOURITE TREE.

AVAUNT! ye noisy sons of wine,
Nor round your brows *my* roses twine;
'Twas not for you that Flora here
Bestow'd those beauties of the year.

But ye, who social converse love,
Or ye whom softer passions move,
Come pass with me the careless day,
Or in my groves in freedom stray.

For *you* this verdant turf is spread;
For *you* this beach here rears its head,
For *you* has Flora scatter'd here
The varied beauties of the year.

IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF BROMLEY, IN KENT.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE JOHN HAWKESWORTH,
L. L. D.

Near this place lies the body of
E L I Z A B E T H M O N K,
who departed this life on the 17th day of Aug. 1753,
aged 101.

She was the Widow of John Monk, late of this parish,
blacksmith,
her second husband,

to whom she had been a wife near fifty years.

By him she had no children ;
and of the issue of her first marriage none lived to the
second.—————

But virtue

would not suffer her to be childless.

An infant, to whom, and to whose father and uncles,
she had been nurse,

(such is the uncertainty of temporal posterity !)
became dependent upon strangers for the necessaries of
life ;

to him she afforded the protection of a mother.
This parental charity was returned with filial affection ;
and she was supported in the feebleness of age
by him whom she had cherished in the helplessness of
infancy.

LET

LET IT BE REMEMBERED

That there is no station in which industry will not
obtain power to be liberal,
Nor any character on which liberality will not confer
Honour.

She had been long prepared,
by a simple and unaffected piety,
for that awful moment which, however delayed, is
universally sure.

How few are allowed an equal time of probation!
How many by their lives appear to presume upon more!

To preserve the memory of this person,
but yet more to perpetuate the lesson of her life,
this Stone was erected by voluntary contribution.

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT BRISTOL.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. MASON, WHO DIED AT THE
HOTWELLS, IN 1767

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear,
Take that best gift which Heav'n so lately gave
To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form : she bow'd to taste the wave,

And

And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line ?

Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm ?

Speak, dead Maria ! breathe a strain divine :

Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have pow'r to charm :

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;

Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;

And, if so fair, from vanity as free,

As firm in friendship, and as fond in Love :

Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,

('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,

Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,

And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

W. MASON.

E P I T A P H

ON MISS DRUMMOND, DAUGHTER OF THE ARCH-
BISHOP OF YORK.

BY MR. MASON.

HERE sleeps--what once was beauty, once was grace,

Grace, that with sense and tenderness combin'd

To form that harmony of soul and face,

Where Beauty shines the mirror of the mind.

Such

Such was the maid, who, in the morn of youth,
 In virgin innocence, in Nature's pride,
 Blest with each art which owes its charm to Truth,
 Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and dy'd.

He weeps !—Oh venerate the holy tear !
 Faith lends her aid to ease Affliction's load ;
 The parent mourns his child upon her bier,
 The Christian yields an Angel to his God.

A FRAGMENT ON AN EPIC POEM.

BY MISS AIKIN.

SENT BY THAT LADY TO DR. PRIESTLEY, ON
 THE MORNING SUCCEEDING THE EVENING'S
 LOSS OF A GAME AT CHESS.

[These are the Verses which the Monthly Reviewers
 so justly regret were omitted in the published Col-
 lection of Miss Aikin's Poems.]

WHEN now the hostile maid refus'd to yield,
 The honours of the well disputed field ;
 When her firm phalanx, wedg'd in close array,
 Press'd tow'rd's the gaol, and turn'd the doubtful day.

The

The knight despair'd by open force to gain
 Victorious laurels on the chequer'd plain :
 And long revolv'd, within his wily breast,
 What friendly pow'r would aid his conquest best.
 Distress'd by doubt, and urg'd by deep despair,
 At length to Morpheus he address'd his pray'r ;
 A gentle, harmless, inoffensive pow'r,
 And ne'er invoc'd in fighting fields before.
 He turn'd, observant to the setting sun,
 Thrice yawn'd, and his petition thus begun :

“ O thou ! whose equal, mild, and grateful sway,
 “ The wretched welcome, and the great obey,
 “ If e'er, with murmur'd spells of magic sound,
 “ I've spread thy empire ev'n on holy ground,
 “ 'Till drowsy vapours crept from pew to pew,
 “ 'Till all the nodding audience bow'd to you,
 “ And hung their heads like flow'rs beneath the }
 “ dew ;

“ In constant slumbers seal those hostile eyes,
 “ And let my troops th' unwary see surprize.
 “ My grateful hand to thee shall consecrate
 “ An ample folio, of stupendous weight.
 “ Words of such opiate virtue shall compose
 “ The soporific, soft, lothean dose ;
 “ No mortal eye-lids shall resist the charm,
 “ No Dutchman's phlegm against its influence arm.

“ Thy

“ Thy most rebellious subjects then shall know
 “ Thy pow’r, and to thy leaden sceptre bow.”

He said, when Morpheus from a cloud descends,
 And o’er the female chief his wand extends;
 Then from her eye the martial ardour fled,
 And ev’ry project vanish’d from her head.
 She yawns, she nods, no more o’erlooks the field,
 In leaden, deep, and death-like slumbers seal’d.

Now, scatter’d wide, her broken squadrons fly,
 Nobles and pawns in wild disorder lie,
 Ruin succeeds, confusion, shameful flight,
 And her pale troops grew paler with affright;
 While ardent Hope the conqu’ring bands o’erspread
 With a new flush of more enliven’d red.
 At length the Queen, the captiv’d Queen is lost,
 And instant fate o’erwhelms the scatter’d host.

So when Ulysses, from the Trojan realm,
 Ten weary nights had waken’d at the helm;
 Just as his native shore salutes his eyes,
 And Ithaca’s blue hills in prospect rise;
 By Sleep’s resistless charms the chief oppress’d,
 Exhausted, sinks to momentary rest,
 Back o’er the bounding waves the vessel flew,
 And tempest toss’d his shatter’d bark anew.

But

But Morpheus, ever prone to raise th' oppress'd,
 To soothe the sad, and succour the distress'd,
 Around the vanquish'd maid's inglorious head,
 With lenient care, his downy pinions spread ;
 Plac'd her by rural groves and chrystal streams,
 And sooth'd her fancy with auspicious dreams.
 Cheer'd with fresh hopes, she veils the morning light,
 And burns with ardour to renew the fight.

THE PLEIADES.



WITH Devon's girl so blithe and gay,
 I well could like to sport and play :
 With J—rsey would the time beguile,
 And laugh and titter, sneer and smile :
 With B—v—rie I should like to sin,
 With D——— I could only grin ;
 With C—l—le wisdom's plan pursue,
 With—M——— I would nothing do :
 To this vain town I'd bid adieu,
 To pass my life, and think with Crewe !

THE PLANETS—A COMPANION TO THE PLEIADES

WITH charming Cholmondeley well one might
 Pass all the day and half the night ;
 From Montagu's more fertile mind,
 Perpetual source of pleasure find ;
 Of Tully's Latin, Homer's Greek,
 With learn'd Carter I could speak :
 While to politeness, wit and sense,
 Greville can teach indifference :
 With grave Macauley I'd debate
 The means to save a sinking state :
 With Thrale converse in purest ease
 Of letters, life, and languages ;
 But if I dare to talk with Crewe,
 My heart, my peace, my ease—adieu

LADY CRAVEN, ON DREAMING SHE SAW HER
 HEART AT HER FEET.

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

WHEN Nature, tir'd with thought, was fain to rest,
 And all my senses were by sleep possess'd,

* It has been likewise ascribed to Madame de Vaucluse, gouvernante to her Ladyship's children.

Sweet

Sweet sleep ! that balmy comfort brings
 Alike to beggars and despotic kings ;
 I dreamt of peace I never felt before,
 I dreamt my heart was lying on the floor.
 I view'd it, strange to tell ! with joyful eyes,
 And, stranger still, without the least surprise !
 Elated with the sight, I smiling sat,
 Exulting o'er the victim at my feet ;
 But soon with words of anguish thus address'd
 This painful, sweet disturber of my breast :
 " Say, busy, lively, trembling, hopping thing,
 " What new disaster hast thou now to bring,
 " To torture with thy fears my tender frame,
 " Who must for all her ills thee only blame ?
 " Speak now, and tell me why, ungrateful guest,
 " For ten years past thou hast denied me rest ?
 " That in my bosom thou wast nurs'd, 'tis true,
 " And with my life and with my stature grew.
 " At first so small were all thy wants, that I
 " Vainly imagin'd I could ne'er deny
 " Whate'er thy fancy ask'd.—Alas ! but now
 " I find thy wants my ev'ry sense outgrow :
 " And ever having, ever wanting more,
 " A pow'r to please, to give, or to adore.
 " Say, why like other hearts dost thou not bear
 " With callous apathy each worldly care ?
 " Why dost thou shriek at Envy's horrid cries ?
 " In thee Compassion Hatred's place supplies.

“ Why

- " Why not with malice treat malicious men ?
 " Why ever pity where thou should'st condemn ?
 " Why, at the hearing of a dismal tale,
 " Dost thou with sorrow turn my visage pale ?
 " Why, when distress in any shape appears,
 " Dost thou dissolve my very soul in tears ?
 " Why in thy secret folds is Friendship bred ?
 " In other hearts its very name is dead.
 " Why, if keen wit and learned sense draw nigh,
 " Dost thou with emulation beat so high ?
 " And while approving wish to be approv'd,
 " And when you love wish more to be belov'd ?
 " Why not, in cold indifference ever clad,
 " Alike unmov'd regard the good and bad ?
 " Why dost thou waste my youthful bloom with care,
 " And sacrifice myself, that I may share
 " Distress in others ? Why wilt thou adorn
 " Their days with roses, and leave me a thorn ?"

But here I saw it heave an heavy sigh,
 And thus in sweetest sounds it did reply :

- " Ah ! cease, Eliza ! cease thy speech unjust,
 " Thine heart has e'er fulfill'd its sacred trust,
 " And ever will its tender mansion serve,
 " Nor can it this reproach from thee deserve ;
 " Against my dictates murn'ring have I found,
 " Which thus has laid me bleeding on the ground

" Compare

" Compare thyself in this same hour depriv'd
 " Of this soft heart, from whence are all deriv'd
 " The same bewitching graces which adorn,
 " And make thy face appear like beauteous morn:
 " With me its brilliant ornaments are fled,
 " And all thy features, like thy soul, are dead.
 " 'Tis I that make thee other's pleasure share,
 " And in a sister's joy forget thy care;
 " 'Tis by my dictates thou art taught to find
 " A godlike pleasure in a godlike mind;
 " That makes thee oft relieve a stranger's woes,
 " And often fix those friends that would be foes.
 " 'Tis I that tremblingly have taught thine ear
 " To cherish music; and 'tis I appear
 " In all its softest dress, when to the hearts
 " Of all beholders my dear voice imparts
 " Harmonic strains: 'tis not because 'tis fine,
 " For ev'ry note that's felt is surely mine.
 " In smoothest numbers all that I indite,
 " For 'tis I taught thy fearful hand to write;
 " My genius has with watchful care supplied
 " What Education to thy sex denied;
 " Made Sentiment and Nature all combine
 " To melt the reader in each flowing line,
 " And they in words this feeling truth impart,
 " She needs no more who will consult the heart;
 " And own, in reading what is writ by thee,
 " No study ever could improve like me.

“ And when thy bloom is gone, thy beauty flown,
 “ And laughing Youth to wrinkled Age is grown,
 “ Thy actions, writings, friendship, which I gave,
 “ Still shall remain, an age beyond the grave.
 “ Then do not thus displac’d let me remain,
 “ But take me to thy tender breast again.”

“ Yes, soft persuader, (I return’d) I will :
 “ And if I am deceiv’d, deceive me still.”

Seduc’d I was in haste ; then stooping low,
 Soon reinstated my sweet, pleasing foe ;
 And, waking, found it had nor less nor more
 Than all the joys, the pangs it had before.

ADDRESS TO LADY CRAVEN’S HEART.

NO wonder, little fluttering thing,
 That you so soon should leap and spring
 To Craven’s fair and beauteous breast,
 Where gods themselves would wish to rest !
 But tell me, trisler, tell me, why
 You could from such a mansion fly,
 Where ev’ry virtue you’d in store ?
 Miser—what could you wish for more ?
 Say, did you long at will to roam,
 And quite forsake your native home ?

Or

Or had you been too close confin'd,
 And for sweet Liberty you pin'd?
 Oh! had I found you in some grove,
 Casket of Friendship and of Love!
 I'd place thee, wand'ring heart!—by mine;
 Uniting both with Friendship's twine:
 Of such a jewel—safe possess,
 Not worlds should tear thee from my breast;
 Exulting round the rural plains,
 Boast of the prize—to nymphs and swains,
 But hush!—my rustic muse!—nor dare
 To wish a friend so great, so fair;
 For vain will all those wishes prove,
 Then hide thee in thy lonely grove!
 But if fair Craven e'er shou'd stray,
 By my lone cottage bend her way,
 I'd lead her to my shady seat,
 And lay my heart, too—at her feet!
 Which, if she'd condescend to view,
 She'd find it constant, firm, and true;
 To welcome her with many a bound,
 'Twould leap with joy—and dance around!

OLIVIA, THE HUMBLE COTTAGER.

TO LADY CRAVEN'S HEART, LYING ON THE
FLOOR.

RETURN! thy native bosom grace,
Where charms unnumber'd play;
Fit rival to its kindred face,
So beautifully gay.

Once more, Oh! let the trio meet,
Never again to part;
Of all thy sex, who boasts so sweet
A bosom, face, or heart.

FRANZEL.

Near Reading, Aug. 17, 1780.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AUTHORESS.

ON the top of the flow'r-deck'd poetical mount,
A tenth Muse, I dare, *sans* offending, to count,
Apollo who no way disgraces;
In her wit her nine sisters by far she excells,
For charms she out-rivals the first of our belles,
United in her all the Graces.

"I know her full well, cries the Cyprian Queen,
" 'Tis CRAVEN, my fav'rite beauty, you mean.

Parnassus.

EPILOGUE,

E P I L O G U E,

SPOKEN BY MRS. WOFFINGTON, AT THE OPEN-
ING OF THE THEATRE IN DRURY-LANE,
1747.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SWEET doings, truly! we are finely fobb'd!
And at one stroke of all our pleasures robb'd!
No beaux behind the scenes!—'tis innovation!
Under the specious name of reformation!
Public Complaint, forsooth, is made a puff,
Sense, order, decency, and such like stuff.
But arguments like these are mere pretence,
The Beaux, 'tis known, ne'er give the least offence,
Are men of chastest conduct, and amazing sense!
Each actress now a lock'd-up nun must be,
And priestly managers must keep the key.
I know their selfish reasons; tho' they tell us,
While smarts, and wits, and other pretty fellows,
Murmur their passions to our flutt'ring hearts,
The stage stands still, and we neglect our parts.
But how mistaken in this silly notion!
We hear 'em talk without the least emotion.

* See the Prologue in Doddsley's Collection, Vol. I.

Just, as our tea, we sip each tender strain,
 Too weak to warm the heart, or reach the brain.
 If harmless, why are we debarr'd our rights?
 Damsels distress'd have ever found their knights.
 Shall we, the Dulcineas of the stage,
 In vain ask succour in this fighting age?
 Will you, choice spirits, who direct the town,
 Suffer such impositions to go down?
 Can it be thought this law will ever pass,
 While doors are only wood, and windows glass?
 Besides, our play-house guards are passive men:
 Strike without fear; they must not strike again.
 Ev'n Fribble here, to draw his sword may venture,
 May curse the Creters, beat his man, and enter—
 The jealous Moor not roars in louder strains,
 Than all our nymphs for loss of absent swains—
 “ We had been happy, tho' the house had fail'd,
 “ Masters and all, had not this scheme prevail'd.
 “ For ever now farewell the plumed beaux,
 “ Who make ambition to consist in cloaths.
 “ Farewel coquetry, and all green-room joys,
 “ Ear-thrilling whispers, Deard's deluding toys,
 “ Soul-melting flatt'ry, which ev'n prudes can move,
 “ Sighs—tears—and all the circumstance of love,
 “ Farewel! —————
 “ But oh! ye dreadful critics, whose rude throats
 “ Can make both play'rs and masters change their
 notes,

“ 'Tis

“ ’Tis in your pow’r—you any lengths will run,
“ Help us ; or else—our occupation’s gone.”

V E R S E S

AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN TO WHOM
A LADY HAD GIVEN A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT hopes, what terrors does thy gift create,
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain Fate !
The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign’d by Venus to Melissa’s hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover’s pray’r :
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain ;
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
Th’ unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads ;
Oh ! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart ;
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander’s head, or grace his tomb.

V E R S E S

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

BY THE SAME.

AUTUMNAL leaves apace do fade,
And Winter shows its hoary head,
 With clouds and winds austere:
Th' enamell'd flow'r in earth is laid,
And lies conceal'd in Nature's bed,
 'Till Sol revolves the year.

The feather'd throng prepare for flight,
The woods no shelter yield at night;
 Unrob'd their bow'rs appear:
The sportsman views, with true delight,
The new-reap'd fields expose to fight
 The haunts of tim'rous hare.

To town, my Lord, with eager haste
Repairs, and makes his dwelling-place
 At Arthur's or at White's:
Nor time her Ladyship doth waste,
But seeks the route she oft hath grac'd,
 And shone at whist whole nights.

The

The streets shall now with flambeaux blaze ;
 The gay resort to balls and plays,
 And Winter's joys possess ;
 While sons of mirth in roundelays,
 At festive board their voices raise,
 And Bacchus' pow'r confess.

The foldier now, from direful War,
 Retires with honourable fear, -
 With Cælia to engage :
 While she, more bright than morning star,
 Possess'd with ev'ry grace and air,
 Unequal War doth wage.

The Pluralist, with simp'ring cheek,
 And stall-fed skin so smooth and sleek,
 His tything circuit ends :
 Tho' tythes he once a year doth seek,
 His Curate preaches once a week,
 But oft with poor amends :

The Rector touches all the pelf,
 And Curate starves t'enrich himself,
 God's word is Mammon made :
 While he, a lazy pamper'd elf,
 Scarce pulls a book from off the shelf :
 His function is a trade.

The Doctor, just at death arriv'd,
 Fearing of fee to be depriv'd,
 Ere ended is the farce ;
 To finish recipe he striv'd,
 That done, or live or die he's brib'd,
 Assur'd it is his last.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ROBERT LEVET.

BY THE SAME.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried thro' many a varying year,
 See Levet to the grave descend ;
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills Affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind ;
 Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When

When fainting Nature call'd for aid,
 And hov'ring Death prepar'd the blow.
 His vig'rous remedy display'd
 The pow'r of Art without the show.

In Mis'ry's darkest caverns known,
 His useful care was ever nigh;
 Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
 And lonely Want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
 No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
 The modest wants of ev'ry day,
 The toil of ev'ry day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
 And sure th' Eternal Master found
 His single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
 His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
 Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no throbbing fiery pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And forc'd his soul the nearest way.

ON A PINCUSHION.

OF all the trinkets that the toilet grace,
 The Pincushion deserves the highest place.
 When balls or operas invite the fair,
 How could she set her knots, or curl her hair,
 Did not th' important pin each air supply,
 Subduing stubborn plaits that stand awry?
 The little pin still finds an useful place
 In mobs, in lappets, and in Brussels lace;
 The modest Pilgrim o'er the shoulders draws,
 Or from the well-plac'd peeper gains applause;
 In every office it performs is blest,
 Now to her eye is nearest, now her breast.

Others may to the milliner repair,
 But Sylvia deigns not to be furnish'd there:
 Cupid himself supplies her magazines,
 And works his pointed arrows into pins:
 No wonder ev'ry look shou'd wound a heart,
 Each Corkin that adorns her is a dart.

ON AURELIA SLEEPING.

WRITTEN BY A YOUTH AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

I.

SEE! where the bright Aurelia lies
 In yonder vi'let smelling bow'r;
 Sleep, gentle Sleep, has clos'd her eyes,
 Ye Cupids! guard the happy hour.

II.

Zephyrs! play soft around her breast;
 Fan from her lips the flapping fly,
 That dares such beauty to molest,
 At whose command I live or die.

III.

Silence! ye feather'd, warb'ling throng!
 Awhile your harmony forbear;
 Awhile suspend each rural song,
 Lest you awake my sleeping fair.

IV. So

IV.

So may you never, never hear
 The gun dread-sounding thro' the air,
 So may you never, never fear
 The cruel school-boy's limy snare.

THE GIRDLE OF VENUS.

A FABLE FROM THE GREEK.

FOR CROWN LADIES.

WHEN Jupiter's high mett'd dame
 (As we read in Dan Homer the story)
 Had a mind his cold breast to inflame,
 And to shine with additional glory.

She order'd her peacocks and car,
 And then flew to the Queen of the doves,
 Who liv'd from her palace not far,
 In the midst of the Graces and Loves.

"Dear Venus," thus flow'd her smooth speech,
 "Prythee lend me your cestus to-day,
 "To repair a small conjugal breach;
 "And be quick, for I soon must away—

"I must

“ I must haste to unite a good pair,
 “ Who took care of me when I was young,
 “ And each other now hardly can bear,
 “ Having both been by Jealousy stung.”

Her secret design she conceal'd,
 (So should women act when they're married)
 For she knew if it once was reveal'd,
 It would soon round Olympus be carried.—

The blithe Goddess not guessing her drift,
 On her waste tied the cestus of pleasure,
 And the cloud-ruler's sister, then swift
 As his eagle, whirl'd off with her treasure.

In this girdle was curiously stitch'd
 The attractions which toying inspire;
 And moreover, 'twas finely enrich'd
 With all arts to re-kindle desire.

In this girdle, good-humour and ease,
 Sweet words and fond looks were express'd,
 A perpetual endeavour to please,
 And a face with gay smiles ever dress'd.

Possess'd of so rich a machine,
 She was eager its virtues to try,
 And then leaving the love-darting Queen,
 Shot a thousand bright beams from each eye.

To

To the Thund'rer she then, as by chance,
 Half her beauties with cunning display'd,
 From her eye shot a languishing glance,
 And then glided away like a shade.

But she dazzl'd the eyes of grim Jove,
 Who embrac'd her with conjugal arms,
 And within a delicious alcove,
 He enjoy'd with new spirit her charms.

Ye wives, lend an ear to this fample
 Of the Grecian bard's shrewdness and art,
 And by politic Juno's example,
 Learn to conquer a husband's cold heart.

When the passion of Love's in its wane,
 And ye cease to be objects of joy,
 Ye must try the cold heart to regain,
 By those beauties which never will cloy.

THE PIGEON'S CHOICE.

To ev'ry fair a pigeon rov'd,
 By ev'ry fair alike belov'd :
 Where'er he flew, the female train
 Practise their wiles his heart to gain ;

Bridle

Bridle the neck, and bill and coo,
 And imitate what women do.
 At length he found that too much joy,
 Must soon his vig'rous health destroy ;
 So thought it prudent to give over,
 Assume the husband, drop the lover.

At first, the Fan-tail nymph he tries,
 Who, in a moment, met his eyes :
 Her heart exults with inward pride,
 And Fancy fix'd her for his bride.
 Secure of conquest, she neglected
 The real charms the youth expected.
 No gentle manners, no concession ;
 All must be left to her discretion :
 Whilst vanity and affectation
 Supplied the place of sense and station.
 " He could not answer to his conscience,
 " To be confin'd to pride and nonsense :
 " A mistress thus was right and civil,
 " But, in a wife, they were the devil !"
 So left the nymph to strut alone,
 Regardless of her idle moan.

The Carrier, a pigeon sleek,
 With ruddy bill, and snowy neck,
 Caught his desires ; but yet the dame
 Had but a sort of doubtful fame.

He saw she rambled round the county,
 And guess'd she might disperse her bounty.
 He knew she seldom kept the house,
 And needs must make a wretched spouse.
 Never at ease but on the wing!
 So dropt the airy giddy thing.

The Cropper next, a stately fair!
 Claim'd his affection and his care;
 But, to his sorrow, soon he found
 Her principles and mind unsound.
 She boasted much her great descent,
 "She was not for the vulgar meant:"
 "Yet she would yield to his request,
 "Provided he would make her nest.
 "Her noble limbs were quite unfit
 "To do the drudg'ry of a cit."
 He rais'd his head, his anger grew,
 Flapping his wings, away he flew.

An hundred other sorts he tried,
 Some promis'd fair, some half denied;
 But what rais'd most his indignation,
 Was Pride deep fix'd by Education.

Close in a farmer's yard he saw
 The Common Pigeon, deep in straw:

He

He view'd her modest humble mien,
 Her beauteous feathers neat and clean :
 He saw her earning hard her food,
 And thought she'd bring a healthy brood.
 His judgment fix'd her in his mind,
 He lov'd and courted,—she prov'd kind.
 Of her possess'd, he found how vain
 Were all the trifling, giggling train.
 No gadder she, no affectation !
 No airs to give his mind vexation ;
 Her thoughts were wholly on him bent,
 Studious in all to give content.
 With pleasure on his bill she hung,
 Then hatch'd her eggs, or fed her young :
 With her he found the charms that give
 The bliss, that makes it bliss to live.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD VISCOUNT
 PULTENEY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1747, AT WESTMINSTER-
 SCHOOL.

BY GEORGE COLMAN.

To you, my Lord, these lines I write,
 Lest you forget poor Coley quite,

(Who

(Who still is drudging in the College,
In slow pursuit of further knowledge :
With many a cruel lash his — on,
To make him some time hence a parson ;
A judge, perhaps, or a physician,
Strolling on Ratcliffe's exhibition.)

While you with foreign monarchs dine,
Or sup with princes cross the Rhine ;
Idle your hours in lazy state,
Just as forgetful as you're great ;
Ramble to ev'ry court your rounds,
Draw when you please an hundred pounds ;
Despise expence, and dress out tawdry,
In cloaths of lace, and gay embroid'ry ;
Shine at the ball, and briskly dance,
As tho' you had been bred in France.
I hear too that your constant trade is
To ogle and ensnare the ladies,
Whose hearts, unwary, fire like tinder,
And waste away by love t'a cinder,
Whilst you are glad to see your pride
On all occasions gratified,
And disregard your friends at London,
Not caring tho' they're hang'd or undone.
“ But hold (you cry) why this abuse ?
Pray hearken, Sir, to my excuse ;

Nor hurry with impetuous thought,
 To blame your friend, ere he's in fault.
 At th' Hague we had not time to rest us,
 Disturbances did so molest us ;
 For you must know, these scoundrel Dutch
 Rebel, for being *tax'd* too much.
 Loyal and passive we obey on,
 And bear all taxes they can lay on.
 The British Lion now is couchant,
 Grumbling, perhaps, but won't make much on't ;
 Taking with patient resignation,
 Whate'er's impos'd upon the nation.
 In camp too, I'd but little leisure,
 My time was so fill'd up with pleasure.
 With all old school-fellows so dear,
 And Albemarle and Ligonier,
 That I had scarce an hour to spare.
 The Duke too shew'd me a review,
 All that, at that time, he could do ;
 For you must know, at present writing,
 Our armies have all done with fighting.
 From hence to Hanover we went,
 Liv'd in a round of merriment.
 I had no time to scribble letters,
 To you, dear Coley, or your betters."

My Lord, you're right, and we from hence
 Will quite o'erlook your negligence.

But,

But, *sans* offence, may I enquire,
 In what the present hours expire?
 What pleasure or what study best
 Your temper suits, may I request?
 I hear in law you're a proficient;
 And other learning have sufficient;
 Can solve a problem mathematic,
 And read with ease a Greek dramatic;
 You're skill'd in history enough;
 Of algebra have *quantum suff.*
 And are, by learned mens' tuition,
 The quintessence of erudition;
 So vers'd in all that can be nam'd,
 Isis and Cam are quite asham'd,
 And all their scholars are downright sick,
 To see themselves outdone at Leipstick.
 Tho' I have long with study mental
 Labour'd at language Oriental,
 Yet, in my soil, the Hebrew root
 Has scarcely made one single shoot.

I've now broke up, but have a task tho'
 Harder than your's with Mr. Mascow;
 For mine's as knotty as the devil,
 Your law and master both are civil;
 With milder means to learning lead,
 By diff'rent roads, with diff'rent speed,
 Douglas and you keep gently jogging.
 But I must run the race with flogging.

ASHTED

A S H T E D C O T.

TIR'D with the noise and smoke of town,
 Its crowded streets and sumptuous fare,
 To Ashted Cot we oft steal down :
 Who wish for Peace may find her there.

There stretch the ample prospects wide,
 Fields, woods, down, hills and spires appear ;
 The tempting walk, the grateful ride,
 Invite thro' all the varied year.

Or there, or no where can be found,
 Health, ever rosy, ever gay ;
 Content there tills his narrow ground,
 And sings the toils of life away.

No foreign dainties glitter there ;
 Yet rural plenty there is known ;
 The home-rear'd poultry's oft your fare,
 And mutton fed on Bansted Down.

The garden, hemm'd in little space,
 Is glad its herbs and fruits to send :
 Ne'er is forgot the thankful grace,
 Nor wine to toast the absent friend.

* A villa belonging to T— T——, Esq. Ashted is a small village between Epsom and Leatherhead, in Surry.

Nor

Nor Party's voice, nor Faction's roar,
 Their baleful influence there have shed;
 Ill-nature never op'd the door,
 Nor Spleen once dar'd to shew her head.

Yet books their moral store display,
 And social wit and chat go round;
 The muse there tunes her rustic lay,
 And Leisure loves th' enchanted ground.

Tho' Pride on humble scenes looks down,
 And longs in pomp to pass the hours,
 There are, who gladly quit the town,
 For tranquil joys in Ashed bow'rs.

THE DYING RAKE'S SOLILOQUY.

BY DR. BARTHOLOMEW.

IN the fever of Youth ev'ry pulse in a flame,
 Regardless of Fortune, of Health, and of Fame,
 Gay Pleasure my aim, and Profusion my pride,
 No vice was untasted, no wish was denied.
 Grown headstrong and haughty, capricious and vain,
 Not decency aw'd me, nor laws could refrain;

The

The vigils of Comus and Venus I kept,
 Tho' tired, not fated, in sunshine I slept :
 All my appetites pall'd, I no pleasure enjoy'd,
 Excess made 'em tasteless, their frequency cloy'd.
 When my health and my fortune to riot gave way,
 And my parts and my vigour felt total decay,
 The Doctors were sent for, who, greedy of fees,
 Engag'd that their skill should remove the disease :
 With looks most important each symptom was weigh'd,
 And the farce of prescription full gravely was play'd.

Reduc'd by their arts, and quite worn to a lath,
 My carcase was sent to the vultures at Bath.
 When drench'd and well drain'd by the faculty there,
 All the hope that remain'd was to try native air.
 Scarce a doit in my purse, or a drop in my veins,
 To my old mortgag'd house they convey'd my remains;
 No friend to assist me, no relation to grieve,
 And scarcely a bed my poor bones to receive ;
 With solitude curs'd, and tormented with pain,
 Distemper'd my body, distracted my brain.

Thus from folly to vice, and from vice to the grave,
 I sink, of my passions the victim and slave.
 No longer debauch, or companions deceive,
 But, alarm'd at the vengeance I'd fain disbelieve,
 With horrors foreboding desponding I lie,
 Tho' tired of living, yet dreading to die.

The following is an Allegory on the Game of Quadrille. It was written by Mr. Congreve. See Swift's Letters, vol. ii. page 198.

SUBSTANCE OF AN INFORMATION TAKEN BEFORE
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE
PEACE.

THAT four Ladies of Quality, whom the deponent does not care to name, repair mightily to a certain convenient house, to meet four gallants, of the highest rank, whom the deponent would not name, but so far described, that two of them were of a swarthy, and two of a ruddy complexion (but he believes they were abominably painted); the gallants are called by these Ladies, by the fond names of Hercules, Cupid, Pitts, and the Gardener.

After a plentiful service of the most costly fish, they begin to play their tricks like the tumblers in Bartholomew Fair, upon a carpet; strip is the word, and it has been known, that they have lately stripp'd a Gentleman who lately came into the house.

At first they begin very civilly, as, Madam, by your leave, or so, which the Lady is so good as seldom to refuse.

By

By a certain established rule of precedency, every Lady has, in her turn, the choice of her gallant, and some have been known so unreasonable, that after they have had three, they have called for a fourth.

Afterwards, it is shameful to relate the tricks that are played by the lewd pack; sometimes they are thrown on their backs, sometimes on their bellies, and thus they make beasts of one another; now hickledy-pickledy, and by and by you may see them a-top of one another.

Their discourse is of a piece with their practise—The deponent has often heard them talk of their A—with as much ease as they do of their hands.—I have a black one, says one, and names the thing directly.—Mine is better than yours, says another, and names it.—Must I be laughed at, only because I have a red one, says the third.

It is a constant rule, that if a Lady is called upon, she must show all.

What is monstrous; it has been known, that after a Lady has had six—she has asked a Gentleman if he could no more—and it has been known, that when the Ladies have been tired with their gallants, they

have called for fresh ones.—In short, those Ladies have spent not only their pin-money, but their husbands' estates, upon Hercules, Cupid, Pitts, and the Gardener; and when they want ready money, they commonly pawn their most valuable jewels.

S O N G *

SAYS Phœbe, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind,
 Which pity and esteem can move,
 Which can be just and kind?
 Is it because you fear to prove
 The ills that Love molest;
 The jealous cares, the sighs that move
 The captivated breast?
 Alas! by some degree of woe,
 We ev'ry bliss must gain;
 That heart that ne'er a transport know,
 That never felt a pain.

* First published in one of the daily Papers, in August, 1769,
 as a production of Mr. Pope.

VERSES

V E R S E S

ON THE NEW BUILDINGS ERECTING BETWEEN
BLOOMSBURY AND ST. GILES'S.

IN a doublet of stone, from the top of a steeple,
As *Brunswick* look'd down on *the dregs of the people*,
The handsome new buildings the folks were erecting,
His vanity tickl'd, and set him reflecting,
That soon he should see, by his Grace's assistance,
The *scum of the earth* ladled off to a distance.
The breed of St. Giles's, plump, tatter'd, and pert,
Understanding his musings, replied, from the dirt :

“ Winds blast your hard phiz, for a weathercock
wizzard,

What is't that you grumble at thus in your gizzard?
Tho' we are so low, and you mounted so high,
Your horns, you old cuckold, don't reach to the sky :
Then look not, your haughtiness, downward so glum ;
We can't be at once both the *dregs* and the *scum*.

What tho' my Lord Duke, your as hard-hearted
neighbour,

Would starve us with nine-pence a-day for our labour,
Or drive us afield like black cattle, a grazing,
He neither can pound us, nor wall the highways in.

Let his bricklayers and masons then build till they
burst,

And his streets, and his houses, and chapels be curst;
While pence will, for prog, purchase pudding or pye,
As here we've been bred, here we'll live till we die.
Your highness may vapour, with arms set a-kimbo,
And your Grace move the House to commit us to
limbo;

We tremble as little at you as at him,
At a peace broken peer as a *beer* brewer's whim.
Had sets been but sober, your worship had ne'er
Been raised thus aloft, cock-a-hoop in the air;
To mug-house and mobs your high station thus owing,
Keep o'er your own dunghill no longer thus crowing.
Should a storm ever blow that should topple you down,
Who, think you, would plaister the crack in your
crown?

Your friends, the True Blue, scour'd and turn'd at
the dyer's,

Old Whigs grow new Tories, low churchmen high-
flyers,

By Dukes, Lords and Knights, you'll be left in the
lurch,

As sure as you tumble from Bloomsbury-church.
The State in a ferment, poor Pelham departed,
Your Grandson, God bless him, much too tender-
hearted;

• This statue was erected at the expence of his Majesty's brewer.

In

In Faction's fierce flame Party still throwing oil,
 'Till her long-simm'ring pot is just ready to boil,
 Should her broth, over-heated, rise up to a brimmer,
 And the Devil, to cool it, be sent with a skimmer,
 The froth and the bubbles of Fortune and Birth,
 From the top he'd take off, as *the scum of the earth*;
 While we, as he laughs in his sleeve to have got 'em,
 The *aregs of the people*, sink safe to the bottom."

* * * *

ON SEEING CAPTAIN A——, AT MRS. CORNELY'S,
 DREST FANTASTICALLY.

'TIS said, that our soldiers so lazy are grown,
 With luxury, plenty, and ease,
 That they more for their *carriage* than *courage* are
 known,
 And scarce know the use of a *piece*;
 Let them say what they will, since it nobody galls,
 And exclaim out still louder and louder;
 But there ne'er was more money expended in *balls*,
 Or a greater consumption of *powder*.

THE NORFOLKE TURNIPPE.

AN AUNCIENT TALE.

SOME countyes vaunte themselves in pyes,
 And some in meate excelle;
 For Turnippes of enormous size,
 Faire Norfolke beares the belle.

Thilke tale an olde nurse told to me,
 Which I relate to you;
 And well I weene what nurses say,
 Is sacred all and true.

At midnichte houre a hardie knight
 Was pricking * o'er the ley, †
 The starres and moone had losse their lighte,
 And he had losse his waye.

The winde full loude and sharpe did blowe,
 The clouds amaine did poure,
 And such a night, as storyes shewe,
 Was nivr seene before.

* Riding.

† Meadow-ground.

I vaine hee faughte full halfe the nighte,
 Ne shelter coulde hee spie :
 Pitie it were so bolde a knighte
 Y-ftery'd with cold sholde dye.

Now voices straunge affaile his eare,
 And yet ne house was nie :
 Thoughte hee, the Devil himself is here,
 Preserve me God on hie !

Then fummon'd hee his courage hie,
 And thus aloud 'gan call ;
 Fays, gyauntes, demons, come not nie,
 For I defy you all !

When from a hollow turnippe neare
 Out jump'd a living wighte ;
 With friendly voice, and accent cleare,
 He thus address'd the knighte :—

Sir knighte, no demon dwelleth here,
 Ne gyaunte keepes his house ;
 But tway poor drovers, goodman Vere,
 And honest Robin Rouse.

We tweyne have taken shelter here,
 With oxen ninety-two ;
 And if you'll enter nivr feare,
 There's room enough for you.

ON THE OAK IN PENSHURST-PARK,

PLANTED ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF SIR PHILIP
SIDNEY.

AS I passed some weeks the last summer in the neighbourhood of Penshurst-park, in Kent, the ancient seat of the noble family of Sidney, I frequently had the pleasure of riding among those fine old woods. Mentioning this one day among some of my friends, a gentleman in company told us, that some years since, in a fall of timber that was made there for the use of the navy, a noble Oak, planted on the birth-day of the great Sir Philip Sidney, was, by mistake, unhappily felled. We all agreed, that a tree, sacred to the memory of so great a man, ought to have been preserved inviolate from the edge of the axe.

Waller, in one of his poems, written at Penshurst, has the following lines on this Oak :

“ Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
“ Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
“ Of noble Sidney’s birth, when such benign,
“ Such more than mortal making stars did shine,

“ That

“ That there they cannot but for ever prove
 “ The monument and pledge of humble love.

The Author of the observations on Mr. Waller's poems, has the following note upon this passage—

“ These verses apparently refer to some Tree in
 “ Penshurst-park, planted at the birth of the famous
 “ Sir Philip Sydney, of which there is no tradition
 “ now remaining in the family; but we may apply
 “ to it what Cicero says of the Marian Oak;”
 “ *Manet verò, & semper manebit; sata est enim ingento:*
 “ *nullius autem agricolæ cultu stirps tam diuturna, quam*
 “ *poetæ versu seminari potest.*”

Ben Johnson has also alluded to this Tree, in his Forest, speaking of Penshurst:

Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport,
 Thy mount to which the Druids do resort;
 Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
 Beneath the broad Beech, and a Chestnut shade;
 The taller Tree which of a nut was set
 At his great birth, where all the Muses met.

But whether the Tree was an Oak or a Chestnut, whether lately felled, or ages ago, signifies not much: the anecdote above cited was the occasion of the following little Ode:

QUERCUS loquitur.

The Oak speaks.

Yes, ye must fall, ye fathers of the wood !
 Ye, who for ages here have stood :
 On whom an hundred wintry blasts have beat,
 Who've borne an hundred summers heat :
 Yes, ye must fall, 'tis for your country's good.

The British Navy summons now your aid ;
 She calls ;—Oh, be it ever said,
 Each British heart, and ev'ry British oak,
 Looks for the signal, waits the stroke,
 And thinks the ling'ring axe too long delay'd.

Mourn not, ye Nymphs, ye Dryads of the grove,
 Mourn not the scene of your chaste love ;
 To yon wide-spreading shades of beech retreat,
 There ever fix your sylvan feat,
 Where thro' the high-arch'd bow'r the Zephyrs rove.

I, who was planted on the sacred morn,
 On which great Sidney here was born,
 With joy exulting quit his once-lov'd plain :
 I long to plunge amid the main,
 And see the British flag my strength adorn.

And

And thou, well-pleas'd, from thy etherial throne,
Soul of great Sidney, Oh, look down !
Behold the patriot flame that burnt in thee,
Now animates thy honour'd tree,
Who, joyful, meets a death so like thy own.

*Tua Cæsar Ætas. **

ALL, all is Cæsar's, new-rob'd Aston cries,
All, all is Cæsar's, the King's Bench replies.
Poor people, you have nothing left, we see,
Since all is Cæsar's which belong'd to me.

LIBERTY.

EPISTLE TO MR. GRANMER KENRICK, AT BATH.

AMIDST the pleasures that attend
At Bath, my worthy, honest friend,
If, unexpected, I intrude,
Forgive me, and not think me rude.

Intent, at first, my zeal to prove,
And shew, at once, esteem and love,

* Mr. Justice Aston's motto upon the rings which he distributed, upon being made a Judge of the King's Bench.

I thought

I thought, dear Crammer, to disclose
 My sentiments, in languid prose;
 But, gath'ring from acquaintance long,
 How much you're smit with love of song,
 I thought a verse, as more refin'd,
 Would be more grateful, and as kind:
 And so, against my reason, chuse,
 To please my friend, t' invoke the muse.

You've read, no doubt, and may admire,
 Of country Farmer,
 How John to London city went,
 To see the 'Squire, and pay his rent;
 How 'Squire delighted to behold
 His tenant's face, and touch the gold;
 Amidst a set polite and fine,
 Wou'd force the farmer into dine—
 No person can a station grace,
 Who has not talents for the place—
 No wonder then that John is found
 The butt and jest of all around;
 For, whilst he tries his wit t' enhance,
 With more than usual complaisance,
 He but his want of sense disclos'd,
 And finds himself the more expos'd.

So I, perhaps, with heavy stuff,
 In prose might come off well enough;

But

But striving, void of grace and fear,
 To please, with rhyme, your nicer ear,
 May shew myself the more a fool,
 Just object of your ridicule.

Oft I revolv'd, devoid of strife,
 Th' amusement of scholastic life ;
 (Blest state ! where joy and truth abound,
 And pleasures, void of cares, are found !)
 And there the
 And con our quondam lessons o'er :
 Or, from the hours of durance free,
 To every heart glad liberty ;
 Unknown to sickness, care, or pain,
 Contend at cricket once again :
 Or, blest beyond our greatest hope,
 When favour'd with a wider scope,
 With you, with Bullock, Turner, stray,
 Where Norwood hills invite the way :
 At Allen's, tir'd, sometimes regale
 With wine, or punch, or buns and ale.

Ah ! Turner, much lamented youth,
 Adorn'd with Learning, Virtue, Truth !
 Had Fate permitted longer stay,
 Nor snatch'd thee from thy friends away,
 Thou should'st have fill'd some nobler place,
 Thy country's ornament and grace !

Receive

Receive, thou dear departed shade,
 This tribute to thy mem'ry paid ;
 And may it, while it speaks thy fame,
 Tell how I love, revere thy name.

The days of pleasures past, I weet,
 Are yet in recollection sweet :
 Oh ! may succeeding days reflect
 A pleasure still in retrospect ;
 And leave no bitter thoughts behind,
 To ruffle or disturb the mind :
 That, when shall come the final day,
 When we the debt of Nature pay,
 We may resign without a tear,
 Have much to hope, but nought to fear.

The closing of poor Turner's eyes,
 Has led my Muse to moralize ;
 Forgive me, if I call anew
 His image, Cranmer, to your view,
 And cause you freshly to deplore
 Your friend and mine, alas ! no more !

Sometimes, when business will admit,
 I search the Registers of Wit :
 To History I'm often led,
 There view the actions of the dead :

By this instructive science shown,
 From others faults I learn my own :
 Or, to poetic flights inclin'd,
 When time permits, and Muse is kind,
 In rhyme I trifle out an hour,
 And sing in verse, of Nature's pow'r :
 To love-sick damsels friendly prove,
 And scribble out a cure for Love :
 Or, thro' Imagination's aid,
 Enraptur'd, court some painted maid.

Amusements like to these I find,
 Enlarge th' ideas of the mind ;
 Afford more pleasing sweet content,
 Than hours of riot, taverns spent.

Whilst I a vacant hour employ,
 To give you pain, or give you joy,
 Methinks, with Fancy's airy flight,
 I see you in th' assembly bright,
 With easy, lightsome step advance,
 Rejoicing in the mazy dance :
 Or else with Beaux and Belles sit down,
 To play at cards for half-a-crown ;
 'Till, captiv'd by some Beauty's art,
 You lose your cash, or lose your heart.

I thought

I thought t' enquire your gay designs,
 And health, at first, in twenty lines :
 But soon as e'er I could begin,
 Thought upon thought crowding in,
 And drove me with such rapid force,
 I could not easy stop my course.
 So boys in Thames their pleasure take,
 One step and then another make ;
 Till quite depriv'd at length of stay,
 They're carried by the tide away.

But, not to lead you more about,
 Nor weary quite your patience out,
 If a few minutes you can spare,
 From your attention to the fair,
 I should be glad to have a letter,
 In verse, or prose if you think better :
 How grand the balls, how fine the place,
 How gay and splendid shines his Grace ;
 How Nash, diversions all his care,
 Affects of youth the sprightly air ;
 How hearts to conquer, beauties try,
 And throw around th' alluring eye,
 To me, if willing, you might send,
 Who am your servant, and your friend.

JOSEPH MAWBEY.

Vauxhall, April 3, 1753.

ON

ON READING DR. GOLDSMITH'S POEM, THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

BY THE HON. CORBYN MORRIS, ESQ.

Au Contraire. The Reverse.

MARK the new scene *, how Wealth and Art unite
T' enrich the soil, and give the eye delight :
Here shady wastes and rushy bogs bore sway,
Now fields of corn the ploughman's toil obey,
And lowing pastures cheer the welcome day.
See roads new trac'd for universal good,
With stately bridges to surmount the flood.
The goddess Culture gains a new domain,
Enliv'ning all, and, with her busy train,
Spreads a rich mantle over hill and plain :
Whilst Nature views the happy changes made,
With pleasing wonder, like a country maid,
Who, drest in elegance, with rich array,
Scarce knows herself, blushing to look so gay.

* Bowood, in Wiltshire, the seat of the Right Honourable
the Earl of Shelburne, &c. &c

THE LOUNGER.

I RISE about nine, get to breakfast by ten,
 Blow a tune on my flute, or perhaps make a pen ;
 Read a play till eleven, or cock my lac'd hat ;
 Then step to my neighbour's, till dinner, to chat.
 Dinner over, to Tom's or to James's I go,
 The news of the town so impatient to know ;
 While Law, Locke, and Newton, and all the rum race
 That talk of their modes, their elipsis, and space,
 The feat of the soul, and new systems on high,
 In holes as abstruse as their mysteries, lie.
 From the Coffee house then to the Tennis away,
 And at five I post back to my College to pray :
 I sup before eight, and, secure from all duns,
 Undauntedly march to the Mitre, or Tuns ;
 Where in punch, or good claret, my sorrows I drown,
 And tofs off a bowl, to the best in the town :
 At one in the morning I call what's to pay,
 Then home to my College I stagger away :
 Thus I tope all the night, and I trifle all day.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE TO LORD MELCOMBE.

BY RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

I'VE often thought, my Lord, the thing now true,
 Said by Lord Bute, but what I've learn'd from you ;
 " We shall lose poetry : " In this alone
 Too short, — he might have added, " Wit is gone."

How came this prime delight of man thus lessen'd
 From its full orb down to a thumb nail crescent ?
 With me the case admits not of a doubt !
 The fact is, poesy itself's worn out.
 To you, my Lord, this notion I submit,
 Who knew and help'd to make this age of wit,
 Mix'd with those demi-gods in verse and prose,
 Congreves, and Addisons, and Garths, and
 Heroes of giant-limb, and high renown,
 Whose deeds we wonder at, and hide our own ;
 Whom but to copy in their idle fits,
 Would break the backs of puny modern wits.

To set this matter in the clearest light,
 And be thyself th' example while I write,
 Let us, my Lord, if so it may avail,
 And you have patience for a long detail,

Give

Give the Earl's sentence a poetic turn ;
 Let it run thus : " See all Parnassus mourn,
 " Mute ev'ry muse, see George's praise un Sung,
 " Their laurels scatter'd, and their lyres unstrung,
 " Apollo veils with mists his beamy head,
 " Nay, Aganippe murmurs something sad."
 Say, will this stile, my Lord, go down or no,
 Glib as it did two thousand years ago ?
 I fancy scarce, and favour'd, if it pass
 From a raw school-boy in the second class :
 The reason then why no disgust it drew,
 Was, that it might be Truth, for aught they knew.
 Those early ages no mistrust had shewn,
 Ready their faith, their manners roughly hewn,
 And while both Reason and Suspicion doz'd,
 Priest, Poet, Prophet, Patriot, impos'd.

With all that either broach'd, the world content,
 Believ'd still farther than they could invent,
 All irrealities came forth-reveal'd
 By pow'rful Fancy into fact congeal'd.
 Then Poetry had elbow-room enough,
 And not restrain'd, as now, for want of stuff ;
 The great abyss of Fable open stood,
 And nothing solid rose above the flood.

A new Religion spreading ev'ry where,
 The stock of Poetry fell under par ;

For

For Oracles grew dumb, as men grew wise,
 None saw for those, who saw with their own eyes.
 To waste her leaves no more the sybil chooses,
 They and her tripod serve for other uses.
 No more the Jesuit prompts her what to tell;
 For to say Middleton and Fontenelle.

But the new doctrines being found too pure,
 Some able doctors undertook its cure;
 It serv'd no purposes but saving sinners,
 They added that by which themselves were winners;
 Ghosts, Devil, Witches, Conjurors, in flocks
 Came, like a new subscription, to the stocks;
 And Poetry, enlarg'd with a new range,
 Began to shew her head again in Change.

The world grown old, its youthful follies past,
 Reason assumes her reign, tho' late, at last.
 By slow degrees, and labouring up the hill,
 Step after step, yet seeming to stand still,
 She wins her way, wherever she advances;
 Satyr no more, nor Fawn, nor Dryad dances.
 The groves, tho' trembling to a natural breeze,
 Dismiss their horrors, and shew nought but trees.
 Before her, Nonsense, Superstition fly;
 We burn no Witch, let her be e'er so dry:
 A woman now may live, tho' past her prime,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Bankrupt

Bankrupt of deities, with all their train,
 And set to work without his tools in vain,
 Not genius-crampt (but what can genius do
 When it's tied down to one and one make two?)
 How can poor Poet stir? In such a case
 We must do something to supply their place.

See, at his beck, all Nouns renouncing sense,
 Start into persons of some consequence.
 Proud of new being, tread poetic ground,
 And aggregate their attributes around;
 These he may use of right, as his own growth,
 In all the rest confin'd to sober Truth.

To bless a nation, see Charlotta come,
 'Twas Anson, and not Neptune, brought her home.
 A single Nereid stirr'd not from below,
 The duce a conch did e'er one Triton blow;
 But, in revenge she plough'd her subject main,
 With every virtue 'tending in her train.
 Hark, 'tis a people's universal voice,
 That bless, while they approve their Sov'reign's choice.

On such a theme, my Lord, might one extend
 Far as one would, nor strictest Truth offend,
 'Twere only proper epithets to find,
 To every grace of person and of mind;

With

With decent dress, and emblem to improve
 All that can merit our esteem and love.
 But then to Poetry where's the pretence?
 Locke and Sir Isaac write not plainer sense.
 From the first ages down to modern time,
 Derive the pleasing stream of verse and rhyme,
 However vast from its first source it rose,
 Th' inverted river dwindles as it flows.

Thus from the lunar hills some other Nile,
 Swoln with new stores from snows that melt the while,
 Stretches his current on to fiercer furs,
 And glads a thousand nations as he runs,
 Till having reach'd, proud of his long career,
 Those sands which belt the middle of our sphere,
 Exhal'd, absorb'd, diverted, : cross'd,
 And, finger'd into rivulets, is lost.

Fall'n cherub Simile, who erst divine,
 Cloath'd with transcendant beauty didst outline;
 Plain angel Poesy, how art thou lost!
 Sunk in Oblivion's pit! from what height tofs'd!

Thus to plain : confin'd alone,
 Figure, Description, Simile quite gone;
 The whole affair evinc'd which we contend,
 The thing has had its day, and there's an end.

With Milton, Epic drew its latest breath,
 Since Shakespeare, Tragedy puts us to death ;
 Th' assassin Satire sheaths the keen filetto,
 And languishes, depriv'd of the Concetto ;
 The age with pious eye no longer views
 The great mortality of gross abuse.

Soft Elegy has dried up all her tears,
 And Gray composes once in seven years ;
 Celia's and Delia's shine no more in song,
 Nor ballad bauls the deafen'd streets along.

My Lord, a little patience further still.
 To " Wit is gone," by way of codicil,
 Who but will say the thing that hears me tell ?—
 The man mistaken—Lord Melcombe's very well,
 Suppose I said—O could I! War is done,
 Means it there's no such thing, as sword, or gun ?
 Party and Faction dead, whoever grants,
 Means he that every man has what he wants ?
 In all these cases is implied alone,
 That there's no object to employ them on.

A Court, my Lord, and Minister to hit,
 And cry corruption, make all public wit :
 'Tis on this sense my reason chiefly stands—
 There may be cash enough in private hands.

Now

Now where could Malice bite, or Envy sting,
The polish'd model of a perfect King?
Of Ministers what mighty matters tell?
They give, we know, but neither buy nor sell.

Add we to what we've said, this little more,
That all that can be wrote, is wrote before ;
That pool of knowledge fish'd, poach'd, dragg'd and
drain'd,
Till nothing bigger than a grig remain'd ;
And painful writers think it a good day,
If they can hook a news paper essay,
And must remain so till blank years of grace,
Suspending future writing, shall take place ;
Put down our piddling, bobbing, and allow
The spawn and fry of Science time to grow.

But while we're on this subject, 'tis worth thinking
How little salt has kept this world from stinking ;
'Tis the same wit, at different times alive,
Sunk at Whitehall, to rise up at Queenhithe.

Born in whatever age,
We trace it first from the Athenian stage,
Where Liberty a little licence claim'd,
There, just as somewhere else, that shan't be nam'd :
Taught all her sons this fav'rite to adore,
Much for itself, because abusive more ;

For every comic writer braided it,
 Two threads of Scandal to one thread of Wit :
 O'er all, see Aristophanes preside,
 And flash his lightnings round on every side,
 Struck the sham patriot, the sworn Poet wasted,
 Alas ! e'en Socrates himself he blasted.

What was the burst directly over head,
 So loud its echo, now its fires so red,
 Tho' oft thro' Time's thick cloud the trembling gleam
 We only catch, but miss the vivid beam ;
 While half-seen thoughts, like meteors, twinkle light,
 And draw their lucid trails athwart the night.

Hither, unto their fountain, other stars
 Repairing, swell their own peculiars,
 By tincture or reflection ; Lucian hence,
 His golden urn replenish'd ; and long since
 Rabelais from both his urinal drew full ;
 From him, and them, Swift crowded his close-stool.
 Howe'er it came, with the strange passion stung,
 To raise his choicest fruit on rankest dung ;
 Fully convince'd his jessamine and rose
 Smelt sweetest, planted by his little house :
 Yet still some cleaner parts distinguish'd lay,
 Like cherry-stones upon a child's C— C—

The

The nasty lines, my Lord, demand excuse,
 Happ'ly the times are free from that abuse :
 Our descent manners all obsceness flout,
 And Wit is at one entrance quite shut out.

From hence, my Lord, Wit took a tour about,
 Residing in few countries on his rout,
 Appear'd in places, but ne'er took his seat in
 One spot of earth, except Greece, France, and Britain.
 The rest a single trophy only bear,
 And just enough to show he had been there.
 As Nature's idiot never fails to hit,
 Once in his life, on some sheer strokes of Wit ;
 Then stoops ten thousand fathoms down behind,
 Plump in his own vacuity of mind,
 A like excursion never to repeat
 To the warm regions of ætherial heat.
 Yet when we look at home, my Lord, at best,
 We find but little that will stand the test ;
 But then the boasted days of Charles the Second,
 Unless Debauchery for Wit is reckon'd,
 Most that they had appears, by looking back,
 A fungus growing on their butt of sack.
 E'en my good cousin Rochester's but barren,
 From wholesome meat if you deduct the carrion.

In the next reigns how could it flourish much ?
 Bigotry, Revolution, and the Dutch.

Damp'd, like wet blankets, its aspiring flame,
 And if not quite extinguish'd, kept it tame,
 Till orient Anna lighted all its fires,
 And the glad stars responsive tun'd their choirs ;
 Pity she e'er left any in the lurch,
 To follow those who lighted her to church.

Then Halifax, my Lord, as you do yet,
 Stood forth the friend of Poetry and Wit ;
 Sought silent Merit in its secret cell,
 And Heav'n, nay even man repaid him well,
 Man, in the praise of every grateful quill,
 And Heav'n in him, who bears his title still :
 Who, on a kingdom to his virtues won,
 Reflects the glories of our British Sun.

THE late Lord E—g—e was not only a man of pleasure, but of fine parts, great knowledge, and original wit.—In him we have the most affecting example, how health, fame, ambition, every thing, are drawn into that most destructive of all whirlpools—gaming. No man was ever more calculated by nature to serve the public, and charm society—I shall leave the shades of this picture unfinished, as, perhaps, they were not wholly owing to his own indiscretion, but his F——'s rigor. To give an idea of
 his

his light, easy vein of wit and poetry, we shall present the reader with the following fable, well known to be written by him, and never published before.

FABLE OF THE ASS, NIGHTINGALE, AND KID.

BY THE LATE LORD E——.

——*Trahit sua quemq; voluptas.*

ONCE on a time it came to pass,
A Nightingale, a Kid, and Ass,
A Jack one, all set out together,
Upon a trip—no matter whither;
And thro' a village chanc'd to take
Their journey—where there was a wake;
With lads and lasses all assembled:
Our travellers, whose genius them led
Each his own way—resolv'd to taste
Their share o'th' sport—we're not in haste,
First cries the Nightingale, and I
Delight in music mightily!
Let's have a tune—ay, come, let's stop,
Replied the Kid, and take a hop.
Ay, do, says Jack, the mean while I
Will wait for you, and graze hard by.
You know that I, for song and dance,
Care not a fart—but if, by chance,
As probably the end will be,
They go a romping—then call me.

SEATED one day in a warm bosom of hills, covered with evergreens, with a small trout stream running through the middle, I reflected on the fashion of Englishmen repairing to Nice, in Piedmont, for the establishment of health, as arising more from the love of change in general, than to answer any salutary purposes. The accounts of the remarkable inclemency of the season at that place, and the death of two men of consequence, gave rise to the following lines.

ODE TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN MARCH 10, 1775.

IN vain ye seek the warmer sky,
 Where Var * rolls down her Alpine tide;
 And flow'rs unfold their varied dye,
 In earlier fragrance by its side :
 Yet whom a length of well-spent years depress,
 Or wanton lives whose complicated ills confess.

Dowdswell in vain invoc'd the maid,
 Or on the hill, or milder dale ;
 But found her not amid the glade,
 Nor caught her in the whispering gale ;

* A river that rises in the Alps, and runs by Nice.

There

There—but such loss what time will see supplied?
 Britons, your truest, firmest patriot genius died.

For lo ! with wreath fantastic crown'd,
 She treads this solitary scene ;
 And lightly trips these woodlands round,
 Bedeck'd with stole of vernal green ;
 Glides gently down the murmuring stream below,
 And tempers with her pow'r the rougher winds that
 blow.

From youth, thee, rustic nymph, I woo'd,
 At ev'ning grey, and crimson morn,
 Thy steps on beds of violets view'd,
 And saw thee wanton on the thorn.
 Far more, the humble shrub and poorer cell,
 Thou lov'st than in th' intemp'rate air of courts to
 dwell.

But tho' thy influence benign
 To me produce unclouded days,
 Yet true Contentment is not mine,
 Unless you claim my Laura's praise,
 And bid her blood with livelier impulse flow,
 And on her pallid cheek the banish'd roses glow.

From grief she rescues the oppress'd,
 And drops the sympathetic tear;
 She pours her balm into the breast
 Of virtuous indigence and care.
 Thus from corroding fear and want set free,
 She bids them Heav'n address—then sacrifice to thee.

A N E P I G R A M

ON A CERTAIN LADY'S COMING INTO THE ROOM
 AT BATH, WITH A DIAMOND CRESCENT IN
 HER HAIR.

BY MR. POTTER.

CHASTE Dian's crescent on her front display'd,
 Behold! the wife proclaims herself a maid!
 Come, fierce Taillard, or fiercer Junius come,
 On this fair subject urge the contest home;
 Pluck honour from this emblematic moon,
 And solve the point which puzzles Warburton:
 This radiant emblem you may then transpose,
 And give the horned crescent to the spouse.

BY H. D——X, ESQ. ON HIS DAUGHTER'S BIRTH-
DAY.

THE twenty-second day of May
Is little Fanny's natal day ;
Pretty warblers of the wood,
Quit awhile your callow brood,
Gaily prune each gaudy wing,
Each a merry carol bring,
To commemorate the morn,
When my little maid was born.

Come, Aurora ! bring thy hours,
All array'd in May-morn flowers ;
Ev'ry hour shall wear a smile,
Little troubles to beguile ;
Airy phantoms, lightly tread
O'er the cowslip's glittering head,
O'er the cup of golden hue,
Fill'd this morn with silver dew,
By kind Nature fill'd for you ;
Let each little fairy lip,
Of the pearly dew-drop sip,
Nature pours out all her wealth,
Drink to her's and Fanny's health ;
She, I'm sure, will not refuse,
Gratefully those gifts to use.

O Innocence ! protect her Youth,
 Lead her down the paths of Truth,
 Culling sweets from every flower,
 Truth has twin'd round Virtue's bower,
 There to dwell with sweet Content,
 Virtue's constant residents.

Sweets too redolent will cloy ;
 Prudence mildly tempers joy ;
 Thorns may grow tho' sweets are near,
 Pity oft will have her tear ;
 Tears will start, howe'er confin'd,
 From a feeling generous mind.

Idleness for ever meets
 Bitter, in its cup of sweets !
 Let her not recline her head,
 Long on Pleasure's rosy bed,
 Pleasure does itself destroy,
 Be improvement then her toy,
 Doing right her greatest joy.
 Mindful of her parent's nod,
 And her duty to her God ;
 Tell her " to the good and wise,
 " Every place is paradise ;
 " Every month to them is May,
 " And a birth-day every day."

}

ON BREAKING A CHINA QUART MUG BELONGING
TO THE SOCIETY OF LINCOLN COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

BY AN UNDER GRADUATE.

O D E.

Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

I.

WHENE'ER the cruel hand of Death
Untimely stops a fav'rite's breath,
Muses in plaintive numbers tell
How lov'd he liv'd—how mourn'd he fell :
Catullus 'wail'd his sparrow's fate,
And Gray immortaliz'd his cat.
Thrice tuneful bards ! could I but chime so clever,
My Quart, my honest Quart, should live for ever.

II.

How weak is all a mortal's pow'r,
'T'avoid the death-devoted hour !
Nor can a shape, or beauty save,
From the sure conquest of the grave.

In vain the butler's choicest care,
The master's wish, the burser's pray'r !
For when life's lengthen'd to its longest span,
China itself must fall, as well as Man.

III.

Can I forget how oft my Quaff
Has sooth'd my care, and warm'd my heart ?
When barley lent its balmy aid,
And all its liquid charms display'd !
When orange and the nut-brown toast
Swam mantling round the spicey coast !
The pleasing depth I view'd with sparkling eyes,
Nor envied Jove the nectar of the skies.

IV.

The side-board, on that fatal day,
When you in glitt'ring ruins lay,
Mourn'd at thy loss—in guggling tone,
Decanters poured out their moan—
A dimness hung on ev'ry glass—
Joe * wonder'd what the matter was—
Corks self contracted free'd the frantic beer,
And sympathizing tankards dropt a tear.

The college butler.

V. Where

V.

Where are the flow'ry wreaths that bound
 In rosy rings thy chaplets round?
 The azure stars whose glitt'ring rays
 Promis'd a happier length of days!
 The trees that on thy border grew,
 And blossom'd with eternal blue!
 Trees, stars and flow'rs are scatter'd on the floor,
 And all thy brittle beauties are no more.—

VI.

Hadst thou been form'd of coarser earth,
 Had Nottingham but giv'n thee birth!
 Or had thy variegated side
 Of Stafford's fable hue been dy'd,
 Thy stately fabric had been found,
 Tho' tables tumbled on the ground.—
 The finest mould the soonest will decay;
 Hear this, ye Fair, for you yourselves are clay!

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL MISS CHARLOTTE
COLLINS, OF WINCHESTER, COPY A DRAWING
OF THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

O matre pulchrâ, filia pulebrior !

HOW true the mimic forms appear,
The ebon shield and glitt'ring spear !
The piercing eye, the steady mien,
As erst in Athens she was seen ;
Or rising from her borrow'd guise,
She struck th' astonish'd * Grecian's eyes.
And in celestial radiance drest,
The martial goddess stood confest.

With brow indignant and severe,
See Juno, jealous Queen, appear ;
Stern, as when slighted by her God,
She made Heav'n tremble at her nod.
But these are Fancy's airy train,
That fir'd old Homer's epic strain ;
Made heroes fight and deities jar,
And kept alive a ten years war.

* When Minerva had conducted Telemachus to Ithaca, under the appearance of Old Mentor, she resumed her form and left him.

Charlotte,

[27]

Charlotte, thy pencil's skill'd to trace
Superior forms and easier grace :
Why copy then what Fiction drew,
When Nature holds herself to view !
Cease on this Cyprian form to gaze,
And trust thy faithful mirror's rays ;
By its reflected aid, you'll know
More vivid tints, the warmer glow.
The auburn ringlet—brilliant eye—
Dimples—where Loves in ambush lie—
Teeth—as the Ceylon ivory white—
Lips—with the Persian coral dight—
The graceful neck—and swelling breast—
Here Fancy blushing paints the rest.

FUSEE, R. G. R.

Dec. 1778.

INSCRIBED WITHIN A TOWER WHICH MAKES
PART OF A RUINED CASTLE, ERECTED LATELY
AT WIMPOLE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF
HARDWICKE, IN CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

BY DANIEL WRAY, ESQ.

WHEN * Henry stemm'd Ierne's stormy flood,
And bow'd to Britain's yoke her savage brood ;

Henry II.

When

When by true courage and false zeal impell'd,
 * Richard encamp'd on Salem's palmy field ;
 On towers like these, Earl, Baron, Vavasor,
 Hung high their banners waving in the air ;
 Free, hardy, proud, they brav'd their feudal Lord,
 And tried their rights by ordeal of the sword ;
 Now the full board with Christmas plenty crown'd ;
 Now ravag'd and oppress'd the country round ;
 Yet Freedom's cause once rais'd the civil broil,
 And Magna Charta clos'd the glorious toil.

Spruce modern villas different scenes afford
 The Patriot Baronet, the Courtier Lord,
 Gently amus'd now waste the Summer's day,
 In *Book-room*, *Print-room*, or in *Ferme Ormée* :
 While wit, champaign, and pines and poetry,
 Virtù and ice the genial feast supply.
 But hence the poor are cherish'd, artists fed,
 And Vanity relieves—in Bounty's stead.

Oh ! might our age in happy concert join
 The manly virtues of the Norman line,
 With the true science and just taste which raise
 High in each useful art these modern days !

Richard I.

A MODERN INVOCATION TO A COOK-MAID.

BY MR. K——, OF K— COL. C——E.

*Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
 ———prius insolentem,
 Serva Briseis niveo colore
 Movit Achillem.*

HOR.

COME and crown your lover's wishes,
 Vain's the task you now pursue,
 Leave, ah leave, your pewter dishes,
 Think not they can shine like you:

Though no borrow'd airs befriend you,
 Careless Beauty wins the heart;
 And if Nature's smells attend you,
 Health is sweeter far than Art.

What tho' curling steams around thee,
 Quick in circling eddies play,
 Beauty's lustre would confound me,
 Did not that obscure its ray.

While you scrub that radiant pewter,
 That reflects your rosy hue,
 Who'd not wish to be a suitor,
 To its bright reflection too.

What

What tho' low and mean your place is,
Still you shine with native pride,
And your rags discover graces,
Which brocades would only hide.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD KELLY, OCCASIONED BY HIS MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK, IN THE PASSAGE FROM CALAIS TO DOVER, DURING THE GREAT STORM IN NOVEMBER 1775.

*“ Illi Robur et æs triplex
Circa Pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit Pelago ratem ; —
Qui siccis oculis Monstra Natantia
Qui vidit Mare Turgidum ! ”*

HORAT. ODE 3.

DARK was the day, the wind rag'd high,
Black roll'd the clouds athwart the sky,
Sublime was heard the thunder's roar,
Re-echoing from shore to shore :
The rain in floods the forest bath'd,
The tow'ring oaks the light'ning scath'd,
While spectres dire of horrid form
Clung to the wild wings of the storm. .

Such

Such was the time when Kelly's Lord
 The Calais Pacquet stepp'd aboard ;
 The Peer display'd a flush of face,
 That might a Paris Duchefs grace,
 Embosom'd deep in ev'ry dimple,
 There fiery gleam'd a purple pimple,
 Like Summer cloud that lightning vomits,
 Or skies at night that blaze with comets ;
 Curious with carbuncle and ruby,
 Not like a whey-fac'd milk-fop booby,
 That looks inanimate and silly,
 And languid as a drooping lilly :
 No—the red grape, or damask'd rose,
 Vivid upon his visage glows ;
 His jolly countenance look'd big,
 All elegant with Gallic wig,
 To decorate the head of Earl,
 Wig ne'er display'd so sweet a curl ;
 All other wigs to this must truckle,
 And hide in *papillotes* their buckle ;
 A composition rich and rare,
 Pomatum, scented-powder, hair :
 “ *A combination and a form* ”
 Might soften rocks, or calm a storm !
 Such was the wig, and such the curl ;—
 When lo ! the tars the sails unfurl,
 Light o'er the billows bounds the skiff,
 And shapes her course tow'rd's Dover Cliff.

Mean time the gale blows loud and strong,
 Mix'd with the screaming Curlew's song ;
 The storm with ten-fold fury raves,
 And swells to tumult all the waves ;
 Still thro' the wild, impetuous surges,
 All desperate her way she urges,
 And proudly swims a very duck,
 Till on a shelving sand she struck :
 Each passenger with terror faints,
 Pale fear each rueful visage paints,
 They tremble lest they find a pillow
 In each obstrep'rous dashing billow ;
 The mind of Kelly spurns at Fate,
 Collected all, and all sedate,
 He bears for bravery and the palm,
 All storm without, within all calm.
 Tho' ev'ry hair hangs loose and lank,
 Or like some weeping willow dank ;
 Altho' his wig be drench'd with brine,
 He scorns ignobly to repine.—
 Such courage charms the pow'rs above,
 So off again the bark they shove ;
 Green Nereids gaily round her sport,
 And point the way to Dover's port ;
 The drooping crew with songs they sooth,
 And all the ruffled deep they smooth ;
 The moon restrains the swelling tides,
 The howling hurricane subsides.

In ancient story thus I've found,
 That no Musician e'er was drown'd;
 A harp was then, or I mistake it,
 Much better than the best cork-jacket;
 The Grecian harpers went abroad,
 The lockers well with liquor stor'd;
 For harpers ever had a thirst,
 Since harping was invented first.
 They in the cabbin sat a drinking,
 Till the poor ship was almost sinking;
 Then running nimbly to the poop,
 They gave the scaly brood a whoop;
 And, sudden as they form'd the wish,
 For ev'ry harper came a fish;
 Then o'er the briny billows scudding,
 They car'd for drowning not a pudding.—
 Methinks, my Lord, with cheek of rose,
 I see you mount your bottle nose;
 Or firmly holding by a whole fin,
 Ride degagé upon your dolphin.

'Twas thus the tuneful Peer of Kelly
 Escap'd some whale's enormous belly;
 And, safe in London thinks no longer,
 He'll prove a feast for shark or conger.

A. E.

ON

ON THE LADIES FEATHERS.

*Quid vento levius? Pulvis. Quid pulvere? Pluma.
Quid pluma? Mulier. Quid muliere? Nihil.*

*Dust's lighter than the wind—than dust a feather;
But Woman's lighter than all these together.*

THE Ladies have brought in feathers again with the Winter and the woodcocks. The Philosopher's description of an human creature, *animal bipes implume*, "a two-legg'd, unfeathered animal," is no longer applicable to our women; and the men have nothing to do, in order to destroy the definition on their part, but to follow Rousseau's system, and to walk upon all-fours.

The female sex seem at present to wish to be considered as a collection of all the birds in the air. Some few sing in a cage; many entertain us with their wild notes: and most of them give us to understand, that any violence offered to them, is a kind of petty-offence, not so punishable as robbing a hen-roost.

In complaisance to the Ladies, I have sometimes amused myself with following the train in which
they

they have appeared desirous to lead us. When I see the black feathers of a widow, I consider them as emblems of the plumes nodding over the hearse of her late husband, consequently as a notice that there is room for another; and when I behold the white feathers on the head of an unmarried Lady, I interpret them as the triumph of a young innocent on being just fledged, or, perhaps, as an intimation from some more knowing fair one, of the decease of her virginity. The high top of a stately Woman of Quality in the side-box, has more than once reminded me of the peacock; while the shawls and varied plumage of the East India Directors' Ladies in the front, have brought to my imagination the idea of Chinese peasants and Bantams. The female *birds of prey* in other parts of the Theatre, with their keen eyes, have put me in mind of hawks, eagles, and vultures; and the more common sort in the green-boxes, I have compared to *Guinea* hens; and upon seeing Prince Orlov at the play, some time ago, while I was indulging these speculations, I could not help thinking of his gallant mistress, who is said to have a stomach capable of digesting lead and iron, and of course resembling her to an ostrich.

Having once fallen into this vein, it is impossible to go to a rout, or into any numerous assembly, without converting the feathers of the daughters of

gossiping, scandal, and chit-chat, into marks of cuckows, parrots and magpies. When I go to the Opera, and observe the plumes and the performers, the Gabrielli—*cum semiviro comitatu*—appears like a nightingale surrounded by capons. But when I turn to the boxes, I cannot but agree, that if there is one woman who is acknowledged to be a good wife, a good mother, and a good friend, such a woman ought to be considered as the Bird of Paradise.

Bird-street.

ORNITHOLOGOS.

A PRAYER TO INDIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. GREVILLE..

OFT I've implor'd the Gods in vain,
 And pray'd till I've been weary;
 For once I'll strive my wish to gain,
 Of Oberon, the Fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
 Who li'st in woods unseen,
 And oft by Cynthia's silver light
 Trips gaily o'er the green;

If

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
 (As ancient stories tell)
 And for th' Athenian maid, who lov'd,
 Thou fought'st a wond'rous spell.

Oh! deign once more t' exert thy pow'r;
 Haply some herb or tree,
 Sov'reign as juice from western flow'r,
 Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return in love,
 No tempting charm to please;
 Far from that heart such gifts remove,
 Which fights for peace and ease.

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
 That, like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
 But, turning, trembles too.

For as disreps the soul can wound,
 'Tis plain in each degree,
 Bliss goes but to a certain bound,
 Beyond, 'tis agony.

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
 Which dooms me still to smart;
 Which Pleasure can to Pain refine,
 To Pain new pangs impart!

Oh ! haste to shade the sov'reign balm,
 My shatter'd nerves new string ;
 And for my guest, serenely calm,
 The nymph, Indifference, bring.

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
 See Expectation fly ;
 With Disappointment in the rear,
 That blast the purpos'd joy.

The tears which Pity taught to flow,
 My eyes shall then disown ;
 The heart which throb'd for others woe,
 Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
 Each moment then shall close ;
 And peaceful days shall still succeed
 To nights of sweet repose.

Oh, Fairy Elf ! but grant me this,
 This one kind comfort send ;
 And so may never-fading bliss
 Thy flow'ry paths attend !

So may the glow worm's glimmering light
 Thy tiny footsteps lead,
 To some new region of delight,
 Unknown to mortal tread !

And

And be the acorn-goblet fill'd
 With Heav'n's ambrosial dew,
 From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,
 That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
 I'll pass in sober ease;
 Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
 Content but half to please.

TWO LOVE ELEGIES.

*Argel itanas mavis habitare Tabernas,
 Cum tibi, parve liber, scrinia nostra vacent.
 Nescis, heu ! nescis dominæ Fastidia Romæ :
 Crede mihi, nimium martia turba sapit.
 Ætherias, lascive, cupis volitare per auras :
 I, fuge ; sed poteras tutior esse domi.* MARTIAL.

ELEGY I.

'TIS night, dead night ; and o'er the plain
 Darknefs extends her ebon ray,
 While wide along the gloomy scene
 Deep Silence holds her solemn sway ;

Throughout the Earth no chearful beam
 The melancholy eye surveys,
 Save where the world's fantastic gleam
 The 'nighted traveller betrays.
 The savage race (so Heav'n decrees)
 No longer thro' the forest rove ;
 All Nature rests, and not a breeze
 Disturbs the stillness of the grove :
 All Nature rests ; in Sleep's soft arms
 The village swain forgets his care :
 Sleep, that the sting of Sorrow charms,
 And heals all sadness but Despair ;
 Despair, alone, her power denies ;
 And, when the Sun withdraws his rays,
 To the wild beach distracted flies,
 Or, cheerless, through the desert strays :
 Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,
 While fearful echoes burst around,
 On some cold stone he leans his head,
 Or throws his body on the ground.
 To some such drear and solemn scene,
 Some friendly power direct my way,
 Where pale Misfortune's haggard train,
 Sad luxury ! delights to stray :
 Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,
 Retir'd from Life's fantastic crew,
 Resign'd, I'll wait my final doom,
 And bid the busy world adieu.

The

The world has now no joy for me :

Nor can life, now, one pleasure boast ;
Since all my eyes desired to see,

My wish, my hope, my all is lost :
Since she, so form'd to please and bless,
So wise, so innocent, so fair,

Whose converse sweet made Sorrow less,
And brighten'd all the gloom of care :
Since she is lost — ye powers divine !

What have I done, or thought, or said ?
O say ! what horrid act of mine,

Has drawn this vengeance on my head ?
Why should Heaven favour Lycon's claim ?

Why are my heart's best wishes crost ?
What fairer deeds adorn his name ?

What nobler merits can he boast ?

What higher worth in him was found,

My true heart's service to outweigh ?

A senseless sop ! — a dull compound

Of scarcely animated clay !

He dress'd indeed, he danc'd with ease,

And charm'd her, by repeating o'er
Unmeaning raptures in her praise,

That twenty fools had said before :

But I, alas ! who thought all art

My passion's force would meanly prove,
Could only boast an honest heart,

And claim'd no merit but my love.

Have I not fate—ye conscious hours,
 Be witness—while my Stella sung,
 From morn to eve, with all my powers
 Wrapt in th' enchantment of her tongue !
 Ye conscious hours, that saw me stand,
 Entranc'd in wonder and surprize,
 In silent rapture press her hand,
 With passion bursting from my eyes.
 Have I not lov'd ? — O Earth and Heaven !
 Where, now, is all my youthful boast ?
 The dear exchange I hop'd was giv'n
 For slighted Fame, and Fortune lost !
 Where now the joys that once were mine ?
 Where all my hopes of future bliss ?
 Must I those joys, those hopes, resign ?
 Is all her friendship come to this ?
 Must then, each woman faithless prove ;
 And each fond lover be undone ?
 Are vows no more ! — Almighty Love !
 The sad remembrance let me shun !
 It will not be—my honest heart
 The dear, sad image still retains ;
 And spite of Reason, spite of Art,
 The dreadful memory remains.
 Ye Powers divine, whose wondrous skill
 Deep in the womb of Time can see,
 Behold, I bend me to your will,
 Nor dare arraign your high decree !

Let

Let her be blest'd with health, with ease,
 With all your bounty has in store ;
 Let sorrow cloud my future days,
 Be Stella blest !—I ask no more.
 But lo ! where high in yonder East,
 The star of Morning mounts apace !
 Hence—let me fly th' unwelcome guest,
 And bid the Muse's labour cease.

E L E G Y II.

WHEN young, Life's journey I began,
 The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,
 I saw along th' extended plain
 Joy after joy successive rise :
 And Fame her golden trumpet blew ;
 And Power display'd her gorgeous charms ;
 And Wealth engag'd my wandering view ;
 And Pleasure woo'd me to her arms :
 To each, by turns, my vows I paid,
 As Folly led me to admire ;
 While Fancy magnified each shade,
 And Hope increas'd each fond desire.
 But soon I found 'twas all a dream ;
 And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,
 Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,
 And thousands, daily, are undone :

And Fame, I found, was empty air ;
 And Wealth had terror for her guest ;
 And Pleasure's path was strew'd with Care ;
 And Power was vanity at best.
 Tir'd of the chace, I gave it o'er ;
 And, in a far sequester'd shade,
 To Contemplation's sober power
 My youth's next services I paid.
 There Health and Peace adorn'd the scene ;
 And oft, indulgent to my prayer,
 With mirthful eye, and frolic mien,
 The Muse would deign to visit there :
 There would she oft, delighted, rove
 The flow'r-enamell'd vale along ;
 Or wander with me through the grove,
 And listen to the wood-lark's song ;
 Or, 'mid the forest's awful gloom,
 Whilst wild amazement fill'd my eyes,
 Recall past ages from the tomb,
 And bid ideal worlds arise.
 Thus, in the Muse's favour blest,
 One wish alone my soul could frame,
 And Heaven bestow'd, to crown the rest,
 A friend, and Thyrsis was his name.
 For manly constancy, and truth,
 And worth, unconscious of a stain,
 He bloom'd, the flower of Britain's youth,
 The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still,

Still, with our years, our friendship grew ;

No cares did then my peace destroy :

Time brought new blessings, as he flew ;

And every hour was wing'd with joy :

But soon the blissful scene was lost ;

Soon did the sad reverse appear ;

Love came, like an untimely frost,

To blast the promise of my year.

I saw young Daphne's angel form,

(Fool that I was, I blest the smart)

And, while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,

The dear infection seiz'd my heart :

She was—at least in Damon's eyes—

Made up of loveliness and grace ;

Her heart a stranger to disguise ;

Her mind as perfect as her face ;

To hear her speak, to see her move,

(Unhappy I, alas ! the while)

Her voice was joy, her look was love,

And Heaven was open in her smile !

She heard me breathe my am'rous prayers,

She listen'd to the tender strain,

She heard my sighs, she saw my tears,

And seem'd, at length, to share my pain.

She said she lov'd—and I, poor youth !

(How soon, alas ! can Hope persuade !)

Thought all she said no more than truth,

And all my love was well repaid.

In joys unknown to Courts, or Kings,
 With her I fate the live-long day,
 And said and look'd such tender things,
 As none beside could look, or say !
 How soon can Fortune shift the scene,
 And all our earthly bliss destroy ?—
 Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train
 Still treads upon the heels of Joy.
 My age's hope, my youth's best boast,
 My soul's chief blessing, and my pride,
 In one sad moment all were lost ;
 And Daphne chang'd, and Thyrsis died.
 Oh, who, that heard her vows ere-while,
 Could dream those vows were insincere ?
 Or, who could think, that saw her smile,
 That Fraud could find admittance there ?
 Yet, she was false !—my heart will break !
 Her frauds her perjuries were such—
 Some other tongue than mine must speak—
 I have not power to say how much !
 Ye swains, hence warn'd, the bait avoid ;
 Oh shun her paths, the trait'refs shun !
 Her voice is death, her smile is fate,
 Who hears, or sees her, is undone.
 And, when Death's hand shall close my eye,
 (For soon, I know, the day will come)
 Oh chear my spirit with a sigh ;
 And grave these lines upon my tomb.

THE EPITAPH.

CONSIGN'D to dust, beneath this stone,

In manhood's pride is Damon laid;

Joyless he liv'd, and died unknown,

In bleak Misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the Muse, but lov'd in vain—

'Twas Beauty drew his ruin on;

He saw young Daphne on the plain;

He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone:

His heart then sunk beneath the storm,

(Sad meed of unexampled truth)

And Sorrow, like an envious worm,

Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid—

Oh greet his ashes with a tear!

May Heaven with blessings crown his shade.

And grant that peace he wanted here!

STANZAS TO ———, WITH THE FOREGOING
ELEGIES.

SINCE you permit the lowly Muse

This offering at your feet to lay,

Her flight with ardour she renews;

Nor heeds the perils of the way:

If,

If, in the Poet's artless lays,
 Late warbled in his native grove,
 You find, perchance, one line to praise,
 Or should one sentiment approve ;
 Let critics babble o'er and o'er,
 Of figures false, and accent wrong,
 Blest in thy smile he asks no more—
 There must be merit in the song.
 But, when of Epitaph and Worm,
 Of Death and Tombs the bard doth rave,
 You'll ask, how 'scap'd he from the storm ?
 What power hath snatch'd him from the grave ?
 The Muse the secret will impart ;
 (For what avails it to disguise ?)
 A speck he saw in Daphne's heart,
 That dimm'd the lustre of her eyes.
 But, had the maid thy power possess'd,
 To bind and strengthen Beauty's charm ;
 The virtues glowing in thy breast :
 The graces breathing in thy form :
 Of manners gentle, and sincere,
 Had Daphne been what ——— is,
 And had Misfortune's stroke severe
 Then robb'd him of his promis'd bliss,
 Too big for words, the deep distress
 Had quickly stopp'd the Poet's tongue :
 O'er-borne by Passion's wild excess,
 His heart had sunk, unwept, unsung.

The

The youth, too sure, had "died unknown ;"

No lover's sigh his shade had blest'd ;

No rude memorial on his stone

Had mark'd his ashes from the rest ;

Unless, perchance, with one kind tear,

The pitying maid his fate should mourn,

And bid some happier servant's care

To throw a laurel on his urn.

A PASTORAL BALLAD, COMPOSED ONE HUNDRED
YEARS AGO.

GOOD-NATURE and Courtesy, sisters I ween,

Twin daughters of Virtue the mother ;

In features so like, that when single they're seen,

Folks often take one for the other :

In gentle complacency, gesture, and grace,

A difference scarce could you see ;

Save one, when you spoke to her, smil'd in your face ;

T'other modestly bended the knee.

One fine Summer's morning resolved on a roam,

They rose with the lark, and as gay,

For as they intended to go far from home,

They dress'd themselves out for the day :

Their

Their buskin's they lac'd so to leave the knee bare,
 And move with a grace unconfin'd ;
 Their robes that were wont to flow loose in the air,
 Were carelessly tuck'd up behind,

Enshrin'd in a scarf of a rose colour'd hue,
 As splendid and bright as the morn !
 A present which Hebe, the fair goddess, threw
 O'er their faces the day they were born :
 While fragrance by Zephyr was pilfer'd away,
 And wafted all over the dale ;
 Their fair auburn tresses a-loose in display,
 Were wantonly kiss'd by the gale.

Thus array'd for the journey, and each to her mind,
 They chearfully walk'd on together ;
 Their steps were so light, left no traces behind,
 And their hearts were as light as a feather :
 " Far westward," says Courtesy, " lives a fam'd knight,
 " Near a town in the mountains of Kerry ;
 " If fatigu'd, we'll repose at that seat of delight,
 " He was wont to be courteous and merry.

" Erst often times happy we've sung, danc'd and
 " play'd,
 " And frolick'd away with each other ;
 " Hand in hand o'er the lawn and the vallies we
 " stray'd,
 " They took us for sister and brother :

" Fame

“ Fame says, he’s much chang’d since he took a fair
 “ bride,

“ Who presides at the castle of Dingle;”

“ He sure won’t forget us, Good-nature replied,

“ Who cares’d us so often when single.”

Thus in chatting along they beguil’d away rest,

Till at length they discover’d a town;

Just as Sol sunk reclin’d upon Thetis’s breast,

And Eve became dusky and brown;

When the castle they sought for arose in full view,

Both their eyes and their hearts to delight;

Whose splendid appearance they very well knew,

And its bountiful owner, the knight.

As they drew near the gate, they adjusted each grace,

Which had suffer’d, thro’ toil and the weather,

The hair, the rude wind had blown over the face,

They comb’d in, and tied up together;

Then rapt at the door, and each sent in her name,

Which announc’d that two Ladies did wait;

Old acquaintance, they said, and they thought it no
 shame

To pay him a visit, though late.

When a dowdy-like figure, in riding attire,

With as little of beauty as grace;

The cheeks all empurpl’d with spots red as fire,

Suffusing it o’er the whole face :

With

With arms fet a kimbo, and masculine air,
 Advanc'd like the castle's defender;
 Tho' the sex none can vouch, as it breeches did wear,
 And seem'd of the *Epicene* gender.

But a shrill female voice soon the woman declar'd,
 Which pierc'd like the wind in December;
 Assailing the ears of the Nymphs (who were scar'd)
 In words they have cause to remember:
 "How have ye the confidence, hussies," she cries,
 "At this time of the night to alarm me?
 "The names you sent in are a parcel of lies;
 "You are *trulls* that belong to the army.
 "The person you've had the assurance to name,
 "Whose former acquaintance you boast;
 "Its the worth of his ears to acknowledge your claim,
 "While I'm at the *head of the roast*:
 "Such *strollops* shall never come near his domain,—
 "So march off, and seek for new places;"

Then turn'd on her heel with an air of disdain,
 And slapt the door full in their faces.

THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.

A FRAGMENT.

BY DR. BLACKSTONE.

ORDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground,
 Where few, I fear, are found ;
 Mine be the conscience void of blame ;
 The upright heart ; the spotless name ;
 The tribute of the widow's pray'r ;
 The righted orphan's grateful tear !
 To Virtue, and her friends, a friend ;
 Still may my voice the weak defend !
 Ne'er may my prostituted tongue
 Protect th' oppressor in his wrong ;
 Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,
 To sanctify the villain's cause !
 Let others, with unsparing hand,
 Scatter their poison through the land ;
 Inflame dissention, kindle strife ;
 And strew with ills the path of life ;
 On such, her gifts let Fortune shower,
 Add wealth to wealth, and power to power ;
 On me, may favouring Heaven bestow,
 That peace which good men only know.

The

The joy of joys, by few possess'd,
The eternal sunshine of the breast !
Power, fame, and riches, I resign—
The praise of honesty be mine ;
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh ;
And poor men bless me when I die !

LOVE ELEGY. TO DAMON.

NO longer hope, fond youth, to hide thy pain *,
No longer blush the secret to impart ;
Too well I know what broken murmurs mean,
And sighs that burst, half-stifled, from the heart.
Nor did I learn this skill by Ovid's rule ;
The magic arts are to thy friend unknown :
I never studied but in Myra's school,
And only judge thy passion by my own.
Believe me, † Love is jealous of his power ;
Confess by times the influence of the God ;
The stubborn feel new torments every hour :
To merit mercy, we must kiss the rod.

* Non ego celari possim, quid nutus amantis,
Quidve ferant miti lenia verba sono

Nec mihi sunt fortes. —————

TIBUL.

† Desine dissimulare ; Deus crudelius urit,
Quos videt invitos succubuisse sibi.

TIBUL.

In vain, alas ! you seek the lonely grove,
 And in sad numbers to the Thames complain :
 The shade, with kindred softness, soothes thy love ;
 Sad numbers soothe, but cannot cure thy pain.

When Phœbus felt (as story sings) the smart,
 By the coy beauties of his Daphne fir'd,
 Not Phœbus self could profit by his art,
 Though all the Nine the sacred lay inspir'd.

Even should the maid vouchsafe to hear thy song,
 No tender feelings would its sorrows raise ;
 For, Verse hath mourn'd imagin'd woes so long,
 She'll hear unmov'd, and without pitying praise.

Nor yet, proud maid, should'st thou refuse thine ear ;
 Nor are the manners of the Poet rude ;
 Nor pours he not the sympathetic tear,
 His heart by anguish, not his own, subdu'd.

When fairest names in long Oblivion rot,
 (For fairest names must yield to wasting Time)
 The Poet's mistress 'scape's the common lot,
 And blooms uninjur'd in his living rhyme.

* Nec profunt Domino, quæ profunt omnibus artes. OVID.

IMITATION OF THE EIGHTH ODE IN THE THIRD
BOOK OF HORACE.

BY MR. HARRIS.

TO THE HON. THOMAS WINNINGTON, ESQ.

YOU ask why bachelors take state;
My little room, my scanty plate,
Thus furbish'd out for dinner—
Eloquent Senator, this treat
Was vow'd when in wine-licence feat,
You plac'd a half-starv'd finner.

This day revolving, shall produce
My well-wax'd, choicest, sacred juice
Of Claret and Champagne,
Old Cyprus labell'd from renown,
Of battle fought, or taken town,
In godlike Nassau's reign.

O Winnington! now freely quaff,
Prolongs the revels and the laugh,
Let Stife and Envy vanish;
Forget the state and civil cares,
The realms of Austria rent in-shares,
Each German contest banish.

Spain

Spain shall submit, that slow tam'd foe,
 France quits the meditated blow,
 Her famish'd fleet retiring ;
 Soon Russia's sons shall fill the plain,
 The balance Eng'and hold again,
 Walpole and George inspiring.

Of great affairs now wash your hands,
 And leave the empty house to Sandys,
 Of business ever thinking ;
 Let him and Gyb——n finish now,
 The nothing that there's left to do,
 While we sit gaily drinking.

Forget for once all public cares,
 All parli'mentary affairs,
 All precedents and order ;
 Not e'en about elections think,
 Nor sigh at the expence of drink,
 Dear glorious recorder.

But tell, when first by Polly mov'd,
 How great your flame, how much you lov'd,
 How many times you kiss'd her—
 Poor girl, deserted and forlorn !
 This for the night—then in the morn,
 Fly with relays to Worcester.

ON CERTAIN NEW BUILDINGS NEAR THE ROYAL
EXCHANGE.

WHEN Israel's impious sons forgot
The God, who their deliv'rance wrought,
And fell before a calf of gold ;
Or when they sham'd the sacred use
And worship of Jehovah's house,
Build tables there, and bought and sold :

To ours, theirs were but puny crimes,
The Christian Jews of modern times
Outdo the deeds of all their race :
They boldly tumble temples down,
And then, th' impiety to crown,
Set up their idol in the place.

THE MIRROR OF KNIGHTHOOD.

A TRUE TALE WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

RIBBONS and stars, and courtly toys,
Attract the wond'ring vulgar's eyes,
Who an implicit homage pay
To ev'ry thing that's glitt'ring gay ;

A duncce

A dunce, or what's inanimate,
 A golden ass, or coach of state;
 But the discerning few, the wise,
 Trust not entirely to their eyes;
 For they consider Honour's badges
 Are not true Merit's constant wages.
 Examples in all lands abound,
 Except our own, where few are found:
 And therefore, to avoid reflection:
 A foreign tale is my election.

An English merchant *, who for trade
 His residence Oporto made,
 Liv'd in a house of structure odd;
 One wing extending to the road,
 Which made a nook where people stood,
 The fountains of a briny flood.
 Sol here intensely darts his beams,
 And raises suffocating steams.
 Our merchant, who could not endure
 The nuisance, studied for a cure.
 Should he desire them to forbear;
 A show'ry sky as soon would hear:
 For they but small regard would show
 A foreigner, their church's foe.
 This brought to mind their superstition;
 (A lucky thought in his condition)

* The late Sir Robert Godschall.

With that he for a workman sends,
Bids him forthwith the corner cleanse,
And in it then a *cross* erect,
(Object of Catholics respect)
'Tis ; done the passengers no more
Infest the corner as before ;
But kneeling there, the *cross* adore.

}

The King, soon after, hapt to dub
With knighthood, a notorious scrub :
(Ye Britons take my story right
'Twas Portugal that own'd the knight)
So ill bestow'd a grace became
Of conversation general theme :
When at our Merchant's table one,
On the same subject thus began ;
“ I must confess, I'm at a loss,
“ How the King came to give the cross
“ To such a wretch, the public scorn !”
(The cross their badge of knighthood worn)
Our Merchant, with a smile, replies,
“ 'Tis done with reason. Kings are wise ;
“ The same I've to my corner done,
“ That it might not be pick'd upon.”

THE CURSE OF AVARICE.

A S O N G.

WHAT man in his wits had not rather be poor,
 Than for lucre his freedom to give ?
Ever busy the means of his life to secure,
 And so ever neglecting to live.

Environ'd from morning till night in a croud,
 Not a moment unbent or alone ;
 Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,
 And at every one's call but his own,

Still repining, and longing for quiet each hour,
 Yet studiously flying it still ;
 With the means of enjoying his wish in his pow'r,
 But accurs'd in his wanting the will.

For a year must be pass'd ; or a day must be come,
 Before he has leisure to rest ;
 He must add to his store this or that pretty sum,
 And then, will have time to be blest.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
 Only swell the desires of his eye :
 Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he please,
 Let not even mine enemy die.

E P I G R A M.

A MISER spied a mouse about his house ;
 What do you here, says he, my pretty mouse ?
 Smiling, replies the mouse, you need not sweat,
 I come for *lodging*, friend, and not for *meat*.

THE HONEST CONFESSION.

IT happen'd in a healthful year,
 (Which made provisions very dear
 And phyfic mighty cheap ;)
 A Doctor, fore oppress'd with want,
 On business turning out so scant,
 Was one day seen to weep.

A neighbour ask'd him why so sad,
 And hop'd no dangerous illness had
 'To any friend beset—
 O Lord ! you quite mistake the case,
 (Quoth Blister) Sir, this rueful face
 Is 'cause my friends are well.

THE MORNING VISIT.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN LADY RATTLE AND
LADY PAM.

L. R. GOOD morning, dear cousin, pray how do
you do ?

I hope you was fortunate last night at loo.

L. P. No, trust me, I ne'er had such ill-luck before;
I lost a hundred sweet pieces, or more ;
The clock just struck five as I went to bed,
Which causes a sort of an ach in my head.
But prithee what news ?

L. R. ————Oh ! surprising indeed !
Lord Razorface fain would perpetuate his breed,
And therefore he's married————

L. P. ————Heaven grant me repose !
'Tis some little wretch, sure, that nobody knows :
For no one of any distinction would be
United to such a poor reptile as he.
His recent behaviour must bar his pursuit ;
By all he's conjectur'd a fool or a brute ;
And besides he's no Lord, 'tis all a mere fiction,
Of that in the *case* we have thorough conviction.

L. R. I have let you run on ; to enhance your
surprise,
Take this paper, and see ;—believe your own eyes.

L. P. Is't possible ? No. Let me read it again ;
Such folly, sure, never infected a brain !
The am'rous Lady was at her last pray'rs
To wed an impostor— I'd wait till white hairs
Had grizzled my pate o'er, ere I wou'd unite
With one whose connections would shame me outright.

L. R. The new-married couple last Friday appear'd
At Ranelagh—Lord how the company sneer'd,
To see his mock Lordship supporting his bride ;
Who hung, with a languishing air, by his side.
I vow and protest 'twas diverting to hear
How often she fondly repeated, My dear !
Her female companion, as puffer, oft cried,
Lord ! where's Lady Razorface, where is the bride ?
Did you see Lady Razorface ? it was her care
To buz the new title about ev'ry where.

L. P. 'Twas farcical, truly ; but tell me my dear,
If Lady Fannilia, her rival, was there ?

L. R. She was ; and look'd charming ;——— I
cannot
The pleasing effect of her innocent dress.

But

But what is more wonderful still, you must know,
 A Lady that died, as he said, long ago ;
 The daughter of him that you know made a noise :
 Lord bless me ! what makes me forget ?—the great
 cause !

L. P. Is it A———y's ?

L. R. —Yes ! you have hit it—the same—
~~She~~ that very night, sure to Ranelagh came :
 And Nature so lavish has been to the Fair,
 You'd have sworn that an angel was habitant there
 The bridegroom, in spite of his ignorant boast,
 Seem'd really as tho' he perceived a ghost ;
 His colour grew wan—though 'tis nat'rally so,
 But he was, I believe, unprepar'd for the blow.
 She met him—he turn'd but too soon in the round,
 She darted a glance—brighter sense might confound ;
 And then in a tone quite ironical, cried,
 I, two years ago, of a consumption died.
 But pray, don't I look very well for a shade ?
 The malady was in my purse tho' display'd :
 But now I'm recover'd, you see I'm grown fat
 And D-n-v-n there shall experience that :
 My cousin Dorinda and I will unite,
 And see if our forces won't conquer him quite.
 Confounded, he quitted the place with his bride,
 And Wh—l—r, with fond admiration was ey'd.

L. P. I thank you, my dear, for your news; but
you'll stay

And dine here to-day, in a family way ;

Then at night repair with us to Lady Bragg's route.

And circulate what we've been talking about.

PHILO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

DINING at Lady Ramble's the other day, it was proposed, after dinner, by her Ladyship's sister, to hear Miss, who is a fine girl of about eleven years of age, concerning some points she had been instructed in relative to her duty in life ; which being agreed to, her Ladyship desired Miss to stand up, and then asked the questions, and received the answers following : and as they may be of service to other young Ladies of Quality, I have transmitted them to you.

SOCRATISSA.

L. R. My dear ! pray tell me what you was brought
into the world for ?

MISS. A husband.

L. R. O my dear ! you should say to be admired.

AUNT.

AUNT. Well, I vow I think my niece has given a better answer ; as she came to the point directly, and brought the matter home at once.

L. R. What is the duty of an husband ?

MISS. To please his wife.

L. R. What is the duty of a wife

MISS. To please herself.

L. R. What are the principal objects on which a fine lady should fix her attention ?

MISS. Dress and admiration.

L. R. What is the chief use of a fine lady's eyes ?

MISS. To stare and ogle at the men.

L. R. What is the business of a fine lady ?

MISS. To play at cards, go to routs, balls, plays, operas, &c. and carry on intrigues.

L. R. What is the religion of a fine lady ?

MISS. To pay her devotions at court, and make her curt'sies in the drawing-room.

L. R. May a fine lady ever go to church ?

MISS. Very seldom ! and then she must be sure to sleep there, or talk very loud, and slander some of her acquaintance.

L. R. Which is the best book in the world ?

MISS. Hoyle on Quâdrille.

L. R. From whence come the politest fashions, and the best silks ?

MISS. From France.

L. R. Who make the best servants ?

MISS. The French.

L. R. Very well, my dear ! you don't forget, I find.

AUNT. I vow my niece is very perfect in her education, and will make a fine accomplished woman.

A M O D E R N G L O S S A R Y.

ANGEL. The name of a woman, commonly of a very bad one.

AUTHOR. A laughing stock. It means likewise a poor fellow ; and in general an object of contempt.

BEAR. A country gentleman ; or, indeed, any animal upon two legs that doth not make a handsome bow.

BEAUTY. The qualification with which women generally go into keeping.

BEAU. With the article A before it, means a great favourite of all women.

BRUTE. A word implying plain-dealing and sincerity ; but more especially applied to a philosopher.

CAPTAIN.	{	Any stick of wood with a head to it, and a piece of black ribband upon that head.
COLONEL.		

CREATURE,

CREATURE. A quality expression, of low contempt, properly confin'd only to the mouths of ladies who are right honourable.

CRITIC. Like *homo*, a name given to all the human race.

COXCOMB. A word of reproach, and yet at the same time signifying all that is most commendable.

DAMNATION. A term appropriated to the Theatre: though sometimes more largely applied to all works of invention.

DEATH. The final end of man; as well as of the thinking part of the body, as of all the other parts.

DRESS. The principal accomplishment of men and women.

DULLNESS. A word applied by all writers to the wit and humour of others.

EATING. A science.

FINE. An adjective of a very peculiar kind, destroying, or, at least lessening the force of the substantive to which it is joined, as fine gentleman, fine lady, fine house, fine cloaths, fine taste!—in all which, fine is to be understood in a sense somewhat synonymous with useless.

FOOL. A complex idea, compounded of poverty, honesty, piety, and simplicity.

GALLANTRY. Fornication and adultery.

GREAT. Applied to a thing, signifies bigness: when to a man, often littleness, or meanness.

GOOD. A word of as many different senses as the Greek word *ἔχω*, or as the Latin *Ago*; for which reason it is but little used by the polite.

HAPPINESS. Grandeur.

HONOUR. Duelling.

HUMOUR. Scandalous lies, tumbling and dancing on a rope.

JUDGE. }
JUSTICE. } An old woman.

KNAVE. The name of four cards in every pack.

KNOWLEDGE. In general, means knowledge of the town; as this is, indeed, the only kind of knowledge ever spoken of in the polite world.

LEARNING. Pedantry.

LOVE. A word properly applied to our delight, in particular kinds of food; sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favourite objects of all our *appetites*.

MARRIAGE. A kind of traffic carried on between the two sexes, in which both are constantly endeavouring to cheat each other, and both are commonly losers in the end.

MISCHIEF. Fun, sport, or pastime.

MODESTY. Awkwardness, rusticity.

NO-BODY. All the people in Great-Britain, except about 1200.

NONSENSE. Philosophy, especially the philosophical writings of the ancients, and more especially of Aristotle.

OPPORTUNITY,

- OPPORTUNITY.** The season of cuckoldom.
- PATRIOT** A candidate for a place at court.
- POLITICS.** The art of getting such a place.
- PROMISE.** Nothing.
- RELIGION.** A word of no meaning ; but which serves as a bugbear to frighten children with.
- RICHES.** The only thing upon earth that is really desirable, or valuable.
- ROGUE.** } A man of different party from your-
- RASCAL.** } self.
- SERMON** A sleepy dose.
- SUNDAY.** The best time for playing at cards.
- SHOCKING.** An epithet which fine ladies apply to almost any thing. It is, indeed, an interjection (if I may so call it) of delicacy.
- TEMPERANCE.** Want of spirit.
- TASTE.** The present whim of the town, whatever it be.
- TEASING.** Advice ; chiefly that of a husband.
- VIRTUE.** } Subjects of discourse.
- VICE.** }
- WIT.** Prophaneness, indecency, immorality, scurrility, mimicry, buffoonery ; abuse of all good men, and especially of the clergy.
- WORTH.** Power, rank, wealth.
- WISDOM.** The art of acquiring all three.
- WORLD.** Your own acquaintance.

STANZAS TO THE LADIES.

ON THEIR HEAD-DRESS FOR THE YEAR 1768.

*Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput; Andromachen a fronte videbis,
Post minor est, aliam credas.*

HAVE ye never seen a net
Hanging at your kitchen door,
Stuff'd with dirty straw, beset
With old skewers o'er and o'er?

If you have—it wonder breeds
Ye from hence should steal a fashion,
And should heap your lovely heads
Such a deal of filthy trash on.

True, your tresses wreath'd with art
(Bards have said it ten times o'er)
Form a net to catch the heart
Of the most unfeeling lover.

But thus robb'd of half your beauty,
Whom can you induce so high?
Or incline for love or suit t' ye
By his nose, or by his eye?

When

When he views (what scarce I'd credit
Of a sex so sweet and clean,
But that from a wench I had it,
Of all Abigails the queen)

When he views your tresses thin,
Tortur'd by some French friseur,
Horse-hair, hemp, and wool within,
Garnish'd with a diamond skewer.

When he scents the mingled steam,
Which your plaster'd heads are rich in
Lard and meal, and clouted cream,
Can he love a walking kitchen?

SQUOXAM.

A SONG FOR THE MALL.

A PARODY ON WHITEHEAD'S SONG FOR RANELAGH.

BY A LADY.

YE foplings and prigs, and ye *wou'd-be* smart
things,

Who move in wide Commerce's round,
Pray tell me, From whence this absurdity springs,
All orders of rank to confound?

What

What means the bag-wig, and the foldier-like air,
 On : tradesman obsequious and meek ?
 Sure Sabbaths were meant for retirement and pray'r,
 To amend the past faults of the week.

The youth, to whom battles and belong,
 May call a fierce look to his aid ;
 Lace, bluster, and oaths, and a sword an ell long,
 Are samples he gives of his trade :
 But you, on whom London indulgently smiles,
 And whom *counters* should guard from all ills,
 Should sily invade with Humility's wiles,
 Let *splendor* ~~enter~~ us from *bills*.

Old Gresham, whose statue adorns the Exchange,
 Displays the grave cit to our view,
 And silently frowns at a conduct so strange,
 So remote from your int'rests and you :
 Then learn from his gesture, grave, decent, and plain,
 To copy fair Prudence's rules ;
 For Frugality's garb will conceal your vast gain,
 And secure ye the plunder of fools.

The ease of a court, and the air of a camp,
 Are graces no cit can procure ;
 Monsieur Jourdain * still plods in the Spitalfields
 tramp,
 Nor can Hart † the grown awkwardness cure :

* Vide Moliere's Gentleman Citizen.

† A dancing master in the city.

Thus

Thus it, apes of the fashion, St. James's you croud,
 And prefs onwards, in spite of all stops,
 The Mall you may *fill*, and be airy and loud,
 But, trust me, you'll ne'er *fill* your s^{er}

ON THE TEMPLARS.

AS by the Templars holds you go,
 The horse and lamb display'd,
 In emblematic figures shew
 The merits of their trade.

The client may infer from thence,
 How just is their profession ;
 The lamb sets forth their innocence,
 The horse their expedition.

O happy Britons, happy isle !
 Let foreign nations say,
 Where you get Justice without guile,
 And law without delay.

THE ANSWER.

DELUDE ~~id~~ men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems tend to shew
Their clients, not themselves.

'Tis all a trick, these are all shams,
By which they mean to cheat you;
But have a care, for you're the lambs,
And they the wolves that eat you.

Nor let the thoughts of no delay,
To these their courts misguide you;
'Tis you're the showy horse, and they
The jockyes that will ride you.

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

HOUSES, churches, mixt together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather,
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous.

Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Showy outsides, insides empty;

Bubbles,

Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts.

Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid :
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen.

Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions ;
Worth, beneath a thread-bare cover,
Villainy, bedaub'd all over.

Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and such as never pray ;
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
Some that will not—more that will.

Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow now unwilling ;
Many a bargain, if you strike it,
'This is London !—How d'ye like it ?

DESCRIPTION OF DUBLIN.

MASS-HOUSES, churches, mixt together ;
Streets unpleasant in all weather ;

The

The church, the four courts, and hell contiguous;
 Castle College-green, and Custom-house gibbous.

Few : are to tempt ye,
 Tawdry outsides, pockets empty;
 Five theatres, little trade, and jobbing arts,
 Brandy, and snuff-shops, post-chaifes, and carts.

Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
 Masters of their servants afraid;
 Rogues that daily rob and cut men,
 Patriots, gamesters, and footmen.

Lawyers, revenue-officers, priests, physicians,
 Beggars of all ranks, age, and conditions;
 Worth scarce shows itself upon the ground,
 Villainy both with applause and profit crown'd.

Women lazy, dirty, drunken, loose,
 Men in labour flow, of wine profuse;
 Many a scheme that the public must rue it:
 This is Dublin—if ye knew it.

A SKETCH OF PARIS.

LADIES, whose dress, wit, sprightliness, and air,
 Charm, till their plaister'd cheeks like spectres scare;
 Men,

Men, learn'd, polite, and yet so much the prig, |
 Their genius seems quite center'd in their wig;
 Ferries and ferrymen, begrim'd like Charon;
 Plump, chuckling priests, dress'd gorgeously as Aaron;
 Pulpit enthusiasts, foaming like mad Tom;
 Coarse vixins, ogling lewd in Notre Dame;
 Pert, fallow, flipt-shoed damfels, loosely dress'd,
 As risen from bed, and panting to be press'd;
 Shades, which the gazer for Elysium takes,
 'Till his stung nose suspects the neighb'ring jakes;
 Nuns, joking now, now fighting, "Flesh is grass;"
 Friars, who catches roar, and toast a lass;
 An opera-house, large as our city halls,
 Fine action, words, scenes, dresses—dismal squalls!
 Round from Pont-Neuf the view superb and rich;
 Grand keys; the river a genteel Fleet-ditch;
 Lane hackney horses, as their drivers lean;
 Figures unnumber'd, anti's to the spleen;
 Old wither'd cronies, in gaudy silks display'd;
 Monks with toupees, and tonsors in brocade;
 Tawdry, patch'd sempstresses, besmear'd with snuff;
 Long-rapier'd pigmies, hid behind a muff;
 Shoe-boys with ruffles; lacqueys dress'd like qual—;
 Such oddities! the town seems all a droll:
 Turn where we will, our eyes new splendors greet,
 Whilst half the city glares a Monmouth street.
 Still motlier, Vanity, had been thy fair,
 If the fam'd painter, Bunyan, had been there.

THE BACHELOR'S CHOICE OF A WIFE.

IF e'er I wed, my wife shall not be old,
 Deform'd; nor ugly, handsome, nor a scold;
 She shan't be pale, nor red, nor shall she paint;
 Shall be religious too, but not a saint;
 She shall have sense; if not a wit, I'll take her:
 Give such a wife, ye Gods, I'll ne'er forsake her.

THE FEMALE COMPLAINT.

BY A LADY.

CUSTOM, alas! does partial prove,
 Nor gives us even measure;
 A pain it is to maids to love,
 But 'tis to men a pleasure.

They freely can their thoughts disclose,
 But ours must burst within;
 Tho' Nature eyes and tongues bestows,
 Yet Truth from us is Sin.

Men to new joys and conquests fly,
 And yet no hazards run;
 Poor we are left, if we deny;
 And, if we yield, undone.

Then

Then equal laws let Custom find,
 Nor thus the sex oppress ;
 More Freedom grant to woman kind,
 Or give to mankind less.

ON A YOUNG LADY

BY A WILFUL MISTAKE READING, "RUBIES,"
 FOR "BUBBIES"

WHEN wise philosopher's explain
 How gravity attracts,
 The weighty pow'r they still maintain,
 All in the centre acts.

Thus tho' of earth the smallest part
 The heavy impulse owns,
 Poize but the middle point with art,
 You balance all the zones.

Hence sages, when of spheres they write,
 At centers fix a letter,
 And wisely call the body by't :
 Take A, or chuse a better.

If then on things we fix a name,
 We borrow from the middle,
 How Mira's reading's not to blame,
 No longer is a riddle.

For though, that white as hills of snow
 A bubbly is, most true be,
 Peep ~~thru~~ thro' the gauze, 'twill shew
 The middle is a ruby.

E. L.

MISS COURTNEY TO MISS ANNE CONOLLY,
 MAY, 1753.

THO' kind your words—how full of sorrow !
 “ Adieu ! dear Bell—we part to-morrow ! ”
 Farewel ! dear sister of my youth,
 Ally'd by honour, love, and truth ;
 Farewel our visits, sports, and plays,
 Sweet solace of our childish days ;
 Farewel our walks to Park and Mall,
 Our jaunts to concert, route, or ball ;
 Farewel our dish of sprightly chat,
 Of—who said this—and who did that ;
 Critiques on scissars, needles, pins,
 Fans, aigrettes, ribbands, capuchins,

A long

A long farewell ! Conolly flies
To distant suns, and diff'rent skies !

A muse in tears moves slow and dull
How weak the head, the heart so full ?
Slight sorrows find an easy vent,
And trifling cares are eloquent ;
Sad silence only can express
The genuine pains of deep distress ;
Yet I cou'd rave in darkened chamber,
On seas of milk, and ships of amber,
Like frantic Belvidera, when is
Perform'd the tragedy of Venice
Preserv'd—Oh ! as I hope to marry
Cibber is parted from her Barry ;
This by the by, may serve as news
To-morrow on your way t'amuse,
It causes great, great speculation—
Part of the business of the nation.

But hang digressions---to return ;
And must I three long winters mourn ?
That tedious length spun out and past
We meet---but how improv'd your taste ?
Your figure, manner, dress, and wit,
With all things for a Lady fit ;
For, *entre nous*, my dear, our faces
Should be the least of all our graces ;

If nought but Beauty wings the dart,
 We strike the eye but miss the heart;
 But hush, and till we meet again,
 Pray keep this secret from the men:
 Should the weak things this truth discover,
 How few coquettes would keep a lover!
 And yet, so plain (tho' blind you know)
 Milton could see it years ago:
 Thus has the bard our sex attackt,
 "Fair outward, inward less exact."
 But you a strong exception stand,
 With Wit and Beauty hand in hand,
 Apart how weak! combin'd how strong!
 They'll sweep whole ranks of hearts along;
 Before such pow'rs each foe will fly,
 That *principal*, and this *ally*.
 Lovers you then will slay in plenty,
 Like Bobadil each day your twenty;
 Then will you grow the topic common,
 "How soon, (they'll say) shot up a woman!"
 "What eyes! what lips! how fine each feature!"
 "Pore gad!—a most delicious creature!"——
 This from the beaux—Mean time each belle, in
 Mere spite, my dear, at your excelling,
 Stung to the heart and devilish jealous
 Of homage paid by pretty fellows,
 Shall flirt her fan, and tofs, and snuff,
 And cry—"The thing is well enough——

“ But for my soul, to say what’s true t’ye,
 “ I can’t find out where lies her beauty.”
 Mean time you smile with sweet disdain,
 Like Dian ’midst her meaner train.

Thus my prophetic soul foreknows
 What Time shall more anon disclose.
 Swift move that time on rapid wing,
 And news of dear Conolly bring:
 Yet let not those who love complain,
 If thus to part is killing pain,
 ’Tis still to make the bliss more dear,
 When the sweet hour of meeting’s near.
 So streams are fever’d in their course
 To join again with double force.

ON THE RUINS OF POMFRET CASTLE.

*Fatal and ominous to noble Peers,
 Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
 Richard the Second, here was hack’d to death;
 And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
 We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.*

Earl Rivers’ speech in Shakespeare’s Richard
 the Third. Scene, Pomfret Castle.

LOOK round this vast and venerable place,
 Whose ruin’d pile yet shines with awful grace,

Majestic still 'midst all it's faded charms :

See the wide waste of all-consuming Age,
The wreck of ruthless wars and hostile rage,
And all the dire effects of more than civil arms.

View savage Time with cankering tooth devour
The solid fabric of yon mould'ring tower,
That now in undistinguish'd chaos lies :

Where erst the noble Lacey's * Norman line
Plann'd the wide work, and form'd the vast design,
And bid with Gothic grace the stately structure rise.

When lo ! on high the vaulted domes suspend,
On lofty columns the wide arches bend,
And massive walls the vast domain inclose :
In vain the hostile Warrior's nervous art,
With missive force directs the barbed dart,
Or with gigantic strength the poudrous jav'lin throws.

For many an age, the Lacey's noble race
With arts and arms adorn'd the splendid place,

* The family of Lacey, Earls of Lincoln and Hereford, came
in with the Conqueror, and were the greatest subjects of those days.

As Heroes triumph'd, or as Patriots shone :
 Till with the great Plantagenet's fair bride *,
 In nuptial dower these ancient honours glide,
 The seat of future Kings, that grac'd the English
 throne.

On yonder hill, as ancient annals tell,
 The holy Hero, and the Martyr fell,
 Which still, great Lancaster, thy mem'ry bears † :
 There, 'midst the Saints enroll'd, with rites divine,
 The pious Pilgrim sought the sacred shrine,
 And bath'd thy hallow'd tomb with sympathizing
 tears.

With holy zeal, and patriot graces arm'd,
 With all the powers of conscious Virtue warm'd,
 'Midst Death's sad scenes the pious Martyr smiles ;
 In vain, proud Mortimer the hoary sage
 Bleeds, the sad victim of thy brutal rage,
 Lost by thy lawless love, and all a woman's wiles.

Look there, where erst yon mould'ring turret stood,
 Whose moss-grown stones are ting'd with royal
 blood,

* Blanche, the heiress of Lacey, married the Duke of Lancaster, with whom came the honour of Pomfret.

† Thomas Duke of Lancaster was beheaded on the hill, which is now called St. Thomas's Hill, by the intrigues of Mortimer and the Queen of Edward the Second, and was afterwards canonized.

'Midst civil broils the hapless Richard bled *;
 There cruel Exton's dark, assassin dart,
 With bloody treason pierc'd the Monarch's heart,
 And fix'd the tottering crown on haughty Henry's
 head.

Here, vaulting Bolingbroke, thy feeble foe,
 Felt in each whispering breeze the fatal blow,
 Or heard Death's herald in each guilty stone :
 Short is the date of captive Monarch's doom,
 'Twixt the dark prison and the yawning tomb,
 For bold Ambition bears no rival to the throne.

See yonder tower, still blush with crimson stains
 That flow'd in plenteous streams from noble veins,
 Where Vaughan and Gray by Gloucester's arts ex-
 pir'd ;
 Where Rivers † fell, and with his latest breath
 These mournful mansions dignified in death,
 With Patriot virtues warm'd, and dawning Science
 fir'd.

* Richard the Second was murdered in Pomfret Castle, by Sir Piers Exton, by order of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry the Fourth.

† Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Richard Lord Gray, half-brother to the Queen of Edward the Fourth, with Woodville Lord Rivers, own brother to the same Queen, were all beheaded here at the same time, by the intrigues of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third. Earl Rivers was the great patron of learning, and introduced Caxton to Edward the Fourth, who first brought printing into England. See *Walpole's Noble Authors*.

'Midst

'Midst the wide flames that civil discord spread,
 When by base arts the royal Martyr bled,
 Still loyal Pomfret spurn'd the tyrant's hate ;
 Last in these northern * climes that scorn'd to pay
 A servile homage to his lawless sway,
 And in inglorious ease survive their monarch's fate.
 Long, haughty Lambert, did thy veteran powers
 With iron tempest shake these solid towers,
 And round the walls the missive murder send :
 In vain, brave Morrice, did thy martial train
 With loyal zeal the hostile shocks sustain,
 And 'gainst Rebellion's sons these royal domes defend.
 Hark ! the loud engines tear the trembling walls,
 And from its base the massive fabric falls,
 And all at once these antient honours fade :
 This princely pile with all its splendid spoils,
 Sinks 'midst the havock of intestine broils,
 In prostrate ruins lost and dark Oblivion laid.

* Pomfret Castle was the last fortress in the north of England that
 surrendered to the Parliament's forces, after the murder of King Charles,
 and was besieged and destroyed by General Lambert.

THE SCOTS DEGREE.

IN Scotland once a King they had
 The first that there did reign,
 Tho' no man ever knew his dad
 Yet Fergus was his name.

This muckle Monarch on a day,
 To shew his Scottish pride,
 Did to his nobles proudly say,
 As they stood by his side:

“ Ken ye the man, or King, quo' he,
 “ So great or wise as I ?
 “ His wit and strength I fain would see,
 “ For I the world defy,”

His muckle Lairds stood in amaze,
 And durst no answer make,
 For fear his passion they should raise,
 And he their craigs would break.

But one much wiser than the rest,
 Had heard Religion's fame,
 Told him that he, at his request,
 Would tell a Monarch's name.

At which the mighty Monarch rose,
 All fire, like a true Scot,
 Bid him the secret then disclose,
 Or he should go to pot.

His name, quoth he, Jehovah is,
 The King of kings is he,
 The fountain of all happiness,
 The supreme Deity.

“ De’il fau me, if e’er I heard
 “ Of sike a King before,
 “ Or ever ken’d I sike a Laird,
 “ By sea or on the shore.

“ Gang ye’ere ways, gud-man, to that same King,
 “ And let him understand,
 “ That you from me this message bring,
 “ And that its my command;

“ You tell him, he acknowledge must,
 “ That I’m the greater Laird,
 “ Or I’ll his cities lay in dust,
 “ His people put to th’ sward.”

This wonder of the Scottish Court
 Did for a while retire,
 To use his harmless rural sport,
 And quench his Monarch’s fire.

Some time he staid, then came to Court,
 And ken'd was by the King,
 " Weel man, quo' he, didst reach the port ?
 " What message dost thou bring ?"

" Troth have I, Sir, and thus he says,
 " This message he does send
 " If you will love, and trust always
 " In him, he'll be your friend."

" Do's he, gud troth ? then deel a' me,
 " If any Scottish man
 " From this day e'er his kingdom see,
 " Or e'er invade his land."

Thus, by a wise decree at first,
 The Scotsmen lost their Heaven,
 But to employ them, (thus accurs'd)
 The itch to them was given.

ON THE MODERN PLAID-WEARERS.

WHAT do I see ridiculously clad
 Our English beaux and belles in Highland plaid ?
 The dress of rebels ! by our laws forbid !
 No matter—why should friends or foes be hid ?

By

By this distinctive badge are traitors shewn,
 Sure as free masons by their signals known.
 Come to the muster, Perkin, take thy roll,
 And of thy slaves in liv'ry sum the poll.

Yet say, ye dastards, who in peaceful days
 Look big, drink healths, and hope a traitor's praise,
 In what dark corner did ye lurk, when late
 To the last crisis Edward push'd his fate?
 Sculking behind the laws ye wish'd to break,
 Ye dar'd risk nothing for your Prince's sake;
 Tamely ye saw his promis'd succours fail,
 And William's arms, like Aaron's rod, prevail.
 True to no side, ye bats * of human kind,
 Despis'd by both, for public scorn design'd,
 Still by your dress distinguish'd from the rest,
 Be James's sorrow and be George's jest.

FURIALUS.

A N E P I G R A M.

SEE Natta's coach along the village runs,
 Drawn by four scrubs, pursued by thrice four duns :
 Landskips and arms adorn the gay machine,
 Without all Vanity, all Vice within.

* See Æsop's Fables.

The mob the gaudy pageant strikes, they gaze,
 And, * B——ll, thy wond'rous art profusely praise :
 In diff'rent views thy merit I explore ;
 Thy *works* surprise me, but thy *faith* much more.

E P I G R A M

OCCASIONED BY A GENTLEMAN'S LOSING FRE-
 QUENTLY TO LADY H—RR—N AT LOO.

WHAT tho' I hold of trumps a flush,
 And boast a friend in pam ;
 Yet I dare own without a blush,
 That I the loser am.

Nay more, this happens every day,
 And is each night renew'd ;
 For who with H—rr—n can *play*
 And fail of being *loo'd*.

* The maker's name.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE BY A YOUNG GENTLE-
MAN, FROM A MORNING VIEW ON A MOUN-
TAIN IN THE SOUTH OF WALES.

I.

How awful the morning breaks over yon hill,
Not a whisper is heard on the plain,
Save the murmuring sweetness of yonder clear rill,
By the mountains re-echoed again.

II.

See Phœbus how rosy he opens the day ;
See his beams how they sport in the stream ;
Observe how contented that hind takes his way,
And tackles his beasts to the team.

III.

From his straw-cover'd cot, just rose for the day,
See Contentment and Health in his face ;
The smiles of those bantlings his labours repay,
The effects of a wholesome embrace.

IV.

What a crowd of sweet prattlers ! how healthy they
look !

Yet their tann'd little bufs are all feen ;
Obferve how they wantonly paddle in the brook,
And race till they dry on the green.

V.

Had I on the fide of yon mountain a cot,
With a moderate competence blest,
I'd take a good wife, thank Heaven, for my lot,
And confider the world as a jeft.

THE GRAND CATHOLICON.

BEING A GENUINE FAMILY RECEIPT.

WRITTEN IN 1753.

TO form a Minifter, the ingredients
Are, a head fruitful of expedients,
Each fuited to the prefent minute,
(No harm if nothing elfe be in it :)
The mind, tho' much perplex'd and harafs'd,
The count'nance muft be unembarras'd :
High promifes for all occafions :
A fet of treafons, plots, invafions ;

Bullies,

Bullies, to ward off each disaster :
 Much impudence to brave his master ;
 The talents of a treaty maker ;
 The sole disposal of the Exchequer.
 Of right and wrong no real feeling ;
 Yet in the names of both much dealing.
 In short, this man must be a mixture
 Of broker, sycophant, and trickster ;
 Who well can pack his cards, and tell 'em,
 And knows as much as Mr. Pelham.

ON A LATE INCIDENT.*

*Jam satis Terris Nivis atque diræ
 Grandinis misit Pater.*

HOR.

THREE eminent men of the Law
 Late!y travell'd on Sunday together,
 Thro' roads that were cover'd with snow,
 Not regarding the day nor the weather ;

* *These lines were written on seeing the following articles in the public prints :*

York, Jan. 20, 1767. We hear they have a prodigious quantity of snow upon the Wolds; and that on Sunday, the 11th inst. as three gentlemen, eminent in the profession of the Law, were travelling from Pocklington to Hugget, they all three stuck fast in a snow-drift together, from which they were extricated with great difficulty.

At

At length they got into a pit
 (How dismal the tale to be told !)
 Where they and their horses—to wit,
 Had like to have perish'd with cold.

Tho' they often before, none can doubt,
 Had waded thro' thick and thro' thin,
 Yet the more now they try'd to get out,
 The deeper, alas ! they sunk in.

O Fortune ! now lend 'em thine aid,
 Or how can'st thou answer thy charge ?
 Thou hadst Coke upon Littleton laid,
 And pull'd down the *Statutes at large*.

The goddess was mov'd with their cries,
 And determin'd to save all their lives ;
 Then quick to their succour she flies,
 To the joy of their clients and wives.

Ye Lawyers, remember their doom,
 And be warn'd at the fall of these men :
 I hope you will never presume
 To travel on Sundays on again.

A MOTTO FOR THE HON. CHARLES YORKE, AN
ORATOR OF THE LONG ROBE—SPERO MELIORA.

A Noble ambition this motto reveals,
It tells you—the Orator hopes for the seals !

THE SCHOOL OF RHETORIC.

NEAR *London Bridge* once stood a gate,
Belinus, gave it name,
Whence the green *Nereids* oysters bring,
A place of public fame.

Here *Eloquence* has fixt her feat ;
The nymphs here learn by heart,
In *mode* and *figure* still to speak
By modern rules of Art.

To each fair *oratrix* this school
 Its *rhet'ric* strong affords ;
 They double and redouble tropes
 With finger, fist, and words.

Both *nerves*, and *strength*, and *flow of speech*,
 With beauties ever new,
 Adorn the language of these Nymphs,
 Who give to all their *due*.

O happy feat of happy Nymphs !
 For many ages known :
 To thee each *rostrum's* forc'd to yield,
 Each *forum* in the town.

Let other *academies* boast
 What *titles* else they please :
 Thou shalt be call'd *the Gate of Tongues*,
 Of tongues that never cease.

(T. P.)

ON A GENTLEMAN WHO MISTOOK A KEPT MIS-
TRESS FOR A LADY OF FASHION.

SIX tedious months young Damon sigh'd,
In vain his am'rous tale :
He su'd, impior'd, Chlo still denied,
No efforts could prevail.

At length he tried the pow'r of gold—
She soon to chide forgot ;
The fair one was no longer cold,
But prov'd—*alas ! too hot.*

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO SOME LADIES OF HAMPSHIRE.

CONSTANT gamesters ! every day
Ev'ry night, employ'd at play,
Squand'ring wealth and time away ;
Never happy but at cards,
You shall meet with just rewards,
(For neglect of family,
Trusted to a servant's eye,

}

And domestic bus'ness, care
 Of each valuable fair)
 Bane of quiet, peace, and joy,
 Every comfort you destroy,
 Whilst your thinking friends bemoan,
 Waste and riot left at home :
 Childrens ruin, husbands curse,
 Prelude to an empty purse ;
 No man leaves to such a wife
 More than bare support for life :
 Have recourse to common sense,
 Reform, or take the consequence.

ON THE RUN OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

WELL—what to night? says angry Ned,
 As up from bed he rouses :
 Romeo again!—and shakes his head,
An! pox on both your houses.

UPON ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

ST. GEORGE, to save a maid, the dragon flew ;
 A pretty tale, if all that's said be true ;
 Some say there was no dragon ; and 'tis said,
 There was no George ;—I wish there was a maid.

THE LOYAL PAIR.

AN EPIGRAM.

I'LL *list* for a soldier, says Robin to Sue,
 T'avoid your eternal disputes ;
 Aye, aye, cries the termagant, do, Robin, do,
 I'll *raise*, the mean while, fresh recruits.

R. J.

ON A PRINTING-HOUSE.

THE world's a printing house ; our words, our
 thoughts,
 Our deeds, are characters of sev'ral sizes ;
 Each soul is a compos'tor ; of whose faults
 The Levites are correctors ; Heav'n revises ;

Death

Death is the common press ; from whence being driv'n,
 We're gather'd, sheet by sheet, and bound for
 Heav'n.

THE DIAMOND.

A FABLE.

LONG on Golconda's shore a diamond lay
 Neglected, rough, conceal'd in common clay ;
 By every passenger despis'd and scorn'd,
 The latent jewel thus in secret mourn'd ;—
 “ Why am I thus to sordid earth confin'd,
 “ Why scorn and trod upon by every hind ?
 “ Were these bright qualities, this glittering hue,
 “ And dazzling lustre, never meant for view ?
 “ Wrapt in eternal shade if I remain,
 “ These shining virtues were bestow'd in vain.”
 As thus the long-neglected gem display'd
 Its worth and wrong, a skilful artist stray'd
 By chance that way, and saw, with curious eye,
 Tho' much obscur'd, th' unvalu'd treasure lie.
 He ground with care, he polish'd it with art,
 And call'd forth all its rays from every part ;
 And now young Delia's neck ordain'd to grace,
 It adds new charms to Beauty's fairest face.

The mind of man neglected and untaught,
 Is this rough diamond in the mine unwrought ;
 Till Education lend her art, unknown
 The brightest talents lie, a common stone ;
 By her fair hand when fashion'd, the new mind
 Rises with lustre, polish'd and refin'd.

THE FARMER.

O Happy he ! happiest of mortal men !
 Who, far remov'd from Slav'ry as from Pride,
 Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to catch
 The gracious nothing of a great man's nod ;
 Where the lac'd beggar battles for a bribe,
 The purchase of his honour ; where deceit,
 And fraud, and circumvention, dress'd in smiles,
 Hold shameful commerce, and beneath the mask
 Of Friendship and Sincerity betray.
 Him, nor the stately mansion's gilded pride,
 Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,
 Painting or Sculpture, yield to charm the eye ;
 Nor shining heaps of massy plate, unwrought
 With curious, costly workmanship, allure.
 Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of Power,
 Nor pageants of Ambition, nor the mines
 Of grasping Av'rice, nor the poison'd sweets

Of pamper'd Luxury, he plants his foot
 With firmness on his old paternal fields,
 And stands unshaken. There sweet prospects rise
 Of meadows smiling in their flow'ry pride,
 Green hills and dales, and cottages embower'd,
 The scenes of Innocence and calm Delight.
 There the wild melody of warbling birds,
 And cool refreshing groves, and murm'ring springs,
 Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind
 From low pursuits, to meditate the God!

LUCIAN'S GREEK EPIGRAM,

INSCRIBED ON A COLUMN ERECTED IN A PIECE
 OF LAND, THAT HAD BEEN OFTEN BOUGHT
 AND SOLD; IMITATED.

I Whom thou see'st begirt with towering oaks,
 Was once the property of John o'Nokes;
 On him Prosperity no longer smiles,
 And now I feed the flocks of John o'Stiles.
 My former master call'd me by his name,
 My present owner fondly does the same;
 While I, alike unworthy of their cares,
 Quick pass to captors, purchasers, or heirs.
 Let no one henceforth take me for his own,
 For Fortune! Fortune! I am thine alone.

A DESCRIPTION

A DESCRIPTION OF SPRING IN LONDON.

NOW new-made silks the Mercers' windows shows,
 And his spruce 'prentice wears his Sunday cloaths,
 His annual suit with nicest taste renew'd,
 The reigning cut and colour still pursu'd,
 The barrow now, with oranges a score,
 Driv'n by at once a gamester and a whore,
 No longer galls the stripling of his pence,
 Who learns that Poverty is nurse to Sense.
 Much-injur'd trader whom the law pursues,
 The law which wink'd, and beckon'd to the Jews ;
 Why should the beadle drive thee from the street ?
 To sell is always a pretence to cheat.
 " Large stewing oysters " in a deepening groan,
 No more refunds, nor " mussels " shriller tone :
 Seven days to labour now is held no crime,
 And Moll " new mackrel " screams in sermon-time.
 In ruddy bunches raddishes are spread,
 And Nan with choice-pickt fallads loads her head ;
 Now in the superb window Christmas green,
 The bays and holly are no longer seen,
 But sprigs of garden-mint in phials grow,
 And gather'd laylock perish as they blow.
 The truant school-boy now at eve we meet,
 Fatigu'd and sweating thro' the crowded street,

His shoes embrown'd at once with dust and clay,
 With Black-thorn loaded, which he takes for May ;
 Round his flapp'd hat in rings the cowslips twine,
 Or in cleft osiers form a golden line.
 On milk-pail rear'd, the borrow'd salvers glare,
 Topp'd with a tanker'd, which two porters bear,
 Reeking, they slowly toil o'er rugged stones,
 And joyless beldames dance with aching bones :
 More blithe the powder'd tye-wigg'd ~~sons~~ of foot
 Trip to the shovel with a shoeless foot,
 In gay Vauxhall now faunter beaux and belles,
 And happier cits resort to Sadler's-wells.

ON HAPPINESS.

O Happiness, where's thy resort ?
 Amidst the splendor of a court !
 Or, dost thou more delight to dwell
 With humble hermit in his cell,
 In search of truth ? Or, dost thou rove
 Thro' Plato's academic grove ?
 Or else, with Epicurus gay,
 Laugh at the farces mortals play ?
 Or with the Graces, dost thou lead
 The sportive dance along the mead ?

Or,

Or, in Bellona's bloody car,
 Exult amidst the scenes of War?
 No more I'll search, no more I'll mind thee,
 Fair fugitive—I cannot find thee!

THE CONQUEROR AND THE OLD WOMAN.

A F A B L E.

A Persian Monarch, one of those
 Whose great ambition knew no bound ;
 Some Cyrus, or Darius, we'll suppose,
 In whom no other vice was found,
 If we dare name ambition so,
 For some doubt whether it be vice or no ;
 I have not time at present to confute,
 So grant the question, rather than dispute.
 This Sophi far and wide his conquests spread ;
 Full thirty crowns, or more,
 Were pil'd on his anointed head,
 And yet the weight with ease he bore ;
 For'twas his great and chief delight
 To break the yoke his vanquish'd subjects wore,
 And make their burden light.
 Attentive to the voice of the distress'd,
 Justice and Virtue flourish'd in his reign ;
 When from the confines of his vast domain
 A good old woman who had been oppress'd,

Came to the footstool of his throne

To have her grievances redress'd

And thus in piteous, tragic tone

His Majesty address'd :—

“ Encourag'd by your fame, I come from far ;

“ Sir, you're our King by right of War ;

“ By right of subject I for Justice sue :

“ I claim it, and you'll grant it ; 'tis my due.

“ My daughter ravish'd, and my house destroy'd,

“ And all by one whom you employ'd

“ To act the King in place of you.”

“ I doubt not but all this is true,”

The conscious Prince replied ;

“ But so far off what can I do ?

“ To make my people happy is my pride :

“ And yet I cannot every where reside.

“ The Sun, which all the world surrounds,

“ Shines and enlivens but to certain bounds ;

“ The rest are dark and cold.”

“ That's argu'd ill, if I may be so bold,”

Return'd the matron to the Sovereign,

“ 'Twas weak to grasp at what you cannot hold,

“ And conquer more than you can govern.”

While o'er the sea of Life we take our trip,

Kings are by Heav'n commission'd to command ;

Captains, not owners of the ship,

'Tis theirs to steer the people safe to land :

And when the bark with Prudence they convey,
We row with pleasure, and with pride obey.

THE ART OF COQUETRY.

BY MRS. CHARLOTE LENOX.

YE lovely maids whose yet unpractis'd hearts
Ne'er felt the force of Love's resistless darts ;
Who justly set a value on your charms,
Pow'r all your wish, but beauty all your arms ;
Who o'er mankind would fain exert your sway,
And teach the lordly tyrant to obey :
Attend my rules to you alone address'd,
Deep let them sink in every female breast.
The Queen of Love herself my bosom fires,
Assists my numbers, and my thoughts inspires ;
Me she instructed in each secret art,
How to enslave, and keep each vanquish'd heart ;
The sigh that heaves by stealth, the starting tear,
The melting languish, the obliging fear,
Half-utter'd wishes, broken, kind replies,
And all the silent eloquence of eyes ;
To teach the Fair by various wiles to move
The soften'd soul, and lead the heart to Love.
Proud of her charms, and conscious of her face,
The haughty beauty calls forth every grace,
With fierce defiance throws the killing dart ;
By force she wins, by force she keeps the heart.

The witty Fair a nobler game pursues,
 Aims at the head, but the rapt soul subdues.
 The languid Nymph enslaves with softer art,
 With sweet neglect she steals into the heart,
 Slowly she moves her swimming eyes around,
 Conceals the shaft, but meditates the wound.
 Her gentle languishments the gazers move,
 Her voice is Music and her looks are Love :
 To few tho' Nature may these gifts impart,
 What she withholds, the wise can win from Art.
 Then let your airs be suited to her face,
 Nor to a languish tack a sprightly grace.
 The short round face, brisk eyes, and auburn hair,
 Must smiling Joy in every motion wear,
 The quick unsettled glance must deal around,
 Hide all design, and seem by chance to wound :
 Dark rolling eyes a languish may assume,
 These the soft looks and melting air become ;
 The pensive head upon the hand reclin'd,
 As if some sweet disorder fill'd the mind ;
 Let the heav'd breast a struggling sigh restrain,
 And seem to stop the falling tear with pain.
 The youth, who all the soft distress believes,
 Soon wants the kind compassion that he gives ;
 But Beauty, Wit, and Youth, may sometimes fail,
 Nor alway's o'er the stubborn soul prevail ;
 Then let the fair-one have recourse to Art ;
 Who cannot storm may undermine the heart.

First form your artful looks with studious care,
 From mild to grave, from tender to severe ;
 Oft on the careless youth your glances dart,
 A tender meaning let each glance impart.
 Whene'er he meets your looks with modest pride,
 And soft confusion, turn your eyes aside ;
 Let a soft sigh steal out, as if by chance,
 Then cautious turn and steal another glance.
 Caught by these arts, with Pride and Hope elate,
 The destin'd victim rushes on his fate :
 Pleas'd, his imagin'd victory pursues,
 And the kind maid with soft attention views ;
 Contemplates now her shape, her air, her face,
 And thinks each feature wears an added grace ;
 Till Gratitude, which first his bosom proves,
 By slow degrees sublim'd, at length he loves.
 'Tis harder still to fix than gain a heart ;
 What's won by Beauty, must be kept by Art.
 Too kind a treatment the blest lover cloy,
 And oft Despair the growing flame destroys.
 Sometimes with smiles receive him, sometimes tears,
 And wisely balance both his hopes and fears.
 Perhaps he mourns his ill-requited pains,
 Condemns your sway, and strives to break his chains ;
 Behaves as if he now your scorn defied,
 And thinks, at least, he shall alarm your pride :
 But with indifference view the seem'd change,
 And let your eyes to seek new conquests range ;

While his torn breast with jealous fury burns,
 He hopes, despairs, adores, and hates by turns ;
 With anguish now repents the weak deceit,
 And powerful passion bears him to your feet.
 Strive not the jealous lover to perplex,
 Ill suits suspicion with that haughty sex ;
 Rashly they judge, and always think the worst,
 And Love is often banish'd by Distrust :
 To these an open free behaviour wear,
 Awful disguise, and seem at least sincere ;
 Whene'er you meet, affect a glad surprize,
 And give a melting softness to your eyes :
 By some unguarded word your love reveal,
 And anxiously the rising blush conceal.
 By arts like these the jealous you deceive,
 Then most deluded when they most believe.
 But while in all you seek to raise desire,
 Beware the fatal passion you inspire :
 Each soft intruding wish in time reprove,
 And guard against the sweet invader—Love.
 Not for the tender were these rules design'd,
 Who in their faces show their yielding mind :
 Whose eyes a native languishment can wear,
 Whose smiles are artless, and whose blush sincere ;
 But for the Nymph who liberty can prize,
 And vindicate the triumph of her eyes :
 Who o'er mankind a haughty rule maintains,
 Whose Wit can manage what her Beauty gains :

Such

Such by these arts their empire may improve,
And, unsubdu'd, controul the world by Love

A N I N S C R I P T I O N.

WRITTEN UPON ONE OF THE TUBS IN HAM
WALKS, SEPTEMBER, 1760.

DARK was the sky with many a cloud,
The fearful lightnings flash'd around,
Low to the blast the forest bow'd,
And bellowing thunders rock'd the ground.

Fast fell the rain upon my head,
And weak and weary were my feet,
When lo ! this hospitable shed
At length supplied a kind retreat.

That in fair Memory's faithful page
The Bard's escape may flourish long,
Yet shuddering from the tempest's rage,
He dedicates the votive song.

For ever sacred be the earth
From whence the tree its vigour drew !
The hour that gave the seedling birth !
The forest where the scyon grew !

Long honour'd may his ~~ashes~~ rest,
 Who first the tender shoot did rear !
 Blest be his name !—— but doubly blest
 The friendly hand that plac'd it here !

O ne'er may war, nor wind, nor wave,
 This pleasurable scene deform,
 But Time still spare the seat which gave
 The Poet shelter from the storm.

A S O N G.

BY A NOBLE LORD.

RESOLV'D, as her Poet, of Cælia to sing,
 For ideas of Beauty I search'd thro' the Spring ;
 To flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet maid ;
 But flowers, tho' blooming, at ev'ning may fade.

Of sun-shine and breezes I next thought to write,
 Of the breezes so soft, and the sun-shine so bright ;
 But these with my Fair no resemblance will hold,
 For the sun sets at night, and the breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild ev'ning array'd in pale blue,
 While the sun-beams behind them peep glittering
 through,
 Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise,
 Yet, methought, they look'd something like Cælia's
 sweet eyes.

These

These beauties are transient, but Cælia's will last,
When Spring, and when Summer, and Autumn are
past ;

For sense and good humour no season disarms,
And the soul of my Cælia enlivens her charms.

At length, on a fruit-tree a blossom I found,
Which beauty display'd, and shed fragrance around,
I then thought the Muses had smil'd on my pray'r,
This blossom, I cried, will resemble my Fair !

These colours so gay, and united so well,
This delicate texture and ravishing smell,
Be her person's sweet emblem ! but where shall I find,
In Nature, a beauty that equals her mind !

This blossom so pleasing, at Summer's gay ~~call~~,
Must languish at first, and must afterwards ~~fall~~,
But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise,
By Nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise.

So Cælia, when Youth, that gay blossom, is o'er,
By her virtues improv'd shall engage me the more,
Shall recall ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime,
When her merit is ripen'd by Love and by Time.

JOHN, THE ENGLISH FOOTMAN.

A TALE.

THE chiming bells from ev'ry steeple
 Proclaim'd to well disposed people,
 That they must be repairing soon
 To service of the afternoon :
 That is—it now was almost three ;
 My Lord, still at his morning tea,
 (For it was Sunday, and you know
 What then good folks of fashion do)
 My Lady holds engag'd in chat,
 In blaming this, reforming that :
 “ Since, my dear Lord, at your command,
 “ I took ~~the~~ management in hand,
 “ You know, 'twas always my endeavour,
 “ Your house should be polite and clever.
 “ How well your dignity it suits
 “ To have discharg'd your English brutes !
 “ I think, there now remains but one—
 “ And he, because your tenant's son !
 “ Must we be plagu'd with such a sot,
 “ In complaisance to Farmer Trot ?”
 My Lord replies,— “ Trot pays his rent,
 “ And can make votes to Parliaments :
 “ And often sends us chines and turkies ;
 “ And John too, capable of work is.”

“ Send

“ —Send him to work then in the stable—
 “ Oh! such a wretch to wait at table!
 “ Indeed, my dear, it gives me pain,
 “ To see him shock the *Gens de bien*
 “ With toes turn’d in and aukward mien!
 “ So this I do insist upon,
 “ That he immediately be gone!”
 “ Since ’tis your pleasure, go he must—
 “ Yet to assign some cause—were just—
 “ At least what plausible may seem—
 “ And that’s consistent with my scheme.
 “ In the militia we will swear him;
 “ I’ll write to Fielding not to spare him:
 “ These purposes will answer double,
 “ First, in discharging you of trouble,
 “ And in procuring me the merit
 “ Of acting with a gen’rous spirit:
 “ My Lord (they say) don’t even spare
 “ His own domestics from the war;
 “ How ardent for the public weal!
 “ Example rare of public zeal!
 “ But let us sound him first, to know
 “ Whether the rogue’s inclin’d to go:
 “ If you, my dear, approve the measure,”—
 “ Yes—call him up”—My Lord, your pleasure.
 “ John, thou’rt a fellow tall and lusty,
 “ Of heart right sound, and courage trusty;

“ Can

“ Can you yourself in humour bring
 “ To serve your country and your King,
 “ And straight some Justice go before,
 “ In the militia to be swore?”

Militia!—What is that, my Lord?

I do not understand the word—

“ Why, John, it means the French (ah, hang ’em!)

“ Soundly, whene’er you meet, to bang ’em”—

Is that the case?—with all my heart—

I’ll do my best to play my part—

John straight retires, with awkward airs,

And meets the valet on the stairs,

Whom he accosts with one salute

Of rightly pois’d, elastic foot,

Which sent Monsieur a headlong falling,

And left him at the bottom sprawling.

My Lord’s friseur he next attacks

With frequent cuffs, and English thwacks;

And, whi’e he dress’d my Lady’s tête,

John curl’d his locks and comb’d his pate.

Then hurrying in the kitchen goes,

And bastes the cook and tweakes his nose

“ Vat be de mater, villian, rogue,

“ Me kill you, thou one English dog!”

Soho, quoth John, Monsieur Ragou,

Since you thus froth and splutter so,

I must apply my drudger too;

If that won't do—you shall, unpitied,
 Be sent to Garrick to be spitted.
 Janton he nexts attacks, and throws
 Over her head at once her cloaths :
 (And sad disaster ! found—to shock one,
 That poor Janton had no smock on !)
 Who hurries strait to Ma'moiselle,
 Enrag'd her loud complaints to tell ;
 Who, interfering in the rout,
 “ Fine vark indeed dis, Maitre Trotte !
 “ I'll do your bus'ness strait,” she cries,
 And up stairs to my Lady flies,
 And scarce, quite out of breath, could say,
 “ *Eh ! quelles barbares, quelles sots Anglois !*
 “ Trot has been making such a riot ?”
 The scoundrel Trot, Lord, Lady cry out—
 Your valet—Cook—and Friseur bang'd :
 —Send him to Fielding to be hang'd !
 “ And in the sight of the postilion
 “ O'er Janton's head cast her *cotillon* ;
 “ And *vat was varse, à mon surprise,*
 “ *Pauvre Janton* had no *Chemise*.”
 Go, hang him without Judge or Jury,
 Cries out my Lady, in a fury.
 John summon'd now before e'm all,
 With aching heart attends the call.
 “ *Poltron*, poltron, vile English varlet,”
 My Lady screams, as red as scarlet ;

While the soft voice of Ma'moiselle
 With poll and lap-dog join the yell.
 Poor John, confus'd with wild dismay,
 Trembling, and fault'ring, scarce could say,
 Only—one word—My Lord, I pray,
 I'm sorry thus to have offended,
 But I no harm at all intended.
 Your Lordship's orders, and my oath,
 You know, my Lord, oblige me both
 To maul the French, to bang and beat 'em
 In whatsoever place I meet 'em.
 " Hold, John—you quite mistake the matter,
 " But not on this side of the water ;
 " In Flanders beat 'em if you can ;
 " And there you'll shew yourself a man.
 " Or if they ever should be
 " To land their force on British ground,
 " Why then you might exert your fallies,
 " To drive them back again to Calais.
 " The French so ever *dégagé*,
 " So airy, gay, polite, and free,
 " The object of the vulgar spite,
 " By long prescription have a right
 " To the protection of the great,
 " Who live in affluence and state :
 " Whom our domestics, when we stile 'em,
 " Our houses are their sure asylum ;

" Their

“ Their characters are sacred there ;
 “ So that, if saucy scoundrels dare
 “ T’ insult their persons, or to bait ’em,
 “ ’Tis constru’d *Scandalum magnatum* ;
 “ Then breach of privilege ensues,
 “ With fines, imprisonments, and dues :
 “ Nor, till unto our wills we bend ’em,
 “ Can *Habeas Corpus*’s defend ’em.
 “ Therefore, for your presumption, John,
 “ Unsafe this moment—and be gone !”

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

WHEN I take an attentive survey of mankind,
 From their follies and vices diversion I find ;
 Their humours, caprices, their whims and odd ways,
 Sensations of mirth in me constantly raise.
 Every place is with curious, choice characters stor’d,
 Which, from morning to night, entertainment afford.
 In each lane, in each alley, court, square, row, or
 street,
 Scenes, truly Hogarthian, I fail not to meet ;
 Scenes which would not in many a muscle provoke,
 But I from the dullest can strike out a joke.
 In every man’s motions I merriment trace,
 And can laughter extract from the dismallest face.

When

When I see men and women industriously shun
Their own thoughts, and each ev'ning to card-tables
run ;

When dowagers, dress'd up like girls of fifteen,
In the front of a side-box are mad to be seen ;
When a blooming young creature to threescore is tied,
That to routs and to plays she in diamonds may ride ;
When Ladies, to shew their no learning, talk Latin,
And Tradesmen their scabbards adorn with white
fatin ;

When a poor Tallow-chandler, deceas'd, lies in state,
Who alive, perhaps, had not five pounds worth of
plate ;

When fat-headed Aldermen set up for wit,
With laughter my sides are just ready to split :
When a pert Temple beau the fine gentleman apes,
And 'prentices brag of their duels and rapes ;
When a young academic ascends, with an air,
To the pulpit, and tries to attract all the Fair,
And oft, in the midst of his flow'ry discourse,
Looks around to observe if his eyes have had force ;
When travell'd young fops talk of nothing but France,
When old maids learn to sing, and grown gentlemen
dance ;

When pious Ned Shuter at Whitfield's appears,
I laugh till my eyes are bedim'd with my tears.
When women neglect their domestic affairs,
And puzzle their heads with political cares ;

When

When with zeal patriotic they puddings despise,
And chatter of taxes, and loans, and supplies;
When those who have nothing to lose fume and fret
At the lowness of stocks and the national debt,
And rail at the court in a passionate stile,
I hollow so loud, you may hear me a mile.

A D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN A GENTLEMAN AND A PAINTER AT
THE EXHIBITION IN SPRING-GARDENS, IN
THE SPRING, 1770

GENT.

MR. Painter, you joke
With us peaceable folk,
For surely it never can be
That three brave sons of Mars,
Can be talking of wars,
Whilst, like misses, they're sipping their tea.

PAINT.

These are foldiers indeed,
But their trade's not to bleed,

'Tis true, they wear long fwords and boots ;
 Yet they deem it no fin
 To sleep in whole skin,
 So ne'er venture to stain e'en their coats.

Should I paint them in arms,
 'Midst hostile alarms,
 What mortals a smile could refuse ?
 For tho' daggers they speak,
 Were their country at stake,
 Yet, like Hamlet, Sir, none would they use.

'Tis theirs in the Mall
 To attract the soft belle,
 Who every day haunts the Parade ;
 For the fair love the brave,
 And still firmly believe
 They must be so who wear a cockade.

GENT.

I allow your remark,
 But 'tis not in the Park,
 That their prowess have vanquish'd the fair ;
 There is no one but knows
 How they slaughter'd their foes
 In the battle of Bloomsbury-square. —

PAINT.

PAINT.

When Ulysses, scot free,
'Scap'd the sword and the sea,
As Ovid relateth the fable;
He describ'd to his wife,
Where he ventur'd his life,
By the wine he had spilt on the table.

Just so these repose,
After routing their foes,
In that blust'ring, bloodless campaign;
So now, Sir, you see,
With what's spilt of their tea,
They are fighting it over again.

" Here the troopers I led
" When the enemy fled,
" And there, Sirs, I lost my new beaver;
" Here a Taylor's assault
" Caus'd the first line to halt,
" And there I encounter'd a Weaver."

BOBADIL.

PRESENT PUBLIC WISHES.

THE K— *wishes* to be quiet.
The people *wish* him to be great.

The

The Ministry *wish* to continue the majority.
 Patriots *wish* for Liberty.
 Remonstrants *wish* for redress.
 Old maids *wish* for young husbands.
 Many husbands *wish* for divorces.
 The proprietors of Ranelagh and Vauxhall *wish* for
 fair weather.
 Chairmen *wish* for foul weather.
 Convicts *wish* for life.
 Wilkes *wishes* no longer for his liberty.
 His creditors *wish* him joy of it.
 The *outs* *wish* to be *in*.
 The *inns* *wish* to continue so.
 Sore consciences *wish* for a restriction on the press.
 Players *wish* for good benefits.
 Vagabonds *wish* for a revolution
 In every branch of the constitution.
 And the writer of this rhapsody *wishes* he had clear,
 No more, nor less, than just one thousand pounds a
 year.

EPISTLE FROM LADY BRIDGET LANE, TO LADY
 BAB BUTTERFLY, AT YORK.

BY CAPTAIN THOMSON.

YOU cannot imagine, my dear Lady Bab,
 How anxious I am all my budget to blab ;

But,

But, Lord, I could tell you a thousand times better,
 Than scribbling my thoughts, like a clerk, in a letter:
 But when we're apart, there is no other means
 Of describing the vulgar, and St. James's scenes—
 Well, then to begin, my dear Bab, and be short;
 In the presence I was, when the May'r came to court;
 Ye Gods! what a shame! that the scum of the earth
 Should dare to petition as people of birth:

Such a fight, my dear Bab, with their gowns and
 broad faces,

With their vile vulgar gaits, and their staves and
 their maces;

But, like owls in the Sun, how our King made them
 blink!

And then, my dear soul, how these creatures did stink!
 I declare *eau de luce* hardly kept me from fainting;
 A plague e'en in Turkey, was not half so tainting:
 But the King, my dear child, who is alway so clear,
 Sent the wretches away with a flea in their ear.

You know how I sigh'd for a prize in the Lottery;
 But now all my sighs are turn'd round on the Coterie:
 Between you and me, I'd lay twenty to seven,
 That many had rather go there than to Heaven;
 Its the snuggest affair, and the pleasantest plan,
 For altho' with your husband—you may have a man;
 Do you know tho', they've black-ball'd George Sel-
 wyn and March;

(That sweet Macaroni, so stiff and so starch)

Their

Their reasons I know not; but sure it is cruel,
 For of all our gay Lords, sure my Lord is the jewel;
 As for Selwyn, the creature has wit and good sense,
 Which to me, Lady Bab, is a horrid offence.
 What you lose my dear creature, by not being in town!
 Foote's open, and Reynolds's paintings are shewn:
 Enchanting Vauxhall, where the dark-walls so snug,
 Afford me, at times, a dear kiss, and a hug.
 Well, adieu, Lady Bab, for engagements are pressing;
 I dine at Almack's—and have not began dressing;
 To reach the dear spot, I am all in a fidget,
 And beg to remain, Bab—your dear little

BRIDGET.

IN THE SEASON OF 1760.

THE SUBSCRIPTION-BOOKS AT BATH WERE OPENED
 FOR PRAYERS AT THE ABBEY, AND GAMING AT THE
 ROOMS.

IN THE EVENING OF THE FIRST DAY THE NUMBERS STOOD
 AS UNDER.

THE Church and Rooms the other day,
 Open'd their books for Pray'r and Play;
 The Priest got twelve—Hoyle sixty-seven;
 How great the odds for Hell 'gainst Heaven!

AN

A N · A N S W E R.

IF signing with the twelve, to Heaven
 The surest way does shew,
 And signing with the sixty-seven,
 As sure to Hell to go :

Tim, prithee say, thou knowing elf,
 (For to decide I'm loth)
 Where go the rest, who with thyself,
 Perhaps have sign'd with both ?

Thus Justice says, at her court feet,
 (And Justice is no stinter)
 " In Heav'n you'll have a Summer seat,
 " In Hell a house for Winter."

E P I G R A M.

SAYS Ch—dl—gh to a certain dame,
 Whom royal horners woo,
 I almost think it is a shame
 To talk to such as you.

We both, replied the titled whore,
Have been a theme for laughter ;
The diff'rence this, *you* felt before,
My foible happen'd after.

ON A BLACK MARBLE STATUE OF A SLAVE
STANDING IN ONE OF THE INNS OF COURT.

IN vain, poor fable son of woe,
Thou seek'st a tender ear ;
In vain thy tears with anguish flow,
For Mercy dwells not here.

From Cannibals thou fly'st in vain :
Lawyers less quarter give ;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.

ON SEEING A LAW-BOOK

BOUND IN UNCOLOURED CALF, AND WHITE
EDGES.

WITH unstain'd edges, and in spotless calf,
A law-book bound must make a stoic laugh ;
For

For in that striking emblem you may see,
 Not what the Law *is*, but what the Law *should* be :
 A Law-book thus in the Law Livery drest,
 Is like a Jesuit in a Layman's vest ;
 'Tis like a strumpet cloath'd in spotless white ;
 'Tis like a bitter apple, fair to sight ;
 'Tis like a simple Quaker, plain and neat,
 That with his yeas and noes is sure to cheat ;
 'Tis like a pirate, that false colours shows,
 Or Hecla's flames conceal'd in virgin snows ;
 'Tis like—in short, 'Tis like Dan Milton's sin ;
 All fair without, but monstrous foul within.

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF KITTY FISHER.

DRAWN IN THE CHARACTER OF CLEOPATRA.

TO this fam'd character how just thy right !
 Thy mind as wanton, and thy form as bright.

L 22

A BALLAD,

A BALLAD, BY THE EARLS OF CHESTERFIELD
AND BATH.

[See Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 324.]

I.

THE Muses quite jaded with rhyming,
To Molly Mogg bid a farewell,
But renew their sweet melody chyming,
To the name of dear Molly Lapel.

II.

Bright Venus yet never saw bedded,
So perfect a beau and a belle,
As when Hervey the handsome was wedded,
To the beautiful Molly La—l.

III.

So powerful her charms, and so moving,
They would warm an old Monk in his cell,
Should the Pope himself ever go roving,
He would follow dear Molly La—l.

IV. If

IV.

If to the Seraglio you brought her,
 Where for slaves their maidens they sell,
 I'm sure, tho' the Grand Seignior bought her,
 He'd soon turn a slave to La—l.

V.

Had I Hanover, Bremen, and Verden,
 And likewise the dutchy of Zell,
 I'd part with them all for a farthing,
 To have my dear Molly La—l.

VI.

Or were I the King of Great Britain,
 To chuse a Minister well,
 And support the Throne that I sit on,
 I'd have under me Molly La—l.

VII.

Of all the bright beauties so killing,
 In London's fair city that dwell,
 None can give me such joy, were she willing,
 As the beautiful Molly La—l.

L 3
 r

VIII. What

VIII.

What man would not give the great Ticket,
To his share if the benefit fell,
To be but one hour in a thicket,
With the beautiful Molly La—l.

IX.

Shou'd Venus now rise from the ocean,
And naked appear in her shell,
She would not cause half the emotion,
That we feel from dear Molly La—l.

X.

Old Orpheus, that husband so civil,
He follow'd his wife down to Hell,
And who would not go to the Devil,
For the sake of dear Molly La—l.

XI.

Her lips and her breath are much sweeter
Than the thing, which the Latins call Mel,
Who wou'd not thus pump for a meter,
To chyme to dear Molly La—l.

XII. In

XII.

In a bed you've seen pinks and roses,
 Wou'd you know a more delicate smell,
 Ask the fortunate man that repofes,
 On the bofom of Molly La—l.

XIII.

'Tis a maxim moft fit for a lover,
 If he kifles he never fhould tell,
 But no tongue can ever difcover
 His pleasures with Molly La—l.

XIV.

Heaven keep our good King from a rifing,
 But that rifing who's fitter to quell,
 Than fome Lady with beauty furprifing,
 And who fhould that be but La—l.

XV.

If Curll wou'd print me this fonnet,
 To a volume my verfes fhould fwell,
 A fig for what Dennis fays on it,
 He can never find fault with La—l.

L 4

XVI. Then

XVI.

Then Handel to music shall set it,
Thro' England my ballad shall sell,
And all the world readily get it,
To sing to the praise of La—l.

A N O D E

TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

I.

REMOTE from Liberty and Truth,
By Fortune's crime, my early youth,
Drank Error's poison'd springs:
Taught by dark creeds, and mystic law,
Wrapp'd up in reverential awe,
I bow'd to Priests and Kings.

II.

Soon Reason dawn'd, with troubled sight
I caught the glimpse of painful light,
Afflicted and afraid;
Too weak it shone to mark my way,
Enough to tempt my steps to stray,
Along the dubious shade.

III. Restless

III.

Restless I roam ; when from afar,
Lo ! Hooker shines with friendly star,
Sends forth a steady ray ;
Thus cheer'd, and eager to pursue,
I mount, till, glorious to my view,
Locke spreads the realms of day.

IV.

Now, warm'd with Sidney's noble page,
I pant with all the Patriot's rage,
Nor wrapt in Plato's dream ;
With More and Harrington, around
I tread fair Freedom's magic ground,
And trace the flatt'ring scheme.

V.

But soon the beauteous vision flies,
And hideous spectres strait arise,
(Corruption's direful train)
The partial Judge perverting laws,
The Priests forsaking Virtue's cause,
And Senates slaves to gain.

L,

VI. Vainly

VI.

Vainly the pious Artist's toil
 Would rear to Heaven a mortal pile,
 On some immortal plan ;
 Within a short tho' varying date,
 Confin'd, alas! is every state
 Of empire and of man.

VII.

What tho' the good, the brave, the wise,
 With adverse force undaunted rise,
 To break th' eternal doom ;
 Tho' Cato liv'd, tho' Tully spoke,
 And Brutus dealt the godlike stroke,
 Yet perish'd fated Rome.

VIII.

To swell some future tyrant's pride,
 Tho' Fleury pours the golden tide
 On Gallia's smiling shores,
 Once more her fields shall thirst in vain,
 For wholesome streams of honest gain,
 Whilst Rapine wastes her stores.

IX. Yet

IX.

Yet glorious is the great design,
And such, O Pulteney, such is thine,
To prop a nation's frame;
If crush'd beneath the sacred weight,
'The ruins of a falling State,
Shall tell the Patriot's name.

THE SINECURE.

A POETICAL PETITION TO THE RIGHT HONOUR-
ABLE ROBERT WALPOLE, ESQ. FOR THE GO-
VERNMENT OF DUCK-ISLAND IN ST. JAMES'S-
PARK.

WEARY'D with vain pursuits, and humble grown,
Sad in the country, and too poor for town;
Oh, how I long, in some soft silent seat,
To taste calm quiet, in serene retreat!
Where books and ease, and time for serious thought,
May make Wit Wisdom e'er I'm good for nought.
Walpole, to thee the Muse afflicted flies,
And, from the deep, like ship-wreck'd Jonah—cries.
Thou, the right-hand of Fortune, form'd to give,
Let me not die, before I've learn'd to live.

I not for lordly post or pension plead,
 Sure Heaven will my reduc'd desire succeed !
 St. James's Wilderness, the Park's fair isle,
 Wou'd crown my wish, and Care's long hand beguile,
 On that delightful and sequester'd spot,
 Fitted for me, as Zoar was for Lot :
 I'd full content and satisfaction find,
 And cultivate the garden of my mind ;
 Like good St. Evremont *, I'd grow a sage,
 And war with Nonsense, Vice, and Folly wage ;
 And, cabin'd safe in solitude and peace,
 Think who's at helm, nor fear the storm'd increase.
 What princely pleasure, in that envied scene,
 To hold high empire o'er the people green ?
 Each rosy morn, the rising Sun to wait,
 And walk, with him, around my orb in state ;
 My subject ducks should watch my gracious will,
 And passive geese shou'd owe me every quill ;
 To each in order traversing my land,
 I'd bestow due blessings with impartial hand.
 Birds shou'd by love, and beast by fear, obey,
 Yet all pay tribute in th' Imperial way ;
 Yet no tyrannic power shou'd pinch their right,
 Nor bold Rebellion wing their wits for flight.

* Monsr. St. Evremont was preferred to the Government of Duck Island, by King Charles the Second, and had a considerable yearly pension allowed him.

Still I'd adorn my state with something new,
 Prune its wild prospects, and enlarge its view:
 Mazes of knotty politics invent,
 And in each open quarter plant content.
 Then, when dispos'd for solitary thought,
 Inspir'd by leisure, and by duty taught,
 I'd run thro' Nature, and the causes find,
 Which lift some single souls above mankind;
 Which, thro' descending ages lengthen Fame,
 And mark a Tully's, or a Walpole's name.
 Kindling at this a still sublimer fire,
 My grateful heart might teach me to aspire;
 Smit with my Country's love, might Truth pursue,
 And charm an unborn race, by painting you.
 Exhaustless store my subject isle contains,
 For apt illusions to adorn my strains!
 In narrow compass what is not compris'd,
 Britannia's sea-girt land epitomiz'd;
 From crowded scenes of great Augusta rent,
 As our bless'd climate from the continent;
 A colony of feather'd people, where,
 (If we with great may smaller things compare)
 I like a Bishop would o'er-see my cure,
 Or govern like a King—in miniature!
 When my few friends to visit me should please,
 How sweet to walk betwixt embowering trees;
 Trees that should nod observant, as I pass,
 And yield as humble homage as the grass.

Or, soft reclining in a short repose,
 Plucking surrounding fruitage as it grows ;
 I to these friends, instructive—but not vain,
 Wou'd, like St. John in Patmos, Truth explain ;
 Teach them that Happiness in silence reigns,
 And builds her bow'ry seats on peaceful plains.
 While they tell news of mischiefs hourly known
 In public place, and the pernicious town, }
 And every word they speak confirms my own. }
 But shou'd my patron deign to leave the Court,
 And humbly to my hermitage resort ;
 Ambitious, I myself wou'd waft him o'er,
 And hail his presence on my happy shore.
 There might he safe unbend his active mind,
 Or form, perhaps, some scheme to bless mankind :
 Then wou'd the Golden Age be mine again,
 And Charles's shou'd be lost in George's reign.
 How pleas'd in fancy, how do dreams delight,
 And, ah ! what pity mine shou'd prove a rite !
 Hear me, thou Atlas of our leaning State,
 Consent at least to make one Poet great ;
 On thee the Muses then shall fix their eye,
 And, for thy glory, whole Parnassus vie ;
 To guard our hopes have been the Heroes pride,
 'Tis good to have the Poets on thy side.
 I, for return, will yearly homage pay,
 And bless the rising of thy natal day ;

Not only this, but now and then afford
 A trout, or duck, to dignify thy board.
 'Tis done, I hear the royal mandate given,
 Let Mitchell have his poor poetic Heaven ;
 And, to support his government, we grant
 Twice fifty pounds per annum—all I want.
 Pray fill the bowl—'tis decent to be glad,
 Homer, on less occasion, had run mad.

F E M A L E C H A R A C T E R S.

Veluti in speculo.

THE chief in pride, Cardilla first appears ;
 A slave to play, tho' wrinkled o'er with years ;
 Dupe to a reigning passion for quadrille,
 Her heart exults at sight of dear spadille ;
 Those eyes, which scarce within their orbits roll,
 Beam a faint ray when Fortune gives a vole ;
 Eager and restless she the game pursues,
 And each successive day the task renews :
 Let old Cardilla, ere too late, attend
 The show, but needful counsel of a friend—
 Pack up your cards, the shuffling pastime leave—
 A few lifts more convey you to the grave.

Quite

Quite different scenes Matrona's thoughts engage,
 Scenes that adorn, support, and gladden Age;
 In Wisdom's paths with calm delight she treads,
 And o'er Distress the tear of Pity sheds;
 Nor only sheds a tear—her hand supplies
 The orphan's wants, and wipes the widow's eyes:
 Unfeigned Virtue all her actions guides,
 Glows in her heart, and o'er her steps presides;
 Meek and resign'd, with fortitude she bears
 The pains of Nature, and the load of years,
 Looks back with pleasure on each well spent day,
 And forward to the tomb without dismay.

Pratella's fav'rite weapon is her tongue,
 Oil'd like a hone, and like a balance hung;
 Once put in motion quick vibration keeps,
 And scarcely is at rest ev'n while she sleeps—
 Did Wit or Wisdom her harangues inspire,
 We then could hear with patience, and admire;
 But what her pert, loquacious tongue employs,
 Is Folly, Fashion, Scandal, Trash and Noise:
 Envy and Spleen reign jointly in her breast,
 Of all the softer passions dispossess;
 Envy depreciates every generous deed,
 And makes ev'n Virtue like a victim bleed,
 While Spleen beholds, with telescopic eyes,
 The smallest faults, and sweats them into Vice,

In heighten'd colours ev'ry foible draws,
 And holds from modest Worth its just applause—
 Go, look at home in calm Reflection's glafs,
 And on yourself an honest censure pass !
 A sov'reign cure, Pratella, there you'll find,
 To heal a venom'd tongue, and ranc'rous mind.

Not such Modesta : when she deigns to speak,
 Truth guides her tongue, and Beauty warms her cheek;
 The native music of her voice imparts
 Grace to her words, and pleasure to our hearts :
 The wisest maxims of the hoary sage
 (With care selected from the Stoic page)
 Enrich her mind, and give her language weight,
 In friendly converse, or in learn'd debate ;
 Her speech no love of Scandal e'er betrays,
 Modesta's silent when she cannot praise :
 When Wit and Mirth their lively charms display,
 Her genius sparkles, and her soul is gay ;
 No prudish frowns upon her face appears,
 And in her conduct no coquetish airs ;
 Courteous to all, unconscious of offence,
 She shines the first in Virtue, Truth and Sense.

Young, brisk and bold, Vanetta flaunts away,
 And would be thought the gayest of the gay ;
 Yet Summer-flies ~~more~~ more gaudy hues
 From Sol's warm radiance, and Aurora's dews :

Full

Full she displays, in every public place,
 Her pride of heart, and impudence of face;
 She mimics Wit, while Folly mimics her,
 And hard to say, which mimic to prefer:
 Like Milton's Death, she "grins a ghastly smile,"
 Much too forbidding ever to beguile,
 And yet Vanetta deems her self-lov'd charms
 Of power to draw the wealthiest to her arms.
 Grant that success her fondest wishes crowns!
 Not Hymen's raptures will unbend her frowns.
 To church she goes, with most affected zeal,
 Not to confess her faults, but to conceal;
 Thoughtless of Heav'n, she hurries thro' her pray'r
 Eyes her dear self, and then around her stares:
 But if, perchance, on Pride the Parson treats,
 She drops her bible, flirts her fan, and frets;
 So the gall'd jade is seen to wince and start,
 If you but gently touch the tender part.

Unlike Vanetta is that charming maid,
 Whose beauty needs no fashionable aid,
 Amanda nam'd—to low but honest birth,
 Her modest mien and solid sense give worth;
 She leaves to those, whom fickle Fancy bred,
 The rainbow ribbon, and the high rais'd head:
 In this lov'd Nymph art-beauteously combin'd
 The decent dress and well-instructed mind;

The church she visits, but without parade,
 And there her vows religiously are paid;
 She fears no censure when the Priest declaims,
 Whose life is virtuous, and sincere her aims:
 Amanda's feet in pious paths have trod,
 Which lead to honour, safety, peace, and God.
 Vanetta, view this lovely picture well,
 And strive, in all that's good, Amanda to excel!

E P I G R A M.

TOM prais'd his friend (who chang'd his state)
 For binding fast himself and Kate
 In union so divine;
 Wedlock's the end of life, he cried.
 Too true, alas! said Jack, and sigh'd—
 ——'Twill be the end of mine.

E P I G R A M.

SAYS my Lord to his cook, you son of a punk,
 How comes it I see you, thus, ev'ry day drunk?
 Physicians, they say, once a month do allow,
 A man for his health, to get drunk—as a fow.
 That is right, quoth the cook, but the day they don't
 say,
 So for fear I should miss it, I'm drunk ev'ry day:

ODE

O D E

TO LORD EDGE CUMBE'S PIG.

YE Muses quit your sacred stream,
 And aid me like the bard of yore,
 Hight, Milton, for like his, my theme
 In verse was never sung before.
 Indeed the tale is often told in prose ;
 Since all the world the mighty wonder knows !

Theme of sublimity ! my boar,
 All hail ! thou beast of high renown,
 As famous as the horse of yore,
 That won his lucky Lord a crown * ;
 Fam'd as Miss Lesbia's bird, in verse so soft
 Recorded, or the rabbits of Moll Toft !

Hail pig ! at Tunbridge born and bred,
 Who singlest out his L——p there,
 Event that round the region spread,
 And made the gaping million stare ;
 And strange it was to see, upon my word,
 A pig for ever trotting with my L—d !

Meaning
 * Dar. Mr. Bo.

The gentry marvell'd at the sight ;
 The public walks, the rooms they rung :
 'Twas L—d and pig from morn to night,
 And pig and L—— p all day long.
 Soon did the wond'rous tale to London wing,
 The nobles heard it, and they told the King.

Good Lord! says one, what can this mean?
 And rais'd the whites of both his eyes :
 It bodes some dire portent I ween.
 I can't tell, sure, a second cries.
 Thus did the world indulge conjecture vague,
 For earthquakes some contending, some a plague !

But such the meaner world, the crew
 Of dull uneducated brains ;
 But mark th' opinions of the few,
 Hear what the learned world maintains :
 Some deem'd the L—d St. Anthony incog.
 To earth re-travell'd with his fav'rite hog.

Others, in Oriental lore
 Deep vers'd, that heard the peerless tale,
 Declar'd with judgment sage, the boar
 Did secrets to my Lord reveal,
 Like the fam'd Dove the Musselman's revere,
 Which, billing, ~~whisper'd~~ the Prophet's * ear.

While some as sagely as the rest,
 Who firm believ'd in transmigrations,
 Pronounc'd this friendly grunting beast
 One of his Lordship's near relations,
 Doom'd by the Fates, for certain deeds divine,
 To animate the body of a swine !

Hail pighog ! by whose potent aid,
 My L—d his health had, and employ !
 My L—y too, was brought-to-bed,
 Heav'n blest it ! of a chopping boy.
 Event that Fame so sounded with her horn,
 As fear'd the very infants yet unborn !

Thrice happy hog ! with Mrs. Joan *,
 Who, in a chariot, cheek by jole,
 Did'st, Jehu-like, from Tunbridge Town
 To Mount's enchanting mansions roll :
 Where to thy levee, thousands did repair.
 With nine fat Aldermen and Mr. Mayor.

The Mayor and Aldermen polite,
 Swore that without or fee or purchase,
 If so his Lordship thoft it right,
 They'd choofe thee, gentle swine, for burgesfs.
 Thank ye, replied his Lordship ; but, oddsnigs !
 Tho' asses fit, 'tis never wanted nigs.

* My Lady's waiting woman.

Thrice happy hog ! who lov'ſt to ſnore,
 Reclining on my L—y's lap,
 Who gives thy hiſ'try o'er and o'er,
 While pigſnye grunting takes his nap:
 Delightful tale, that ſtrikes all ſtories dumb,
 From Gog, the mighty giant, to Tom Thumb.

TO A LADY WHO GREATLY ADMIRER THE SPA-
 NISH POETRY.

IN THE MANNER OF ALONZO DE ERCILLA.

WHEN I would thy beauties paint,
 All the pow'r of verſe is faint ;
 Though a hapleſs, hopeleſs Lover,
 All thy charms I can diſcover ;
 Charms are only found in thee,
 Charms which 'tis unſafe to ſee ;
 Charms which might a Hermit bribe ;
 Charms no language can deſcribe.
 Where words no fit ideas raiſe,
 Silence beſt expreſſes praiſe.

But when I explore thy mind,
 A new world of and ;

Every

Every virtue, every grace,
 There possess their proper place ;
 When of these I think awhile,
 Raptures soon my soul beguile.
 For too strong, too clear a light,
 Suits not either sense or sight !
 All we can do is to gaze,
 Sweetly lost in fond amaze.

Fairest Flavia, fav'rite maid !
 Let these artless lays persuade.
 Not that I am skill'd in verse,
 Or thy conquests can rehearse ;
 But, what I did long conceal,
 That thy beauty's force I feel,
 And in mournful numbers sigh,
 For those charms by which I die.
 Let them tell—what would you more ?—
 That I expire, and yet adore.

ON THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

QUOTH Dick to Tom, this act appears
 Absurd, as I'm alive ;
 To take the crown at ^{fourteen} years,
 The wife at twenty—^{but}—

The myst'ry how shall we explain ?
 For, sure, as * Dowdeswell said,
 Thus early if they're fit to *reign*,
 They must be fit to *wed* !

Quoth Tom to Dick—thou art a fool,
 And little know'st of life !
 Alas ! 'tis easier far to rule
 A kingdom than a wife.

AN EMBLEM OF WEDLOCK.

IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

FULL well by lerned clerkis it is fed,
 “ That womanhood for mannis use was made : ”
 Yet naughty man liketh not one or so ;
 But lusteth, aye, unthriftily, for mo.
 And whom he whilom cherislyd whan tied
 By holy church, he can not her abide.
 Like to a dog, that lighteth of a bone,
 His tail he waggeth, glad thereof ygrown ;
 But if thilk bone unto his tail thou tie,
 Bardie, he, fearíng it, away doth fly.

* Mr. Dowdeswell's

Royal Marriage Act.

A SHORT POETICAL DESCRIPTION OF A FEMALE
ROUTE.

BEHOLD the scene a motley tribe compose,
Wives, widows, maids, and intermingle beaux :
All orders, ages, in one league unite ;
And to dear passage consecrate the night !
Now the dice rattle in the sounding box,
Now groans the table with repeated knocks,
(Delightful music to the gamester's ear)
While ev'ry bosom beats with hope or fear.
A pass resounds ;—what wond'rous transports rise
In Cælia's breast, and lightens in her eyes !
She sweeps the board—the fop with ardent gaze,
Admires the beauty that her arm displays.

But who, unmov'd, can bear the piteous sight,
While Cynthia frets, and raves at Fortune's spite ?
Fled from her cheeks are every love and grace,
And all the Fury threatens in her face :
Distracted, lost with grief, and rage o'ercome,
She quits the dice, and flies to storm at home.

When I a curse implore, may courteous Fate
With such a consort curse the man I hate !—
But, if there's one ~~among~~ many found,
Adorn'd with Modesty, with Reason crown'd,

Who treads the slippery paths of Youth with care,
 And, uninfected, breathes in tainted air :
 If such there be, kind Heav'n afford thy aid,
 And soften to my wish the virtuous maid !

THE FOUR FOLLOWING EPIGRAMS WERE WRITTEN BY MR. JOHN HACKETT, FORMERLY OF BALIOL COLLEGE.

A Cock within a stable pent,
 Was strutting o'er some heaps of dung,
 And, ay, as round and round he went,
 The mettl'd courfers stamp and flung.
 Bravo ! quoth he, a decent noise,
 We make a tolerable pother ;
 But let's take care, my merry boys,
 We tread not upon one another.

FRANK, who will any friend supply,
 Lent me ten pieces. Frank, says I,
 Hast any paper ? 'Tis but fair,
 You take my note. Quoth Frank, hold there ;
 Jack, to the cash I've bid adieu,
 No need to waste my paper too.

WHEN fancies quod^r plagu'd Menelaus' head,
 Thus to her Lord, the blooming Helen said,—
 This earthly part to Troy tho' Paris bore,
 Still was my soul with thee, on Sparta's shore.
 Troth it may be, quoth he, I believe it well;
 Howe'er, the next time leave me the body, Nell.

TO MR. W——.

FROM morning to evening, and evening to morn-
 ing,
 Your fellows are pest'ring us with their French horn-
 ing;
 Do, stop this damn'd work : you forget your friend
 Joe ;
 Your horns, Sir, made noise enough three years
 ago.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LADY OF THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE JOHN SHELLEY, WHO DIED IN
CHILD-BED.

BY THE REV. DR. DELAP.

TEARs, such as Angels weep, shou'd now diffuse,
Around this hallow'd earth, their holiest dews,
Where rest fair Wilhelmina's last remains.
She for her infant bore a mother's pains,
And died to give it life. In Beauty's bloom,
Heav'n snatch'd its favourite to an early tomb;
Its gent'lest, best belov'd, who seem'd design'd
To shew how far a meek and modest mind,
With its own simple pow'rs and native grace,
Could mend the features of the fairest face;
How fix a friend's, a brother's, husband's love,
Beyond, alas, the pow'r of Death to move!

Self-tutor'd thus, above all rules of Art,
This child of Nature play'd her blameless part,
And sunk with that unfullied soul to rest,
Which Heav'n first breath'd into her infant breast.

THE WAY TO CHUSE A WIFE.

IF e'er I quit the single life,
 Be this the model of my wife—
 A Beauty, without Art, compleat,
 Who's from her toilet *simply neat* ;
 Who golden tiffue can despise,
 And wears no brilliants, but her eyes ;
 Desiring Love, and sparkling Wit,
 Soft blended in her eyes should meet ;
 And, in her dimpled smiles be seen
 A modest, with a cheerful mien.

As pauses find in music place,
 Her speech let proper silence grace ;
 Her conversation ever free
 From censure, as from levity ;
 And undissembled innocence,
 Not apt to give or take offence ;
 Nor fond of compliments, nor rude ;
 Not a coquet, nor yet a prude ;
 Averse to wanton serenades,
 Nor pleas'd with midnight masquerades.
 The virtues that her sex adorn,
 By *honour* guarded, not by *scorn* ;

Not superstitious, nor profane,
But in Religion greatly plain.
To such a virgin, such a wife,
I give my love, I give my life.

O N L O V E.

A N E L E G Y.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

TOO much my heart of Beauty's power hath known,
Too long to Love hath Reason left her throne ;
Too long my Genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
And three rich years of youth consum'd in vain.
My wishes, lull'd with soft inglorious dreams,
Forgot the Patriot's and the Sage's themes ;
Thro' each Elysian vale and Fairy grove,
Thro' all th' enchanted paradise of Love,
Misted by sickly Hope's deceitful flame,
Averse to Action, and renouncing Fame.

At last the visionary scenes decay,
My eyes exulting bless the new-born day,
Whose faithful beams detect the dangerous road
In which my heedless feet securely trode,

And strip the phantoms of their lying charms,
That lur'd my soul from Wisdom's peaceful arms.

For silver streams and banks bespread with flow'rs,
For mossy couches and harmonious bowers,
Lo ! barren heaths appear, and pathless woods,
And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods :
For openness of heart, for tender smiles,
Looks fraught with love, and wrath-disarming wiles,
Lo ! sullen Spight, and perjur'd Lust of Gain,
And cruel Pride, and crueller Disdain.
Lo ! cordial faith to idiot airs refin'd,
Now coolly civil, now transporting kind.
For graceful ease, lo ! Affectation walks,
And dull half sense, for Wit and Wisdom talks.
New to each hour what low delight succeeds,
What precious furniture of hearts and heads !
By nought their prudence, but by getting known :
And all their courage in deceiving shown.

See next what plagues attend the Lover's state,
What frightful forms of Terror, Scorn, and Hate !
See burning Fury Heaven and Earth defy !
See dumb Despair in icy fetters lie !
See black Suspicion bend his gloomy brow,
The hideous image of himself to view ;

And

And fond Belief, with all a Lover's flame,
 Sinks in those arms that point his head with shame !
 There wan Dejection, falt'ring as he goes,
 In shades and silence vainly seeks repose ;
 Musing thro' pathless wilds, consumes the day,
 Then, lost in darkness, weeps the hours away.
 Here the gay croud of Luxury advance,
 Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance ;
 On every head the rosy garland glows,
 In every hand the golden goblet flows.
 The Syren views them with exulting eyes,
 And laughs at bashful Virtue as she flies.
 But see behind, where Scorn and Want appear,
 The grave remonstrance, and the witty sneer.
 See fell Remorse in action, prompt to dart
 Her snaky poison thro' the conscious heart.
 And Sloth to cancel, with oblivious shame,
 The fair memorial of recording Fame.
 Are these delights that one would wish to gain ?
 Is this th' Elysium of a sober brain ?
 To wait for happiness in female smiles,
 Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles,
 With prayers, with bribes, with lies her pity crave,
 Bless her hard bonds, and boast to be her slave ;
 To feel, for trifles, a distracted train
 Of hopes and terrors equally in vain ;

This hour to tremble, and the next to glow,
Can Pride, can Sense, can Reason stoop so low?
When Virtue, at an easier price, displays
The sacred of honourable praise;
When Wisdom utters her divine decree,
To laugh at pompous Folly, and be free.

I bid adieu, then, to these woeful scenes;
I bid adieu to all the sex of Queens;
Adieu to every suffering, simple soul,
That lets a woman's will his ease controul.
There laugh, ye witty, and rebuke, ye grave!
For me, I scorn to boast that I'm a slave.
I bid the whining brotherhood be gone.
Joy to my heart! my wishes are my own!
Farewel female Heaven, the female Hell;
To the great God of Love a glad farewell.
Is this the triumph of thy awful name?
Are these the splendid hopes that urg'd thy aim,
When first my bosom own'd thy haughty sway,
When thus Minerva heard thee, boasting say:

“ Go, martial maid, elsewhere thy arts employ,
“ Nor hope to shelter that devoted boy.
“ Go, teach the solemn sons of Care and Age,
“ The pensive Statesman, and the midnight Sage;
“ The young, with me, must other lessons prove,
“ Youth calls for Pleasure, Pleasure calls for Love.
“ Behold

“ Behold his heart thy grave advice disdains,
 “ Behold, I bind him in eternal chains.”

Alas ! great Love, how idle was the boast !
 Thy chains are broken, and thy lessons lost.
 Thy wilful rage has tir'd my suffering heart,
 And Passion, Reason forc'd thee to depart.

But wherefore dost thou linger on thy way :
 Why vainly search for some pretence to stay,
 When crouds of vassals court thy pleasing yoke,
 And countless victims bow beneath the stroke ?
 Lo ! round thy shrine a thousand youths advance,
 Warm with the gentle ardours of Romance ;
 Each longs t' assert thy cause with feats of arms,
 And make the world confess Dulcinea's
 Ten thousand girls, with flow'ry chaplets crown'd,
 To groves and streams thy tender triumph sound ;
 Each bids the stream in murmurs speak her flame,
 Each calls the grove to sigh her shepherd's name.
 But if thy pride such easy honour scorn,
 If nobler trophies must thy toil adorn,
 Behold yon flow'ry antiquated maid,
 Bright in the bloom of threescore years display'd ;
 Her thou shalt bind in thy delightful chains,
 And thrill with gentler pangs her wither'd veins,
 Her frosty cheek with crimson blushes dye,
 With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.

Turn then thy labours to the servile croud,
 Entice the wary, and controul the proud;
 Make the sad Miser his best gains forego,
 The solemn Statesman sigh to be a beau.
 The bold Coquette with fondest passion burn,
 The Bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn:
 And that chief glory of thy pow'r maintain,
 "To poize Ambition in a female brain."
 Be these thy triumphs, but no more presume
 That my rebellious heart will yield thee room.
 I know thy puny force, thy simple wiles;
 I break triumphant thro' thy flimsy toils;
 I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow,
 Thy arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow.
 I feel diviner fires my breast inflame,
 To and ingenious Fame:
 Resume the paths my earliest choice began,
 And lose, with pride, the Lover in the Man.

ODE TO VENUS, ON OPENING THE PANTHEON.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION.

[Imitated from Horace]

BRIGHT Venus, Covent-Garden's queen,
 Forsake awhile each hackney'd scene,

For

For something new and rare;
And, quitting Lust's confin'd abode,
Bid Thomas drive to Oxford Road,
And seek a purer air.

From Nelson's, Hayes's and Soho,
And Frere's * politer bagnio,
To yon gay Temple rove;
There lavish all your winning arts,
To catch our purses, or our hearts,
And give a loose to Love.

Libations, lo! to thee are made,
Of capillaire and lemonade,
And juice of cooling tea;
Whole hecatombs of biscuits rise,
Beaux, bawds, and bishops, mingle sighs,
To sacrifice to thee.

Bright Goddess haste, and with thee take
The modish Macaroni Rake,
Who Fashion's law reveres;
Array'd, as her caprice decrees,
In coat a yard above his knees,
And curls above his ears.

* The Coterie.

Soft soother of the bed of Care,
 Let wanton Coxe attend thee there,
 For Dissipation made ;
 Her manners open, free, and kind,
 Her heaving bosom unconfin'd,
 By whalebone or brocade.

Lead Vigour, lusty child of Health,
 More coveted than birth or wealth,
 By all who wish to please ;
 Without whose salutary grace,
 The rapture-feigning Fop's embrace,
 Is but a pow'r to teize.

THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM WAS WRITTEN BY
 G. A. SELWYN, ESQ. ON FINDING A PAIR OF
 SHOES ON THE BED OF ONE OF THE FEMALE
 MEMBERS OF THE COTERIE.

WELL may Suspicion shake its head,
 Well may Clarinda's spouse be jealous,
 When the dear wanton takes to bed
 Her very *shoes*—because they're *fellows*.

ON A LATE MARRIAGE.

FROM flavish, mean dependance rais'd
By man's capricious love ;
With richest silks, and ruffles grac'd,
Now view Dorinda move.

The home-spun stuffs she us'd to wear,
And us'd to patch and mend,
Are now unworthy of her care,
She's got a better friend.

Time was she earn'd her daily bread,
And walk'd the streets in pattens,
But now she dresses up her head,
And struts abroad in satins.

A C A T C H,

TO A COMPANY OF BAD FIDDLE-SCRAPERS.

“ To the Tune of Water parted from the Sea.”

MAY ye never play in tune,
In the morning, night, or noon :
May you ne'er at noon or night,
Know the wrong end from the right.

May

May the strings be ever breaking,
 Pegs, I charge ye, ne'er unscrew ;
 May your heads be always aching,
 Till the fiddle's broke in two.

MR. HEDGES TO SIR HANS SLOANE.

SINCE you, dear Doctor, sav'd my life,
 By turns to bless and curse my wife ;
 In conscience I'm obliged to do,
 What your commands enjoin'd me to :
 According then to your command,
 That I should search the Western land,
 And send you all that I can find
 Of curious things of every kind ;
 I've ravag'd air, earth, sea and caverns,
 Wine, women, children, tombs and taverns ;
 And greater rarities can shew,
 Than Gresham's children ever knew ;
 Which carrier Dick shall bring you down,
 Next time the waggon comes to town.

First, I have drops of the same shower,
 Which Jove in Danae's lap did pour ;
 From Carthage brought, the sword I'll send,
 That help'd Queen Dido to her end :

The snake skin, which, you may believe,
 The serpent cast who tempted Eve :
 A fig-leaf apron, 'tis the same
 Which Adam wore to hide his shame ;
 But now wants darning : Sir, beside,
 The jaw by which poor Abel died ;
 A whetstone worn exceeding small,
 Which Time has whet his teeth withal.
 The pigeon stuff, which Noah sent,
 To tell which way the water went—
 A ring I've got of Samson's hair,
 The same which Delilah did wear.
 St. Dunstan's tongs, as story goes,
 That pinch'd the Devil by the nose.
 The very shaft, as all may see,
 Which Cupid shot at Anthony :
 And what beyond them all I prize,
 A glance of Cleopatra's eyes.
 Some strains of eloquence which hung,
 In Roman times, on Tully's tongue ;
 Which long conceal'd and lost had lain,
 Till Cowper found them out again !
 Then I've (most curious to be seen)
 A scorpion's bite to cure the spleen.
 As More cures worms in stomach bred,
 I've pills cure maggots in the head :
 With the receipt how you may make 'em,
 To you I leave the time to take 'em.

I've got a ray of Phœbus' shine,
 Found in the bottom of a mine !
 A Lawyer's conscience, large and clear,
 Fit for a Judge himself to wear.
 I've choice of nostrums, how to make
 An oath which Churchmen will not take.
 In a thumb vial you shall see,
 Close stoppt, some drops of honesty ;
 Which, after searching kingdoms round,
 At last was in a cottage found.
 I han't collected any care,
 Of that there's plenty every-where :
 But, after wond'rous labour spent,
 I've got three grains of rich content.
 It is my wish, it is my glory,
 To furnish your nicknackatory :
 I only beg that when you shew 'em,
 You'll fairly tell to whom you owe 'em ;
 Which will your future patients teach
 To do, as has done yours,

THE WALDEN HUNT.

LET dull politicians eternally prate,
 And leave their own business for that of the State,
FOR

For bold British Liberty tread on the laws,
 And think the worst men may support the best cause;
 Let them swell high to Freedom the generous song,
 And be madmen themselves, when a Minister's wrong;
 Trust their lives and their fortunes to bankrupts alone;
 And prove themselves loyal, by blaming the Throne;
 That our foolish dissensions may happily cease,
 Let them hourly attempt a new stab at our peace,
 And rail at all others as villains or slaves,
 Who doubt once the virtue of beggars and knaves;
 But engag'd by the manly delights of the chace,
 Where health and where pleasure hold equally pace,
 The Walden keen sportsmen shall swell up my strain,
 As they follow the lightning-swift stag o'er the plain,
 With rapture's own music awake the sweet morn,
 And kindle fresh joys at the sound of the horn.

On Friday the third, leaving sea-coal and fin,
 For Walden we flew to the Rose and Crown Inn;
 From whence, the next morning, to Gardener's * we
 rode,
 And reach'd in high spirits, his welcome abode;
 Where the well-meaning coxcomb, half host and half
 friend,
 Who loves, what we love, and ne'er minds what we
 spend;

* The Crown at Chesterford.

That the charmer was Cynthia at first we believ'd,
 But we look'd at her eyes, and were soon undeceiv'd ;
 The keen killing glance was all passion and fire,
 And promis'd to blefs, while it rais'd up desire ;
 The ripe rosy lip, that provok'd the long kiss,
 Prepar'd to return, what was paid it, in bliss,
 And the warm flesh and blood of the form all display'd
 The kind hearted girl, not the surly old maid.—
 Each day having pull'd the stag joyously down,
 To Ruffee's we return, at the Rose and the Crown,
 Where M—tish politeness, and laughter preside,
 And Friendship disdains to know Party or Pride ;—
 Then while honest Partridge took charge of expence,
 Our toasts were all guided by humour and sense ;
 In Pope's happy thought, on the bottle and bowl ;
 Sat the true feast of reason, and the true flow of soul ;
 And the glass, as it should do, went cheerfully round,
 To heighten our pleasure, and not to confound—
 All satisfied here, the delights of the field,
 To other enjoyments, in course, were to yield ;
 A change the most wise that our sages can find,
 Both a pleasant and timely relief to the mind—
 We therefore return'd, when we wish'd it, to town,
 In just the same humour as when we went down ;
 Determin'd, since life but few pleasures can give,
 To seize all in turn, and *to live while we live.*

HOR. LIB. I. ODE 38, IMITATED.

PRESICOS ODI, &c.

DEAR ~~Beny~~^{Beny}, to confess my mind,
 I never yet could bear,
 To see the lovely maid I priz'd
 By ev'ry greasy prig disguis'd,
 With powder and false hair.

Be cleanliness thy morning care,
 Nor covet Art's attire,
 In native elegance compleat,
 You look as fair, and kiss as sweet,
 As Love and I desire.

•
 THERON, among his travels, found
 A broken statue on the ground,
 And searching onward as he went,
 He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
 Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
 The sculpture of the mould'ring stone,
 Yet, ere he pass'd, with much ado,
 He guess'd, and spelt out Scipio.

Enough !

Enough ! he cried ! I'll drudge no more
 In turning the dull fages o'er,
 Let Pedants waste their hours of ease,
 To pore all night o'er Socrates ;
 And feed their boys with notes and rules,
 Those tedious recipes of schools ;
 To cure Ambition, I can learn
 With greater ease, the great concern
 Of mortals, how we may despise
 All the gay things below the skies.

Methinks, a mould'ring pyramid
 Says all that the old Sages said :
 For me, these shattered tombs contain
 More morals than the Vatican ;
 The dust of heroes, cast abroad,
 And kick'd and tramp'd on the road,
 The reliëts of a lofty mind,
 That lately wars and crowns design'd,
 Tost for a jest, from wind to wind,
 Bids me be humble, and forbear,
 Dull monuments of Fame to rear,
 They are but castles in the air.
 The tow'ring height, and frightful falls,
 The ruin'd heaps and funerals,
 Of smoaking kingdoms, and their Kings,
 Tell me a thousand mournful things

In

In melancholy silence—He,
 That living, could not bear to see
 An equal, now lies torn and dead;
 Here his pale trunk, and there his head.
 Great Pompey, while I meditate,
 With solemn horror thy sad fate,
 Thy carcase scatter'd on the shore,
 Without a name! instructs me more
 Than my whole library before!

Lie still, my Plutarch, then, and sleep;
 And, my good Seneca, may keep
 Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
 I have no farther use for you;
 For when I feel my virtue fail,
 And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
 I'll take a turn among the tombs,
 And see whereto all glory comes!
 There the vile foot of ev'ry slave
 Insults a Charles, or a Gustave!
 Beggars with awful ashes sport,
 And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.

Our own affections still at home to please,
Is a disease ;
To cross the sea to any foreign soil,
perils and toil ;
Wars with their noise affright us ; when they cease
We're worse in Peace.
What then remains, but that we still should cry,
Not to be born, or, being born, to die.

H O R. B O O K I. O D E XXIII.

*Vitas hinnulco me similis, Chloe,
Quærenti, &c.*

WHY, (Chloe, like the tender fawn,
That trembling scuds across the lawn,
To seek its anxious doe ;
That starts and pricks its little ears,
And raises all a mother's fears)
Dost thou thus coyness show ?

Why fly me with such furious haste,
As if on Lybia's burning waste
Thou'dst met a tyger wan ?
Full big art thou to hang about,
And play with Mamma's petticoat,
Whose charms are ripe for man.

THE CAUSE OF INCONSTANCY.

How have I heard the Fair lament
 Man's falshood, and their wretched fate!
How few are with their spouse content,
 Or constant to their sighing mate!

How seldom souls below are join'd,
 For one another form'd above!
How seldom pairs of hearts we find,
 By Heaven ordain'd for mutual love!

Thus man's inconstant soul we blame,
 For want of knowledge, or of thought,
When all the while, 'tis in the frame
 Of both their bodies lies the fault.

When Jove had made this little ball,
 For four-legg'd beasts, and creeping things,
At length he form'd, to govern all,
 A two legg'd creature without wings.

Millions of these he made at once,
 To save himself all further trouble,
And men and women, for the nonce,
 By pairs, like tallies, he made double.

Then

Then from Olympus' dreadful top,
Well shaken in a bag together,
He tofs'd them down, and let them drop,
Just as it pleas'd the wind and weather.

Some fell in Asia, some in Greece,
In England some, and some in Spain ;
But seldom two of the same piece,
In the same climate met again.

Hence men, who grown to riper years,
Rememb'ring this their former making,
Hunt up and down to find their peers,
And women too, in the same taking.

Some prove too short, and some too tall,
This is too big, and that too little,
A fault they're sure to find in all,
Few ever tally to a tittle.

By chance a pair may meet and love,
And spend their lives in blifs together ;
But when they tumbled from above,
It must be mighty temperate weather.

From hence the murmuring fair may see,
Men's hearts are not to blame a-bit,
Our souls would never disagree,
If once our bodies did but fit.

A N O D E,

WRITTEN A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE LONG
COLLEGE VACATION, 1763.

BY MR. HARTIS.

COME, thou laughter-loving power,
Goddess of the festive hour,
Blue-ey'd Mirth, and bring along
Gamesome sport, and jocund song;
Wit with native humour warm,
Conversation's lively charm,
And yet more, to ope the soul,
Bring, O bring the jovial bowl.
Let us lift the gladsome shout,
Let us wake the midnight rout,
Briskly let us all advance
In the sprightly-woven dance!
Every deed on every side,
Let the soul of rapture guide.
Care begone! and grief adieu
What have ye with joy to do?
And thou too, that lov'st to dwell
Musing in the pensive cell,
Heavenly queen of piercing eye,
Farewel sweet Philosophy!

What

What if thou with hermit-look,
 From Retirement's farthest nook,
 Mark'st the world in bustling show,
 Struggling o'er the waves of woe ;
 By the wind of black despair,
 Dash'd away from care to care,
 Whilst thou, calm on Safety's shore,
 Dost but hear the tempest roar.
 What if thou the flow'ry pride,
 Of the meadow's velvet side,
 To the proudly-arching bower,
 And the glittering court of power,
 Can'st prefer ; we envy not,
 Holy Seer, thy simple lot.
 Sisters twin are Youth and Pleasure,
 Mean't t'enjoy the sweets of leisure,
 Made for every blithsome sport,
 Purpose mild, and gay resort.
 Age was form'd for meditation,
 Not the toys of recreation,
 With the smiles of Wisdom fraught,
 And the glow of solemn thought ;
 Such is Age, Philosophy,
 Such the mind that suits with thee.

But now joys of different kind,
 Wing the wish, and fire the mind ;

Tumbling rills that warbling flow,
 Yellow meads with gold that glow,
 Wandering walks, and rural ease,
 Such alone have power to please.
 Or perchance the lucid scene,
 Where the rays of Beauty's mien,
 Kindling every fond desire,
 Set the soul of Love on fire :
 Or the loudly-echoing horn,
 As it cheers the slumbering Morn,
 Waking Nature, haply may
 Lure us to the chace away.

Farewel then, thou willow'd stream,
 Glittering bright with Wisdom's beam,
 Silver Cam ! whose bowers among,
 Inspiration leads her throng,
 Clio breathes celestial fire,
 Music hangs her dulcet lyre,
 Yet farewell !—to brighter joys,
 Pleasure lifts our wandering eyes,
 With her own resistless smile,
 She shall smooth each care awhile ;
 Yes, she, fair Queen, shall all the mind possess,
 With gladness fire it, and with rapture bless.

[477]

A N E P I T A P H

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD IN KENT.

BY MR. GRAY.

(AUTHOR OF THE ELEGY IN A COUNTRY
CHURCH-YARD).

[Not printed in Johnson's Edition of the English Poets.]

L O ! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps,
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell :
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind :
Her infant image here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe :
Whom what awaits, while thus he strays
Along the lonely vale of days ?
A pang, to secret Sorrow dear,
A sigh, an unavailing tear,
Till Time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN CUPID AND HYMEN.

BY SIR JOHN VANBURGH.*

CUPID.

THOU bane to my empire, thou spring of contest,
Thou source of all discord, thou foe to my rest,
Pray tell me what wretches in bondage can see,
That the aim of their life is directed to thee?

HYMEN.

Then tell me, thou little impertinent God,
Why the slaves of thy power, so afraid of thy nod,
Grow fond of a change, to whatever it be,
And I'll tell thee, why those would be bound who
are free?

CUPID.

Were Love the reward of a pains-taking life,
Had a spouse the address to be fond of his wife,
Was Virtue so plenty, that a wife could afford,
In these very bad times, to be true to her Lord;
Some specious account might be given of all those,
Who are tied by the tail to be led by the nose.

But

But since 'tis the fate of the wedded for life,
 (Excepted a few) to love contest and strife,
 I think 'twere much wiser to ramble at large,
 And the volleys of Love on the herd to discharge.

HYMEN.

Was I but a ~~cruelly~~ just,
 To oblige a poor spouse to be true to his trust,
 Some colour of reason thy dictates might bear,
 If a man had no more than a wife to his share;
 But I never pretended, for many years past,
 By wedding young people to make 'em more chaste;
 I therefore advise thee to let me go on,
 Thou'lt find I'm the strength and support of thy
 throne;
 For had'st thou but eyes, thou would'st quickly per-
 ceive it,
 How smoothly thy dart
 Slips into the heart
 Of a woman that's wed,
 While the timorous maid
 Of thy arrow afraid,
 Flies the amorous bed,
 While trembling, tho' wishing, she dares not receive it.

ON CELIA'S SICKNESS.

BY ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

[Not in the Volume of his Poems.]

CRUEL disease, thus to invade
 The shrine for Love and made;
 Can she to sickness be a prey,
 Whose charms made all the world look gay;
 All but myself, whom luckless Fate
 Ordains the victim of her hate:
 I, wretched I! must hourly mourn
 The rigour of relentless scorn.
 Yet Celia's illness wounds me more
 Than her severe disdain before:
 And, cruel! tho' she flights my pain,
 Deaf as the winds when I complain,
 Yet urg'd by generous passions still,
 Whate'er she suffers I must feel.
 What tho' I cannot hope to share
 The tender joys of life with her,
 This privilege she can't refuse,
 To be partaker in her woes.
 But must I then unpitied burn,
 And never hope a kind return?
 Obdurate in your first intent,
 Can nothing teach you to relent?

Oh!

Oh! could the ills which you sustain,
 Make you compassionate my pain!
 But yours are of a different kind,
 Affect the **body**, not the **mind**.
 Yours only reach the outward part,
 Mine plant a dagger in my heart.

UPON READING THE LIFE OF THE JESUIT PREBER.

BY CAPTAIN THOMSON.

PREBER's great soul disdain'd what Fortune sent,
 Amidst his foes imprison'd found content.
 Superior Virtue, happy in its ends,
 Oft from our foes creates our best of friends:
 No sect or nation, native light the same,
 E'er gave to Vice fair Virtue's hallow'd name.
 See with disdain exulting Vice abroad!
 See at her heels flow Justice with a rod!
 Diff'rent with Virtue, modest maid, whose tears
 Precede the many thousand friends she rears.
 Preber immur'd with Preber's dauntless breast,
 I'd rather chuse than Persia's purple vest,
 Beneath whose gaudy folds the coward heart
 Oft dreads, and justly, the domestic dart.

Princes.

Princes, whom love of sway, not Justice lure,
 Whom Flatt'ers poison, but whom Patriots cure :
 Look to the East, see arbitrary sway,
 Thro' one dread tenor keep its ruthless way !
 Nor Art or Science blest the rolling years,
 O'er hills of sorrow, and through vales of tears ;
 The famish'd hind, slow plodding on his way,
 Scarce reaps in part the labours of the day :
 In vain indulgent Nature spreads her store,
 While ev'ry petty tyrant robs the poor ;
 While gold, not Justice, gives the saving pow'r,
 While Vice itself's insur'd not for an hour.
 Where Science shone, now hoots the lonely owl,
 Foxes obscure, and hungry lions proul ;
 Asia's fair cities now in ruins laid,
 And once her gardens, lonely deserts made ;
 All that was great or good, inverted stand,
 Now Blood, and Priests, and Ignorance keep the land.
 England's instructed Monarch, learn from hence,
 Your greatest glory, and your best defence,
 Consist in giving Liberty and Law :
 Nor by ignoble Fear attempt to awe
 Spirits who scorn to wear the galling chain
 Our neighbours wear--impoverish'd France and Spain!
 What sanguine floods for Liberty have run !
 When Brutus struck—then Cæsar was undone.

HOR. LIB. I. ODE XXII. IMITATED.

BY MISS ELIZABETH CARTER.

[Not in her Poems.]

Integer vitæ, &c.

A Virtuous man, whose acts and thoughts are pure,
Without the help of weapons is secure,
Without or quiver, or impoison'd spear,
His steadfast soul forgets the sense of fear.
Whether thro' Lybia's burning sands he goes,
Or Caucaſe horrid with perpetual ſnows ;
Surveys thoſe regions where Hydaſpes ſtrays,
Or toſt by tempeſts in the raging ſeas ;
Safe in his own intrinsic worth remains,
And, arm'd with that, each obſtacle diſdains ;
Toils, dangers, difficulties all deſied, ;
His paſſport Virtue, Providence his guide.

If plac'd by Fate beneath the torrid zone,
Scorch'd by the fury of too near a Sun ;
Or ſent where never Phœbus' cheerful ray,
Glad the dark climate with one glimpſe of day ;
Where no gay verdure decks th' unfruitful ground,
But Winter ſpreads its empire all around :

Amidſt

Amidst the terrors of that dismal scene,
 His mind preserves a settled calm within.
 To him the gloomy waste shall seem to smile,
 And conscious Virtue ev'ry care beguile.
 Virtue alike its tenor can maintain,
 In splendid courts, or on a barren plain.

Diffugere Nives, redeunt jam Gramina Campis, &c.

HOR. L. IV. ODE VII. A TRANSLATION.

BY THE SAME.

[Not in her Poems.]

NOW Nature quickens with the vernal breeze,
 Again their leafy honours deck the trees.
 The smiling Earth renews her blooming pride,
 And less'ning streams within their channels glide.
 The Nymphs and Graces on the plains advance,
 And in gay circles lead the sprightly dance.
 The various changes of the seasons show,
 That nought immortal must be hop'd below :
 The swift-wing'd hours this serious truth convey,
 Whose rapid motion hurries on the day.
 The flow'ry Spring bids blust'ring tempests cease,
 To Summer's reign the flow'ry Spring gives place ;
 That too must fly when Autumn yields her store,
 And Winter next resume its gloomy pow'r.

Yet as the Moon renews her silver horn,
 Each dormant season shall to life return.
 But we, when destin'd to that darksome place,
 From which nor Tullus' wealth, nor Ancus' race,
 Nor e'en Æneas' piety could free,
 Are nought but fleeting air, and lifeless clay.
 Who knows if Heav'n will add to morrow's Sun,
 To crown those minutes we've already run?
 Then each delight to sooth thy mind prepare;
 What's spent in this, shall 'scape a greedy heir.
 When Fate has once consign'd thee to the tomb,
 And the stern Judge pronounc'd thy final doom,
 Nor Wit, Descent, nor Piety can aid,
 To rescue thee from Death's eternal shade.
 For neither can the Goddess of the Wood,
 Free her chaste favourite from the Stygian blood;
 Nor Theseus (all his valiant efforts vain)
 Release Pirithous from th' infernal chain.

A RIDDLE. BY THE SAME.

[Not in her Poems.]

N O R form, nor substance, in my being share,
 I'm neither fire, nor water, earth, nor air;
 From motion's force alone my birth derive;
 I ne'er can die, for never was alive:

And

And yet with such extensive empire reign,
 That very few escape my magic chain.
 Nor time, nor place, my wild excursions bound ;
 I break all order, Nature's laws confound :
 Raise schemes without contrivance or design,
 And make apparent contradictions join ;
 Transfer the Thames where Ganges waters roll,
 Unite th' Equator to the frozen pole ;
 Mid'st Zembla's ice bid blushing rubies glow,
 And British harvests bloom in Scythian snow ;
 Cause trembling flocks to skim the raging main,
 And scaly fishes graze the verdant plain ;
 Make light descend, and heavy bodies rise,
 Stars sink to earth, and earth ascend to skies.
 If Nature lie deform'd in Wint'ry frost,
 And all the beauties of the Spring be lost,
 Rais'd by my pow'r, new verdure decks the ground,
 And smiling flow'rs diffuse their sweets around.
 The sleeping dead I summon from the tomb,
 And oft anticipate the living's doom ;
 Convey offenders to the fatal tree,
 When law or stratagem have set them free.
 Aw'd by no checks my roving flights can soar
 Beyond Imagination's active pow'r.
 I view each country of the spacious earth,
 Nay, visit realms that never yet had birth ;
 Can trace the pathless regions of the air,
 And fly, with ease, beyond the starry sphere.

So swift my operations, in an hour
 I can destroy a town, or build a tow'r;
 Play tricks would puzzle all the search of Wit,
 And shew whole volumes that were never writ.
 In fure records my mystic pow'rs confest,
 Who rack'd with cares a haughty tyrant's breast;
 Charg'd in prophetic emblems to relate
 Approaching wrath, and his peculiar fate.
 Oft to the good by Heaven in Mercy sent,
 I've arm'd their thoughts against some dire event;
 As oft in chains presumptuous villains bind,
 And haunt with restless fears the guilty mind.

*Nullum Numen habes si sit Prudentia, sed te
 Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, Cæloque locamus.*

JUV.

BY THE SAME.

[Not in her Poems.]

WHATEVER we think on't, Fortune's but a toy,
 Which cheats the soul with empty shows of joy;
 A meer ideal creature of the brain,
 That reigns the idol of the mad and vain;
 Deludes their senses with a fair disguise,
 And sets an airy bliss before their eyes.

But

But when they hope to grasp the glittering prey,
Th' instable phantom vanishes away.

So vap'ry fires mislead unwary swains,
Who rove benighted o'er the dewy plains.
Drawn by the faithless meteor's glimm'ring ray,
Thro' devious paths, and lonely wilds they stray !
Too late convinc'd their sad mistake deplore,
And find their home more distant than before.

Could mortals learn to limit their desires,
Little supplies what Nature's want requires ;
Content affords an inexhausted store,
And void of that a Monarch's wealth is poor.

Grant but ten thousand pounds, Plilaurus cries,
That happy sum would all my wants suffice.
Assenting pow'rs the golden blessing grant,
But with his wealth his wishes too augment.
With anxious care he pines amidst his store,
And starves himself to get ten thousand more.

Ambition's charms Philotimus inspire,
A Treas'rer's staff the pitch of his desire :
The staff he gains, yet murmurs at his fate,
And longs to shine first Minister of State.

A coach and four employ'd Cosmelia's cares,
For this she hourly worried Heav'n with pray'rs.

Did this, when gain'd, her restless temper fix ?
 No, she still prays—For what ?—A coach and six.

Thus when thro' Fortune's airy rounds we stray,
 Our footsteps rove from Nature's certain way ;
 Thro' endless labyrinth of Error run,
 And by the fond delusion are undone ;
 Still vainly reaching at a transient bliss,
 Pursue the shadow, and the substance miss :
 Till after all our wand'ring schemes, we find
 That true content dwells only in the mind.
 Those joys on no external aid depend,
 But in ourselves begin, and there must end.
 From Virtue only those delights must flow,
 Which neither wealth nor titles can bestow.

A soul, which uncorrupted Reason sways,
 With calm indiff'rence Fortune's gifts surveys.
 If Providence an affluent store denies,
 Its own intrinsic worth that want supplies ;
 Disdains by vicious actions to acquire
 That glitt'ring trifle vulgar minds admire.
 With ease to Heav'n's superior will resigns,
 Nor meanly at another's wealth repines.
 Firmly adheres to Virtue's steady rules,
 And scorns the fickle deity of fools.

IN DIEM NATALEM.

Εκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Διὶ ἀνγέτε, Μοῖσας.

THEOC.

— *Vivendi recte qui prorogat Horam*

Rusticus expectat dum defluat Amnis; at ille

Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis Ævum.

HORAT.

[This is in her **Works**, but much altered.]

THOU power supreme, by whose command I live,
The grateful tribute of my praise receive,
To thy indulgence I my being owe,
And all the joys which from that being flow.
Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling year,
And run their destin'd courses round this sphere,
Since thou my undistinguish'd frame survey'd,
Among the lifeless heaps of matter laid.
Thy skill my elemental clay refin'd,
The straggling parts in beauteous order join'd,
With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
And stamp't thy sacred image on my soul;
A soul susceptible of endless joy,
Whose frame, nor force, nor time, can e'er destroy,
But shall subsist when Nature claims my breath,
And bid defiance to the pow'r of death;
To realms of bliss with active Freedom soar,
And live when earth and skies shall be no more.

Indu'gent

Indulgent God ! in vain my tongue essays,
 For this immortal gift, to speak thy praise.
 How shall my heart its grateful sense reveal,
 Where all the energy of words must fail ?
 O may its influence in my life appear,
 And every action prove my thanks sincere !

Grant me, great God, a heart to thee inclin'd ;
 Increase my faith, and rectify my mind.
 Teach me betimes to tread thy sacred ways,
 And to thy service consecrate my days,
 Still as thro' Life's uncertain maze I stray,
 Be thou the guiding star to mark my way.
 Conduct the steps of my unguarded youth,
 And point their motions to the paths of Truth.
 Protect me by thy providential care,
 And teach my soul t' avoid the tempter's snare.
 Thro' all the varied scenes of human life,
 In calms of ease, or blust'ring storms of grief ;
 Thro' every turn of this inconstant state,
 Preserve my temper equal and sedate.
 Give me a mind that bravely dares despise
 The low designs and artifice of Vice.
 Be my religion such as taught by thee,
 Alike from Pride and Superstition free.
 Inform my judgment, rectify my will,
 Confirm my reason, and my passions still.

To

To gain thy favour be my only end,
 And to that scope my every action tend.
 Amidst the pleasures of a prosp'rous state,
 Whose flatt'ring charms too oft the mind elate,
 Still may I think to whom those joys I owe,
 And bless the bounteous hand from whence they flow.
 Or if an adverse fortune be my share,
 Let not its terrors tempt me to despair;
 But bravely arm'd a steady faith maintain,
 And own all best which thy decrees ordain;
 On thy almighty providence depend,
 The best protector, and the surest friend.

Thus on Life's stage may I my part maintain,
 And at my exit thy applauses gain.

F I N I S.

National Library
 Calcutta 27